MARVEL

EPIC COLLECTION

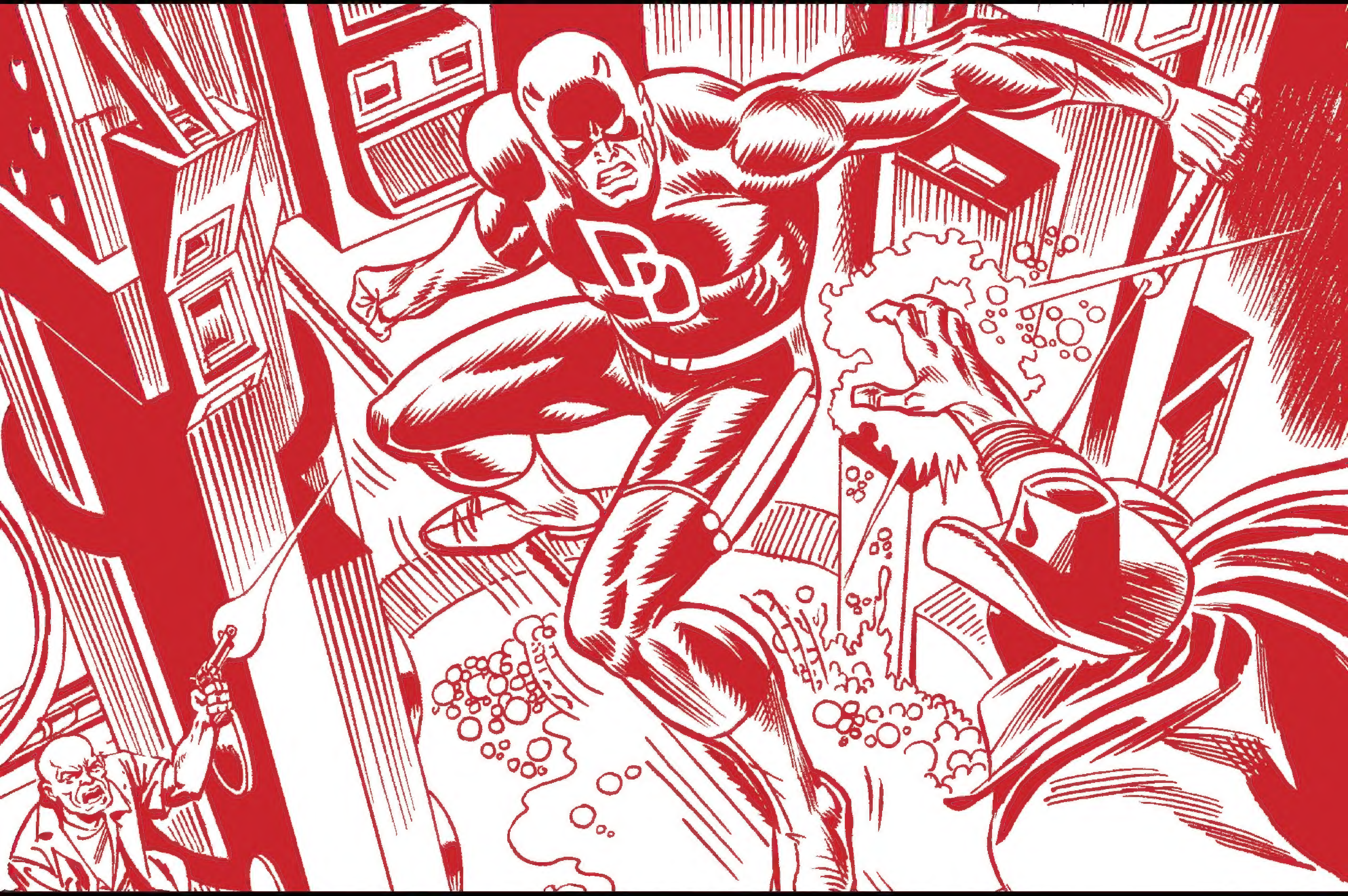
DAREDEVIL

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

WATCH OUT FOR BULLSEYE

GERBER • ISABELLA • WOLFMAN • BROWN • COLAN

EPIC COLLECTION



DAREDEVIL

WATCH OUT FOR BULLSEYE

VOLUME 6

1974-1976

DAREDEVIL #108-132 AND MARVEL TWO-IN-ONE #3

DAREDEVIL

WRITERS:
STEVE GERBER, TONY ISABELLA & MARV WOLFMAN
WITH **CHRIS CLAREMONT, GERRY CONWAY & LEN WEIN**

PENCILERS:
BOB BROWN & GENE COLAN
WITH **DON HECK & SAL BUSCEMA**

INKERS:
VINCE COLLETTA & KLAUS JANSON
WITH **PAUL GULACY, DON HECK, FRANK CHIARAMONTE, JIM MOONEY, FRANK GIACOIA & JOE SINNOTT**

COLORISTS:
PETRA GOLDBERG, MICHELE WOLFMAN & LINDA LESSMANN
WITH **STAN GOLDBERG, DON WARFIELD, JANICE COHEN, GEORGE ROUSSOS & KLAUS JANSON**

LETTERERS:
JOHN COSTANZA, ART SIMEK, DAVE HUNT, KAREN MANTLO & JOE ROSEN
WITH **TOM ORZECHOWSKI, ANNETTE KAWECKI, CHARLOTTE JETTER, RAY HOLLOWAY & IRVING WATANABE**

EDITORS:
ROY THOMAS, LEN WEIN & MARV WOLFMAN

COLLECTION FRONT COVER ART:
GIL KANE & FRANK GIACOIA
WITH ALTERATIONS BY
MARIE SEVERIN

COLLECTION BACK COVER ART:
JOHN ROMITA

COLLECTION EDITOR: CORY SEDLMEIER **BOOK DESIGNER:** NICKEL DESIGNWORKS
ART & COLOR RESTORATION: TOM MULLIN AND MICHAEL KELLEHER & KELLUSTRATION

VP PRODUCTION & SPECIAL PROJECTS: JEFF YOUNGQUIST
SVP PRINT, SALES & MARKETING: DAVID GABRIEL
SR. MANAGER, DIGITAL: TIM SMITH 3
DIGITAL PRODUCTION: MEGHAN O'LEARY & RACHEL YOUNG
EDITOR IN CHIEF: C.B. CEBULSKI

SPECIAL THANKS: LEE BENAKA AND RALPH MACCHIO

© 2023 MARVEL. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental.

WATCH OUT FOR BULLSEYE

CONTENTS

DAREDEVIL #108, MARCH 1974
"CRY...BEETLE!"

DAREDEVIL #109, MAY 1974
"DYING FOR DOLLARS!"

MARVEL TWO-IN-ONE #3, MAY 1974
"INSIDE BLACK SPECTRE!"

DAREDEVIL #110, JUNE 1974
"BIRTHRIGHT!"

DAREDEVIL #111, JULY 1974
"SWORD OF THE SAMURAI!"

DAREDEVIL #112, AUGUST 1974
"DEATH OF A NATION?"

DAREDEVIL #113, SEPTEMBER 1974
"WHEN STRIKES THE GLADIATOR!"

DAREDEVIL #114, OCTOBER 1974
"A QUIET NIGHT IN THE SWAMP!"

DAREDEVIL #115, NOVEMBER 1974
"DEATH STALKS THE CITY!"

DAREDEVIL #116, DECEMBER 1974
"TWO FLEW OVER THE OWL'S NEST!"

DAREDEVIL #117, JANUARY 1975
"MIND TAP!"

DAREDEVIL #118, FEBRUARY 1975
"CIRCUS SPELLED SIDEWAYS IS DEATH!"

DAREDEVIL #119, MARCH 1975
"THEY'RE TEARING DOWN FOGWELL'S GYM!"

DAREDEVIL #120, APRIL 1975
"...AND A HYDRA NEW YEAR!"

DAREDEVIL #121, MAY 1975
"FOGGY NELSON, AGENT OF S.H.I.E.L.D."

DAREDEVIL #122, JUNE 1975
"HYDRA-AND-SEEK"

DAREDEVIL #123, JULY 1975
"HOLOCAUST IN THE HALLS OF HYDRA!"

DAREDEVIL #124, AUGUST 1975
"IN THE COILS OF THE COPPERHEAD!"

DAREDEVIL #125, SEPTEMBER 1975
"VENGEANCE IS THE COPPERHEAD!"

DAREDEVIL #126, OCTOBER 1975
"FLIGHT OF THE TORPEDO!"

DAREDEVIL #127, NOVEMBER 1975
"YOU KILLED THAT MAN TORPEDO--AND NOW YOU'RE GOING TO PAY!"

DAREDEVIL #128, DECEMBER 1975
"DEATH STALKS THE STAIRWAY TO THE STARS!"

DAREDEVIL #129, JANUARY 1976
"MAN-BULL IN A CHINA TOWN!"

DAREDEVIL #130, FEBRUARY 1976
"LOOK OUT, DD--HERE COMES THE DEATH-MAN!"

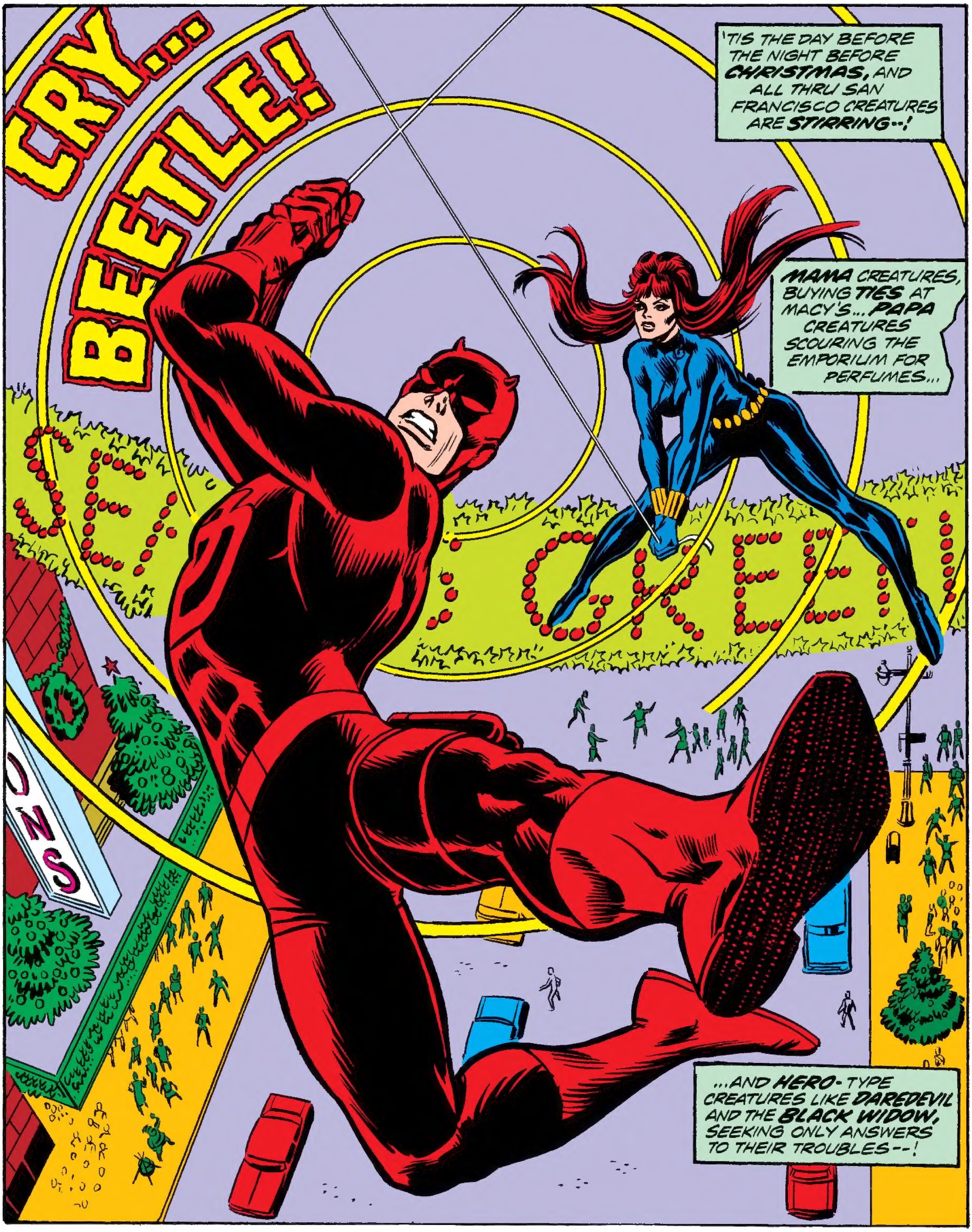
DAREDEVIL #131, MARCH 1976
"WATCH OUT FOR BULLSEYE, HE NEVER MISSES!"

DAREDEVIL #132, APRIL 1976
"BULLSEYE RULES SUPREME!"

DAREDEVIL
MARVEL COMICS GROUP™
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
20¢
108
MAR
02459
DAREDEVIL®
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!
™
™
IN THIS ISSUE: D.D. RETURNS TO NEW YORK! BUT--IS THIS THE DEATHBED OF FOGGY NELSON!
CO-STARRING: The DEADLY BLACK WIDOW!
THE BEETLE STRIKES BY NIGHT!

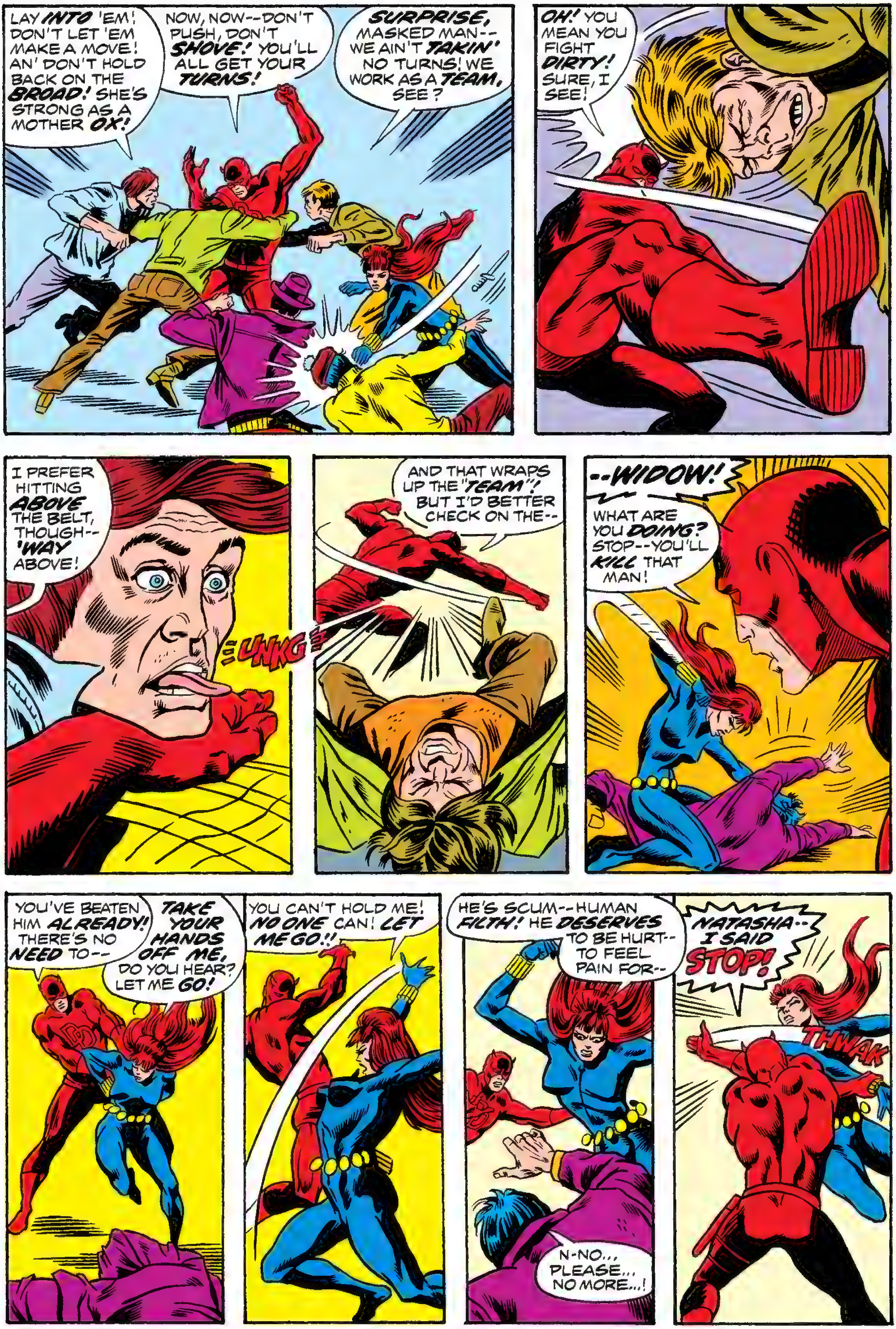
Stan Lee PRESENTS: DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!™

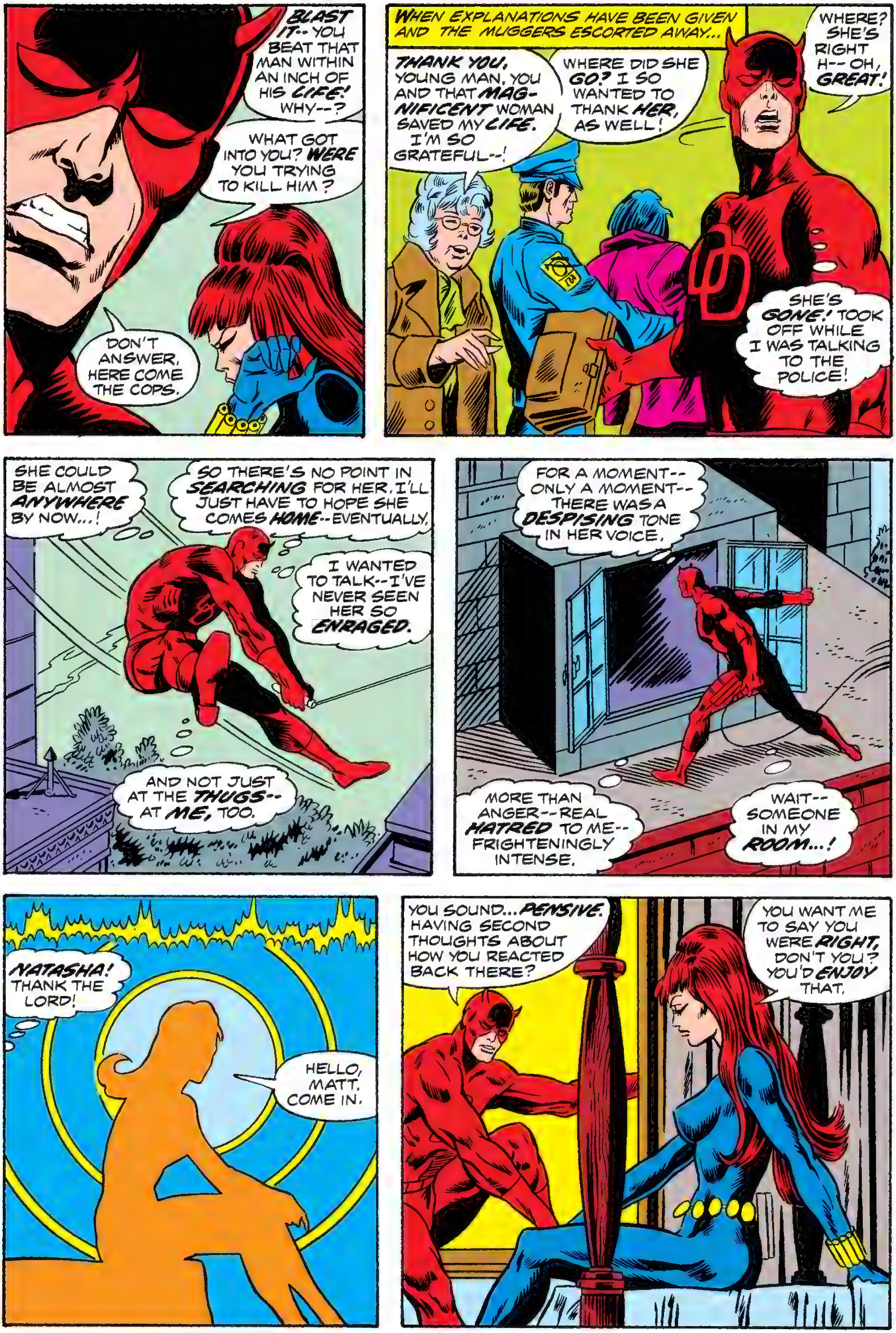
STEVE GERBER WRITER / **BOB BROWN** ARTIST / **PAUL GULACY** INKER / JOHN COSTANZA, letterer P. GOLDBERG, colorist / **ROY THOMAS** EDITOR

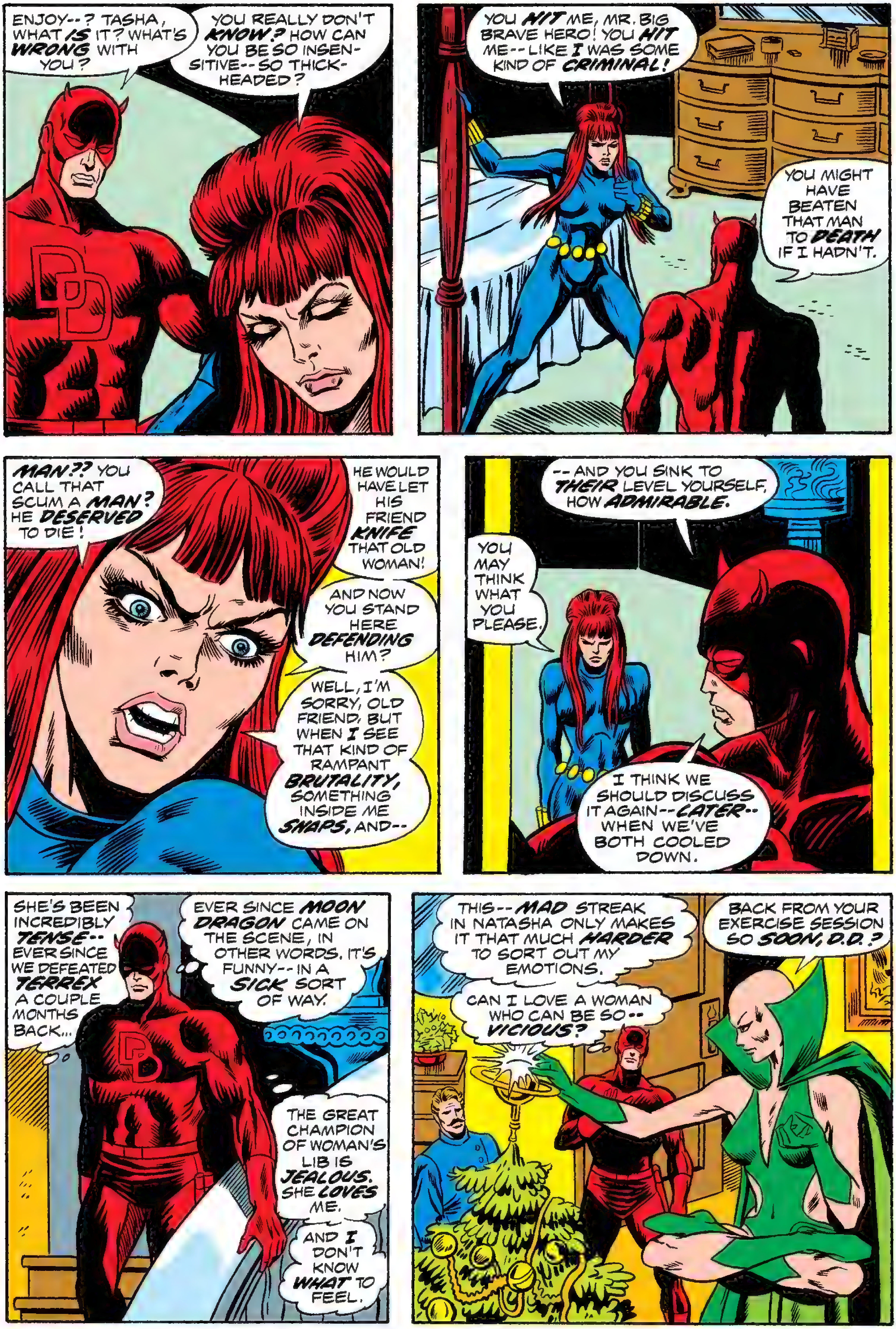

CRY... BEETLE!
'TIS THE DAY BEFORE THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS, AND ALL THRU SAN FRANCISCO CREATURES ARE STIRRING--!
MAMA CREATURES, BUYING TIES AT MACY'S... PAPA CREATURES SCOURING THE EMPORIUM FOR PERFUMES...
...AND HERO-TYPE CREATURES LIKE DAREDEVIL AND THE BLACK WIDOW, SEEKING ONLY ANSWERS TO THEIR TROUBLES--!

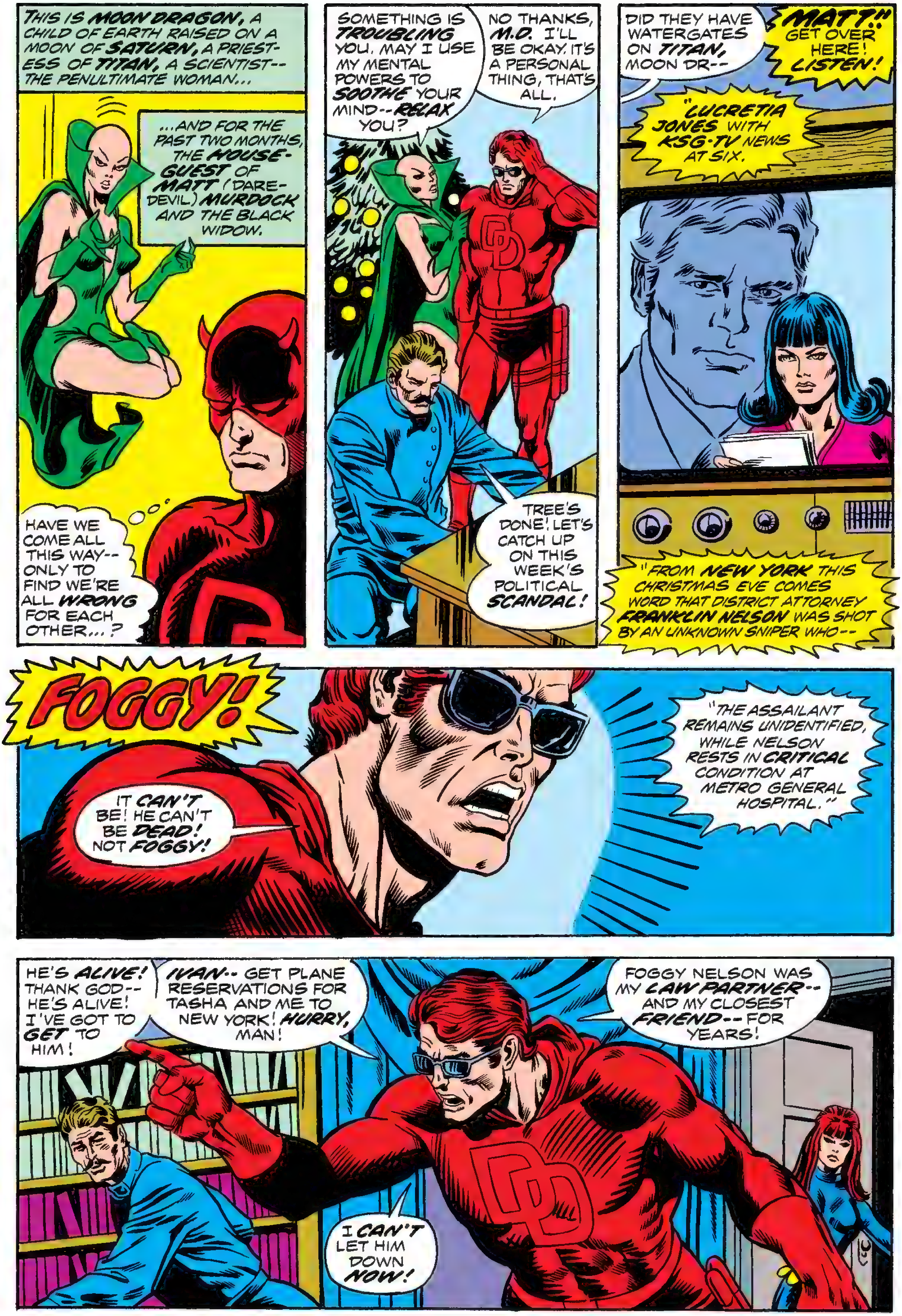
IT'S A SIMPLE ENOUGH QUESTION, ISN'T IT, D.D.?
AND I DON'T WANT A DISCOURSE-- JUST THE TRUTH:
WHAT IS YOUR RELATIONSHIP WITH MOON DRAGON?
ALL I CAN GIVE YOU IS THE SAME OLD ANSWER, TASHA! AFTER TWO MONTHS--
--I STILL DON'T KNOW! I'M NOT SURE I EVER WILL-- FULLY.
HOW 'BOUT IF WE JUST SAY SHE'S GOT A NICE PERSONALITY?
NOT FUNNY.
SO ANSWER THIS INSTEAD-- WHERE DO YOU AND I STAND WITH EACH OTHER?
I DON'T KNOW THAT, EITHER! I MEAN... I'VE NEVER SAT DOWN AND ANALYZED...
ANALYZED? I'M TALKING ABOUT FEELINGS-- NOT LEGAL BRIEFS!
YOU DO KNOW THE DIFFERENCE, DON'T YOU?

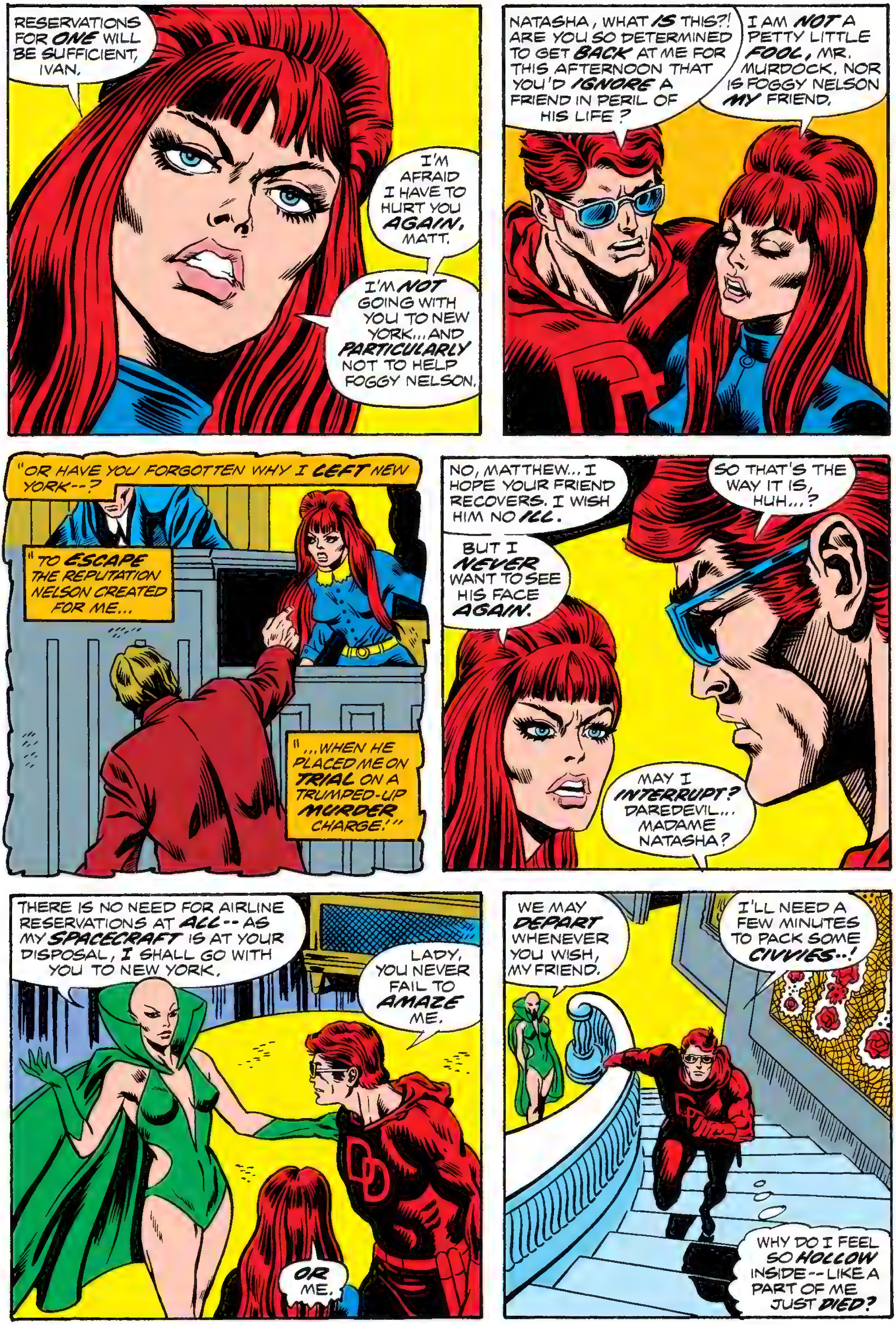
THAT'S NOT **FAIR,** TASHA! OF COURSE, I DO, BUT--!
:ULP: **LOOK** AT THOSE MANIACS, WILLYA?!
THEY ALMOST SEEM TO BE **FLYING,** DON'T THEY, DAD?
THEN YOU **OUGHT** TO BE ABLE TO FIGURE OUT WHICH OF US YOU... **CARE** FOR. **RIGHT?**
THEY'RE GONNA **KILL** THEMSELVES! YOU WATCH 'N SEE!
OR MAYBE IT'S **NEITHER** OF US-- OR **BOTH** OF US! I COULD-- **OOH!**
IT'S COMING FROM THE **STREET**-- JUST BELOW US! LET'S **MOVE!**
EEEEEEE
N-NO! PLEASE--I DON'T HAVE ANY **MONEY!** DON'T **HURT** ME!
WELFARE DEPARTMENT
WE KNOW YOU AIN'T GOT NO **CASH,** GRANDMA. BUT YA JUST GOT A **CHECK,** DIDN'T YA?
IT AIN'T IN HER **PURSE,** TUG. SHE'S GOT IT **ON** 'ER.
OKAY, LADY-- FORK IT **OVER!** EITHER **WE** GET IT--OR **YOU** DO! IT'S UP TO YOU!
WELL--?!
OH, DON'T **WORRY**-- YOU'RE GONNA **GET** IT, ALL RIGHT!

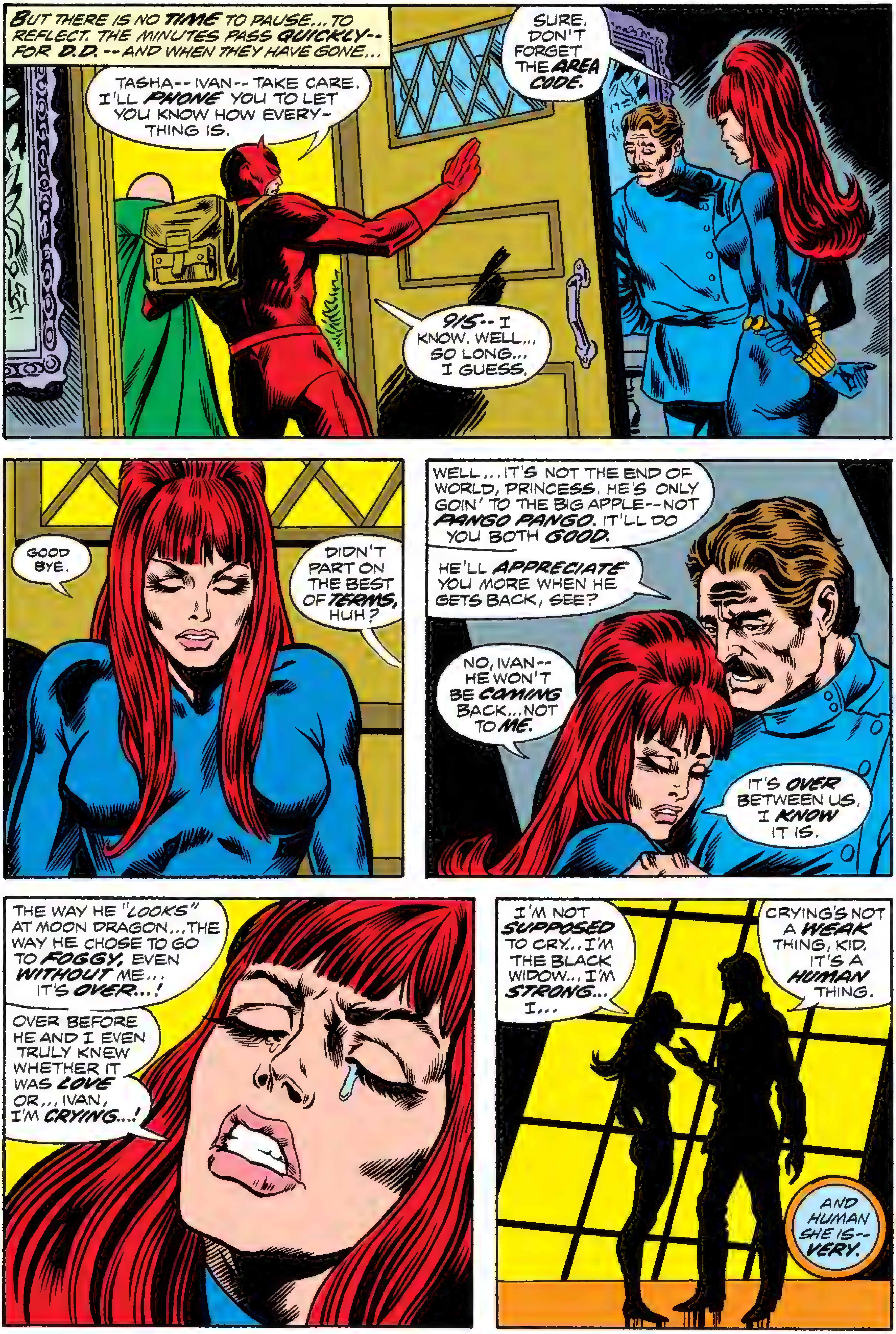

LAY INTO 'EM! DON'T LET 'EM MAKE A MOVE! AN' DON'T HOLD BACK ON THE BROAD! SHE'S STRONG AS A MOTHER OX!
NOW, NOW--DON'T PUSH, DON'T SHOVE! YOU'LL ALL GET YOUR TURNS!
SURPRISE, MASKED MAN--WE AIN'T TAKIN' NO TURNS! WE WORK AS A TEAM, SEE?
OH! YOU MEAN YOU FIGHT DIRTY! SURE, I SEE!
I PREFER HITTING ABOVE THE BELT, THOUGH--'WAY ABOVE!
UNKG
AND THAT WRAPS UP THE "TEAM"! BUT I'D BETTER CHECK ON THE--
--WIDOW!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING? STOP--YOU'LL KILL THAT MAN!
YOU'VE BEATEN HIM ALREADY! THERE'S NO NEED TO--
TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF ME, DO YOU HEAR? LET ME GO!
YOU CAN'T HOLD ME! NO ONE CAN! LET ME GO!!
HE'S SCUM--HUMAN FILTH! HE DESERVES TO BE HURT--TO FEEL PAIN FOR--
N-NO... PLEASE... NO MORE...!
NATASHA--I SAID STOP!
THWAK

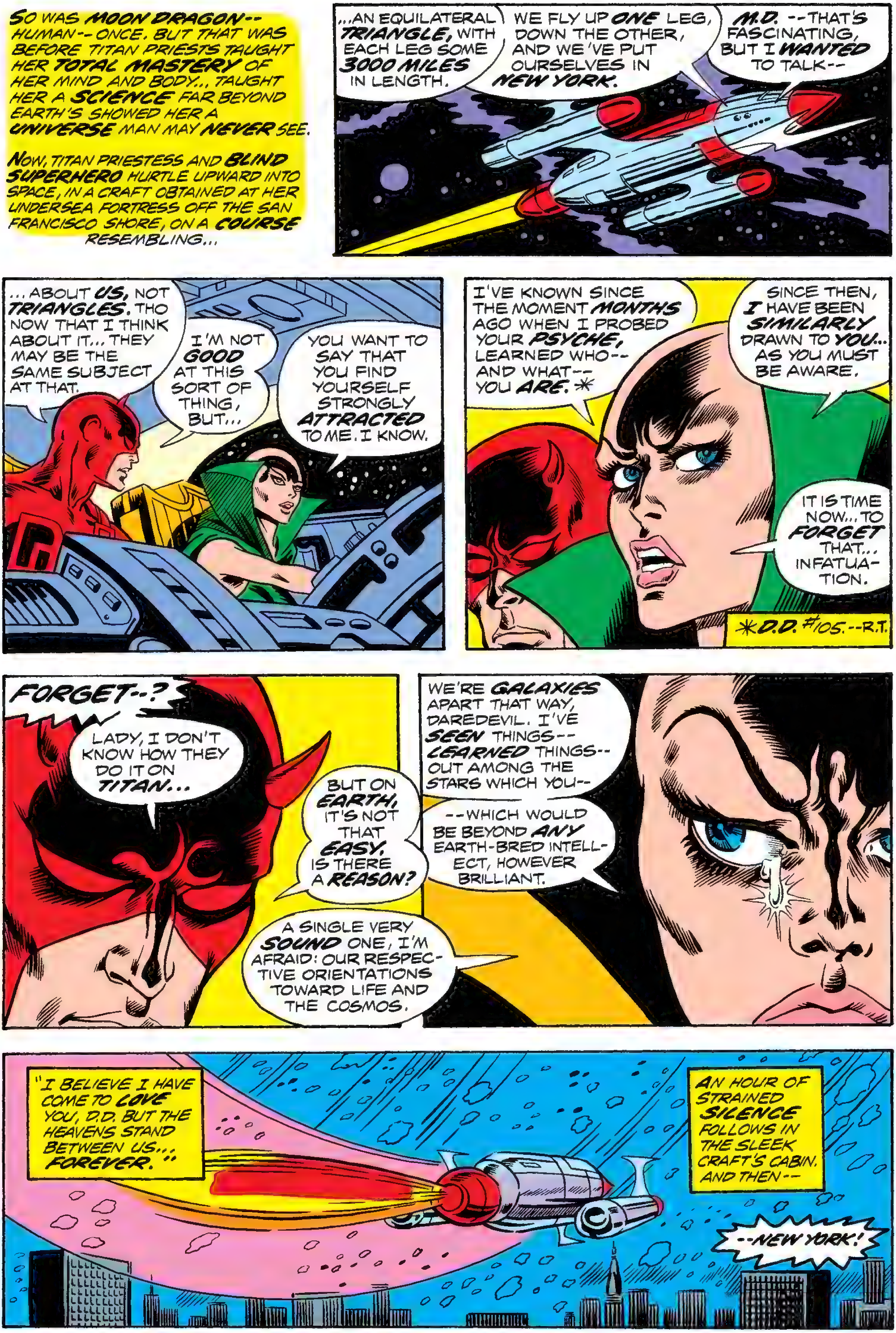

BLAST IT-- YOU BEAT THAT MAN WITHIN AN INCH OF HIS LIFE! WHY--?
WHAT GOT INTO YOU? WERE YOU TRYING TO KILL HIM?
DON'T ANSWER, HERE COME THE COPS.
WHEN EXPLANATIONS HAVE BEEN GIVEN AND THE MUGGERS ESCORTED AWAY...
THANK YOU, YOUNG MAN. YOU AND THAT MAGNIFICENT WOMAN SAVED MY LIFE. I'M SO GRATEFUL--!
WHERE DID SHE GO? I SO WANTED TO THANK HER, AS WELL!
WHERE? SHE'S RIGHT H-- OH, GREAT!
SHE'S GONE! TOOK OFF WHILE I WAS TALKING TO THE POLICE!
SHE COULD BE ALMOST ANYWHERE BY NOW...!
SO THERE'S NO POINT IN SEARCHING FOR HER. I'LL JUST HAVE TO HOPE SHE COMES HOME--EVENTUALLY.
I WANTED TO TALK--I'VE NEVER SEEN HER SO ENRAGED.
AND NOT JUST AT THE THUGS-- AT ME, TOO.
FOR A MOMENT-- ONLY A MOMENT-- THERE WAS A DESPISING TONE IN HER VOICE.
MORE THAN ANGER--REAL HATRED TO ME-- FRIGHTENINGLY INTENSE.
WAIT-- SOMEONE IN MY ROOM...!
NATASHA! THANK THE LORD!
HELLO, MATT. COME IN.
YOU SOUND...PENSIVE. HAVING SECOND THOUGHTS ABOUT HOW YOU REACTED BACK THERE?
YOU WANT ME TO SAY YOU WERE RIGHT, DON'T YOU? YOU'D ENJOY THAT.

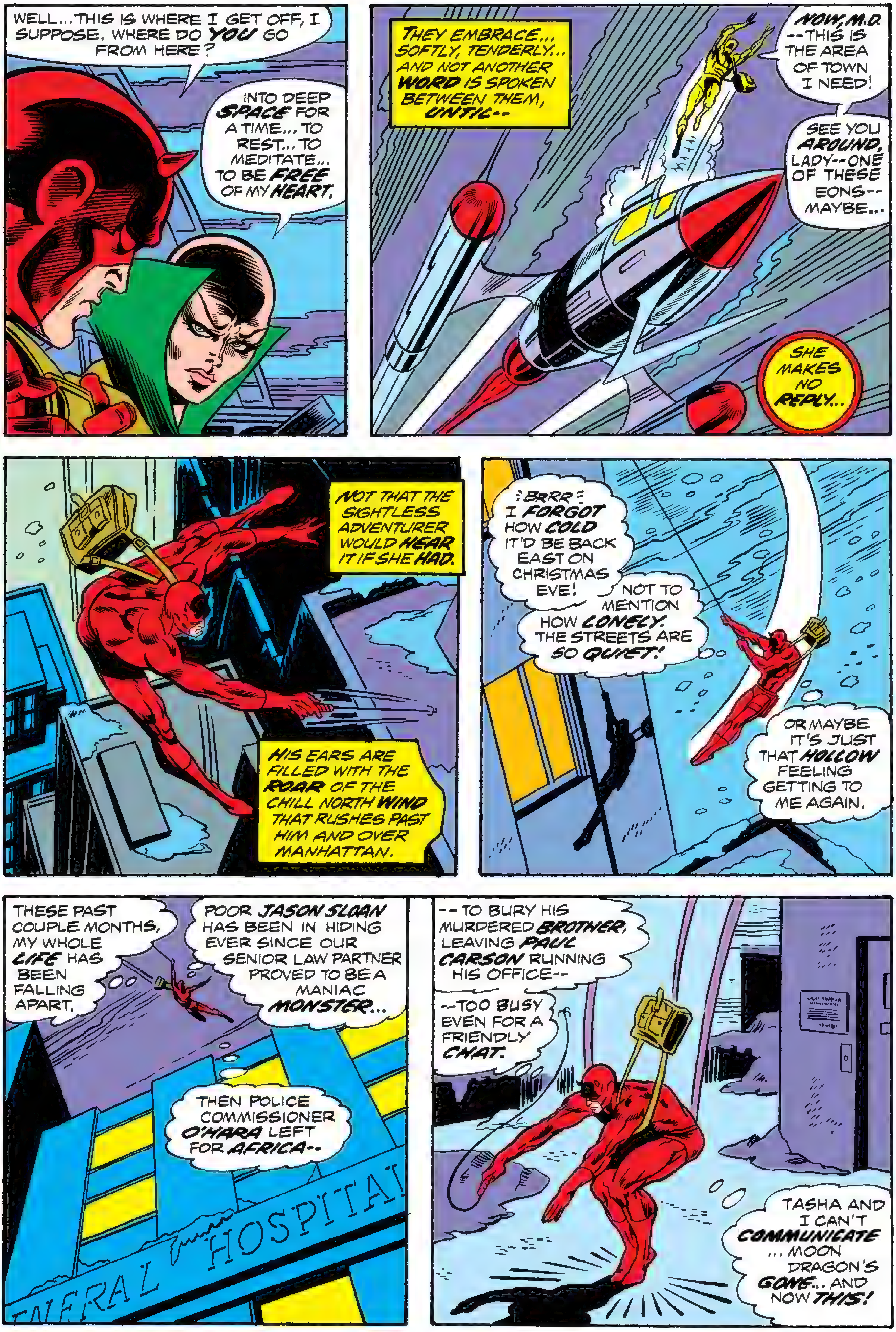

ENJOY--? TASHA, WHAT *IS* IT? WHAT'S *WRONG* WITH YOU?
YOU REALLY DON'T *KNOW?* HOW CAN YOU BE SO INSENSITIVE-- SO THICK-HEADED?
YOU *HIT* ME, MR. BIG BRAVE HERO! YOU *HIT* ME-- LIKE *I* WAS SOME KIND OF *CRIMINAL!*
YOU MIGHT HAVE BEATEN THAT MAN TO *DEATH* IF I HADN'T.
MAN?? YOU CALL THAT SCUM A *MAN?* HE *DESERVED* TO DIE!
HE WOULD HAVE LET HIS FRIEND *KNIFE* THAT OLD WOMAN!
AND NOW YOU STAND HERE *DEFENDING* HIM?
WELL, I'M SORRY, OLD FRIEND, BUT WHEN *I* SEE THAT KIND OF RAMPANT *BRUTALITY,* SOMETHING INSIDE ME *SNAPS,* AND--
-- AND YOU SINK TO *THEIR* LEVEL YOURSELF. HOW *ADMIRABLE.*
YOU MAY THINK WHAT YOU PLEASE.
I THINK WE SHOULD DISCUSS IT AGAIN-- *LATER*-- WHEN WE'VE BOTH COOLED DOWN.
SHE'S BEEN INCREDIBLY *TENSE*-- EVER SINCE WE DEFEATED *TERREX* A COUPLE MONTHS BACK...
EVER SINCE *MOONDRAGON* CAME ON THE SCENE, IN OTHER WORDS. IT'S FUNNY-- IN A *SICK* SORT OF WAY.
THE GREAT CHAMPION OF WOMAN'S LIB IS *JEALOUS.* SHE *LOVES* ME.
AND *I* DON'T KNOW *WHAT* TO FEEL.
THIS-- *MAD* STREAK IN NATASHA ONLY MAKES IT THAT MUCH *HARDER* TO SORT OUT MY EMOTIONS.
CAN I LOVE A WOMAN WHO CAN BE SO-- *VICIOUS?*
BACK FROM YOUR EXERCISE SESSION SO *SOON, D.D.?*

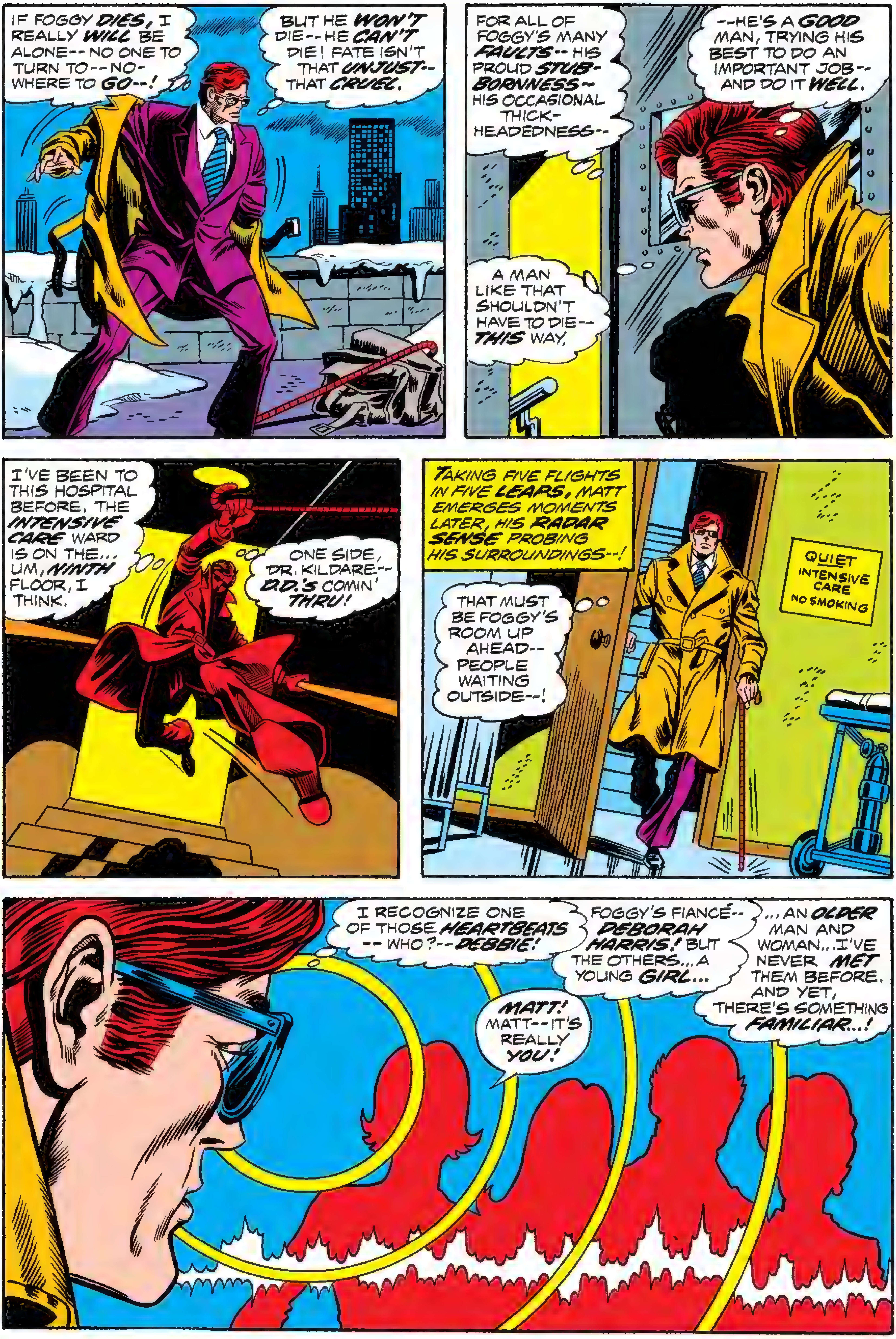

THIS IS MOON DRAGON, A CHILD OF EARTH RAISED ON A MOON OF SATURN, A PRIESTESS OF TITAN, A SCIENTIST-- THE PENULTIMATE WOMAN...
...AND FOR THE PAST TWO MONTHS, THE HOUSE-GUEST OF MATT (DAREDEVIL) MURDOCK AND THE BLACK WIDOW.
HAVE WE COME ALL THIS WAY-- ONLY TO FIND WE'RE ALL WRONG FOR EACH OTHER...?
SOMETHING IS TROUBLING YOU. MAY I USE MY MENTAL POWERS TO SOOTHE YOUR MIND-- RELAX YOU?
NO THANKS, M.D. I'LL BE OKAY. IT'S A PERSONAL THING, THAT'S ALL.
TREE'S DONE! LET'S CATCH UP ON THIS WEEK'S POLITICAL SCANDAL!
DID THEY HAVE WATERGATES ON TITAN, MOON DR--
MATT!! GET OVER HERE! LISTEN!
"LUCRETIA JONES WITH KSG-TV NEWS AT SIX.
"FROM NEW YORK THIS CHRISTMAS EVE COMES WORD THAT DISTRICT ATTORNEY FRANKLIN NELSON WAS SHOT BY AN UNKNOWN SNIPER WHO--
FOGGY!
IT CAN'T BE! HE CAN'T BE DEAD! NOT FOGGY!
"THE ASSAILANT REMAINS UNIDENTIFIED, WHILE NELSON RESTS IN CRITICAL CONDITION AT METRO GENERAL HOSPITAL."
HE'S ALIVE! THANK GOD-- HE'S ALIVE! I'VE GOT TO GET TO HIM!
IVAN-- GET PLANE RESERVATIONS FOR TASHA AND ME TO NEW YORK! HURRY, MAN!
FOGGY NELSON WAS MY LAW PARTNER-- AND MY CLOSEST FRIEND-- FOR YEARS!
I CAN'T LET HIM DOWN NOW!

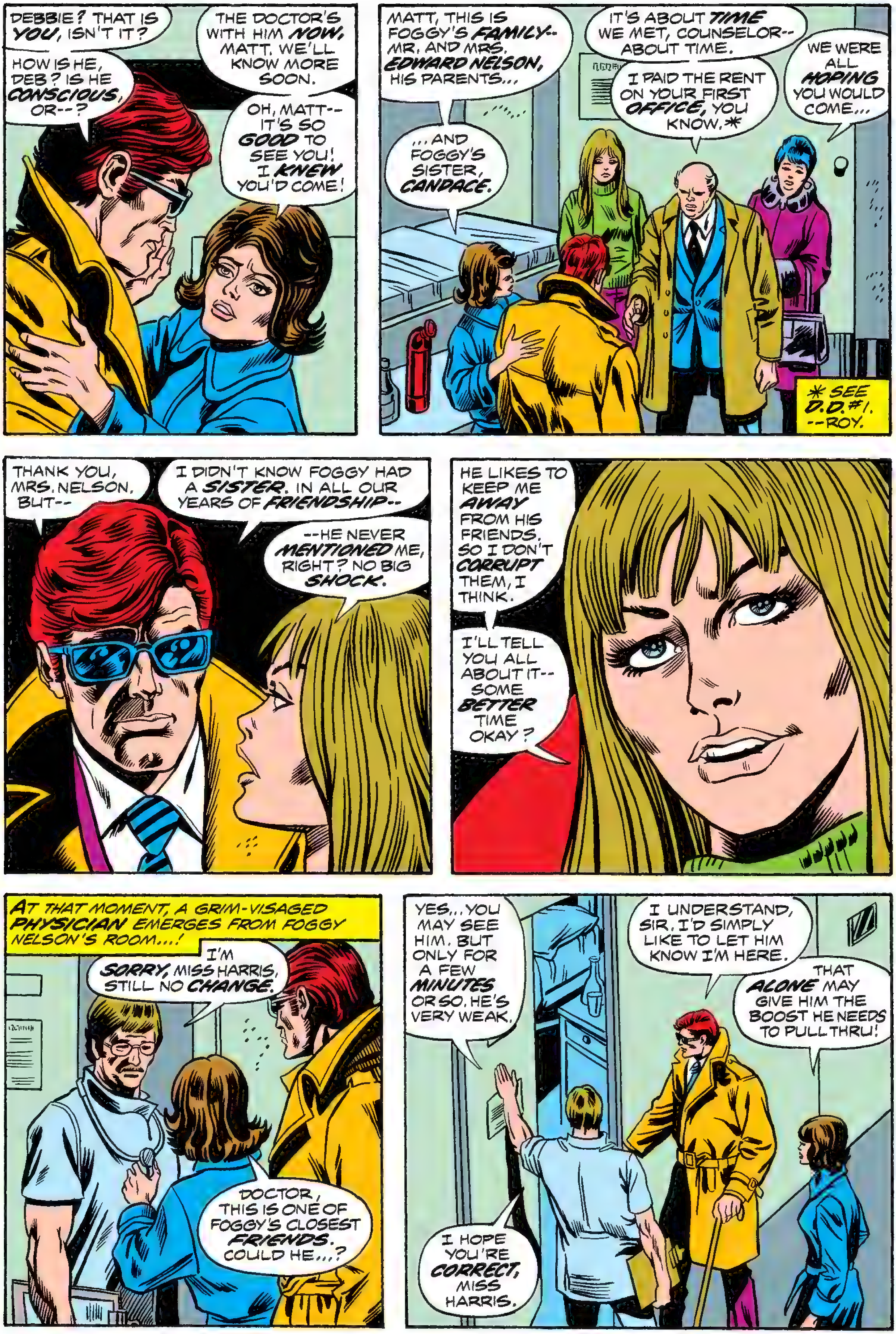

RESERVATIONS FOR *ONE* WILL BE SUFFICIENT, IVAN.
I'M AFRAID I HAVE TO HURT YOU *AGAIN*, MATT.
I'M *NOT* GOING WITH YOU TO NEW YORK... AND *PARTICULARLY* NOT TO HELP FOGGY NELSON.
NATASHA, WHAT *IS* THIS?! ARE YOU SO DETERMINED TO GET *BACK* AT ME FOR THIS AFTERNOON THAT YOU'D *IGNORE* A FRIEND IN PERIL OF HIS LIFE?
I AM *NOT* A PETTY LITTLE *FOOL*, MR. MURDOCK. NOR IS FOGGY NELSON *MY* FRIEND.
"OR HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN WHY I *LEFT* NEW YORK--?
"TO *ESCAPE* THE REPUTATION NELSON CREATED FOR ME...
"...WHEN HE PLACED ME ON *TRIAL* ON A TRUMPED-UP *MURDER* CHARGE!"
NO, MATTHEW... I HOPE YOUR FRIEND RECOVERS. I WISH HIM NO *ILL*.
BUT I *NEVER* WANT TO SEE HIS FACE *AGAIN*.
SO THAT'S THE WAY IT IS, HUH...?
MAY I *INTERRUPT*? DAREDEVIL... MADAME NATASHA?
THERE IS NO NEED FOR AIRLINE RESERVATIONS AT *ALL*-- AS MY *SPACECRAFT* IS AT YOUR DISPOSAL, *I* SHALL GO WITH YOU TO NEW YORK.
LADY, YOU NEVER FAIL TO *AMAZE* ME.
OR ME.
WE MAY *DEPART* WHENEVER YOU WISH, MY FRIEND.
I'LL NEED A FEW MINUTES TO PACK SOME *CIVVIES*..!
WHY DO I FEEL SO *HOLLOW* INSIDE-- LIKE A PART OF ME JUST *DIED*?

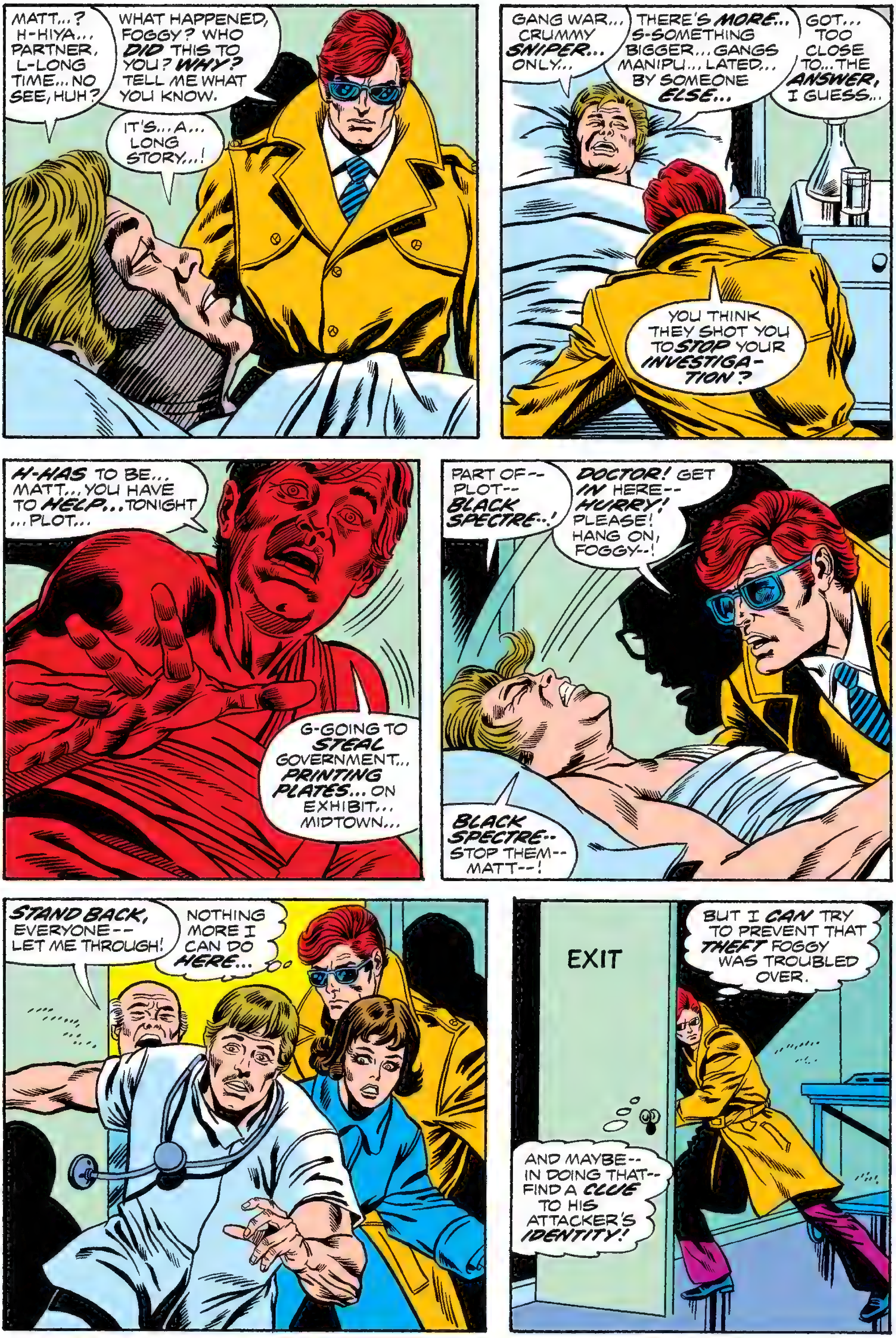

BUT THERE IS NO *TIME* TO PAUSE... TO REFLECT. THE MINUTES PASS *QUICKLY*-- FOR *D.D.* --AND WHEN THEY HAVE GONE...
TASHA-- IVAN-- TAKE CARE. I'LL *PHONE* YOU TO LET YOU KNOW HOW EVERYTHING IS.
SURE. DON'T FORGET THE *AREA CODE.*
915-- I KNOW. WELL... SO LONG... I GUESS.
GOOD BYE.
DIDN'T PART ON THE BEST OF *TERMS*, HUH?
WELL... IT'S NOT THE END OF WORLD, PRINCESS. HE'S ONLY GOIN' TO THE BIG APPLE--NOT *PANGO PANGO.* IT'LL DO YOU BOTH *GOOD.*
HE'LL *APPRECIATE* YOU MORE WHEN HE GETS BACK, SEE?
NO, IVAN-- HE WON'T BE *COMING* BACK... NOT TO *ME.*
IT'S *OVER* BETWEEN US. I *KNOW* IT IS.
THE WAY HE "*LOOKS*" AT MOON DRAGON... THE WAY HE CHOSE TO GO TO *FOGGY*, EVEN *WITHOUT* ME... IT'S *OVER*...!
OVER BEFORE HE AND I EVEN TRULY KNEW WHETHER IT WAS *LOVE* OR... IVAN, I'M *CRYING*...!
I'M NOT *SUPPOSED* TO CRY... I'M THE BLACK WIDOW... I'M *STRONG*... I...
CRYING'S NOT A *WEAK* THING, KID. IT'S A *HUMAN* THING.
AND HUMAN SHE IS-- *VERY.*

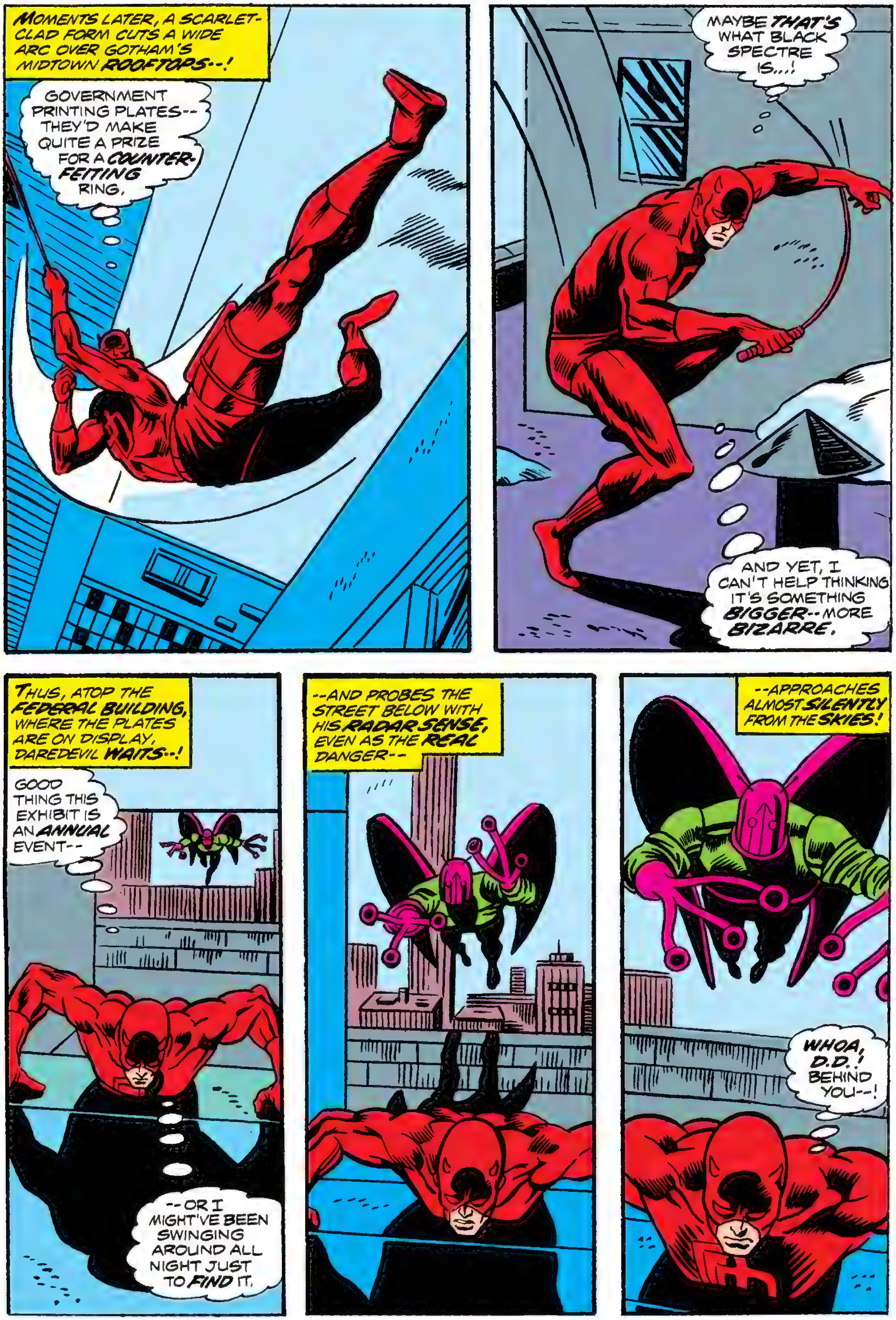

SO WAS MOON DRAGON--HUMAN--ONCE. BUT THAT WAS BEFORE TITAN PRIESTS TAUGHT HER TOTAL MASTERY OF HER MIND AND BODY... TAUGHT HER A SCIENCE FAR BEYOND EARTH'S SHOWED HER A UNIVERSE MAN MAY NEVER SEE.
NOW, TITAN PRIESTESS AND BLIND SUPERHERO HURTLE UPWARD INTO SPACE, IN A CRAFT OBTAINED AT HER UNDERSEA FORTRESS OFF THE SAN FRANCISCO SHORE, ON A COURSE RESEMBLING...
...AN EQUILATERAL TRIANGLE, WITH EACH LEG SOME 3000 MILES IN LENGTH.
WE FLY UP ONE LEG, DOWN THE OTHER, AND WE'VE PUT OURSELVES IN NEW YORK.
M.D. --THAT'S FASCINATING, BUT I WANTED TO TALK--
...ABOUT US, NOT TRIANGLES. THO NOW THAT I THINK ABOUT IT... THEY MAY BE THE SAME SUBJECT AT THAT.
I'M NOT GOOD AT THIS SORT OF THING, BUT...
YOU WANT TO SAY THAT YOU FIND YOURSELF STRONGLY ATTRACTED TO ME. I KNOW.
I'VE KNOWN SINCE THE MOMENT MONTHS AGO WHEN I PROBED YOUR PSYCHE, LEARNED WHO--AND WHAT--YOU ARE.*
SINCE THEN, I HAVE BEEN SIMILARLY DRAWN TO YOU... AS YOU MUST BE AWARE.
IT IS TIME NOW... TO FORGET THAT... INFATUATION.
*D.D. #105.--R.T.
FORGET--?
LADY, I DON'T KNOW HOW THEY DO IT ON TITAN...
BUT ON EARTH, IT'S NOT THAT EASY. IS THERE A REASON?
A SINGLE VERY SOUND ONE, I'M AFRAID: OUR RESPECTIVE ORIENTATIONS TOWARD LIFE AND THE COSMOS.
WE'RE GALAXIES APART THAT WAY, DAREDEVIL. I'VE SEEN THINGS--LEARNED THINGS--OUT AMONG THE STARS WHICH YOU--
--WHICH WOULD BE BEYOND ANY EARTH-BRED INTELLECT, HOWEVER BRILLIANT.
"I BELIEVE I HAVE COME TO LOVE YOU, D.D. BUT THE HEAVENS STAND BETWEEN US... FOREVER."
AN HOUR OF STRAINED SILENCE FOLLOWS IN THE SLEEK CRAFT'S CABIN. AND THEN--
--NEW YORK!

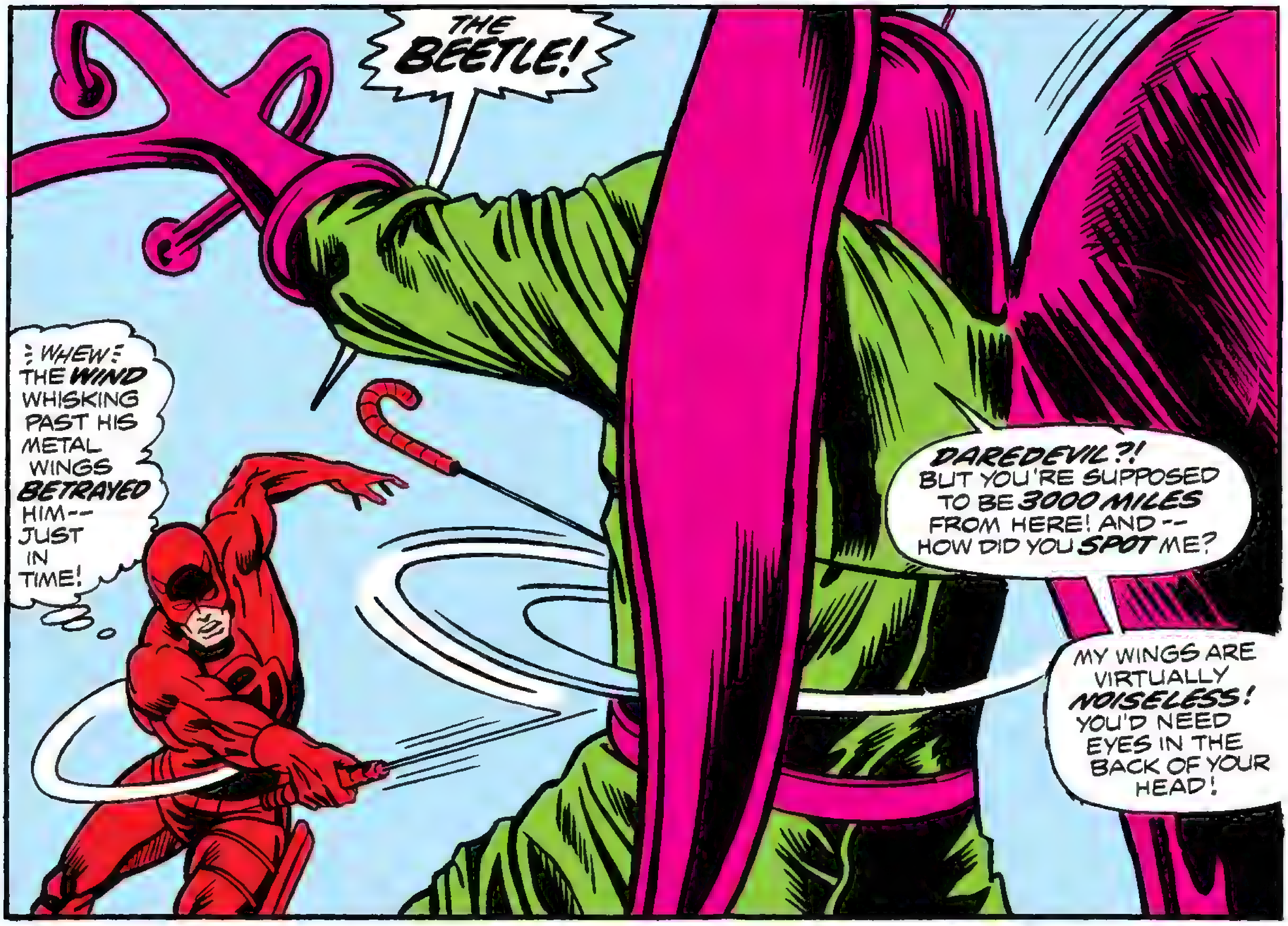

WELL... THIS IS WHERE I GET OFF, I SUPPOSE. WHERE DO YOU GO FROM HERE?
INTO DEEP SPACE FOR A TIME... TO REST... TO MEDITATE... TO BE FREE OF MY HEART.
THEY EMBRACE... SOFTLY, TENDERLY... AND NOT ANOTHER WORD IS SPOKEN BETWEEN THEM, UNTIL--
NOW, M.D. --THIS IS THE AREA OF TOWN I NEED!
SEE YOU AROUND, LADY--ONE OF THESE EONS--MAYBE...
SHE MAKES NO REPLY...
NOT THAT THE SIGHTLESS ADVENTURER WOULD HEAR IT IF SHE HAD.
HIS EARS ARE FILLED WITH THE ROAR OF THE CHILL NORTH WIND THAT RUSHES PAST HIM AND OVER MANHATTAN.
BRRR! I FORGOT HOW COLD IT'D BE BACK EAST ON CHRISTMAS EVE!
NOT TO MENTION HOW LONELY. THE STREETS ARE SO QUIET!
OR MAYBE IT'S JUST THAT HOLLOW FEELING GETTING TO ME AGAIN.
THESE PAST COUPLE MONTHS, MY WHOLE LIFE HAS BEEN FALLING APART.
POOR JASON SLOAN HAS BEEN IN HIDING EVER SINCE OUR SENIOR LAW PARTNER PROVED TO BE A MANIAC MONSTER...
THEN POLICE COMMISSIONER O'HARA LEFT FOR AFRICA--
NERAL HOSPITAL
--TO BURY HIS MURDERED BROTHER, LEAVING PAUL CARSON RUNNING HIS OFFICE--
--TOO BUSY EVEN FOR A FRIENDLY CHAT.
TASHA AND I CAN'T COMMUNICATE ...MOON DRAGON'S GONE.. AND NOW THIS!

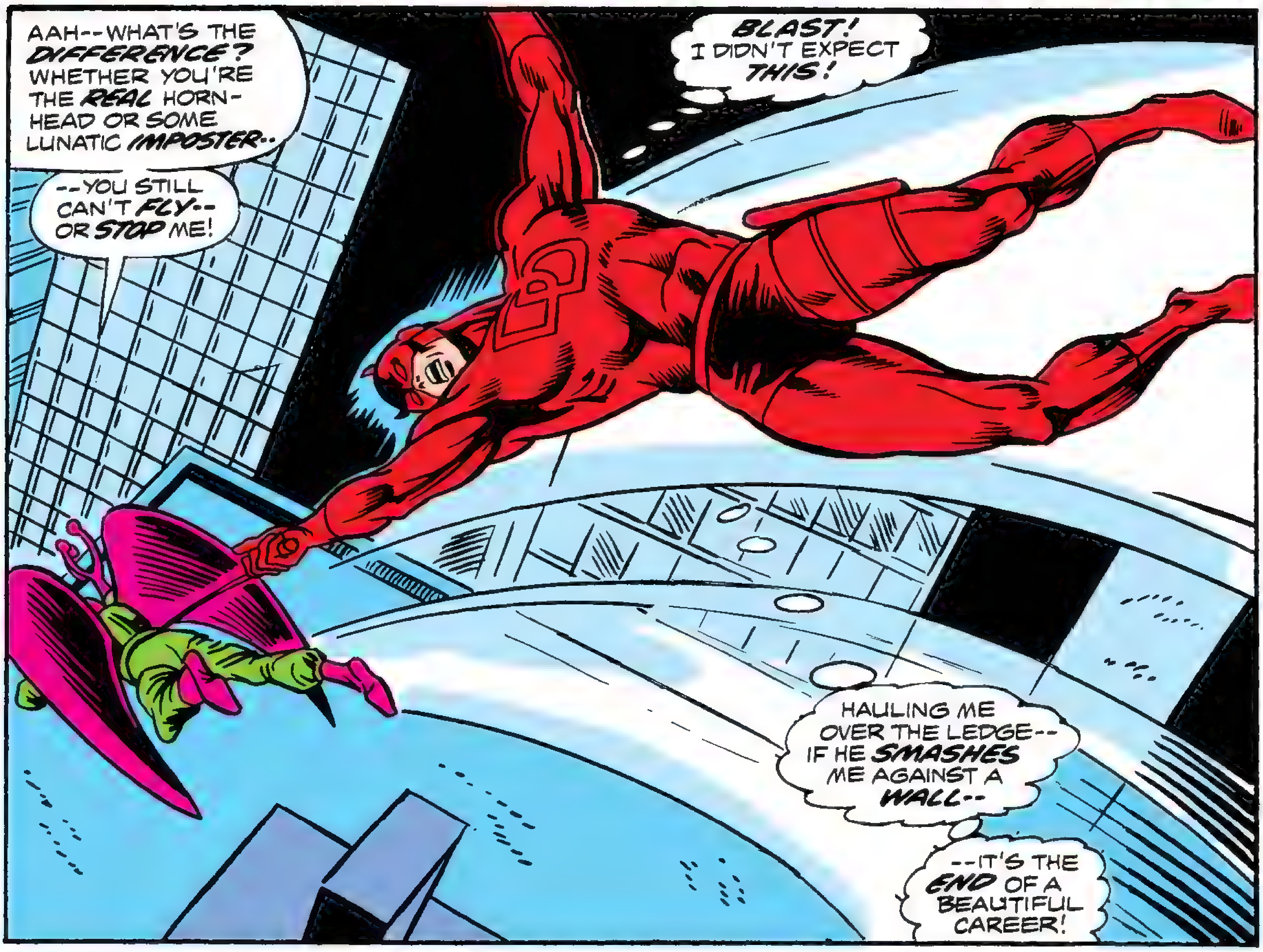

IF FOGGY DIES, I REALLY WILL BE ALONE-- NO ONE TO TURN TO--NOWHERE TO GO--!
BUT HE WON'T DIE--HE CAN'T DIE! FATE ISN'T THAT UNJUST-- THAT CRUEL.
FOR ALL OF FOGGY'S MANY FAULTS--HIS PROUD STUBBORNNESS-- HIS OCCASIONAL THICKHEADEDNESS--
--HE'S A GOOD MAN, TRYING HIS BEST TO DO AN IMPORTANT JOB-- AND DO IT WELL.
A MAN LIKE THAT SHOULDN'T HAVE TO DIE-- THIS WAY.
I'VE BEEN TO THIS HOSPITAL BEFORE. THE INTENSIVE CARE WARD IS ON THE... UM, NINTH FLOOR, I THINK.
ONE SIDE, DR. KILDARE-- D.D.'S COMIN' THRU!
TAKING FIVE FLIGHTS IN FIVE LEAPS, MATT EMERGES MOMENTS LATER, HIS RADAR SENSE PROBING HIS SURROUNDINGS--!
QUIET
INTENSIVE CARE
NO SMOKING
THAT MUST BE FOGGY'S ROOM UP AHEAD-- PEOPLE WAITING OUTSIDE--!
I RECOGNIZE ONE OF THOSE HEARTBEATS -- WHO?-- DEBBIE!
FOGGY'S FIANCÉ-- DEBORAH HARRIS! BUT THE OTHERS... A YOUNG GIRL...
...AN OLDER MAN AND WOMAN... I'VE NEVER MET THEM BEFORE. AND YET, THERE'S SOMETHING FAMILIAR...!
MATT! MATT--IT'S REALLY YOU!

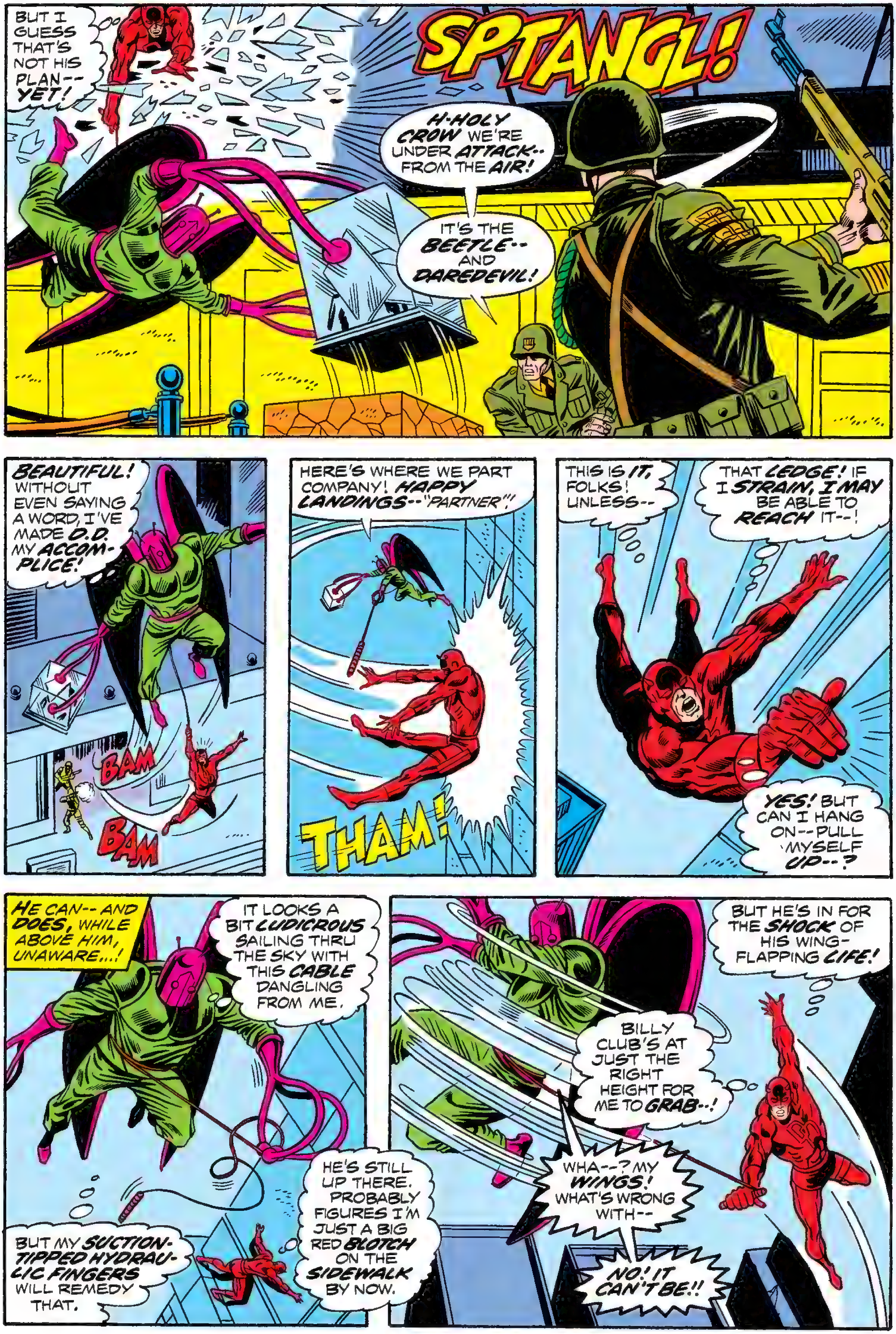

DEBBIE? THAT IS *YOU*, ISN'T IT?
HOW IS HE, DEB? IS HE *CONSCIOUS*, OR--?
THE DOCTOR'S WITH HIM *NOW*, MATT. WE'LL KNOW MORE SOON.
OH, MATT-- IT'S SO *GOOD* TO SEE YOU! I *KNEW* YOU'D COME!
MATT, THIS IS FOGGY'S *FAMILY*-- MR. AND MRS. *EDWARD NELSON*, HIS PARENTS...
...AND FOGGY'S SISTER, *CANDACE*.
IT'S ABOUT *TIME* WE MET, COUNSELOR-- ABOUT TIME.
I PAID THE RENT ON YOUR FIRST *OFFICE*, YOU KNOW.*
WE WERE ALL *HOPING* YOU WOULD COME...
* SEE *D.D.* #1. --ROY.
THANK YOU, MRS. NELSON, BUT--
I DIDN'T KNOW FOGGY HAD A *SISTER*. IN ALL OUR YEARS OF *FRIENDSHIP*--
--HE NEVER *MENTIONED* ME, RIGHT? NO BIG *SHOCK*.
HE LIKES TO KEEP ME *AWAY* FROM HIS FRIENDS, SO I DON'T *CORRUPT* THEM, I THINK.
I'LL TELL YOU ALL ABOUT IT-- SOME *BETTER* TIME OKAY?
AT THAT MOMENT, A GRIM-VISAGED PHYSICIAN EMERGES FROM FOGGY NELSON'S ROOM...!
I'M *SORRY*, MISS HARRIS, STILL NO *CHANGE*.
DOCTOR, THIS IS ONE OF FOGGY'S CLOSEST *FRIENDS*. COULD HE...?
YES...YOU MAY SEE HIM. BUT ONLY FOR A FEW *MINUTES* OR SO. HE'S VERY WEAK.
I UNDERSTAND, SIR. I'D SIMPLY LIKE TO LET HIM KNOW I'M HERE.
THAT *ALONE* MAY GIVE HIM THE BOOST HE NEEDS TO PULL THRU!
I HOPE YOU'RE *CORRECT*, MISS HARRIS.

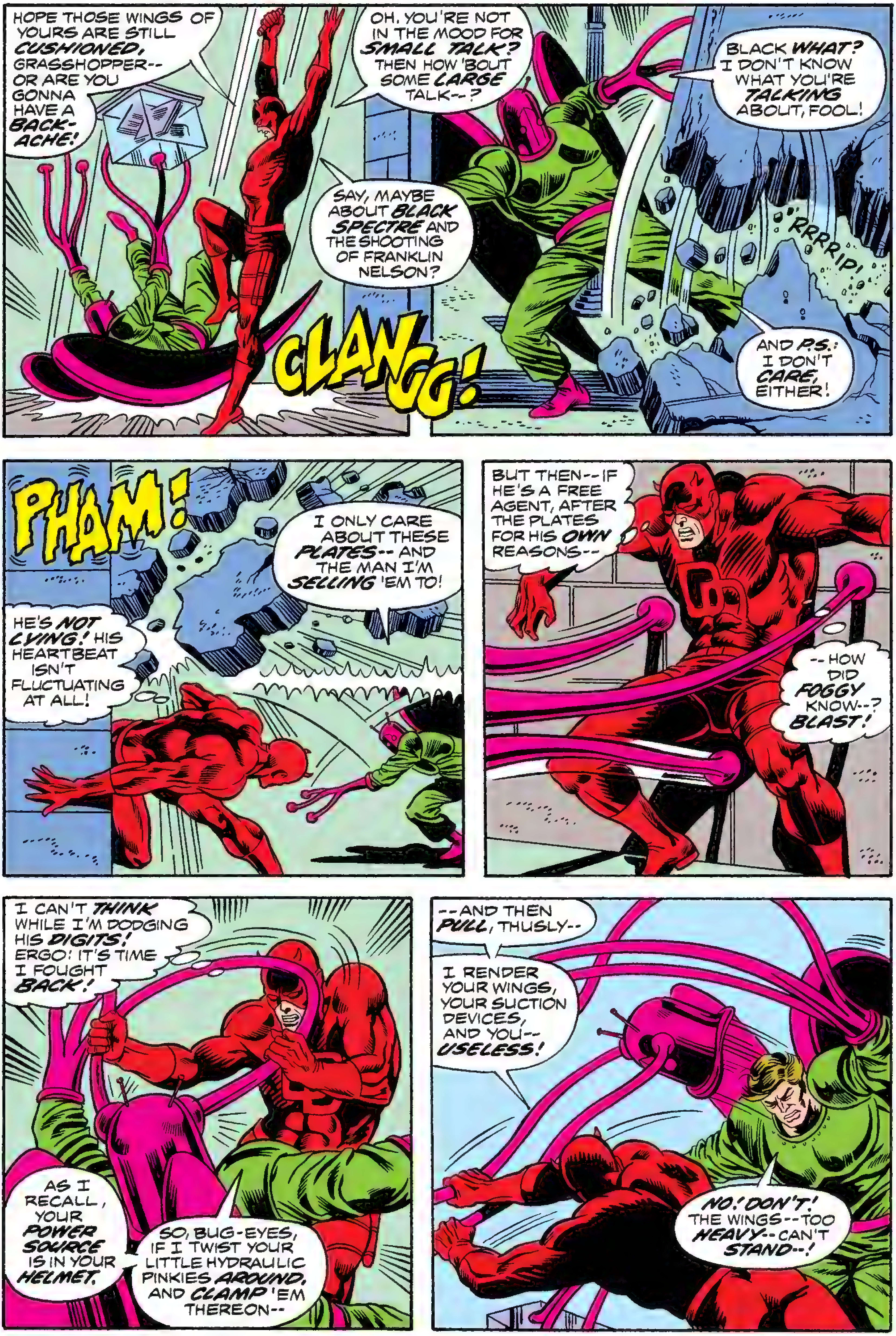

MATT...? H-HIYA... PARTNER, L-LONG TIME... NO SEE, HUH?
WHAT HAPPENED, FOGGY? WHO *DID* THIS TO YOU? *WHY?* TELL ME WHAT YOU KNOW.
IT'S... A... LONG STORY...!
GANG WAR... CRUMMY *SNIPER*... ONLY...
THERE'S *MORE*... S-SOMETHING BIGGER... GANGS MANIPU... LATED... BY SOMEONE *ELSE*...
GOT... TOO CLOSE TO... THE *ANSWER*, I GUESS...
YOU THINK THEY SHOT YOU TO *STOP* YOUR *INVESTIGATION?*
H-HAS TO BE... MATT... YOU HAVE TO *HELP*... TONIGHT ... PLOT...
G-GOING TO *STEAL* GOVERNMENT... *PRINTING PLATES*... ON EXHIBIT... MIDTOWN...
PART OF -- PLOT -- *BLACK SPECTRE*..!
DOCTOR! GET *IN* HERE -- *HURRY!* PLEASE! HANG ON, FOGGY--!
BLACK SPECTRE-- STOP THEM-- MATT--!
STAND BACK, EVERYONE -- LET ME THROUGH!
NOTHING MORE I CAN DO *HERE*...
EXIT
BUT I *CAN* TRY TO PREVENT THAT *THEFT* FOGGY WAS TROUBLED OVER.
AND MAYBE-- IN DOING THAT-- FIND A *CLUE* TO HIS ATTACKER'S *IDENTITY!*

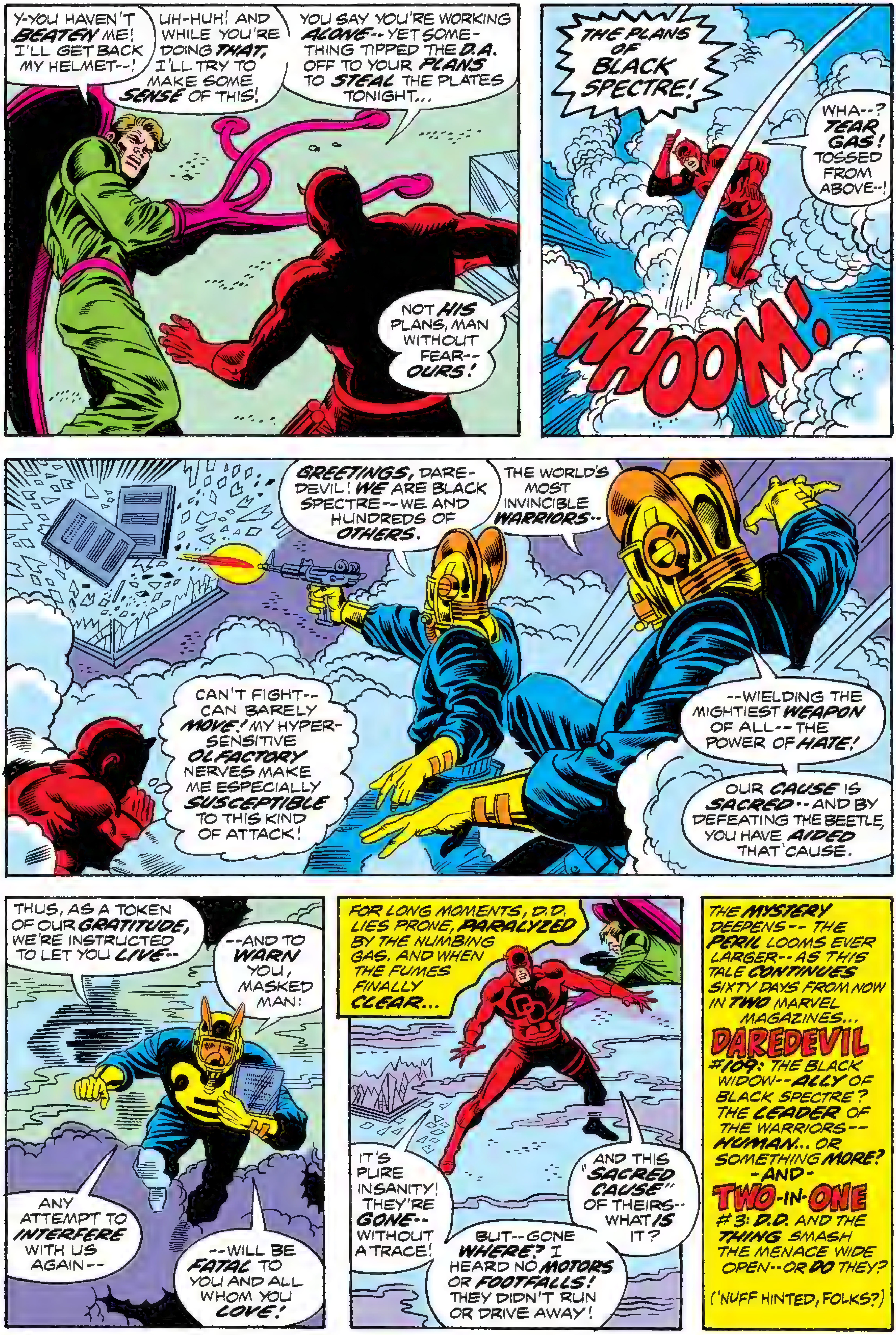

MOMENTS LATER, A SCARLET-CLAD FORM CUTS A WIDE ARC OVER GOTHAM'S MIDTOWN ROOFTOPS--!
GOVERNMENT PRINTING PLATES-- THEY'D MAKE QUITE A PRIZE FOR A COUNTERFEITING RING.
MAYBE THAT'S WHAT BLACK SPECTRE IS...!
AND YET, I CAN'T HELP THINKING IT'S SOMETHING BIGGER--MORE BIZARRE.
THUS, ATOP THE FEDERAL BUILDING, WHERE THE PLATES ARE ON DISPLAY, DAREDEVIL WAITS--!
GOOD THING THIS EXHIBIT IS AN ANNUAL EVENT--
--OR I MIGHT'VE BEEN SWINGING AROUND ALL NIGHT JUST TO FIND IT.
--AND PROBES THE STREET BELOW WITH HIS RADAR SENSE, EVEN AS THE REAL DANGER--
--APPROACHES ALMOST SILENTLY FROM THE SKIES!
WHOA, D.D.! BEHIND YOU--!


THE BEETLE!
WHEW! THE WIND WHISKING PAST HIS METAL WINGS BETRAYED HIM--JUST IN TIME!
DAREDEVIL?! BUT YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE 3000 MILES FROM HERE! AND --HOW DID YOU SPOT ME?
MY WINGS ARE VIRTUALLY NOISELESS! YOU'D NEED EYES IN THE BACK OF YOUR HEAD!


AAH--WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE? WHETHER YOU'RE THE REAL HORN-HEAD OR SOME LUNATIC IMPOSTER..
--YOU STILL CAN'T FLY--OR STOP ME!
BLAST! I DIDN'T EXPECT THIS!
HAULING ME OVER THE LEDGE--IF HE SMASHES ME AGAINST A WALL--
--IT'S THE END OF A BEAUTIFUL CAREER!


BUT I GUESS THAT'S NOT HIS PLAN-- YET!
SPTANGL!
H-HOLY CROW WE'RE UNDER ATTACK-- FROM THE AIR!
IT'S THE BEETLE-- AND DAREDEVIL!
BEAUTIFUL! WITHOUT EVEN SAYING A WORD, I'VE MADE D.D. MY ACCOMPLICE!
BAM
BAM
HERE'S WHERE WE PART COMPANY! HAPPY LANDINGS--"PARTNER"!
THAM!
THIS IS IT, FOLKS! UNLESS--
THAT LEDGE! IF I STRAIN, I MAY BE ABLE TO REACH IT--!
YES! BUT CAN I HANG ON--PULL MYSELF UP--?
HE CAN-- AND DOES, WHILE ABOVE HIM, UNAWARE...!
IT LOOKS A BIT LUDICROUS SAILING THRU THE SKY WITH THIS CABLE DANGLING FROM ME.
BUT MY SUCTION-TIPPED HYDRAULIC FINGERS WILL REMEDY THAT.
HE'S STILL UP THERE. PROBABLY FIGURES I'M JUST A BIG RED BLOTCH ON THE SIDEWALK BY NOW.
BUT HE'S IN FOR THE SHOCK OF HIS WING-FLAPPING LIFE!
BILLY CLUB'S AT JUST THE RIGHT HEIGHT FOR ME TO GRAB--!
WHA--? MY WINGS! WHAT'S WRONG WITH--
NO! IT CAN'T BE!!

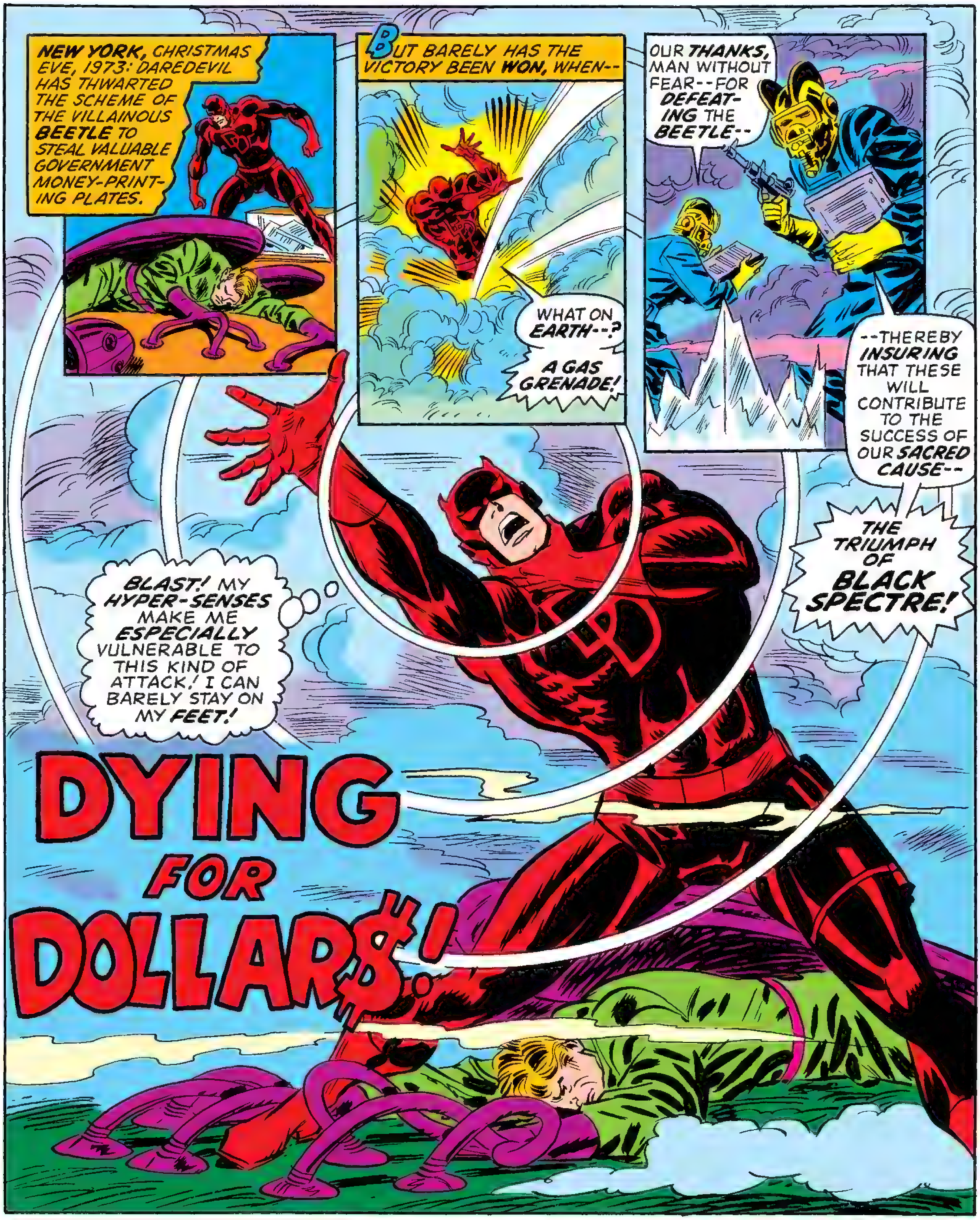

HOPE THOSE WINGS OF YOURS ARE STILL CUSHIONED, GRASSHOPPER-- OR ARE YOU GONNA HAVE A BACK-ACHE!
OH, YOU'RE NOT IN THE MOOD FOR SMALL TALK? THEN HOW 'BOUT SOME LARGE TALK--?
SAY, MAYBE ABOUT BLACK SPECTRE AND THE SHOOTING OF FRANKLIN NELSON?
CLANGG!
BLACK WHAT? I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT, FOOL!
RRRRIP!
AND P.S.: I DON'T CARE, EITHER!
PHAM!
I ONLY CARE ABOUT THESE PLATES-- AND THE MAN I'M SELLING 'EM TO!
HE'S NOT LYING! HIS HEARTBEAT ISN'T FLUCTUATING AT ALL!
BUT THEN--IF HE'S A FREE AGENT, AFTER THE PLATES FOR HIS OWN REASONS--
--HOW DID FOGGY KNOW--? BLAST!
I CAN'T THINK WHILE I'M DODGING HIS DIGITS! ERGO: IT'S TIME I FOUGHT BACK!
AS I RECALL, YOUR POWER SOURCE IS IN YOUR HELMET.
SO, BUG-EYES, IF I TWIST YOUR LITTLE HYDRAULIC PINKIES AROUND, AND CLAMP 'EM THEREON--
--AND THEN PULL, THUSLY--
I RENDER YOUR WINGS, YOUR SUCTION DEVICES, AND YOU-- USELESS!
NO! DON'T! THE WINGS--TOO HEAVY--CAN'T STAND--!

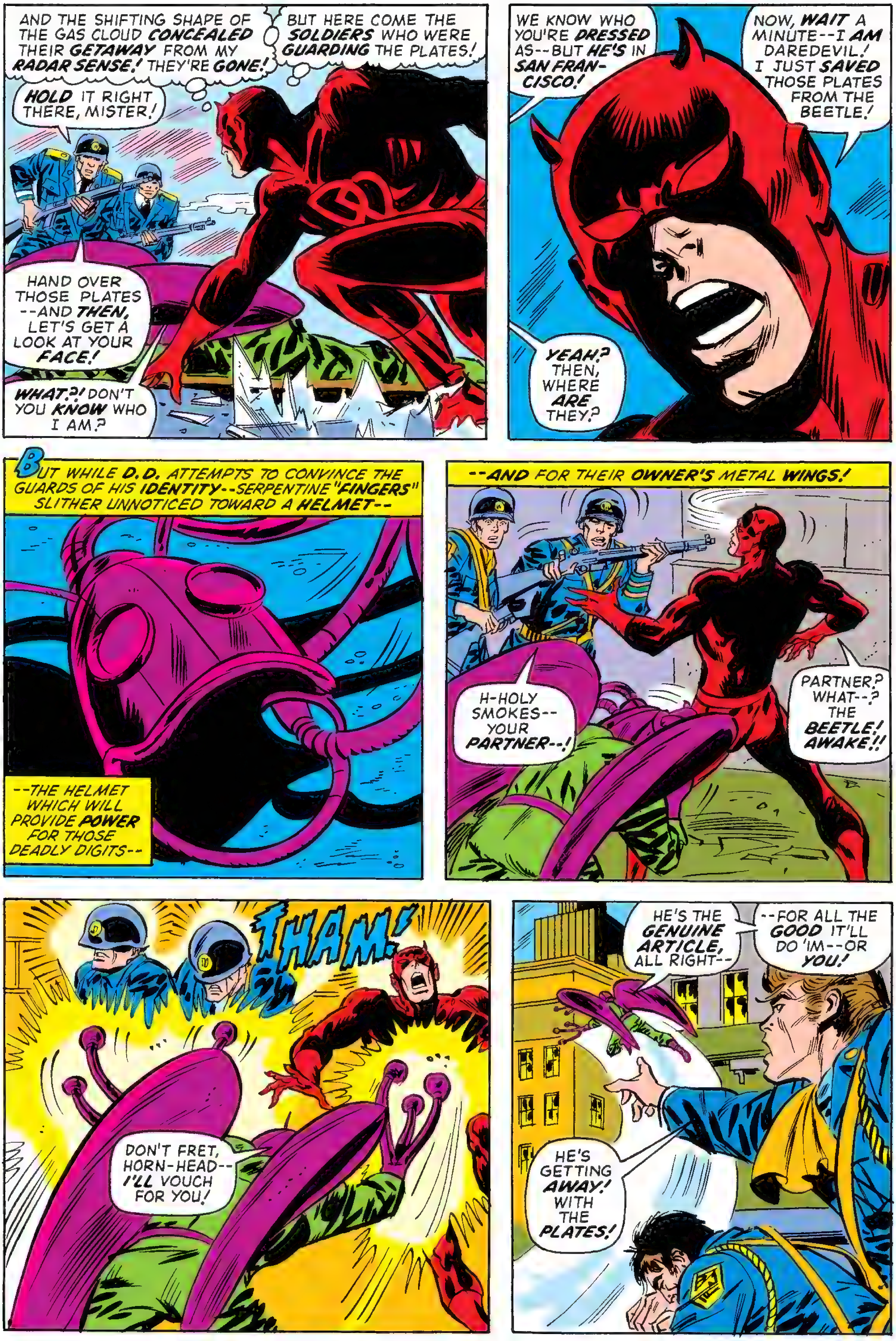

Y-YOU HAVEN'T *BEATEN* ME! I'LL GET BACK MY HELMET--!
UH-HUH! AND WHILE YOU'RE DOING *THAT*, I'LL TRY TO MAKE SOME *SENSE* OF THIS!
YOU SAY YOU'RE WORKING *ALONE*--YET SOMETHING TIPPED THE *D.A.* OFF TO YOUR *PLANS* TO *STEAL* THE PLATES TONIGHT...
NOT *HIS* PLANS, MAN WITHOUT FEAR--*OURS*!
THE PLANS OF BLACK SPECTRE!
WHA--? *TEAR GAS!* TOSSED FROM ABOVE--!
WHOOM!
GREETINGS, DAREDEVIL! *WE* ARE BLACK SPECTRE--WE AND HUNDREDS OF *OTHERS*.
THE WORLD'S MOST INVINCIBLE *WARRIORS*--
--WIELDING THE MIGHTIEST *WEAPON* OF ALL--THE POWER OF *HATE!*
OUR *CAUSE* IS *SACRED*--AND BY DEFEATING THE BEETLE, YOU HAVE *AIDED* THAT CAUSE.
CAN'T FIGHT--CAN BARELY *MOVE!* MY HYPER-SENSITIVE *OLFACTORY* NERVES MAKE ME ESPECIALLY *SUSCEPTIBLE* TO THIS KIND OF ATTACK!
THUS, AS A TOKEN OF OUR *GRATITUDE*, WE'RE INSTRUCTED TO LET YOU *LIVE*--
--AND TO *WARN* YOU, MASKED MAN:
ANY ATTEMPT TO *INTERFERE* WITH US AGAIN--
--WILL BE *FATAL* TO YOU AND ALL WHOM YOU *LOVE!*
FOR LONG MOMENTS, D.D. LIES PRONE, *PARALYZED* BY THE NUMBING GAS. AND WHEN THE FUMES FINALLY *CLEAR...*
IT'S PURE INSANITY! THEY'RE *GONE*--WITHOUT A TRACE!
BUT--GONE *WHERE?* I HEARD NO *MOTORS* OR *FOOTFALLS!* THEY DIDN'T RUN OR DRIVE AWAY!
AND THIS "*SACRED CAUSE*" OF THEIRS--WHAT *IS* IT?
THE *MYSTERY* DEEPENS--THE *PERIL* LOOMS EVER LARGER--AS THIS TALE *CONTINUES* SIXTY DAYS FROM NOW IN *TWO* MARVEL MAGAZINES...
DAREDEVIL #109: THE BLACK WIDOW--*ALLY* OF BLACK SPECTRE? THE *LEADER* OF THE WARRIORS--*HUMAN*...OR SOMETHING *MORE?*
-AND-
TWO-IN-ONE #3: *D.D.* AND THE *THING* SMASH THE MENACE WIDE OPEN--OR *DO* THEY?
('NUFF HINTED, FOLKS?)

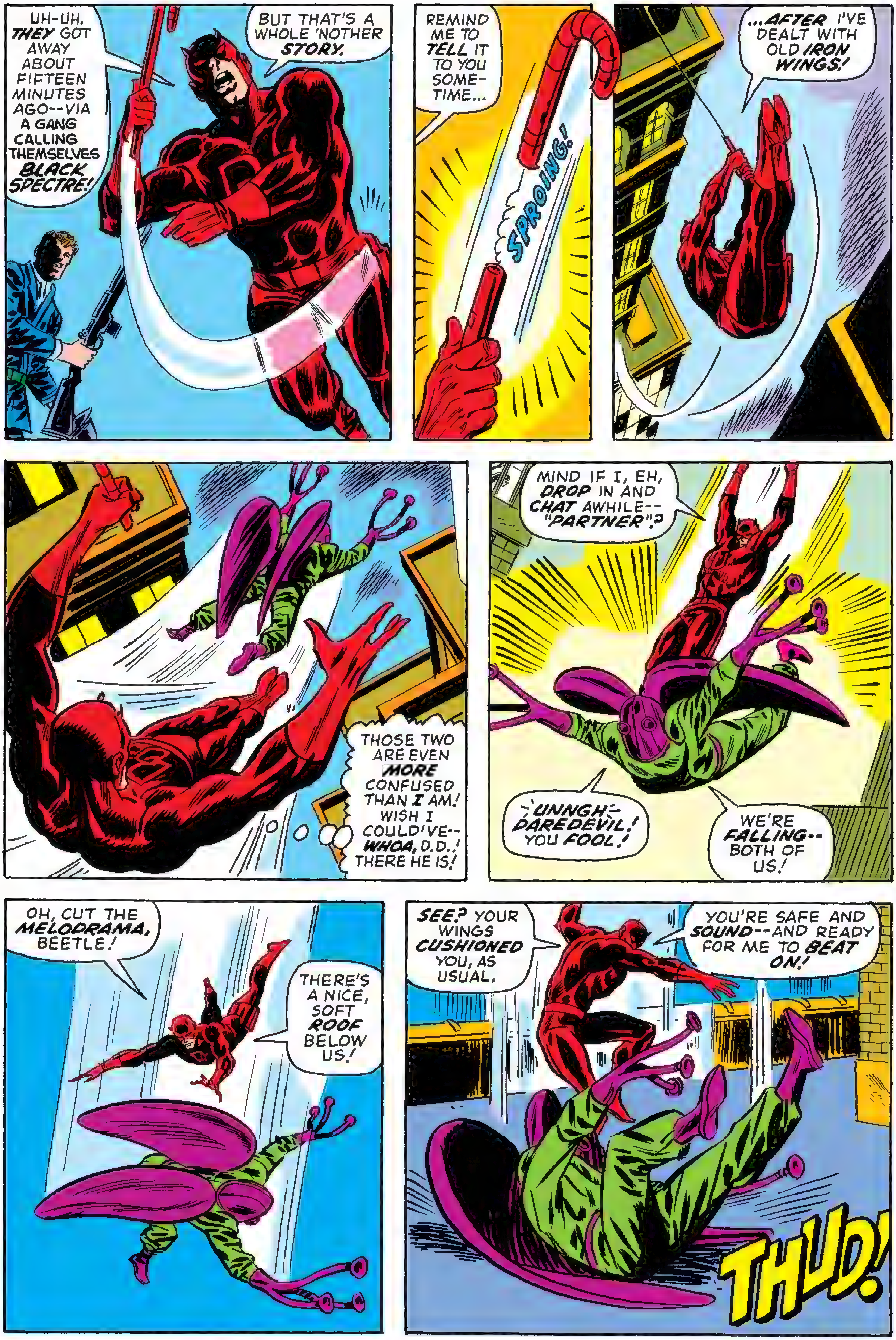
DAREDEVIL
MARVEL COMICS GROUP™
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
25¢
109
MAY
02459
DAREDEVIL®
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!
HAS THE WHOLE WORLD GONE MAD? FIRST, MONEY-- FALLING FROM THE SKIES-- DRIVING THE CROWD INSANE WITH GREED--
--AND NOW THE BLACK WIDOW-- ABOUT TO BE KILLED BY NEKRA-- HIGH PRIESTESS OF DEATH--
--AND I CAN DO NOTHING TO SAVE HER! NOTHING!
FLORIST

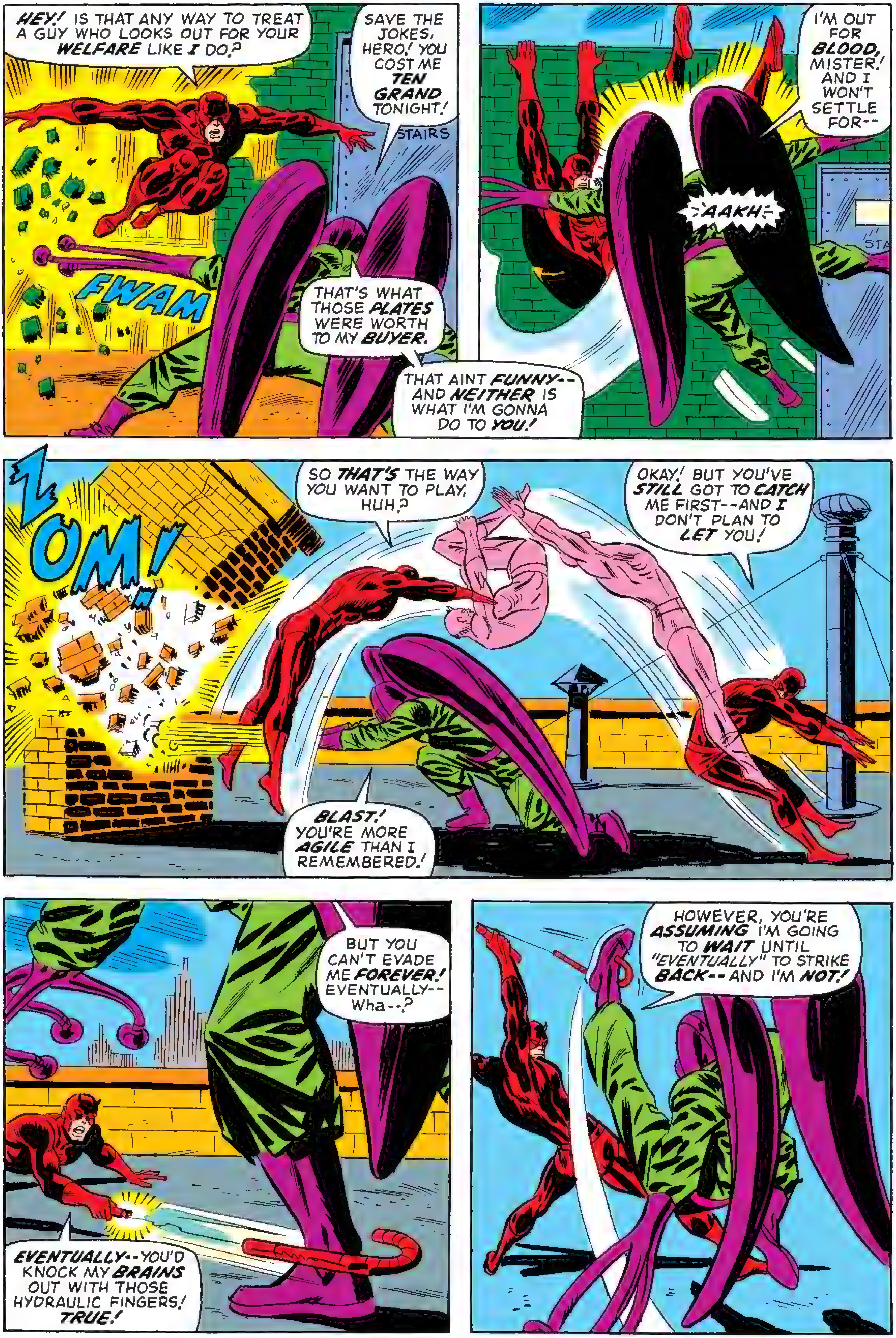
STAN LEE PRESENTS: **DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!** ™

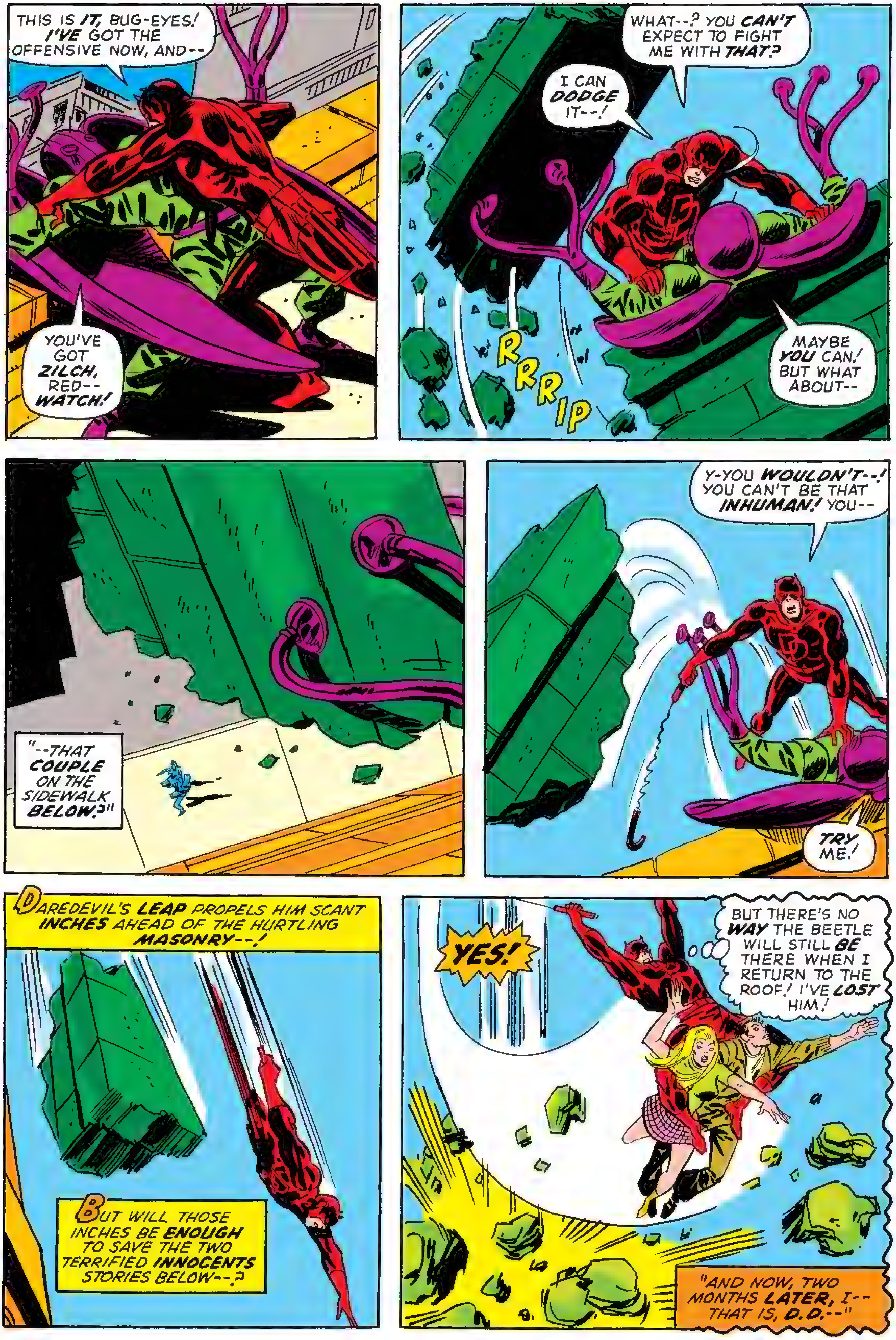
STEVE GERBER Writer	**BOB BROWN** Artist	**DON HECK** Inker	**ARTIE SIMEK**, Letterer **P. GOLDBERG**, Colorist	**ROY THOMAS** Editor

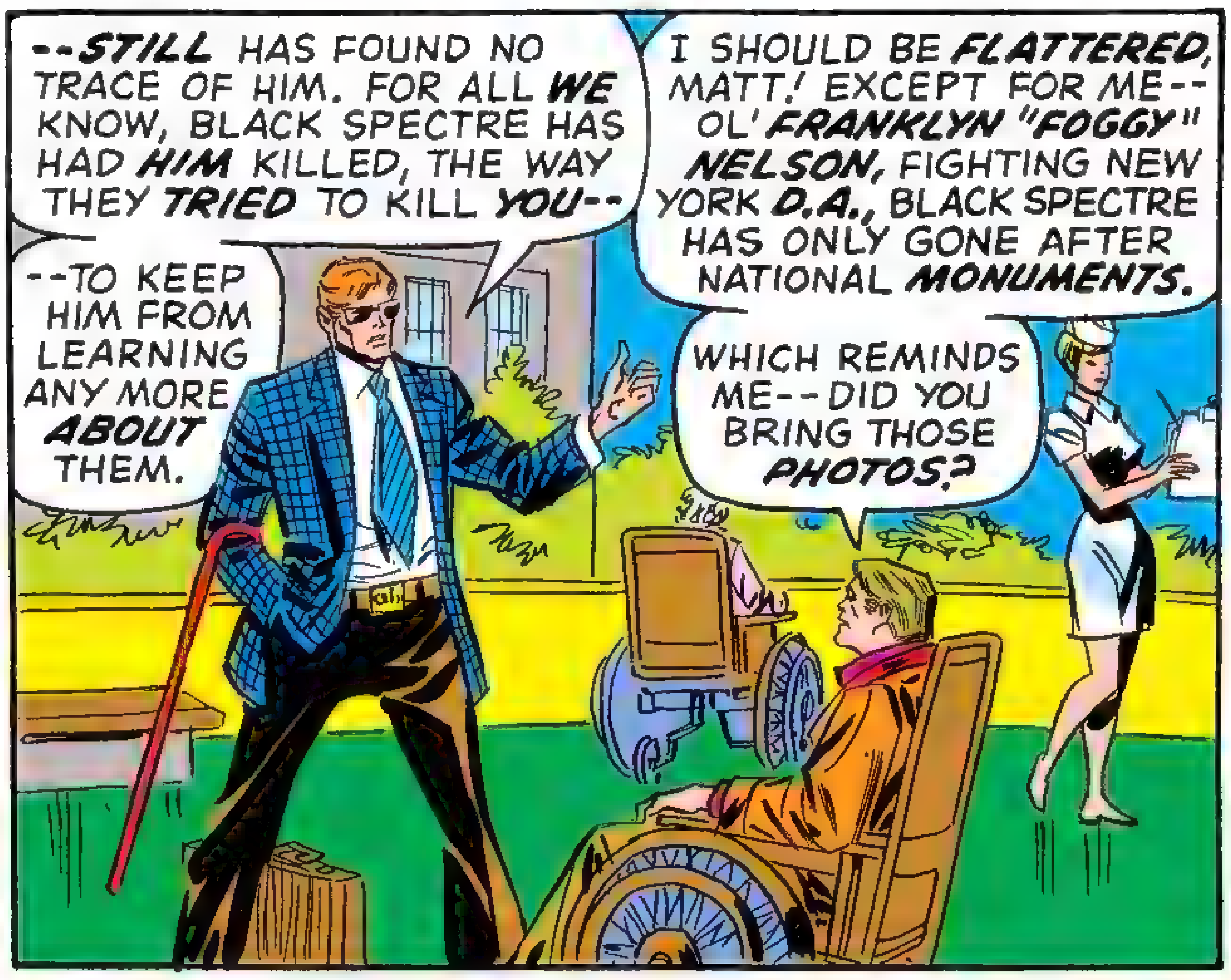

NEW YORK, CHRISTMAS EVE, 1973: DAREDEVIL HAS THWARTED THE SCHEME OF THE VILLAINOUS BEETLE TO STEAL VALUABLE GOVERNMENT MONEY-PRINTING PLATES.
BUT BARELY HAS THE VICTORY BEEN WON, WHEN--
WHAT ON EARTH--?
A GAS GRENADE!
OUR THANKS, MAN WITHOUT FEAR--FOR DEFEATING THE BEETLE--
--THEREBY INSURING THAT THESE WILL CONTRIBUTE TO THE SUCCESS OF OUR SACRED CAUSE--
THE TRIUMPH OF BLACK SPECTRE!
BLAST! MY HYPER-SENSES MAKE ME ESPECIALLY VULNERABLE TO THIS KIND OF ATTACK! I CAN BARELY STAY ON MY FEET!
DYING FOR DOLLAR$!

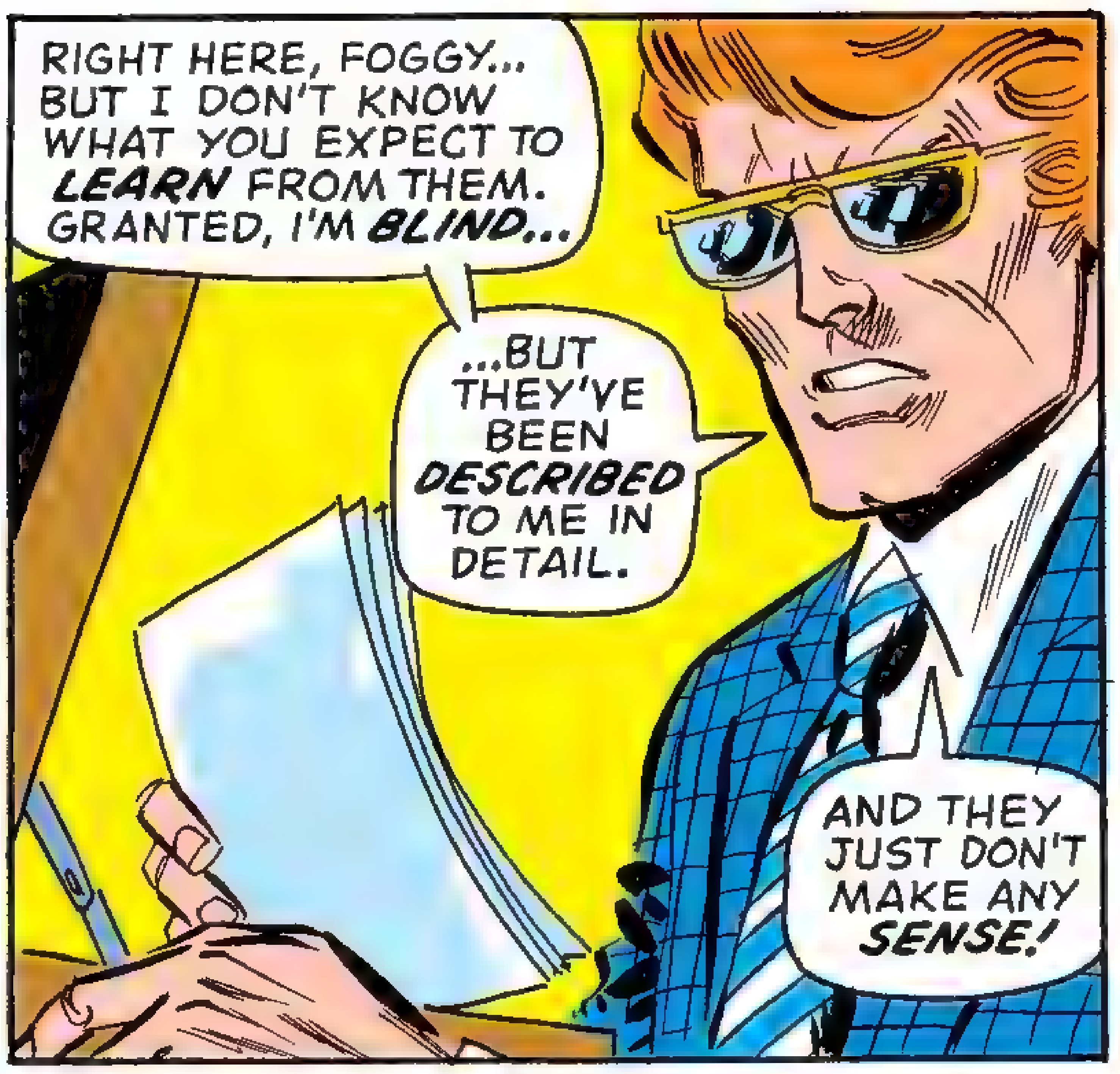

AND THE SHIFTING SHAPE OF THE GAS CLOUD CONCEALED THEIR GETAWAY FROM MY RADAR SENSE! THEY'RE GONE!
BUT HERE COME THE SOLDIERS WHO WERE GUARDING THE PLATES!
HOLD IT RIGHT THERE, MISTER!
HAND OVER THOSE PLATES --AND THEN, LET'S GET A LOOK AT YOUR FACE!
WHAT?! DON'T YOU KNOW WHO I AM?
WE KNOW WHO YOU'RE DRESSED AS--BUT HE'S IN SAN FRANCISCO!
NOW, WAIT A MINUTE--I AM DAREDEVIL! I JUST SAVED THOSE PLATES FROM THE BEETLE!
YEAH? THEN, WHERE ARE THEY?
BUT WHILE D.D. ATTEMPTS TO CONVINCE THE GUARDS OF HIS IDENTITY--SERPENTINE "FINGERS" SLITHER UNNOTICED TOWARD A HELMET--
--THE HELMET WHICH WILL PROVIDE POWER FOR THOSE DEADLY DIGITS--
--AND FOR THEIR OWNER'S METAL WINGS!
H-HOLY SMOKES--YOUR PARTNER--!
PARTNER? WHAT--? THE BEETLE! AWAKE!!
THAM!
DON'T FRET, HORN-HEAD--I'LL VOUCH FOR YOU!
HE'S THE GENUINE ARTICLE, ALL RIGHT--
--FOR ALL THE GOOD IT'LL DO 'IM--OR YOU!
HE'S GETTING AWAY! WITH THE PLATES!

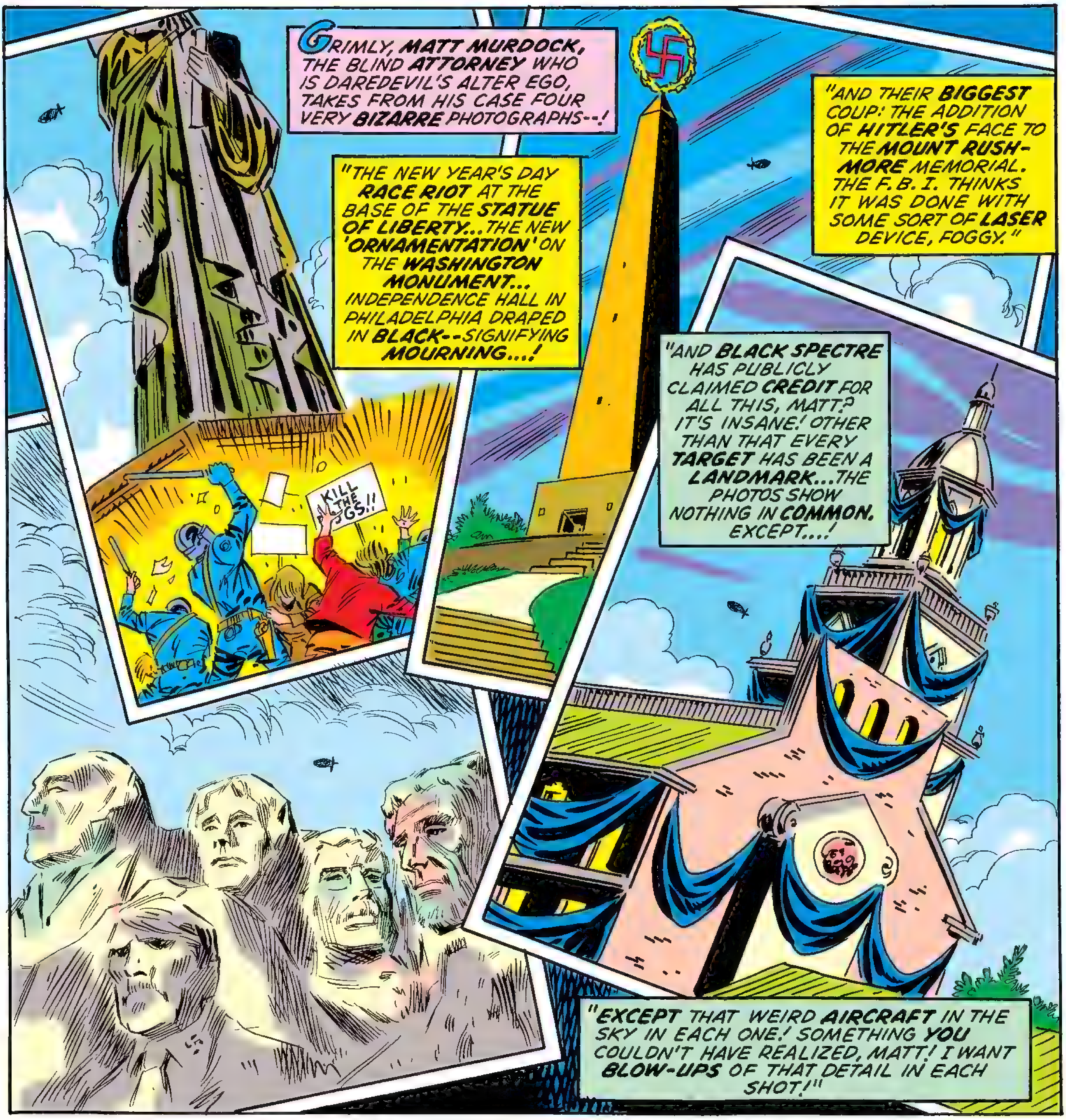

UH-UH. THEY GOT AWAY ABOUT FIFTEEN MINUTES AGO--VIA A GANG CALLING THEMSELVES BLACK SPECTRE!
BUT THAT'S A WHOLE 'NOTHER STORY.
REMIND ME TO TELL IT TO YOU SOMETIME...
SPROING!
...AFTER I'VE DEALT WITH OLD IRON WINGS!
THOSE TWO ARE EVEN MORE CONFUSED THAN I AM! WISH I COULD'VE-- WHOA, D.D.! THERE HE IS!
MIND IF I, EH, DROP IN AND CHAT AWHILE-- "PARTNER"?
UNNGH-- DAREDEVIL! YOU FOOL!
WE'RE FALLING-- BOTH OF US!
OH, CUT THE MELODRAMA, BEETLE!
THERE'S A NICE, SOFT ROOF BELOW US!
SEE? YOUR WINGS CUSHIONED YOU, AS USUAL.
YOU'RE SAFE AND SOUND--AND READY FOR ME TO BEAT ON!
THUD!

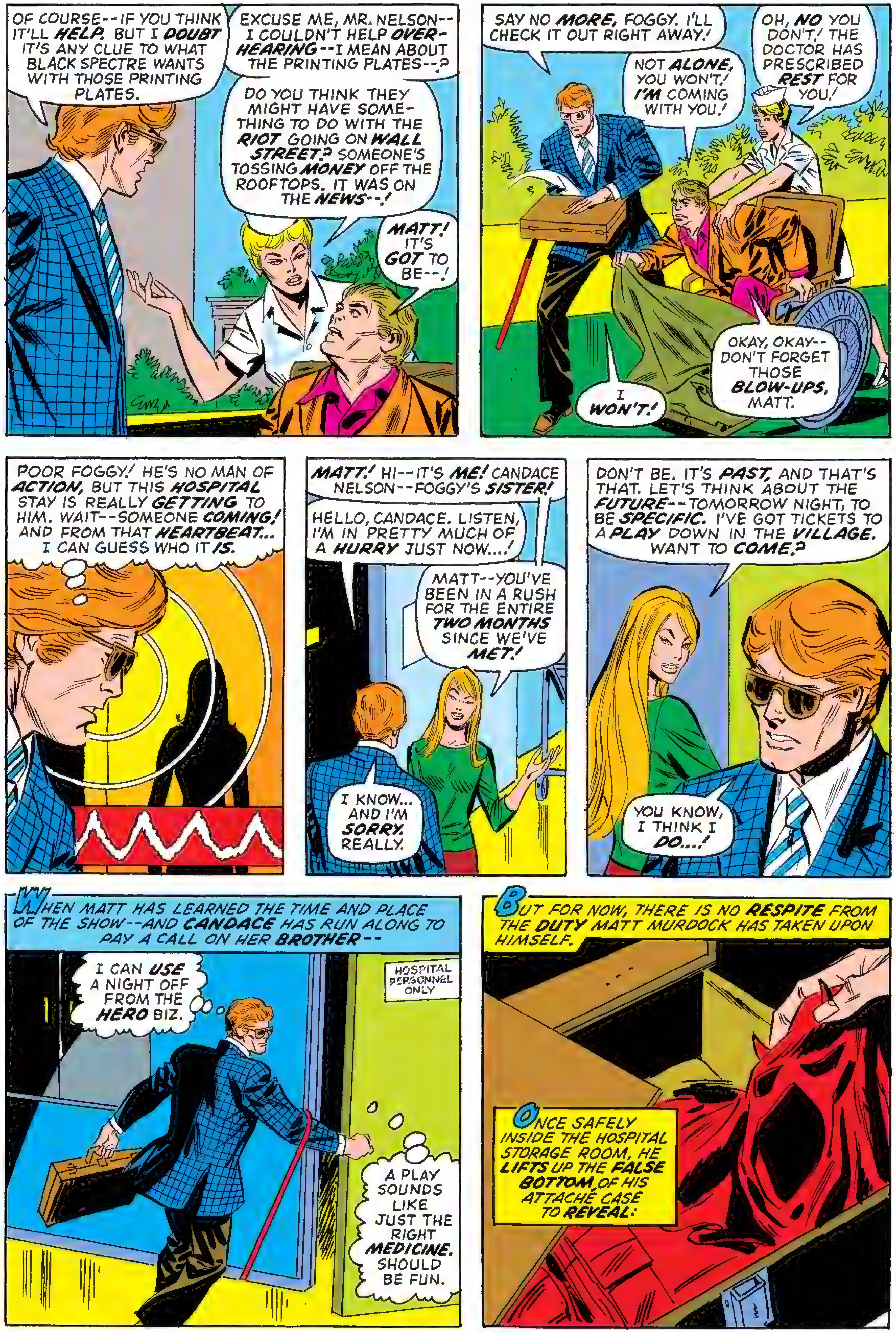

HEY! IS THAT ANY WAY TO TREAT A GUY WHO LOOKS OUT FOR YOUR WELFARE LIKE I DO?
SAVE THE JOKES, HERO! YOU COST ME TEN GRAND TONIGHT!
STAIRS
FWAM
THAT'S WHAT THOSE PLATES WERE WORTH TO MY BUYER.
THAT AINT FUNNY-- AND NEITHER IS WHAT I'M GONNA DO TO YOU!
I'M OUT FOR BLOOD, MISTER! AND I WON'T SETTLE FOR--
AAKH
STA
ZOOM!
SO THAT'S THE WAY YOU WANT TO PLAY, HUH?
OKAY! BUT YOU'VE STILL GOT TO CATCH ME FIRST--AND I DON'T PLAN TO LET YOU!
BLAST! YOU'RE MORE AGILE THAN I REMEMBERED!
BUT YOU CAN'T EVADE ME FOREVER! EVENTUALLY-- Wha--?
EVENTUALLY--YOU'D KNOCK MY BRAINS OUT WITH THOSE HYDRAULIC FINGERS! TRUE!
HOWEVER, YOU'RE ASSUMING I'M GOING TO WAIT UNTIL "EVENTUALLY" TO STRIKE BACK-- AND I'M NOT!

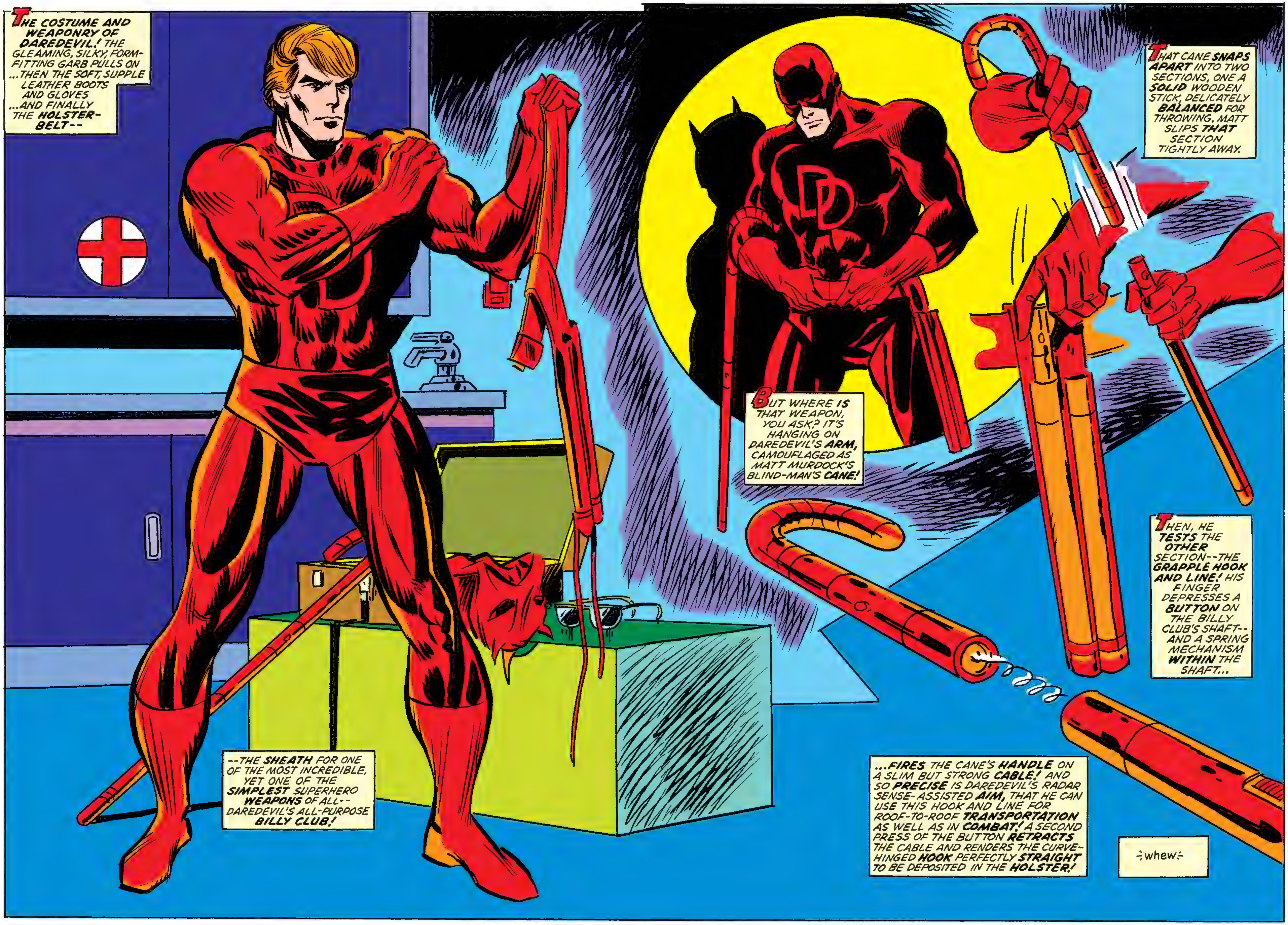

THIS IS *IT*, BUG-EYES! *I'VE* GOT THE OFFENSIVE NOW, AND--
YOU'VE GOT *ZILCH*, RED-- *WATCH!*
WHAT--? YOU *CAN'T* EXPECT TO FIGHT ME WITH *THAT?*
I CAN *DODGE* IT--!
RRRIP
MAYBE *YOU* CAN! BUT WHAT ABOUT--
"--THAT *COUPLE* ON THE SIDEWALK *BELOW?*"
Y-YOU *WOULDN'T*--! YOU CAN'T BE THAT *INHUMAN!* YOU--
TRY ME!
DAREDEVIL'S *LEAP* PROPELS HIM SCANT *INCHES* AHEAD OF THE HURTLING *MASONRY*--!
BUT WILL THOSE INCHES BE *ENOUGH* TO SAVE THE TWO TERRIFIED *INNOCENTS* STORIES BELOW--?
YES!
BUT THERE'S NO *WAY* THE BEETLE WILL STILL *BE* THERE WHEN I RETURN TO THE ROOF! I'VE *LOST* HIM!
"AND NOW, TWO MONTHS *LATER*, I-- THAT IS, *D.D.*--"

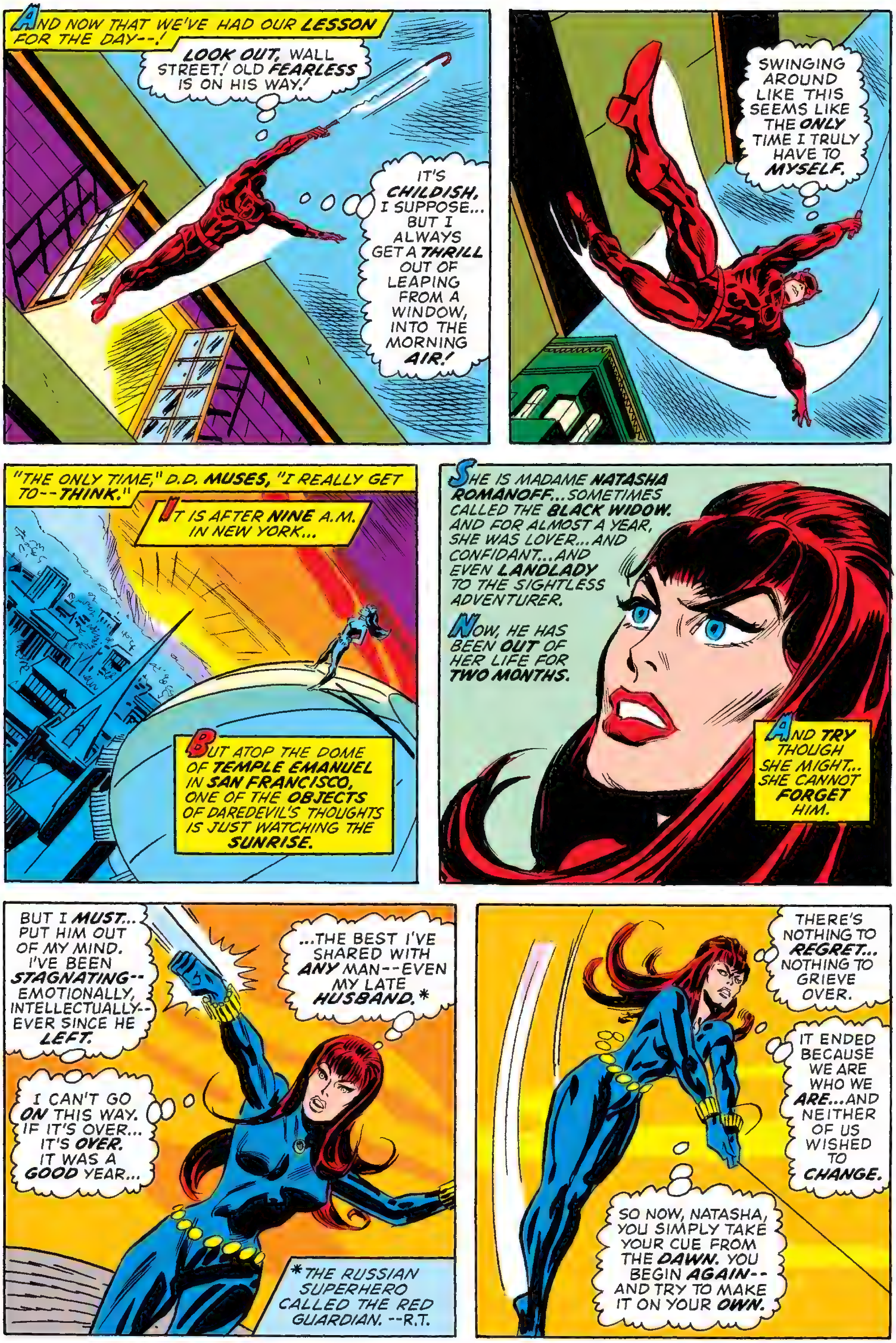

--STILL HAS FOUND NO TRACE OF HIM. FOR ALL WE KNOW, BLACK SPECTRE HAS HAD HIM KILLED, THE WAY THEY TRIED TO KILL YOU--
--TO KEEP HIM FROM LEARNING ANY MORE ABOUT THEM.
I SHOULD BE FLATTERED, MATT! EXCEPT FOR ME--OL' FRANKLYN "FOGGY" NELSON, FIGHTING NEW YORK D.A., BLACK SPECTRE HAS ONLY GONE AFTER NATIONAL MONUMENTS.
WHICH REMINDS ME--DID YOU BRING THOSE PHOTOS?

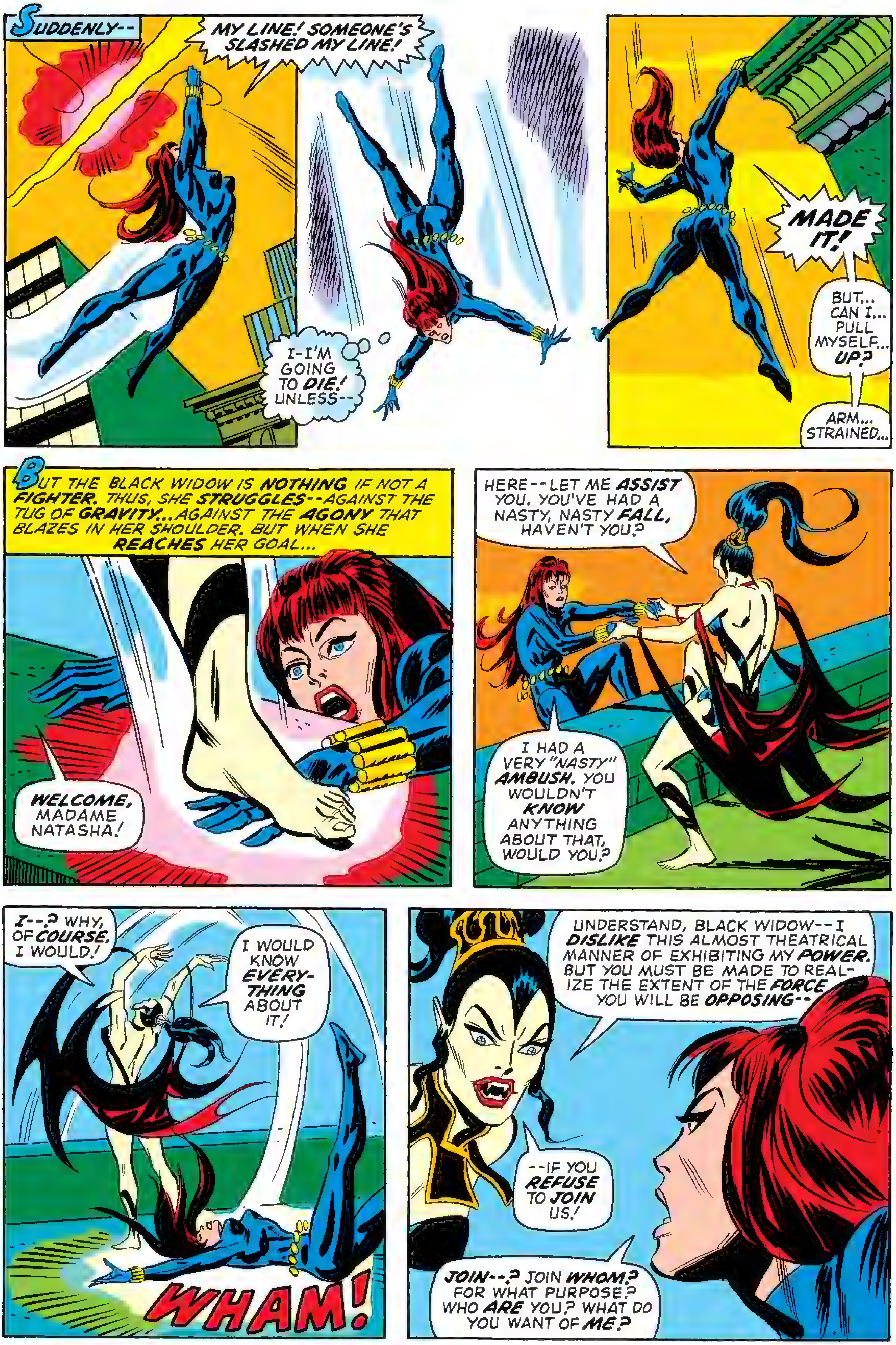

RIGHT HERE, FOGGY... BUT I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU EXPECT TO LEARN FROM THEM. GRANTED, I'M BLIND...
...BUT THEY'VE BEEN DESCRIBED TO ME IN DETAIL.
AND THEY JUST DON'T MAKE ANY SENSE!

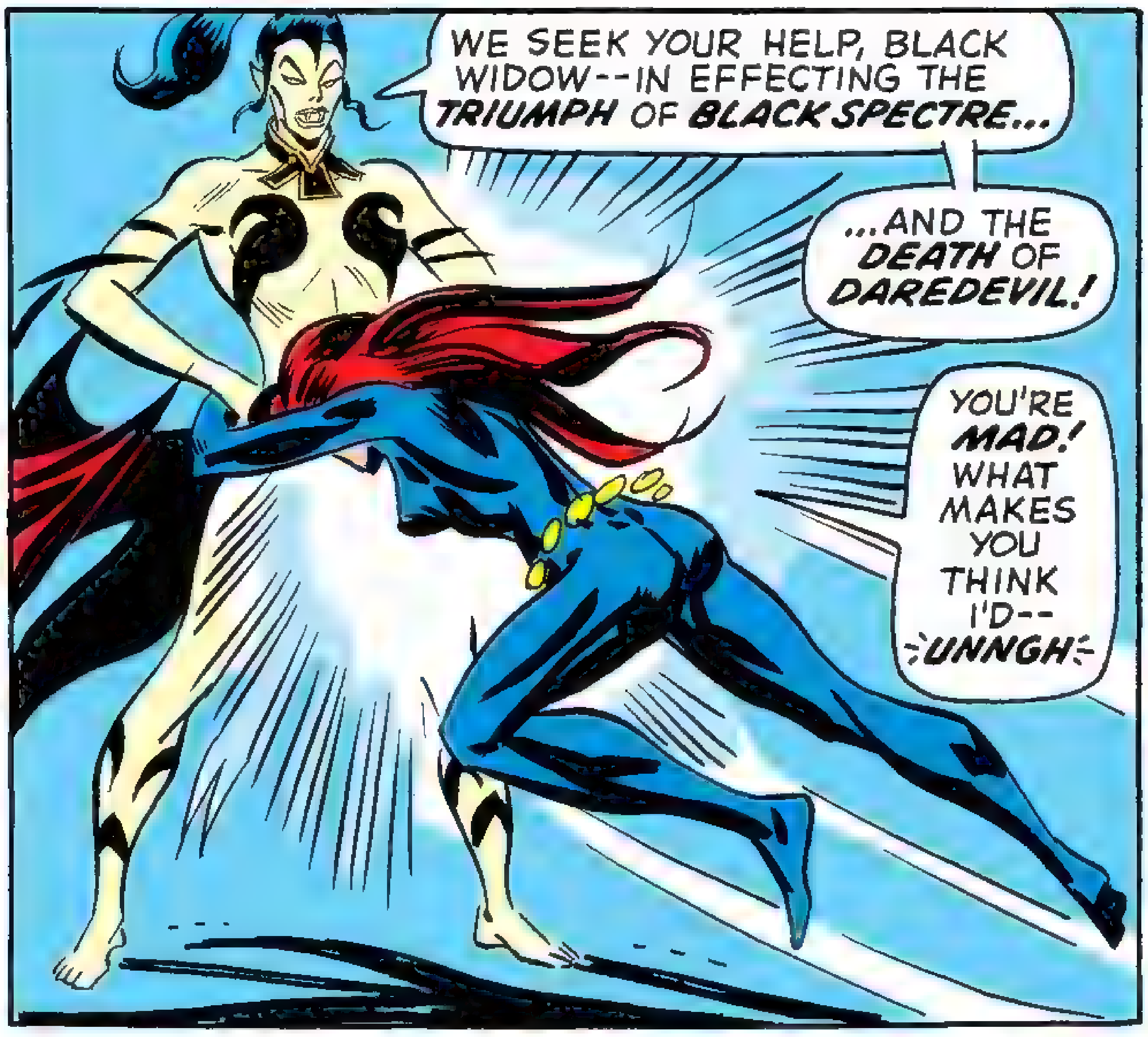

GRIMLY, MATT MURDOCK, THE BLIND ATTORNEY WHO IS DAREDEVIL'S ALTER EGO, TAKES FROM HIS CASE FOUR VERY BIZARRE PHOTOGRAPHS--!
"THE NEW YEAR'S DAY RACE RIOT AT THE BASE OF THE STATUE OF LIBERTY...THE NEW 'ORNAMENTATION' ON THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT... INDEPENDENCE HALL IN PHILADELPHIA DRAPED IN BLACK--SIGNIFYING MOURNING...!
"AND THEIR BIGGEST COUP: THE ADDITION OF HITLER'S FACE TO THE MOUNT RUSHMORE MEMORIAL. THE F.B.I. THINKS IT WAS DONE WITH SOME SORT OF LASER DEVICE, FOGGY."
KILL THE IGS!!
"AND BLACK SPECTRE HAS PUBLICLY CLAIMED CREDIT FOR ALL THIS, MATT? IT'S INSANE! OTHER THAN THAT EVERY TARGET HAS BEEN A LANDMARK...THE PHOTOS SHOW NOTHING IN COMMON. EXCEPT...!
"EXCEPT THAT WEIRD AIRCRAFT IN THE SKY IN EACH ONE! SOMETHING YOU COULDN'T HAVE REALIZED, MATT! I WANT BLOW-UPS OF THAT DETAIL IN EACH SHOT!"

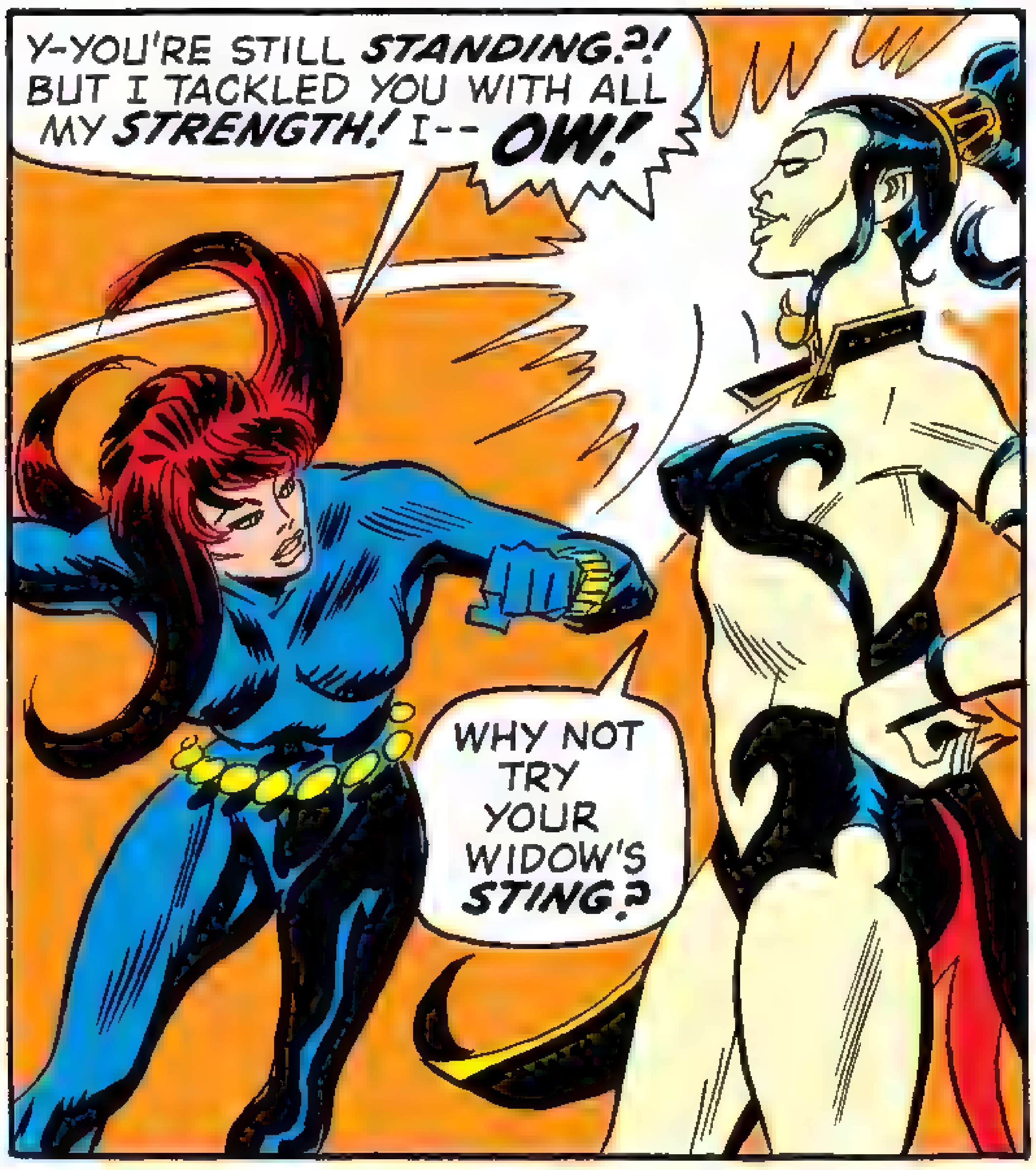

OF COURSE--IF YOU THINK IT'LL **HELP.** BUT I **DOUBT** IT'S ANY CLUE TO WHAT BLACK SPECTRE WANTS WITH THOSE PRINTING PLATES.
EXCUSE ME, MR. NELSON--I COULDN'T HELP **OVER-HEARING**--I MEAN ABOUT THE PRINTING PLATES--?
DO YOU THINK THEY MIGHT HAVE SOMETHING TO DO WITH THE **RIOT** GOING ON **WALL STREET?** SOMEONE'S TOSSING **MONEY** OFF THE ROOFTOPS. IT WAS ON THE **NEWS**--!
MATT! IT'S **GOT** TO BE--!
SAY NO **MORE,** FOGGY. I'LL CHECK IT OUT RIGHT AWAY!
NOT **ALONE,** YOU WON'T! **I'M** COMING WITH YOU!
OH, **NO** YOU DON'T! THE DOCTOR HAS PRESCRIBED **REST** FOR YOU!
OKAY, OKAY--DON'T FORGET THOSE **BLOW-UPS,** MATT.
I **WON'T!**
POOR FOGGY! HE'S NO MAN OF **ACTION,** BUT THIS **HOSPITAL** STAY IS REALLY **GETTING** TO HIM. WAIT--SOMEONE **COMING!** AND FROM THAT **HEARTBEAT...** I CAN GUESS WHO IT **IS.**
MATT! HI--IT'S **ME!** CANDACE NELSON--FOGGY'S **SISTER!**
HELLO, CANDACE. LISTEN, I'M IN PRETTY MUCH OF A **HURRY** JUST NOW....!
MATT--YOU'VE BEEN IN A RUSH FOR THE ENTIRE **TWO MONTHS** SINCE WE'VE **MET!**
I KNOW... AND I'M **SORRY.** REALLY.
DON'T BE. IT'S **PAST,** AND THAT'S THAT. LET'S THINK ABOUT THE **FUTURE**--TOMORROW NIGHT, TO BE **SPECIFIC.** I'VE GOT TICKETS TO A **PLAY** DOWN IN THE **VILLAGE.** WANT TO **COME?**
YOU KNOW, I THINK I **DO....!**
WHEN MATT HAS LEARNED THE TIME AND PLACE OF THE SHOW--AND **CANDACE** HAS RUN ALONG TO PAY A CALL ON HER **BROTHER**--
I CAN **USE** A NIGHT OFF FROM THE **HERO** BIZ.
HOSPITAL PERSONNEL ONLY
A PLAY SOUNDS LIKE JUST THE RIGHT **MEDICINE.** SHOULD BE FUN.
BUT FOR NOW, THERE IS NO **RESPITE** FROM THE **DUTY** MATT MURDOCK HAS TAKEN UPON HIMSELF.
ONCE SAFELY INSIDE THE HOSPITAL STORAGE ROOM, HE **LIFTS** UP THE **FALSE BOTTOM** OF HIS ATTACHÉ CASE TO **REVEAL:**

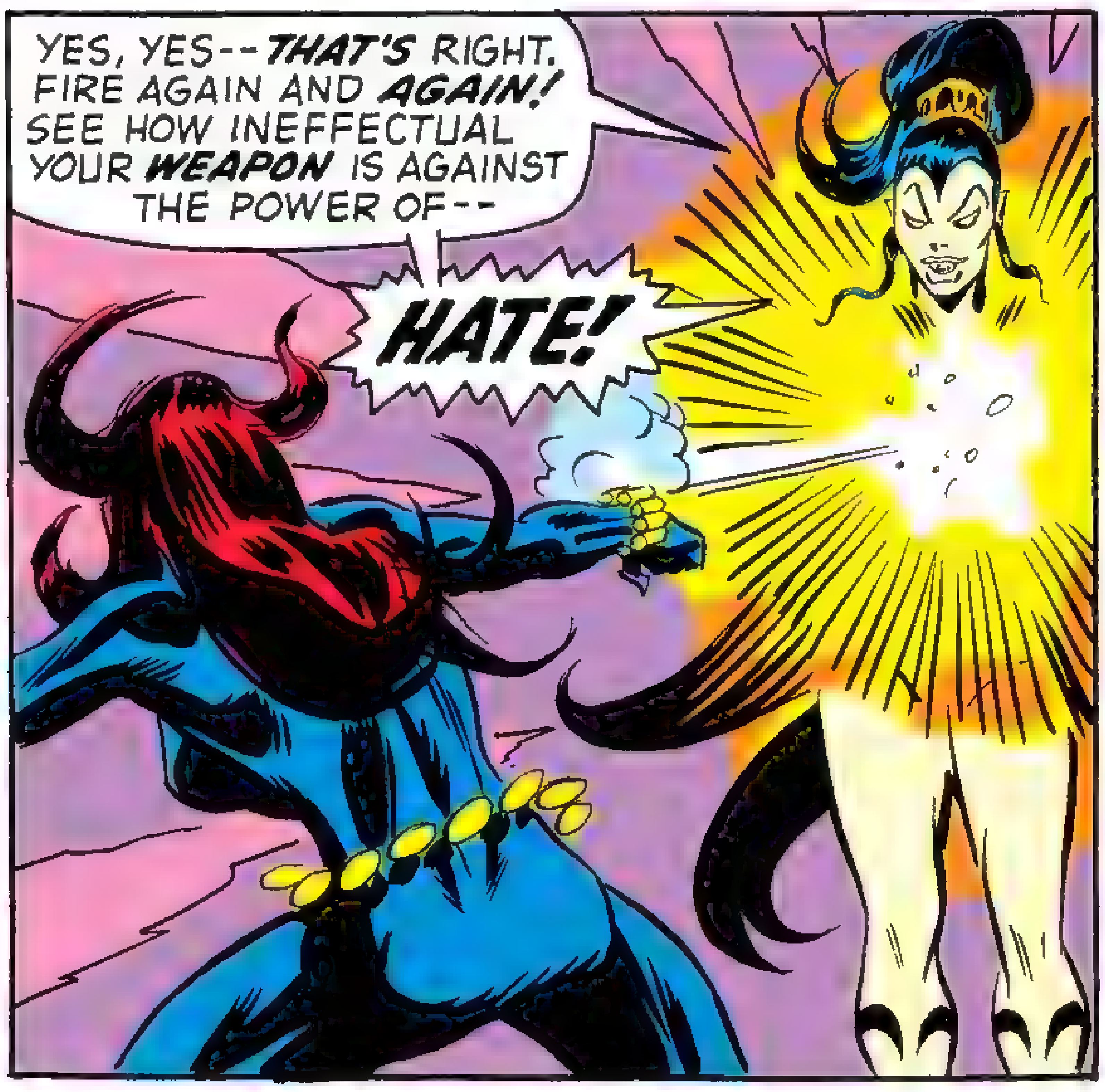

THE COSTUME AND WEAPONRY OF DAREDEVIL! THE GLEAMING, SILKY, FORM-FITTING GARB PULLS ON ...THEN THE SOFT, SUPPLE LEATHER BOOTS AND GLOVES ...AND FINALLY THE HOLSTER-BELT--
--THE SHEATH FOR ONE OF THE MOST INCREDIBLE, YET ONE OF THE SIMPLEST SUPERHERO WEAPONS OF ALL-- DAREDEVIL'S ALL-PURPOSE BILLY CLUB!
BUT WHERE IS THAT WEAPON, YOU ASK? IT'S HANGING ON DAREDEVIL'S ARM, CAMOUFLAGED AS MATT MURDOCK'S BLIND-MAN'S CANE!
THAT CANE SNAPS APART INTO TWO SECTIONS, ONE A SOLID WOODEN STICK, DELICATELY BALANCED FOR THROWING. MATT SLIPS THAT SECTION TIGHTLY AWAY.
THEN, HE TESTS THE OTHER SECTION--THE GRAPPLE HOOK AND LINE! HIS FINGER DEPRESSES A BUTTON ON THE BILLY CLUB'S SHAFT--AND A SPRING MECHANISM WITHIN THE SHAFT...
...FIRES THE CANE'S HANDLE ON A SLIM BUT STRONG CABLE! AND SO PRECISE IS DAREDEVIL'S RADAR SENSE-ASSISTED AIM, THAT HE CAN USE THIS HOOK AND LINE FOR ROOF-TO-ROOF TRANSPORTATION AS WELL AS IN COMBAT! A SECOND PRESS OF THE BUTTON RETRACTS THE CABLE AND RENDERS THE CURVE-HINGED HOOK PERFECTLY STRAIGHT TO BE DEPOSITED IN THE HOLSTER!
-whew-

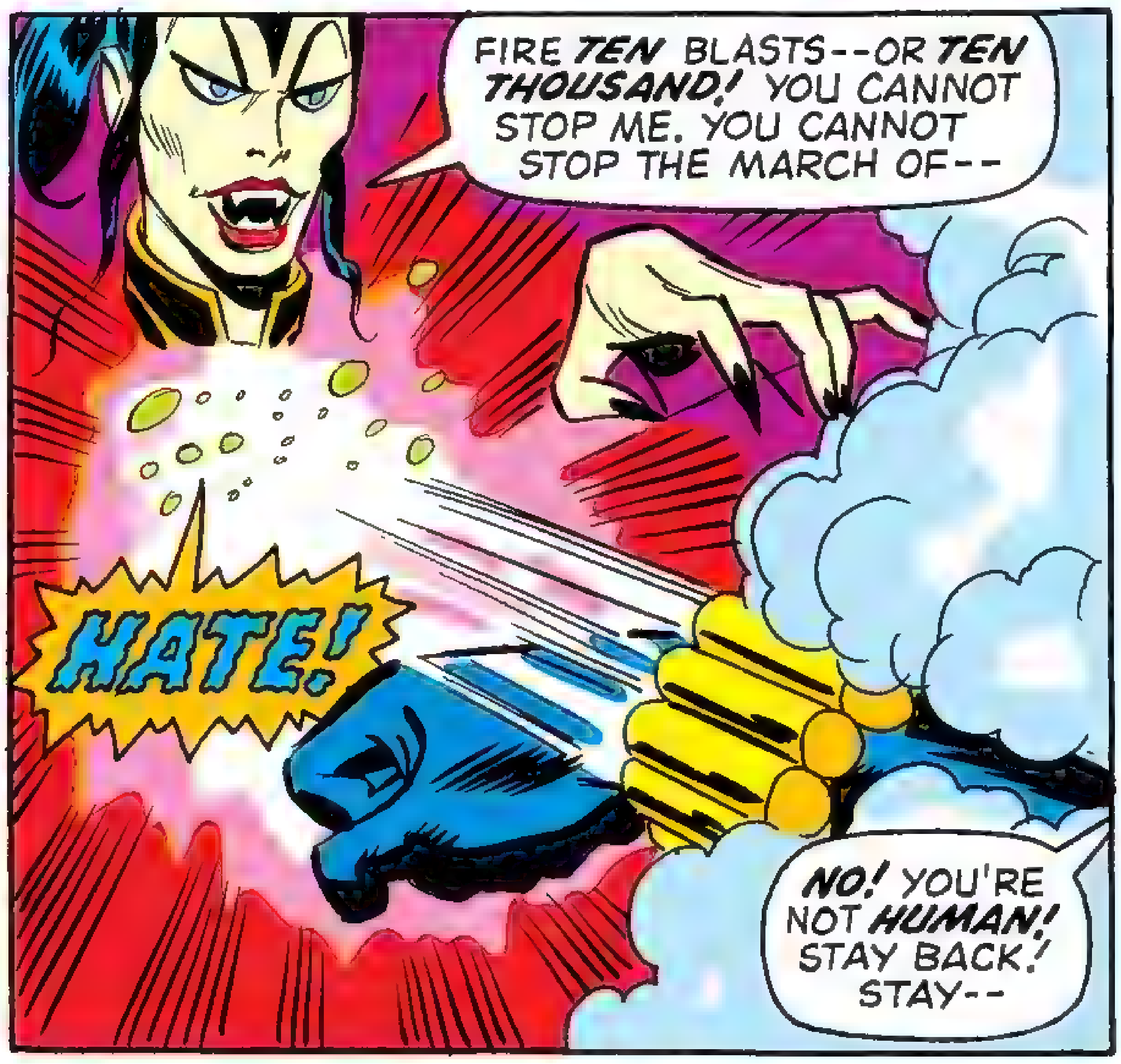

AND NOW THAT WE'VE HAD OUR LESSON FOR THE DAY--!
LOOK OUT, WALL STREET! OLD FEARLESS IS ON HIS WAY!
IT'S CHILDISH, I SUPPOSE... BUT I ALWAYS GET A THRILL OUT OF LEAPING FROM A WINDOW, INTO THE MORNING AIR!
SWINGING AROUND LIKE THIS SEEMS LIKE THE ONLY TIME I TRULY HAVE TO MYSELF.
"THE ONLY TIME," D.D. MUSES, "I REALLY GET TO--THINK."
IT IS AFTER NINE A.M. IN NEW YORK...
BUT ATOP THE DOME OF TEMPLE EMANUEL IN SAN FRANCISCO, ONE OF THE OBJECTS OF DAREDEVIL'S THOUGHTS IS JUST WATCHING THE SUNRISE.
SHE IS MADAME NATASHA ROMANOFF...SOMETIMES CALLED THE BLACK WIDOW. AND FOR ALMOST A YEAR, SHE WAS LOVER...AND CONFIDANT...AND EVEN LANDLADY TO THE SIGHTLESS ADVENTURER.
NOW, HE HAS BEEN OUT OF HER LIFE FOR TWO MONTHS.
AND TRY THOUGH SHE MIGHT... SHE CANNOT FORGET HIM.
BUT I MUST... PUT HIM OUT OF MY MIND. I'VE BEEN STAGNATING--EMOTIONALLY, INTELLECTUALLY--EVER SINCE HE LEFT.
...THE BEST I'VE SHARED WITH ANY MAN--EVEN MY LATE HUSBAND.*
I CAN'T GO ON THIS WAY. IF IT'S OVER... IT'S OVER. IT WAS A GOOD YEAR...
*THE RUSSIAN SUPERHERO CALLED THE RED GUARDIAN. --R.T.
THERE'S NOTHING TO REGRET... NOTHING TO GRIEVE OVER.
IT ENDED BECAUSE WE ARE WHO WE ARE...AND NEITHER OF US WISHED TO CHANGE.
SO NOW, NATASHA, YOU SIMPLY TAKE YOUR CUE FROM THE DAWN. YOU BEGIN AGAIN--AND TRY TO MAKE IT ON YOUR OWN.

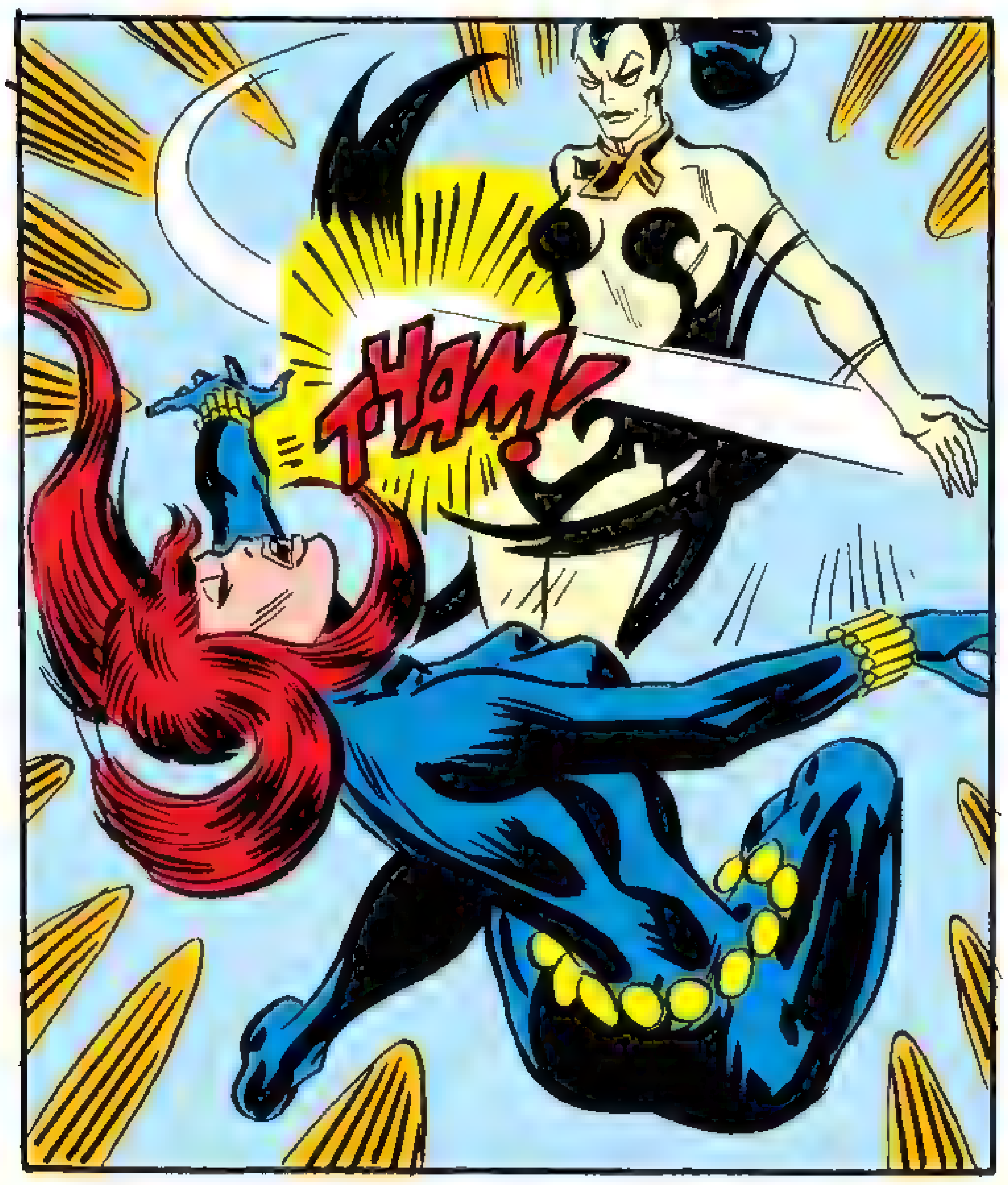

SUDDENLY--
MY LINE! SOMEONE'S SLASHED MY LINE!
I-I'M GOING TO DIE! UNLESS--
MADE IT!
BUT... CAN I... PULL MYSELF... UP?
ARM... STRAINED...
BUT THE BLACK WIDOW IS NOTHING IF NOT A FIGHTER. THUS, SHE STRUGGLES--AGAINST THE TUG OF GRAVITY...AGAINST THE AGONY THAT BLAZES IN HER SHOULDER. BUT WHEN SHE REACHES HER GOAL...
WELCOME, MADAME NATASHA!
HERE--LET ME ASSIST YOU. YOU'VE HAD A NASTY, NASTY FALL, HAVEN'T YOU?
I HAD A VERY "NASTY" AMBUSH. YOU WOULDN'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THAT, WOULD YOU?
I--? WHY, OF COURSE, I WOULD!
I WOULD KNOW EVERYTHING ABOUT IT!
WHAM!
UNDERSTAND, BLACK WIDOW--I DISLIKE THIS ALMOST THEATRICAL MANNER OF EXHIBITING MY POWER. BUT YOU MUST BE MADE TO REALIZE THE EXTENT OF THE FORCE YOU WILL BE OPPOSING--
--IF YOU REFUSE TO JOIN US!
JOIN--? JOIN WHOM? FOR WHAT PURPOSE? WHO ARE YOU? WHAT DO YOU WANT OF ME?

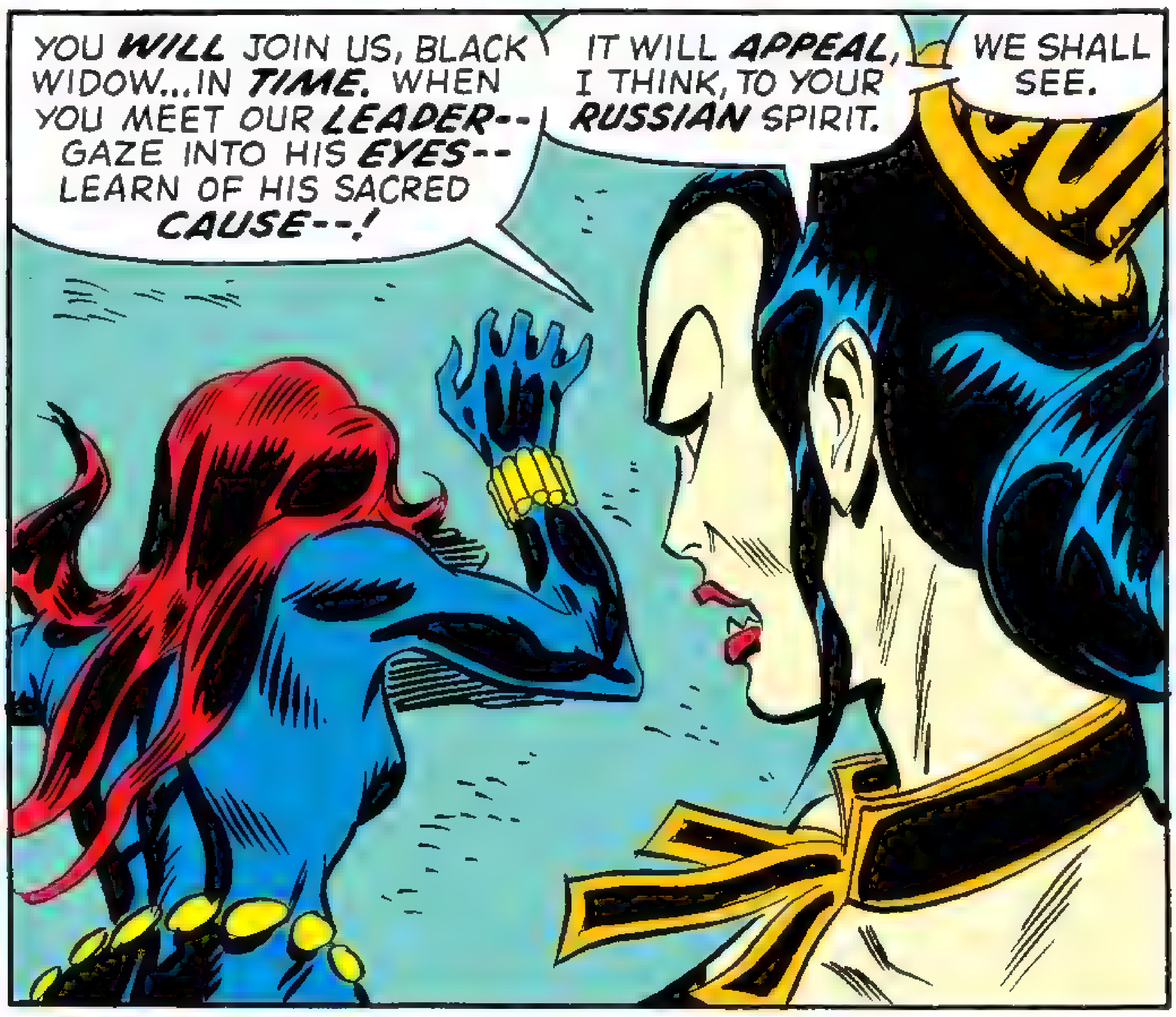

WE SEEK YOUR HELP, BLACK WIDOW--IN EFFECTING THE TRIUMPH OF BLACK SPECTRE...
...AND THE DEATH OF DAREDEVIL!
YOU'RE MAD! WHAT MAKES YOU THINK I'D-- UNNGH!

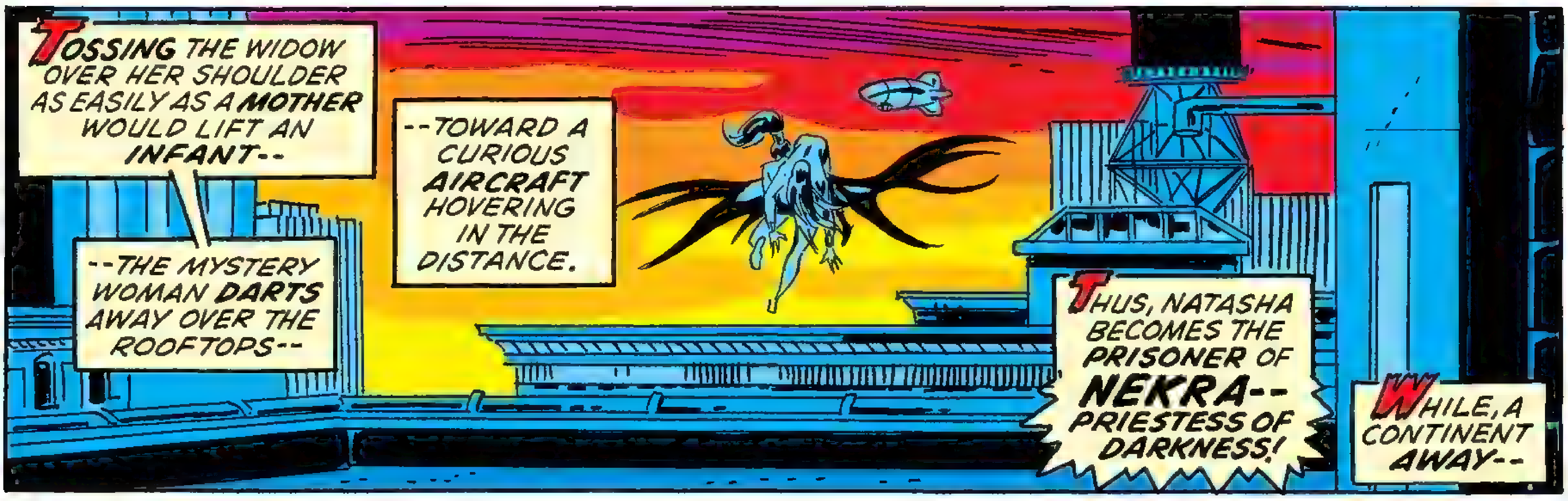

Y-YOU'RE STILL STANDING?! BUT I TACKLED YOU WITH ALL MY STRENGTH! I-- OW!
WHY NOT TRY YOUR WIDOW'S STING?

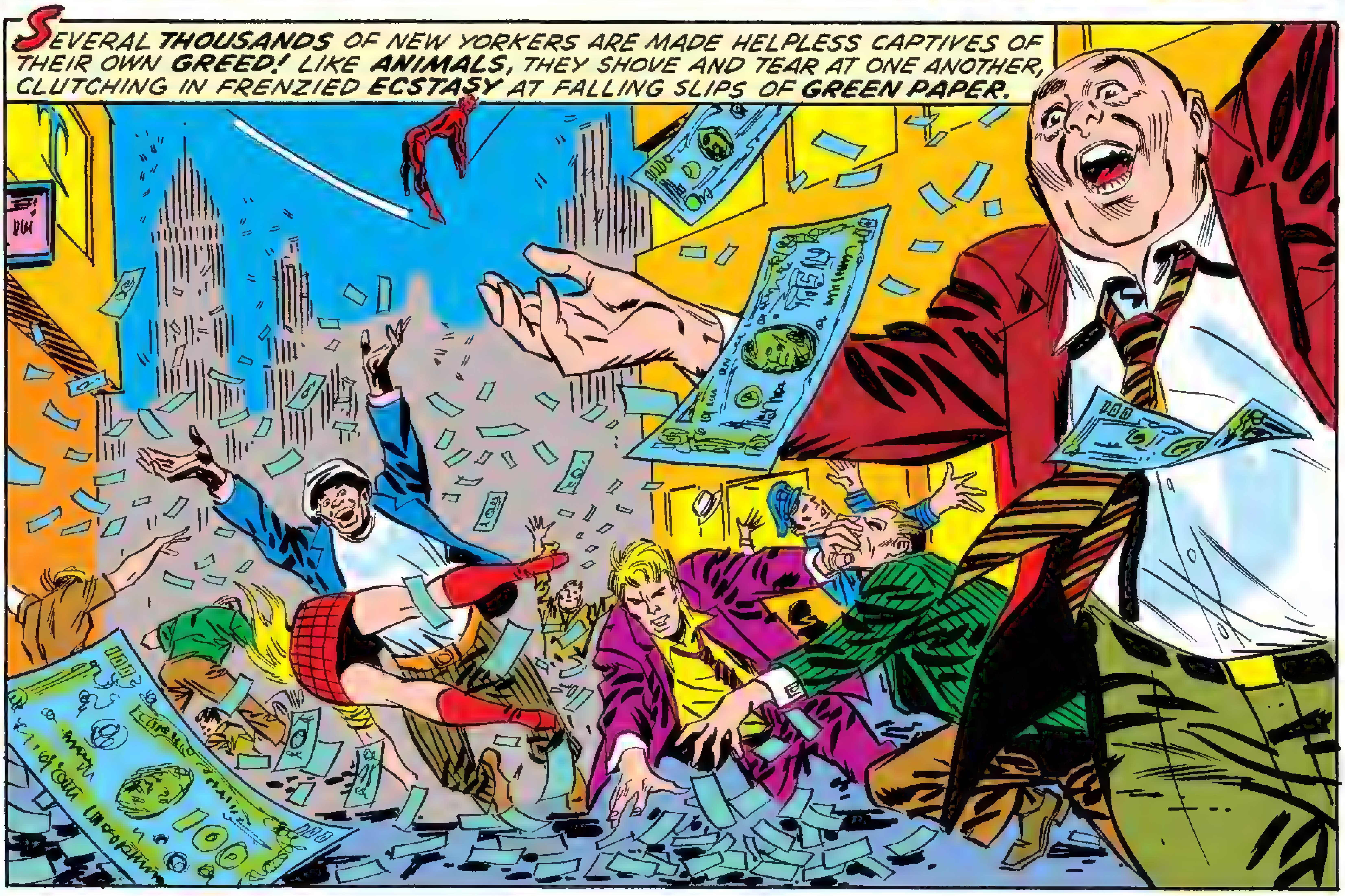

YES, YES--THAT'S RIGHT. FIRE AGAIN AND AGAIN! SEE HOW INEFFECTUAL YOUR WEAPON IS AGAINST THE POWER OF--
HATE!

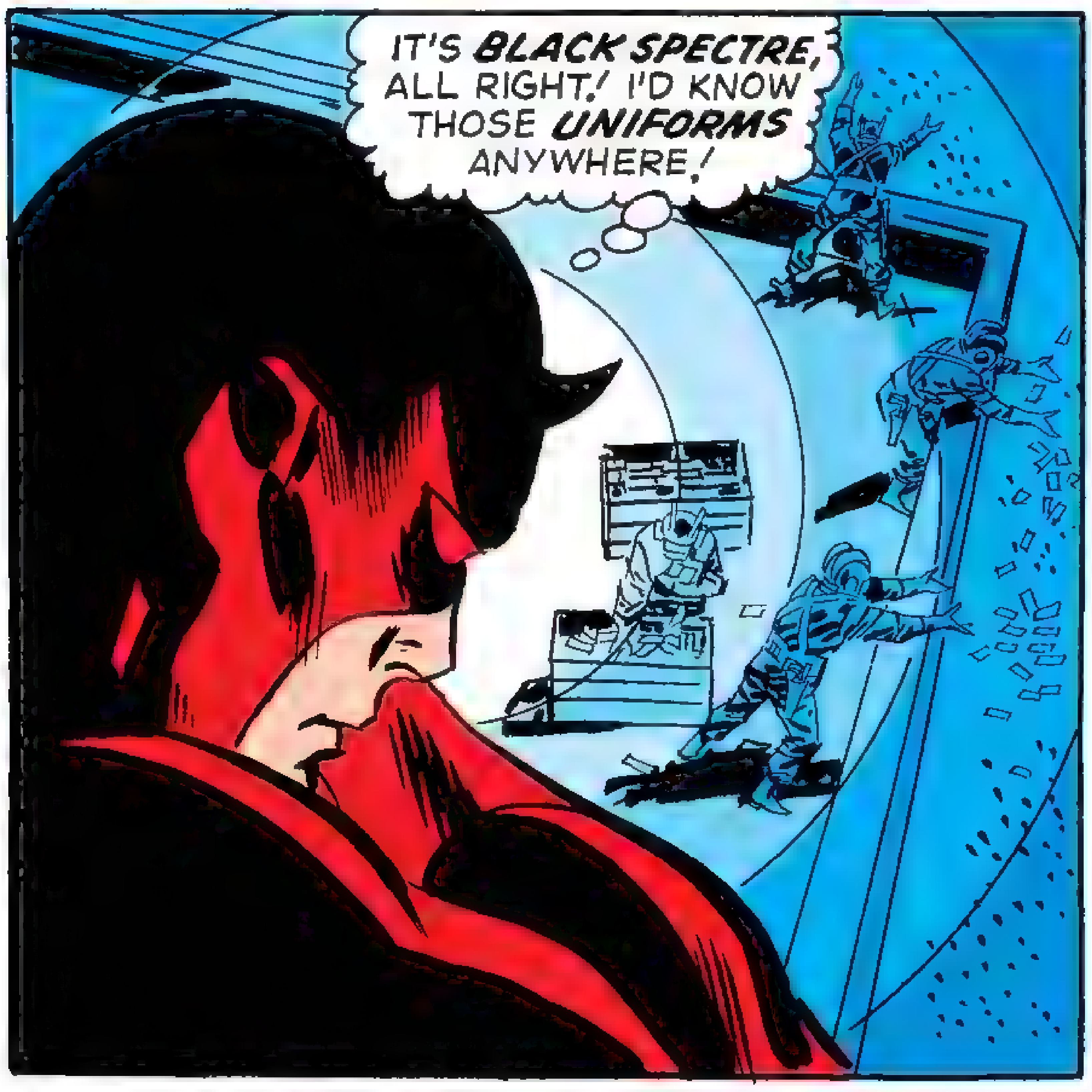

FIRE TEN BLASTS--OR TEN THOUSAND! YOU CANNOT STOP ME. YOU CANNOT STOP THE MARCH OF--
HATE!
NO! YOU'RE NOT HUMAN! STAY BACK! STAY--

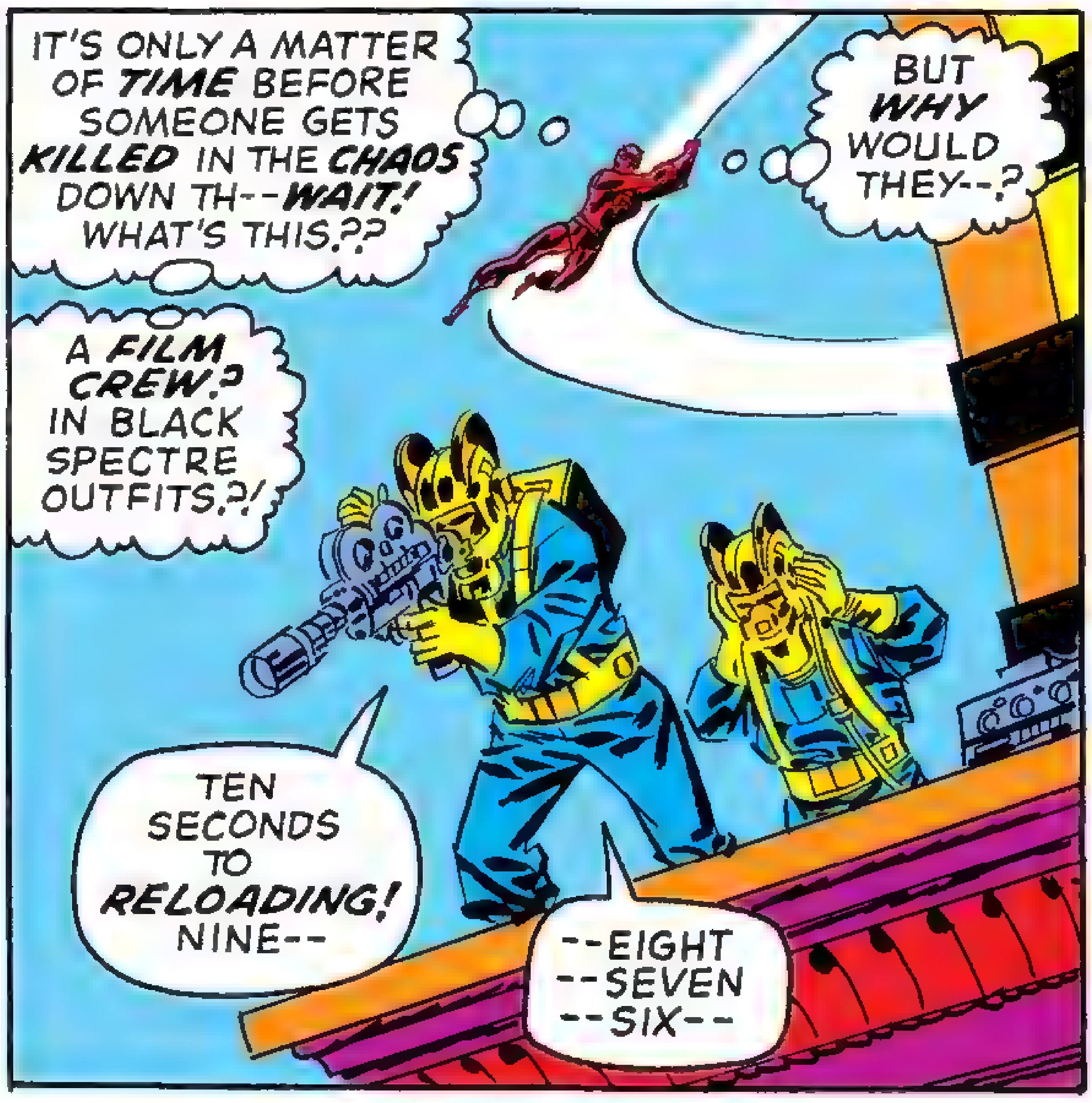

THAM!

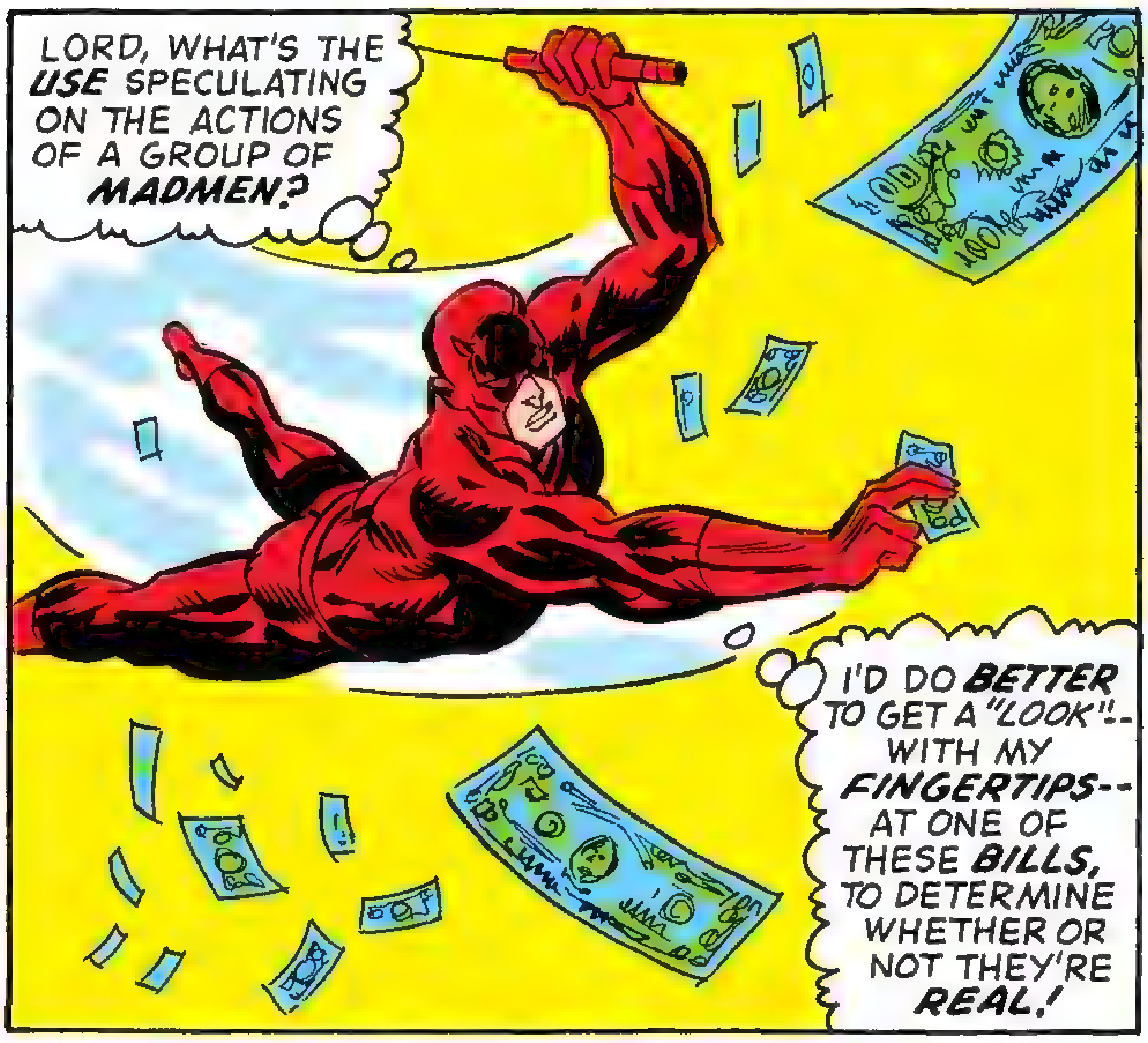

YOU WILL JOIN US, BLACK WIDOW...IN TIME. WHEN YOU MEET OUR LEADER--GAZE INTO HIS EYES--LEARN OF HIS SACRED CAUSE--!
IT WILL APPEAL, I THINK, TO YOUR RUSSIAN SPIRIT.
WE SHALL SEE.

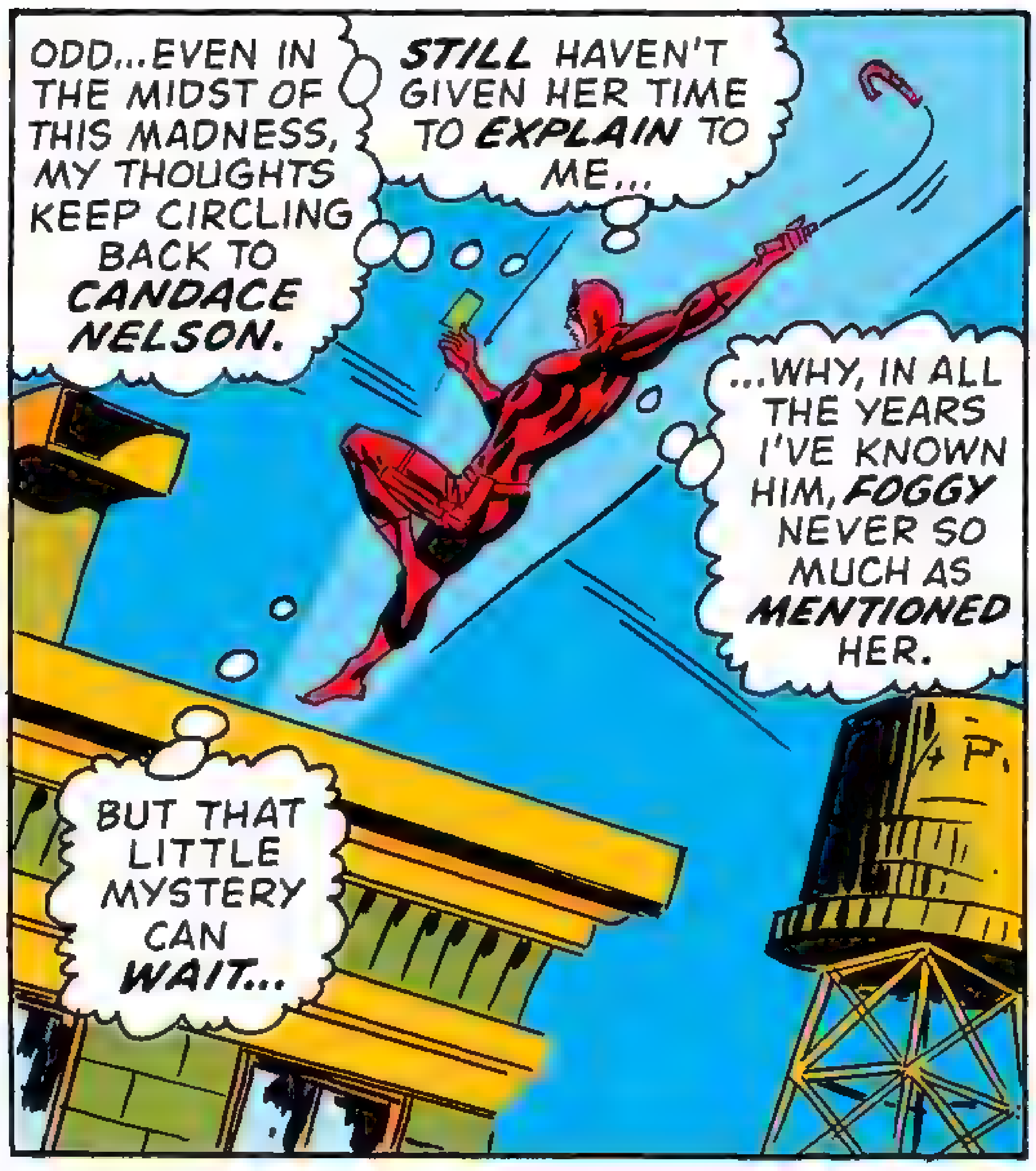

TOSSING THE WIDOW OVER HER SHOULDER AS EASILY AS A MOTHER WOULD LIFT AN INFANT--
--THE MYSTERY WOMAN DARTS AWAY OVER THE ROOFTOPS--
--TOWARD A CURIOUS AIRCRAFT HOVERING IN THE DISTANCE.
THUS, NATASHA BECOMES THE PRISONER OF NEKRA-- PRIESTESS OF DARKNESS!
WHILE, A CONTINENT AWAY--

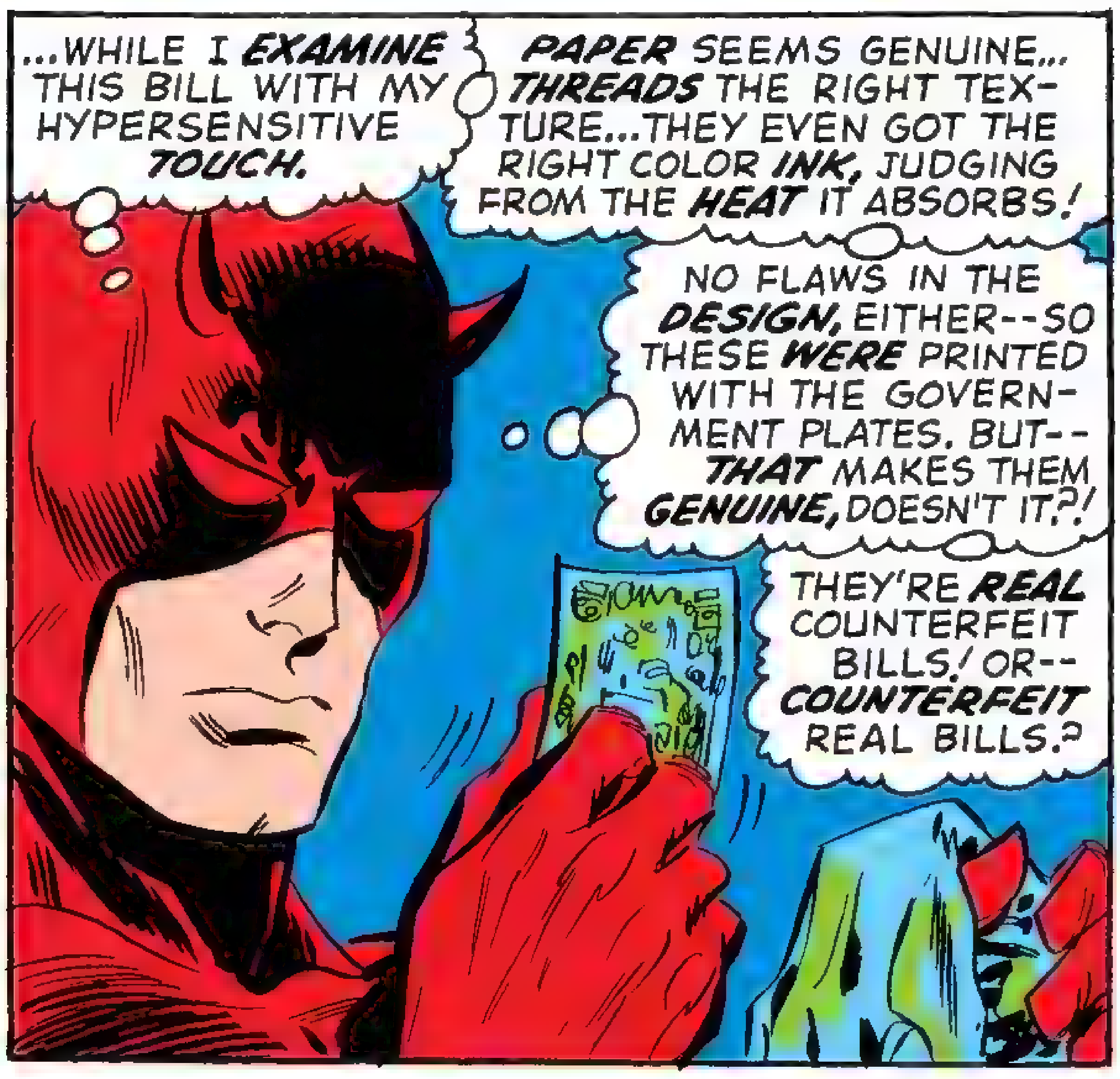

SEVERAL THOUSANDS OF NEW YORKERS ARE MADE HELPLESS CAPTIVES OF THEIR OWN GREED! LIKE ANIMALS, THEY SHOVE AND TEAR AT ONE ANOTHER, CLUTCHING IN FRENZIED ECSTASY AT FALLING SLIPS OF GREEN PAPER.

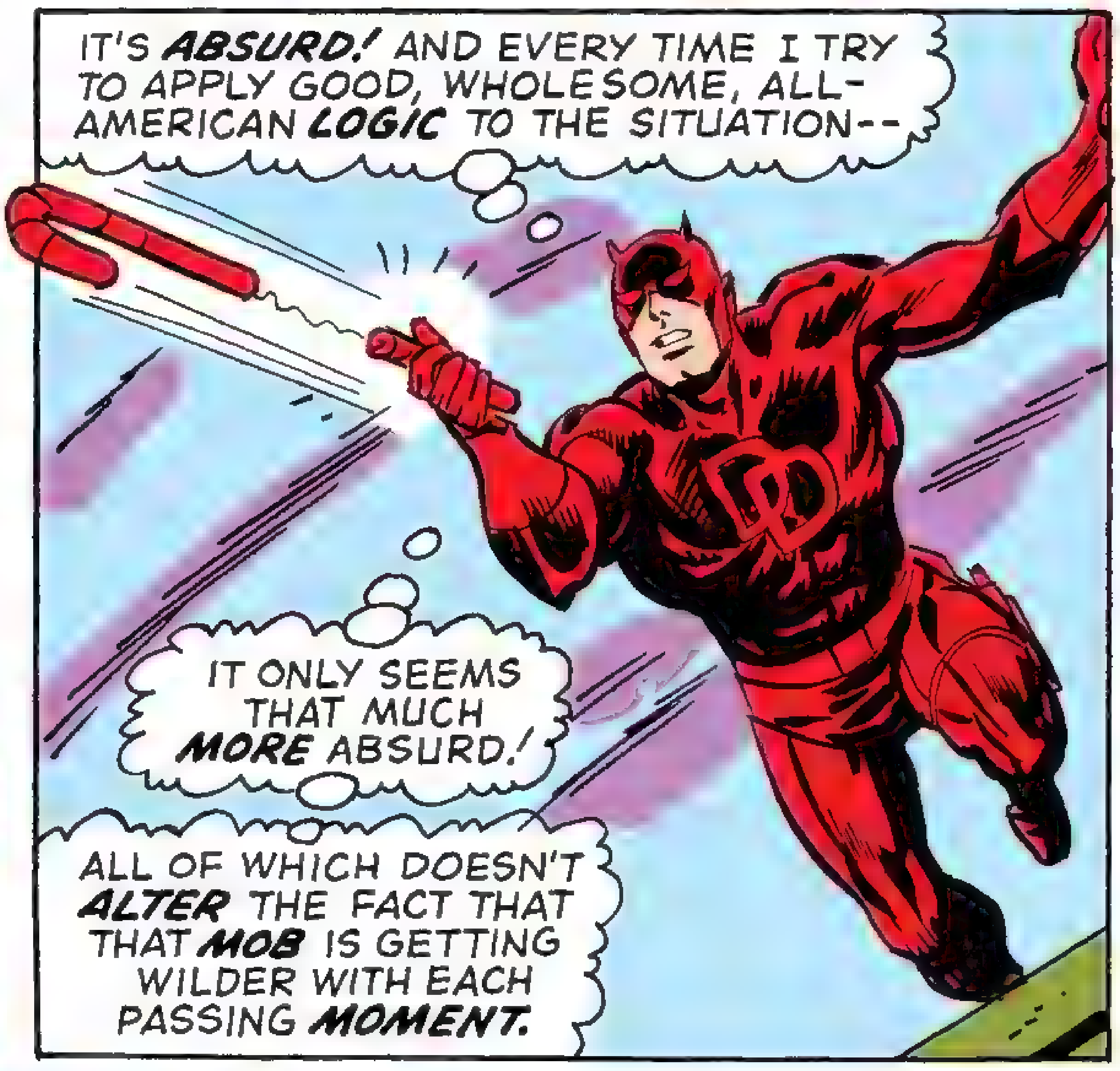

IT'S BLACK SPECTRE, ALL RIGHT! I'D KNOW THOSE UNIFORMS ANYWHERE!

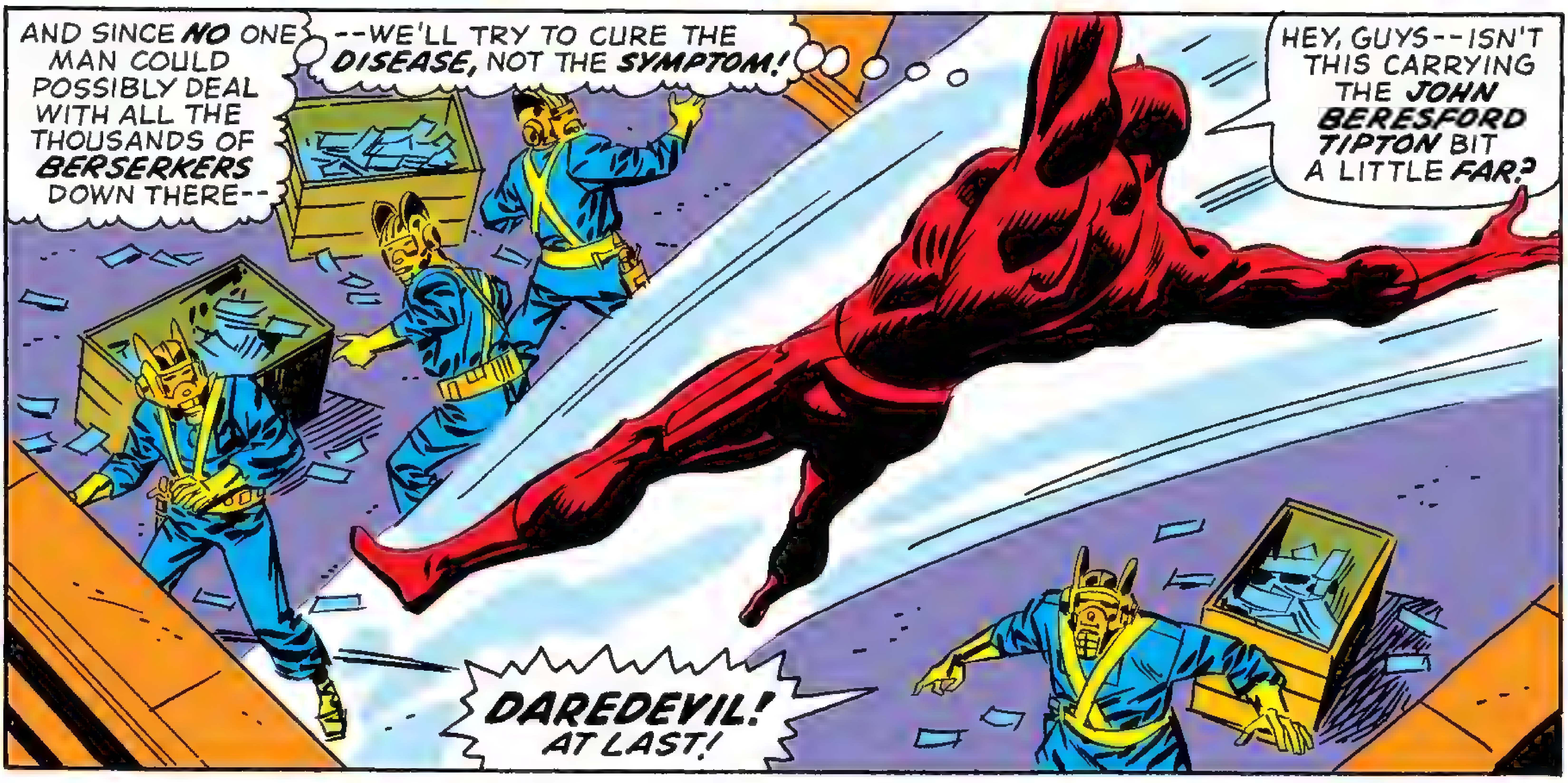

IT'S ONLY A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE SOMEONE GETS KILLED IN THE CHAOS DOWN TH--WAIT! WHAT'S THIS??
BUT WHY WOULD THEY--?
A FILM CREW? IN BLACK SPECTRE OUTFITS?!
TEN SECONDS TO RELOADING! NINE--
--EIGHT --SEVEN --SIX--

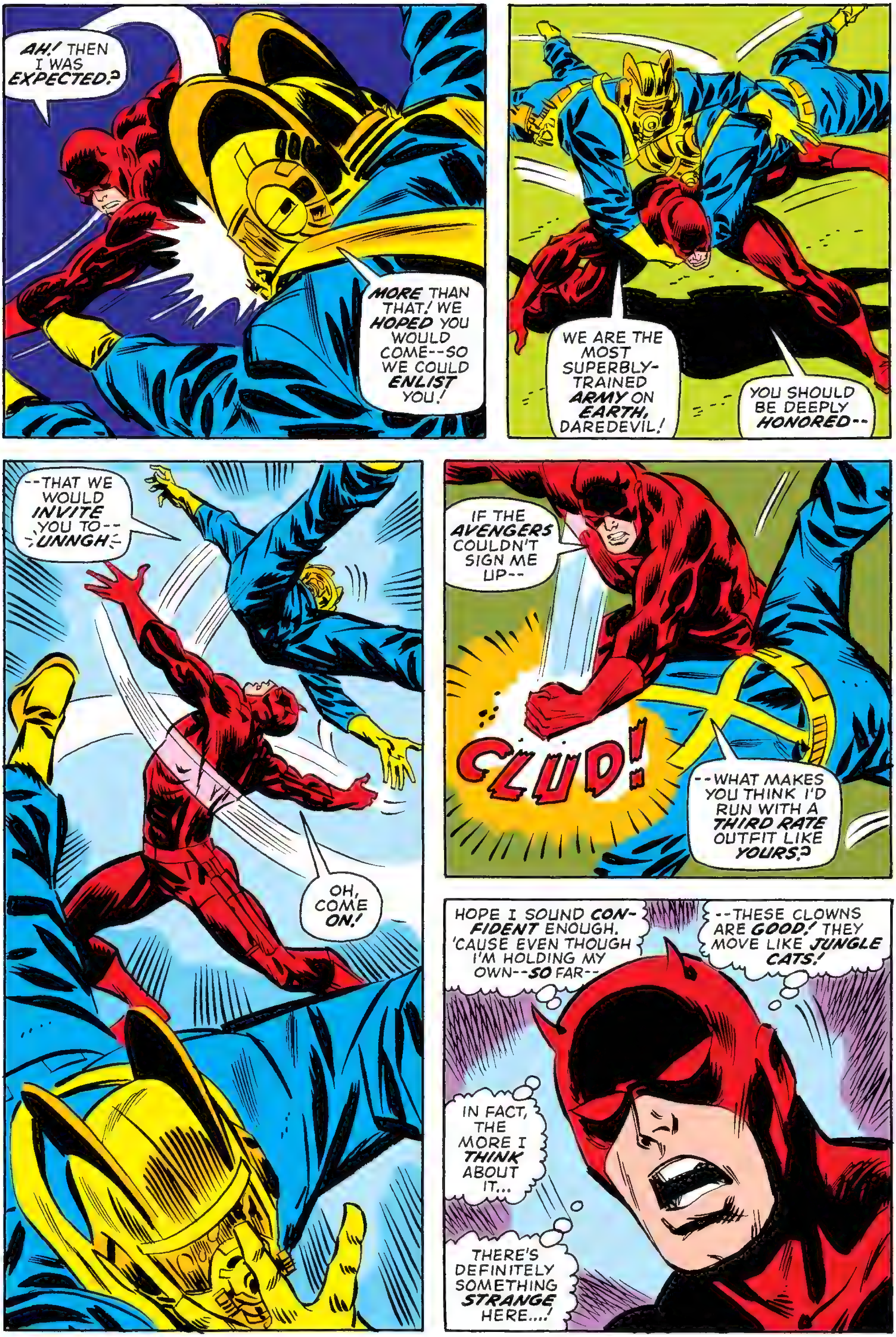

LORD, WHAT'S THE USE SPECULATING ON THE ACTIONS OF A GROUP OF MADMEN?
I'D DO BETTER TO GET A "LOOK"-- WITH MY FINGERTIPS-- AT ONE OF THESE BILLS, TO DETERMINE WHETHER OR NOT THEY'RE REAL!

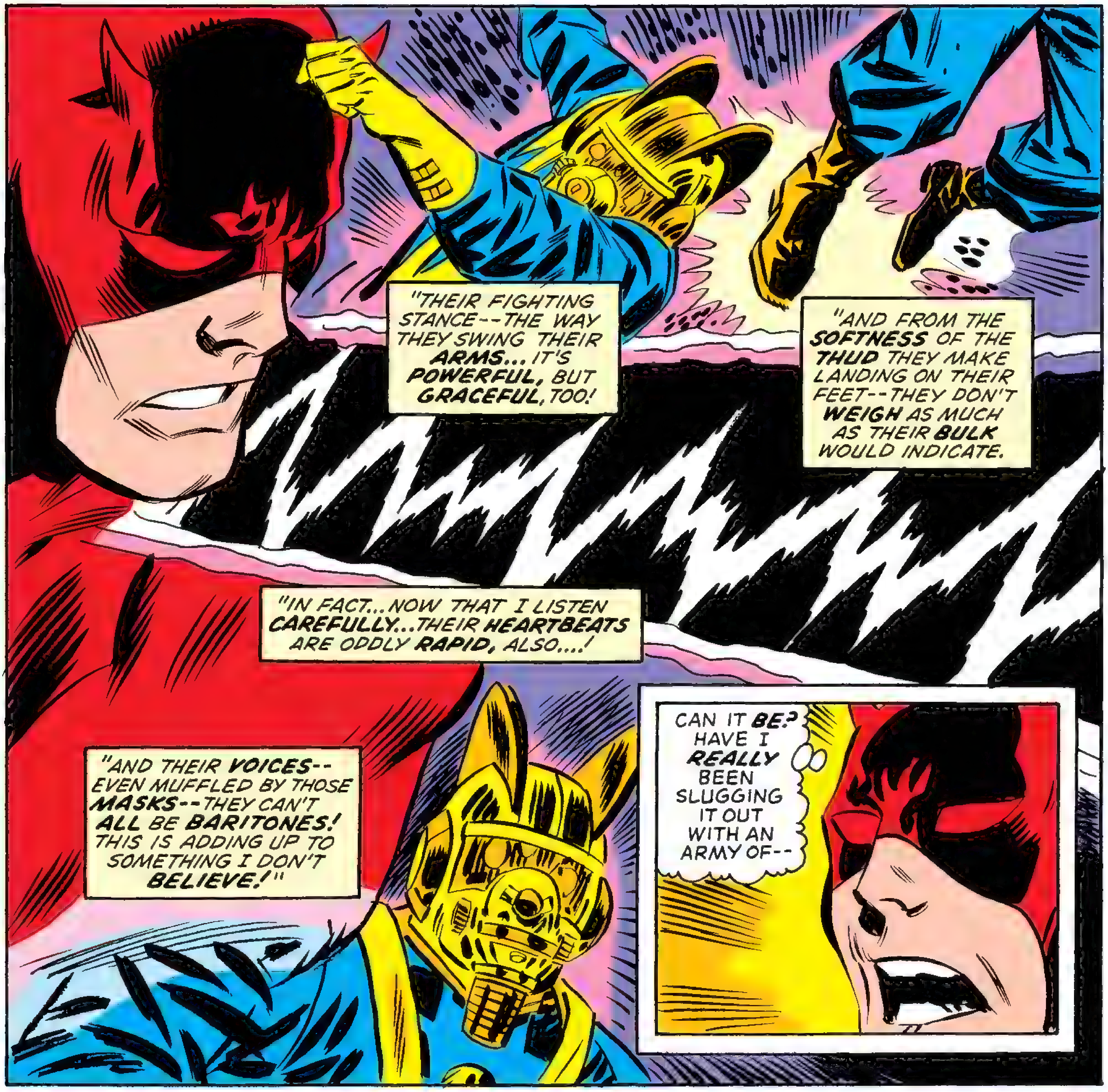

ODD...EVEN IN THE MIDST OF THIS MADNESS, MY THOUGHTS KEEP CIRCLING BACK TO CANDACE NELSON.
STILL HAVEN'T GIVEN HER TIME TO EXPLAIN TO ME...
...WHY, IN ALL THE YEARS I'VE KNOWN HIM, FOGGY NEVER SO MUCH AS MENTIONED HER.
BUT THAT LITTLE MYSTERY CAN WAIT...

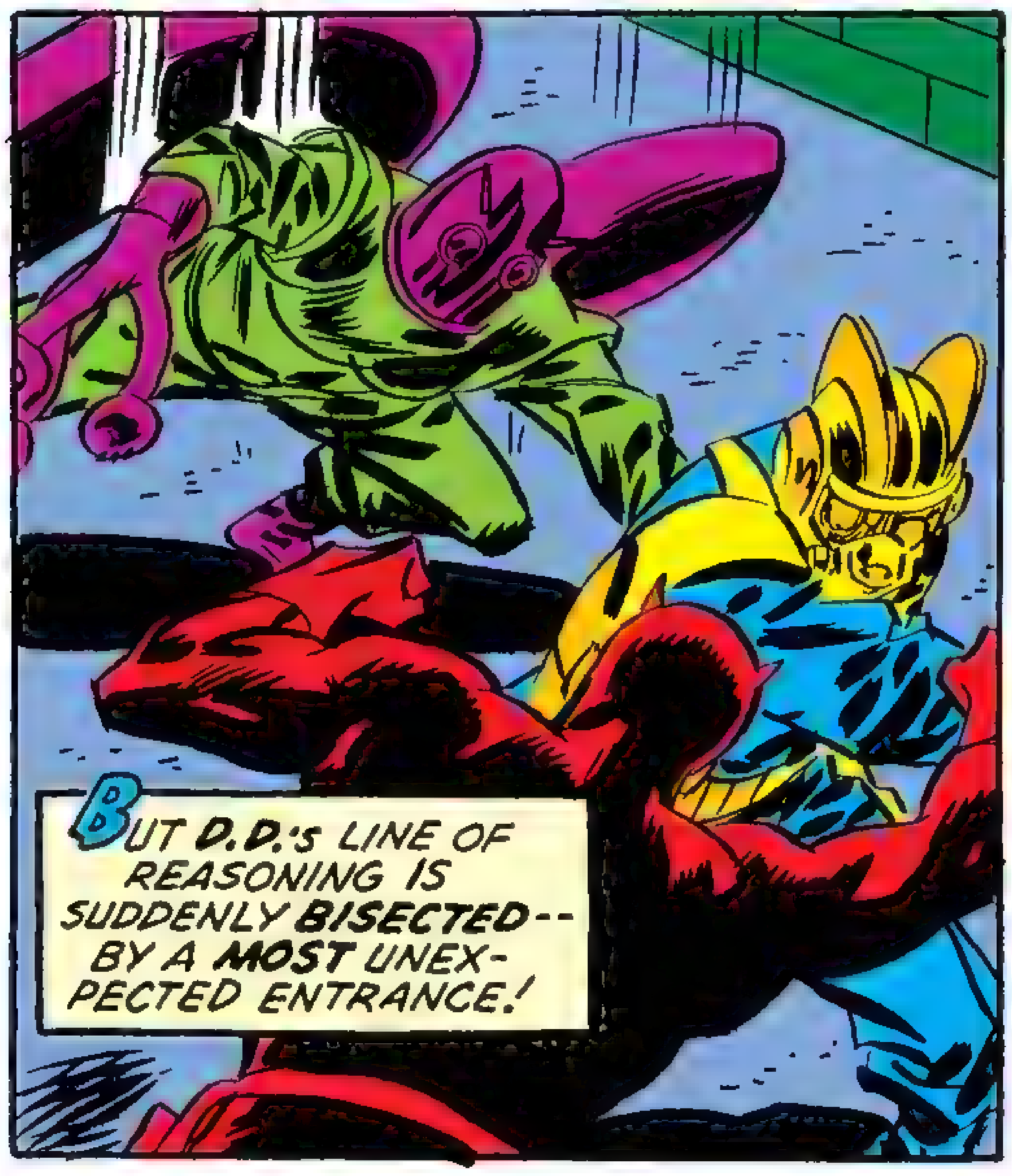

...WHILE I EXAMINE THIS BILL WITH MY HYPERSENSITIVE TOUCH.
PAPER SEEMS GENUINE... THREADS THE RIGHT TEXTURE...THEY EVEN GOT THE RIGHT COLOR INK, JUDGING FROM THE HEAT IT ABSORBS!
NO FLAWS IN THE DESIGN, EITHER--SO THESE WERE PRINTED WITH THE GOVERNMENT PLATES. BUT--THAT MAKES THEM GENUINE, DOESN'T IT?!
THEY'RE REAL COUNTERFEIT BILLS! OR-- COUNTERFEIT REAL BILLS?

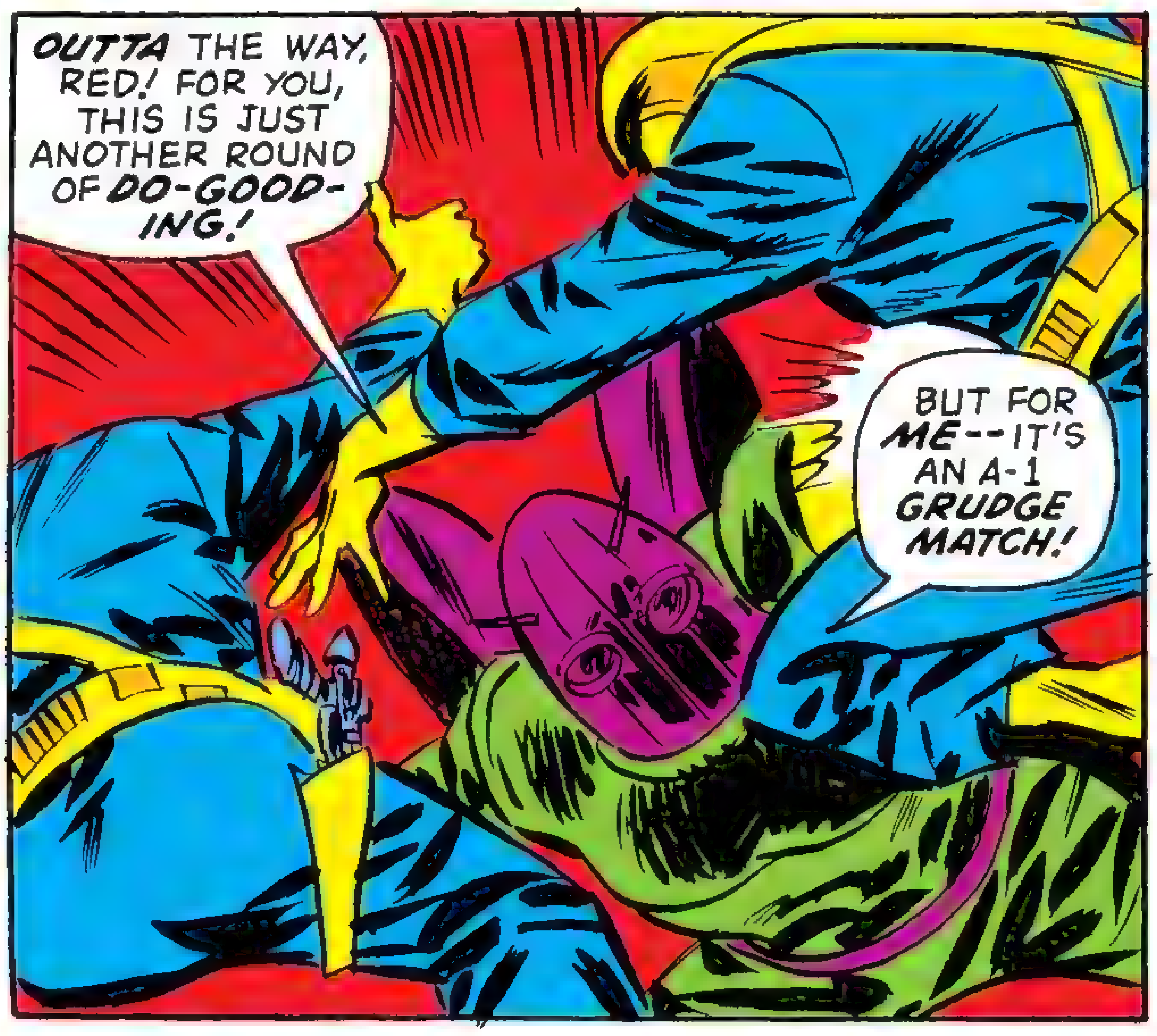

IT'S ABSURD! AND EVERY TIME I TRY TO APPLY GOOD, WHOLESOME, ALL-AMERICAN LOGIC TO THE SITUATION--
IT ONLY SEEMS THAT MUCH MORE ABSURD!
ALL OF WHICH DOESN'T ALTER THE FACT THAT THAT MOB IS GETTING WILDER WITH EACH PASSING MOMENT.

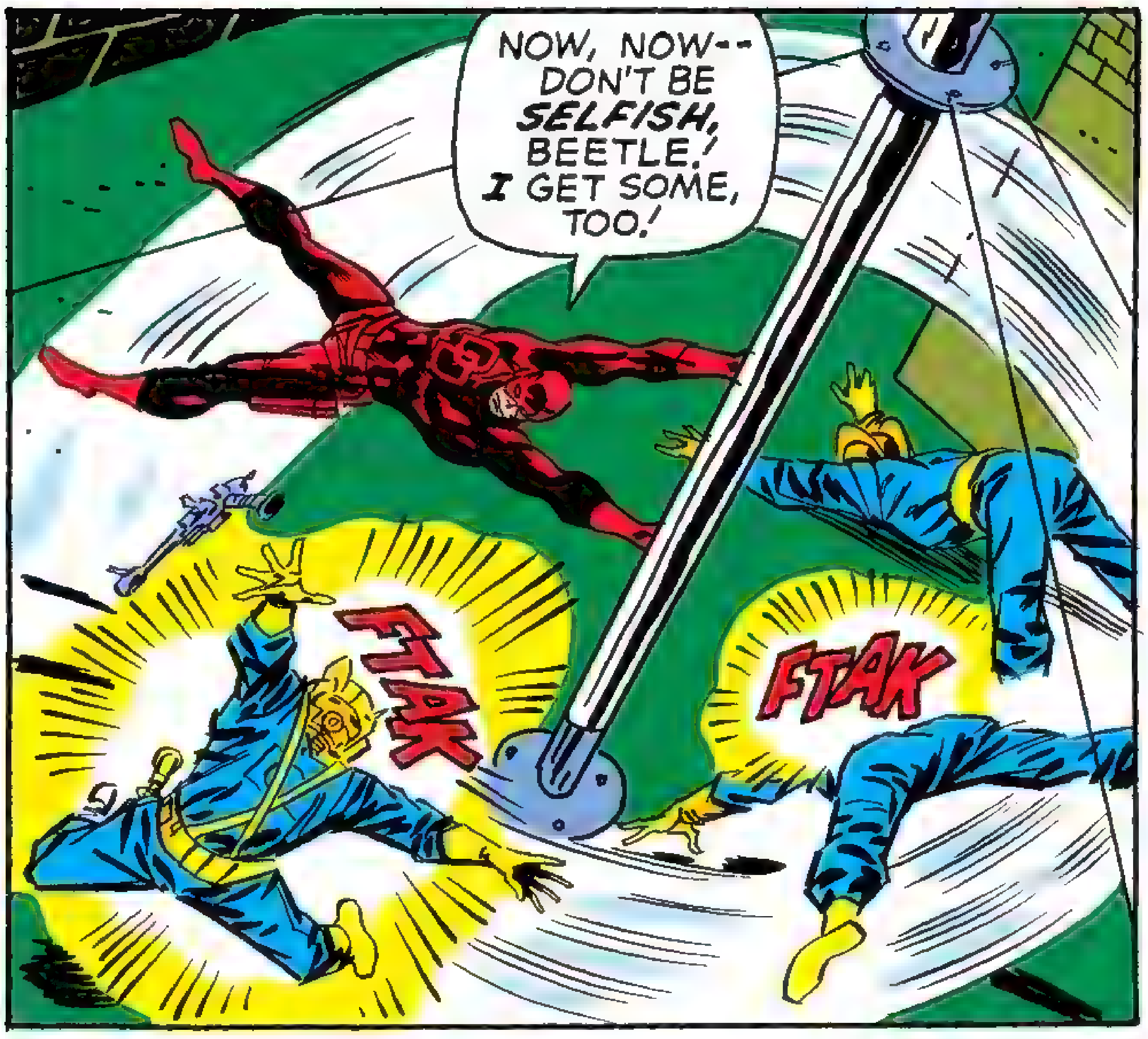

AND SINCE NO ONE MAN COULD POSSIBLY DEAL WITH ALL THE THOUSANDS OF BERSERKERS DOWN THERE--
--WE'LL TRY TO CURE THE DISEASE, NOT THE SYMPTOM!
HEY, GUYS--ISN'T THIS CARRYING THE JOHN BERESFORD TIPTON BIT A LITTLE FAR?
DAREDEVIL! AT LAST!

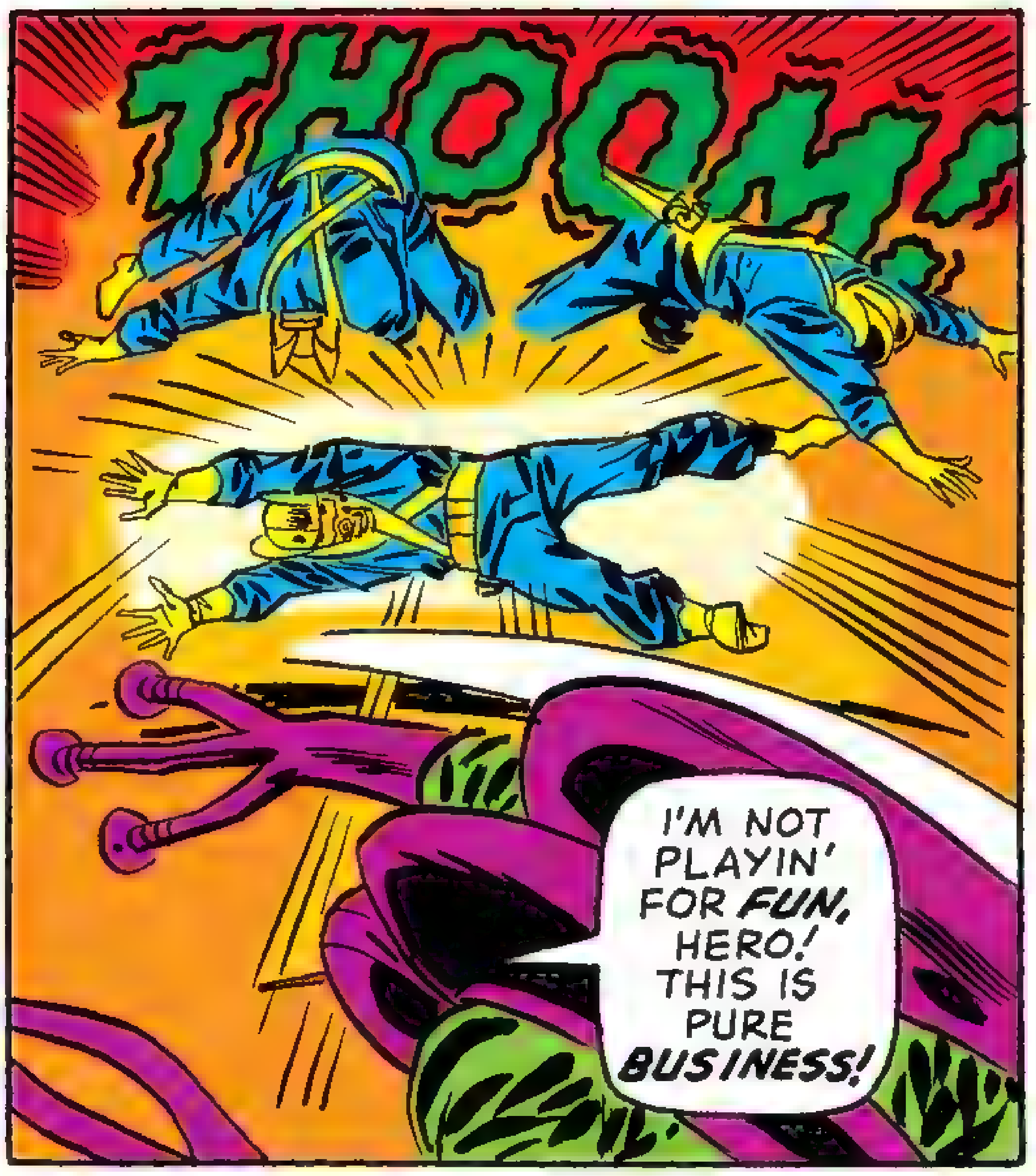

AH! THEN I WAS EXPECTED?
MORE THAN THAT! WE HOPED YOU WOULD COME--SO WE COULD ENLIST YOU!
WE ARE THE MOST SUPERBLY-TRAINED ARMY ON EARTH, DAREDEVIL!
YOU SHOULD BE DEEPLY HONORED--
--THAT WE WOULD INVITE YOU TO--UNNGH
OH, COME ON!
IF THE AVENGERS COULDN'T SIGN ME UP--
CLUD!
--WHAT MAKES YOU THINK I'D RUN WITH A THIRD RATE OUTFIT LIKE YOURS?
HOPE I SOUND CONFIDENT ENOUGH. 'CAUSE EVEN THOUGH I'M HOLDING MY OWN--SO FAR--
--THESE CLOWNS ARE GOOD! THEY MOVE LIKE JUNGLE CATS!
IN FACT, THE MORE I THINK ABOUT IT...
THERE'S DEFINITELY SOMETHING STRANGE HERE...!

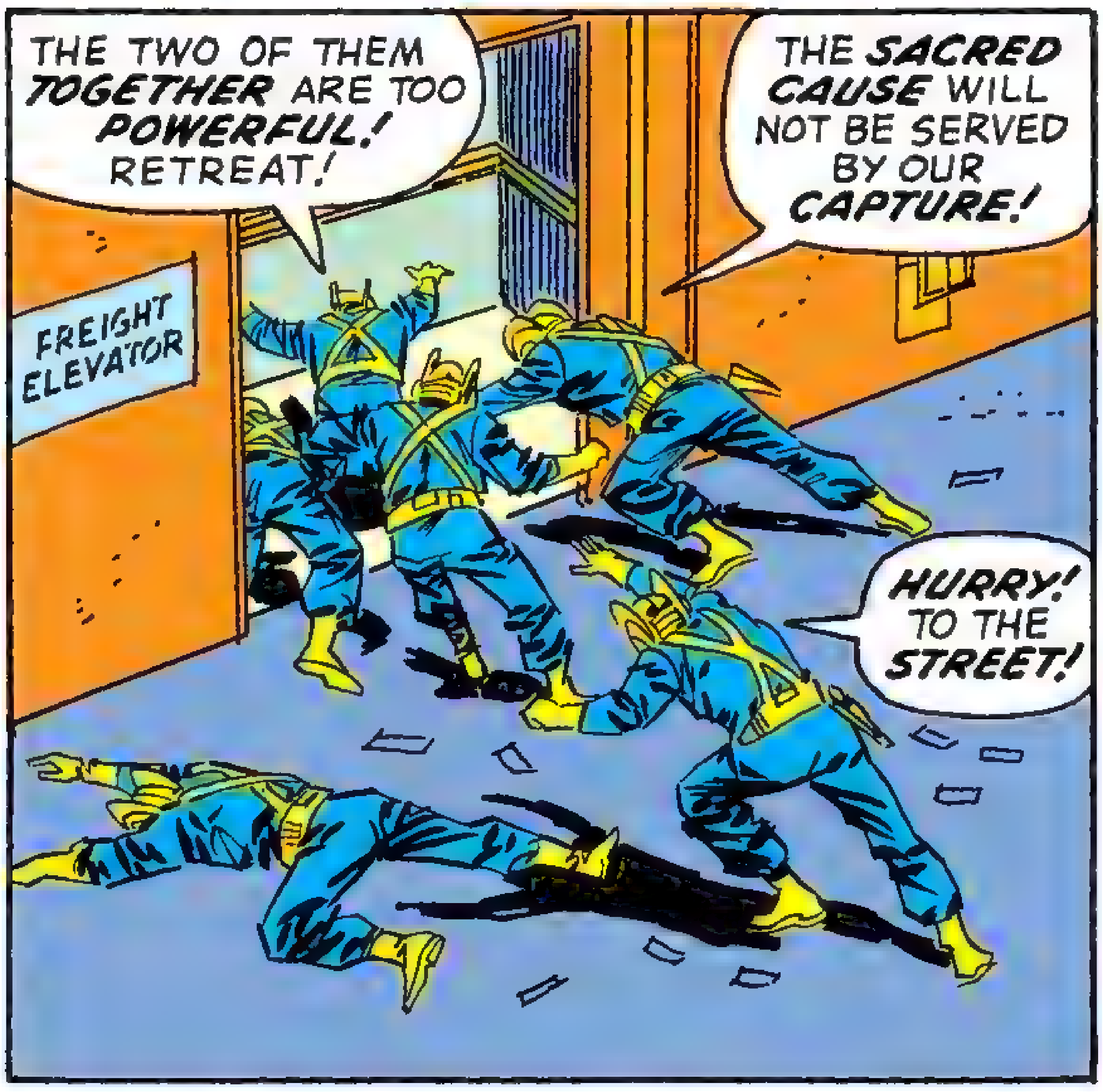

"THEIR FIGHTING STANCE--THE WAY THEY SWING THEIR **ARMS...** IT'S **POWERFUL,** BUT **GRACEFUL,** TOO!
"AND FROM THE **SOFTNESS** OF THE **THUD** THEY MAKE LANDING ON THEIR FEET--THEY DON'T **WEIGH** AS MUCH AS THEIR **BULK** WOULD INDICATE.
"IN FACT...NOW THAT I LISTEN **CAREFULLY**...THEIR **HEARTBEATS** ARE ODDLY **RAPID,** ALSO....!
"AND THEIR **VOICES**--EVEN MUFFLED BY THOSE **MASKS**--THEY CAN'T **ALL** BE **BARITONES!** THIS IS ADDING UP TO SOMETHING I DON'T **BELIEVE!**"
CAN IT **BE?** HAVE I **REALLY** BEEN SLUGGING IT OUT WITH AN ARMY OF--

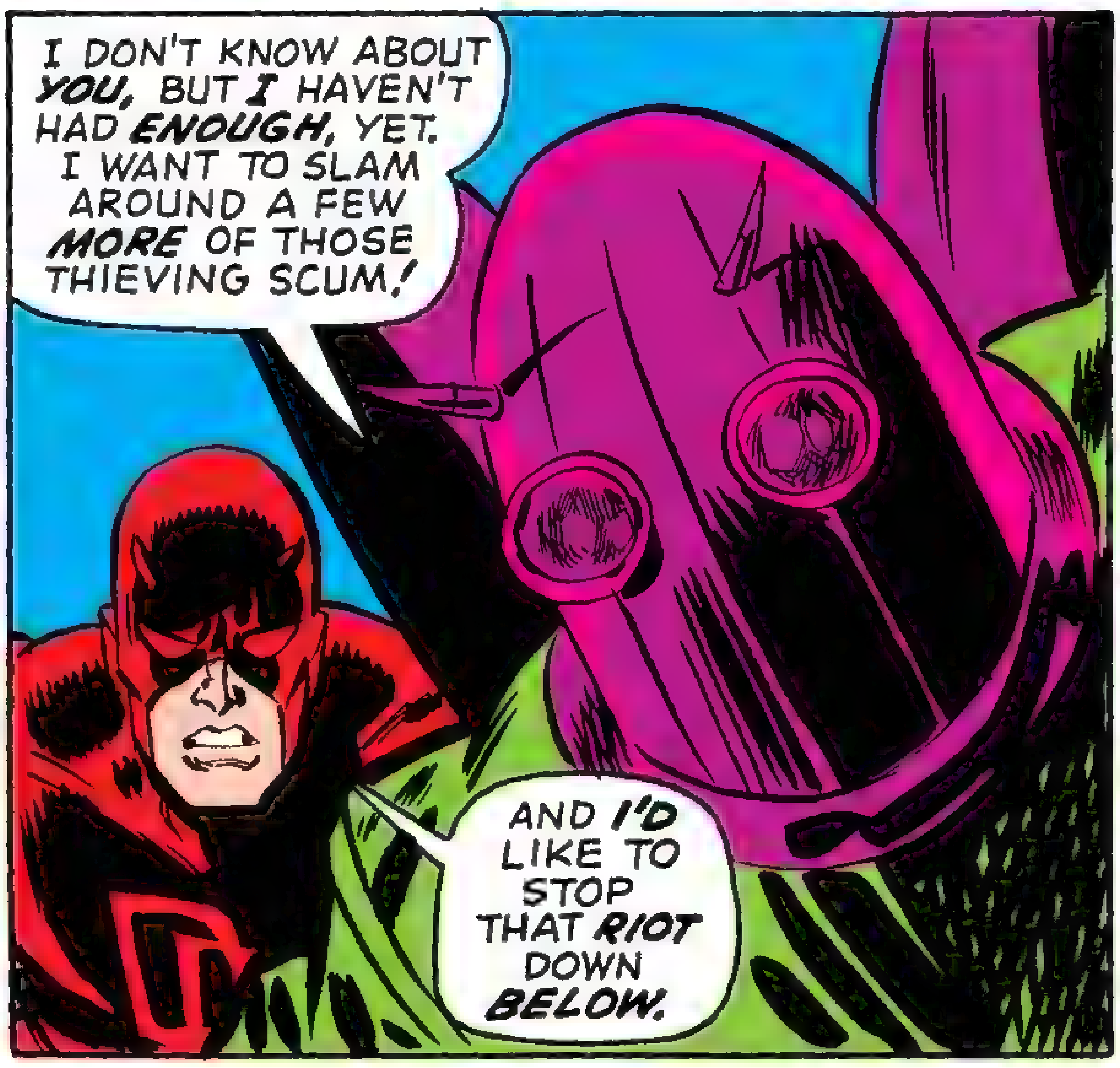

BUT **D.D.**'S LINE OF REASONING IS SUDDENLY **BISECTED**--BY A **MOST** UNEXPECTED ENTRANCE!

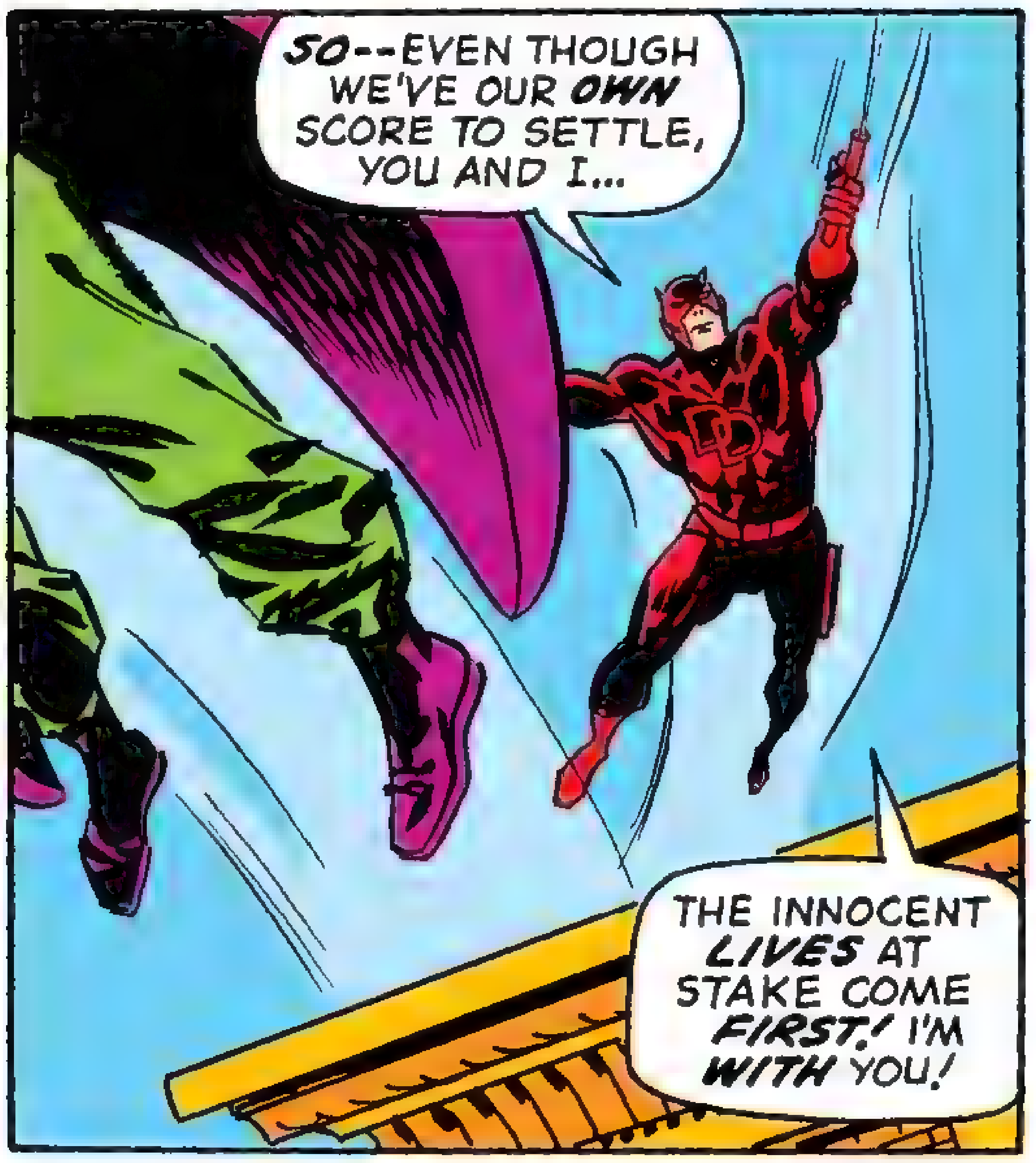

OUTTA THE WAY, RED! FOR YOU, THIS IS JUST ANOTHER ROUND OF **DO-GOODING!**
BUT FOR **ME**--IT'S AN A-1 **GRUDGE MATCH!**

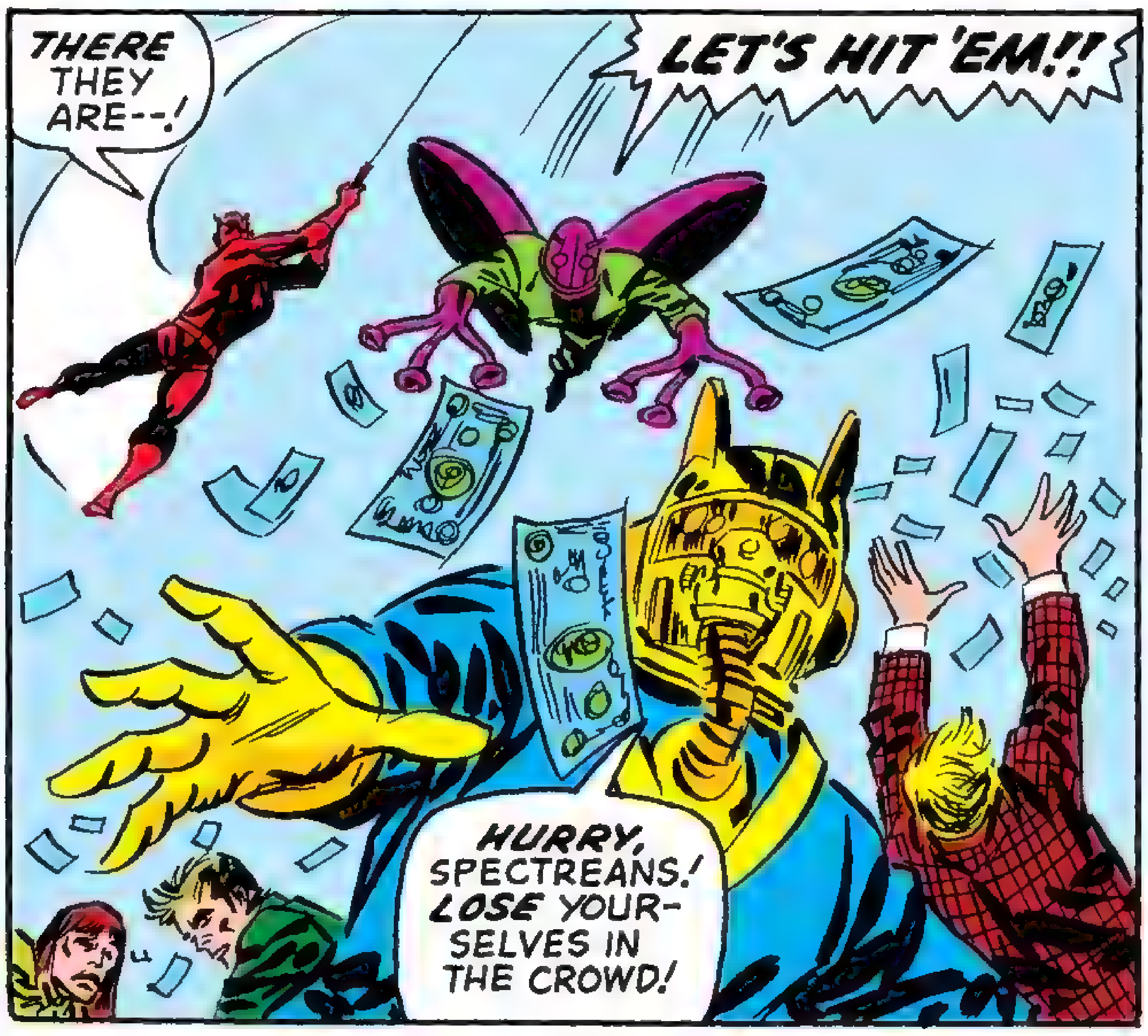

NOW, NOW-- DON'T BE **SELFISH,** BEETLE! **I** GET SOME, TOO!
FTAK
FTAK

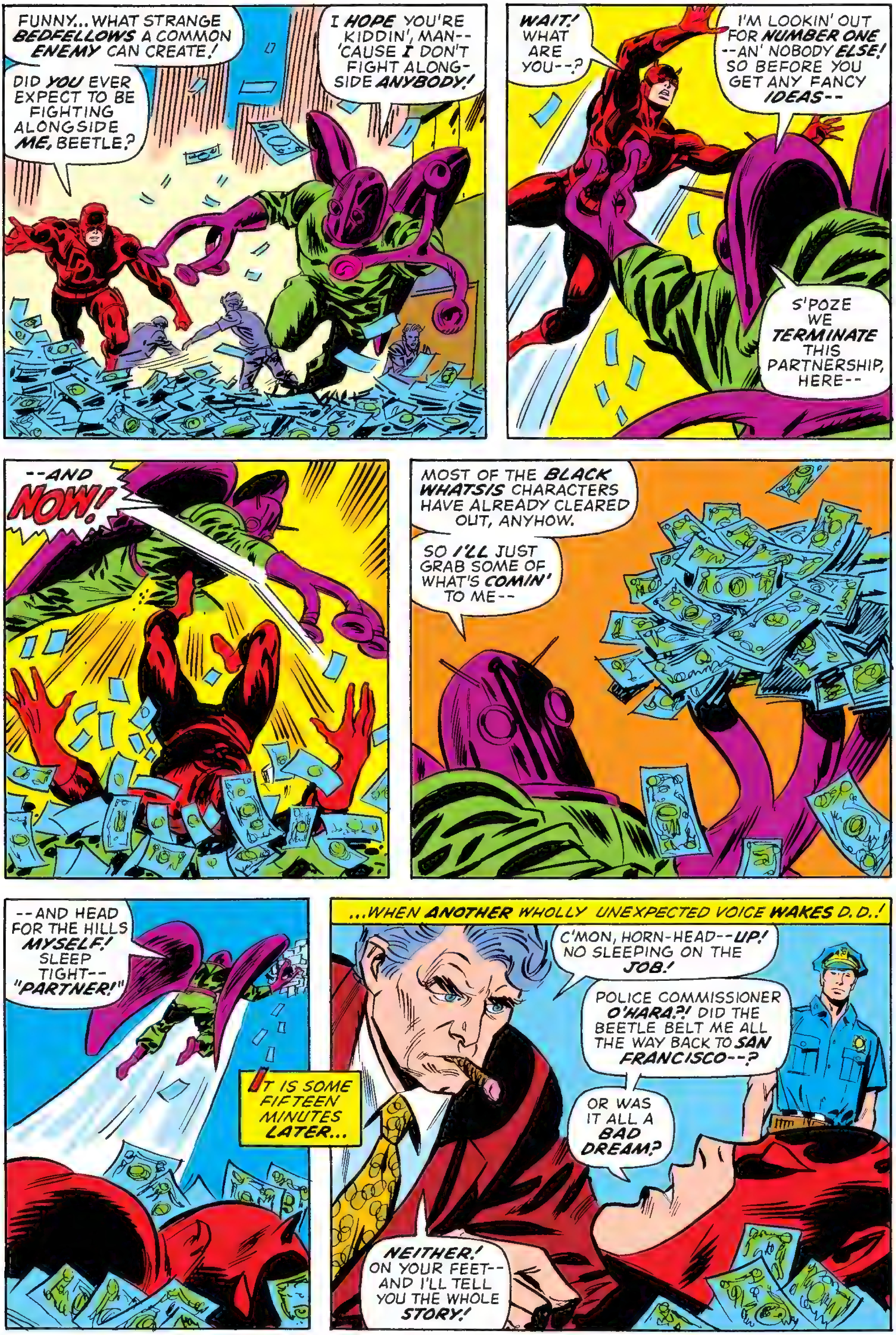

THOOM!!
I'M NOT PLAYIN' FOR **FUN,** HERO! THIS IS PURE **BUSINESS!**

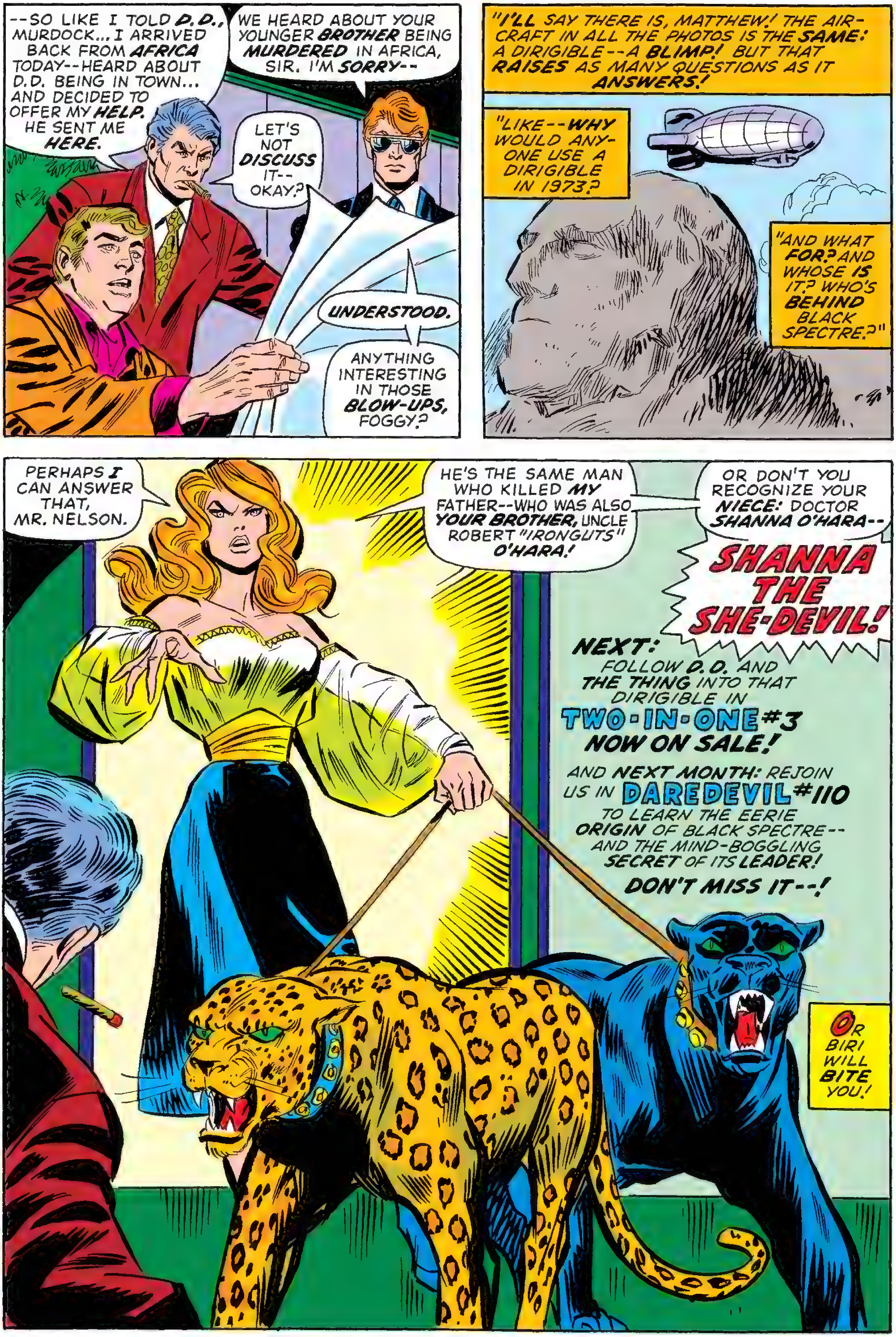

THE TWO OF THEM **TOGETHER** ARE TOO **POWERFUL!** RETREAT!
THE **SACRED CAUSE** WILL NOT BE SERVED BY OUR **CAPTURE!**
FREIGHT ELEVATOR
HURRY! TO THE **STREET!**


I DON'T KNOW ABOUT **YOU,** BUT **I** HAVEN'T HAD **ENOUGH,** YET. I WANT TO SLAM AROUND A FEW **MORE** OF THOSE THIEVING SCUM!
AND **I'D** LIKE TO STOP THAT **RIOT** DOWN **BELOW.**


SO--EVEN THOUGH WE'VE OUR **OWN** SCORE TO SETTLE, YOU AND I...
THE INNOCENT **LIVES** AT STAKE COME **FIRST!** I'M **WITH** YOU!


THERE THEY ARE--!
LET'S HIT 'EM!!
HURRY, SPECTREANS! **LOSE** YOUR-SELVES IN THE CROWD!

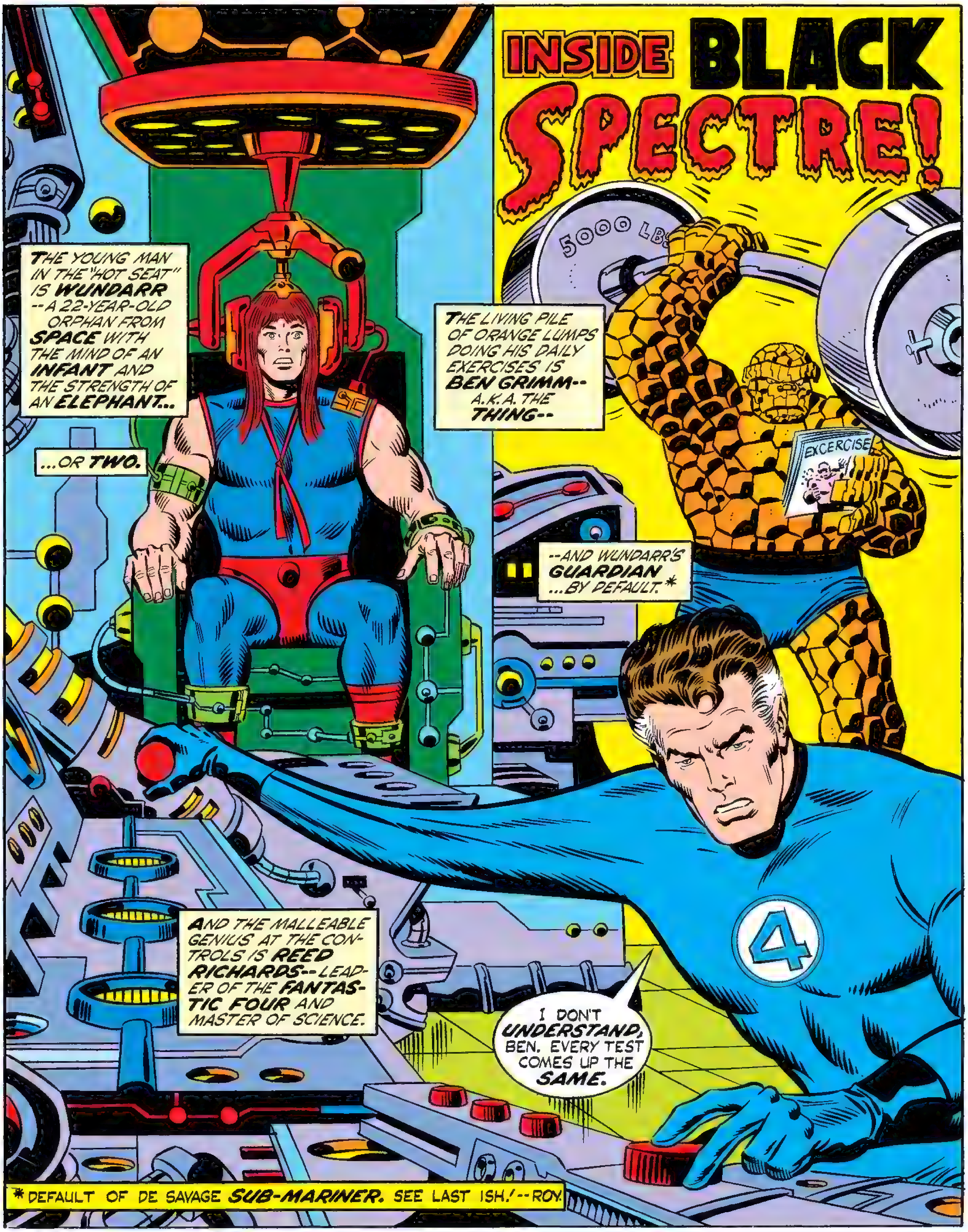

FUNNY...WHAT STRANGE BEDFELLOWS A COMMON ENEMY CAN CREATE!
DID YOU EVER EXPECT TO BE FIGHTING ALONGSIDE ME, BEETLE?
I HOPE YOU'RE KIDDIN', MAN-- 'CAUSE I DON'T FIGHT ALONGSIDE ANYBODY!
WAIT! WHAT ARE YOU--?
I'M LOOKIN' OUT FOR NUMBER ONE --AN' NOBODY ELSE! SO BEFORE YOU GET ANY FANCY IDEAS--
S'POZE WE TERMINATE THIS PARTNERSHIP, HERE--
--AND NOW!
MOST OF THE BLACK WHATSIS CHARACTERS HAVE ALREADY CLEARED OUT, ANYHOW.
SO I'LL JUST GRAB SOME OF WHAT'S COMIN' TO ME--
--AND HEAD FOR THE HILLS MYSELF! SLEEP TIGHT-- "PARTNER!"
IT IS SOME FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER...
...WHEN ANOTHER WHOLLY UNEXPECTED VOICE WAKES D.D.!
C'MON, HORN-HEAD--UP! NO SLEEPING ON THE JOB!
POLICE COMMISSIONER O'HARA?! DID THE BEETLE BELT ME ALL THE WAY BACK TO SAN FRANCISCO--?
OR WAS IT ALL A BAD DREAM?
NEITHER! ON YOUR FEET-- AND I'LL TELL YOU THE WHOLE STORY!

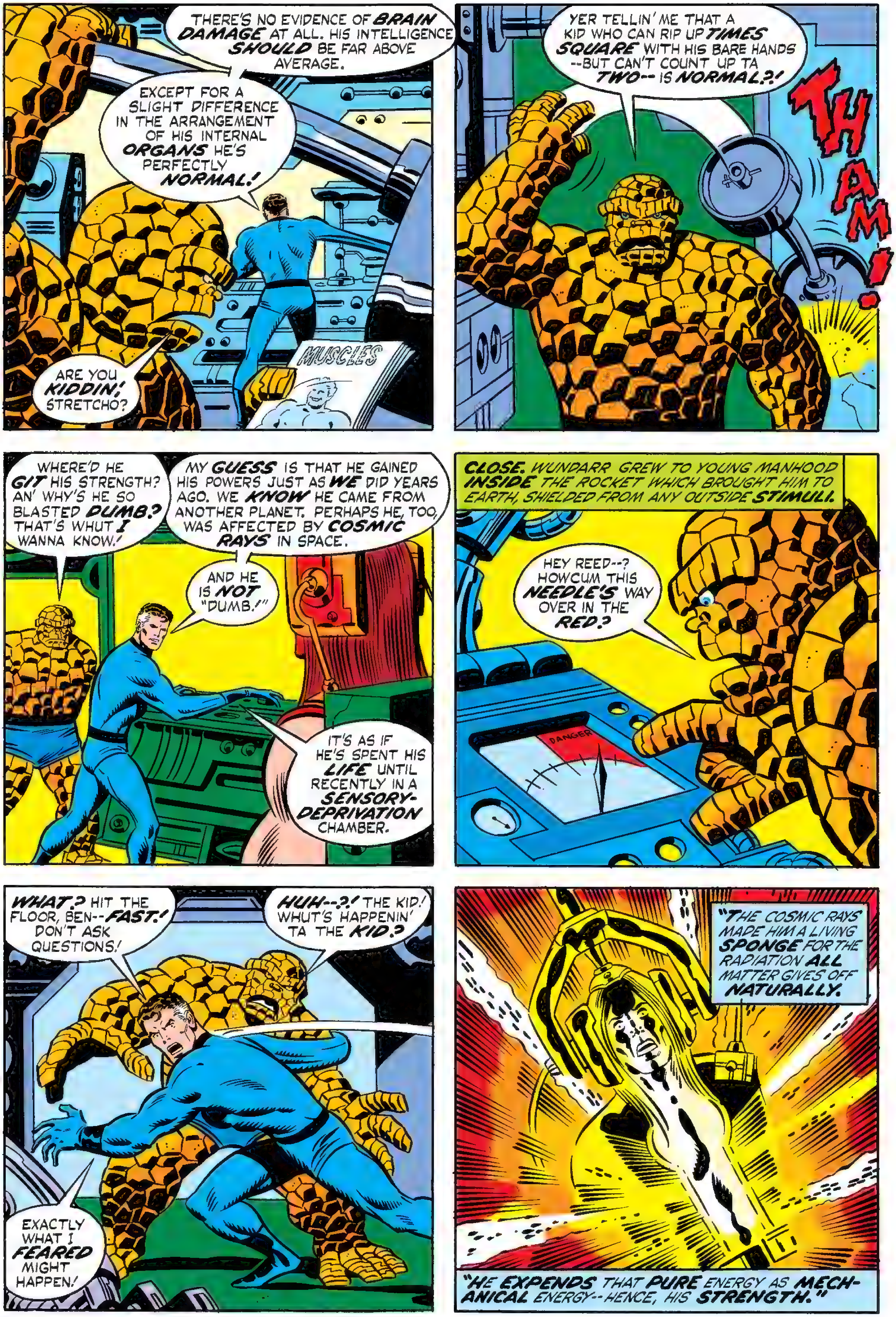

--SO LIKE I TOLD **D.D.,** MURDOCK... I ARRIVED BACK FROM **AFRICA** TODAY--HEARD ABOUT D.D. BEING IN TOWN... AND DECIDED TO OFFER MY **HELP.** HE SENT ME **HERE.**
WE HEARD ABOUT YOUR YOUNGER **BROTHER** BEING **MURDERED** IN AFRICA, SIR. I'M **SORRY--**
LET'S NOT **DISCUSS** IT--OKAY?
UNDERSTOOD.
ANYTHING INTERESTING IN THOSE **BLOW-UPS,** FOGGY?
"**I'LL** SAY THERE IS, MATTHEW! THE AIRCRAFT IN ALL THE PHOTOS IS THE **SAME:** A DIRIGIBLE--A **BLIMP!** BUT THAT **RAISES** AS MANY QUESTIONS AS IT **ANSWERS!**
"LIKE--**WHY** WOULD ANYONE USE A DIRIGIBLE IN 1973?
"AND WHAT **FOR?** AND WHOSE **IS** IT? WHO'S **BEHIND** BLACK SPECTRE?"
PERHAPS **I** CAN ANSWER THAT, MR. NELSON.
HE'S THE SAME MAN WHO KILLED **MY** FATHER--WHO WAS ALSO **YOUR BROTHER,** UNCLE ROBERT "IRONGUTS" **O'HARA!**
OR DON'T YOU RECOGNIZE YOUR **NIECE:** DOCTOR **SHANNA O'HARA--**
SHANNA THE SHE-DEVIL!
NEXT: FOLLOW **D.D.** AND **THE THING** INTO THAT DIRIGIBLE IN **TWO-IN-ONE #3** **NOW ON SALE!**
AND **NEXT MONTH:** REJOIN US IN **DAREDEVIL #110** TO LEARN THE EERIE **ORIGIN** OF BLACK SPECTRE--AND THE MIND-BOGGLING **SECRET** OF ITS **LEADER!**
DON'T MISS IT--!
OR BIRI WILL **BITE** YOU!

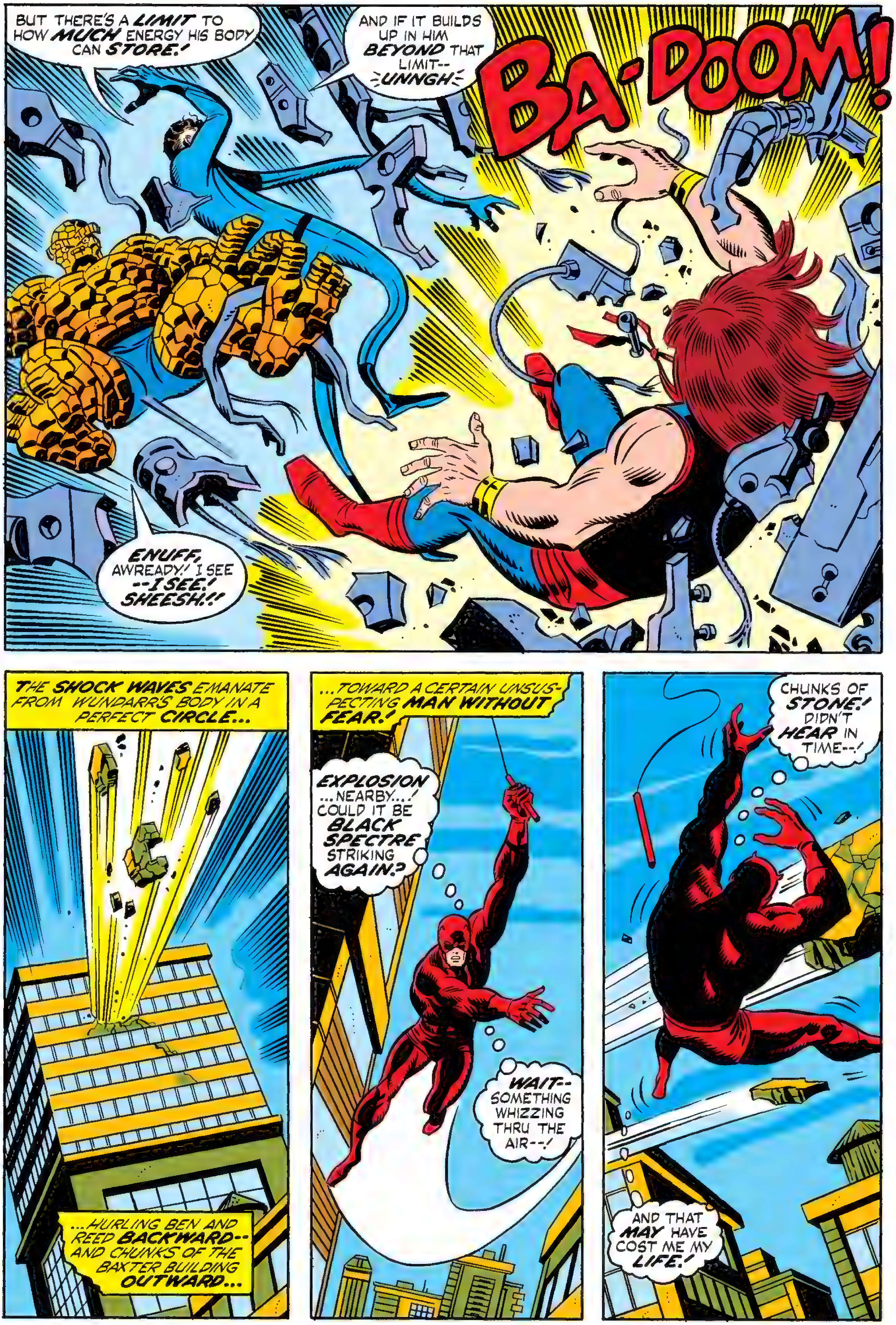
MARVEL TWO-IN-ONE
MARVEL COMICS GROUP
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
25¢
3 MAY 02906
MARVEL TWO-IN-ONE
PRESENTS
THE THING AND DAREDEVIL
MOVE IT, HORNHEAD! IT'S KILL OR BE KILLED!
BUT--I CAN'T! I CAN'T!
NOT WHEN ONE OF THOSE I MUST DESTROY IS--THE BLACK WIDOW!

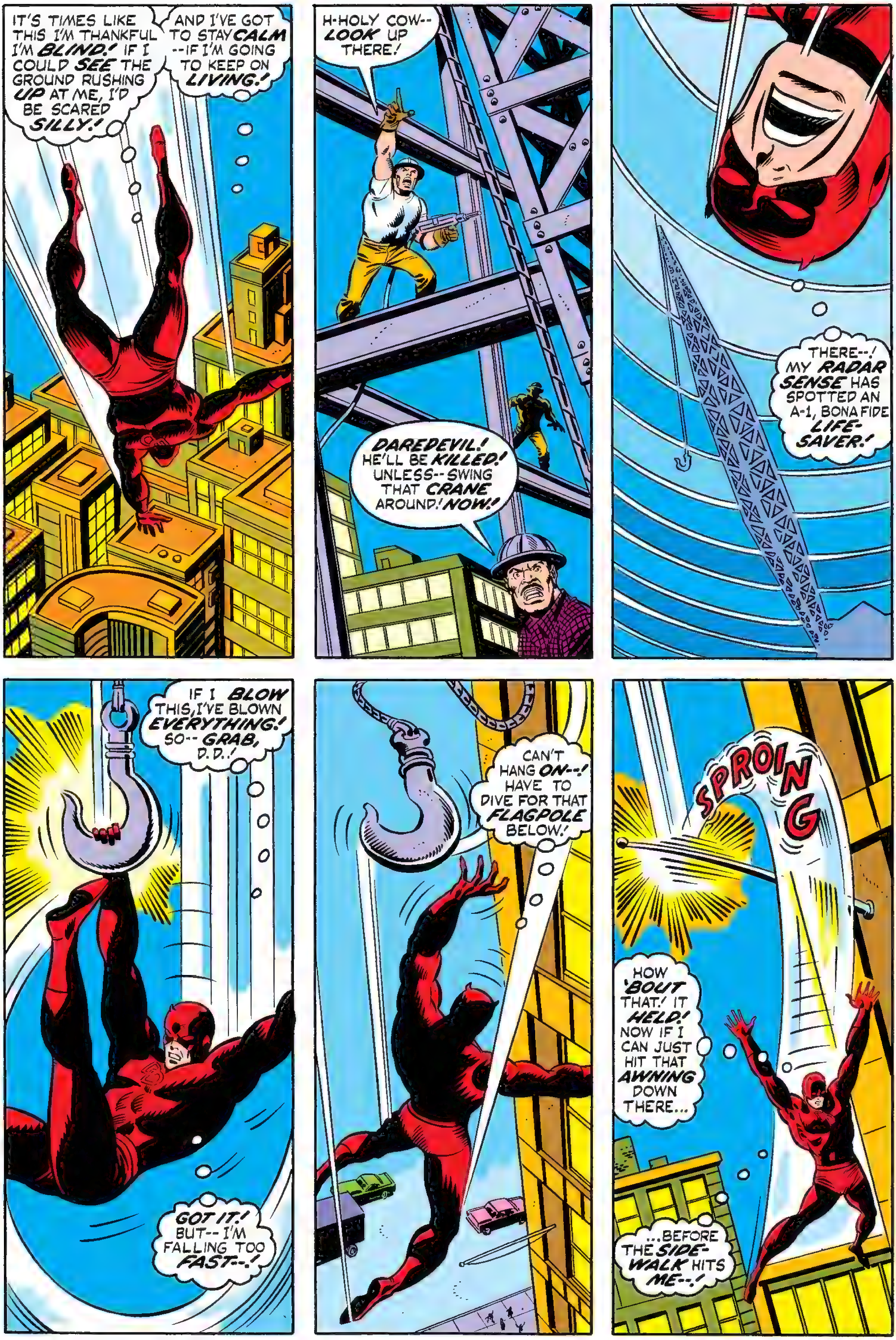
STAN LEE PRESENTS: THE THING AND DAREDEVIL--TOGETHER!™

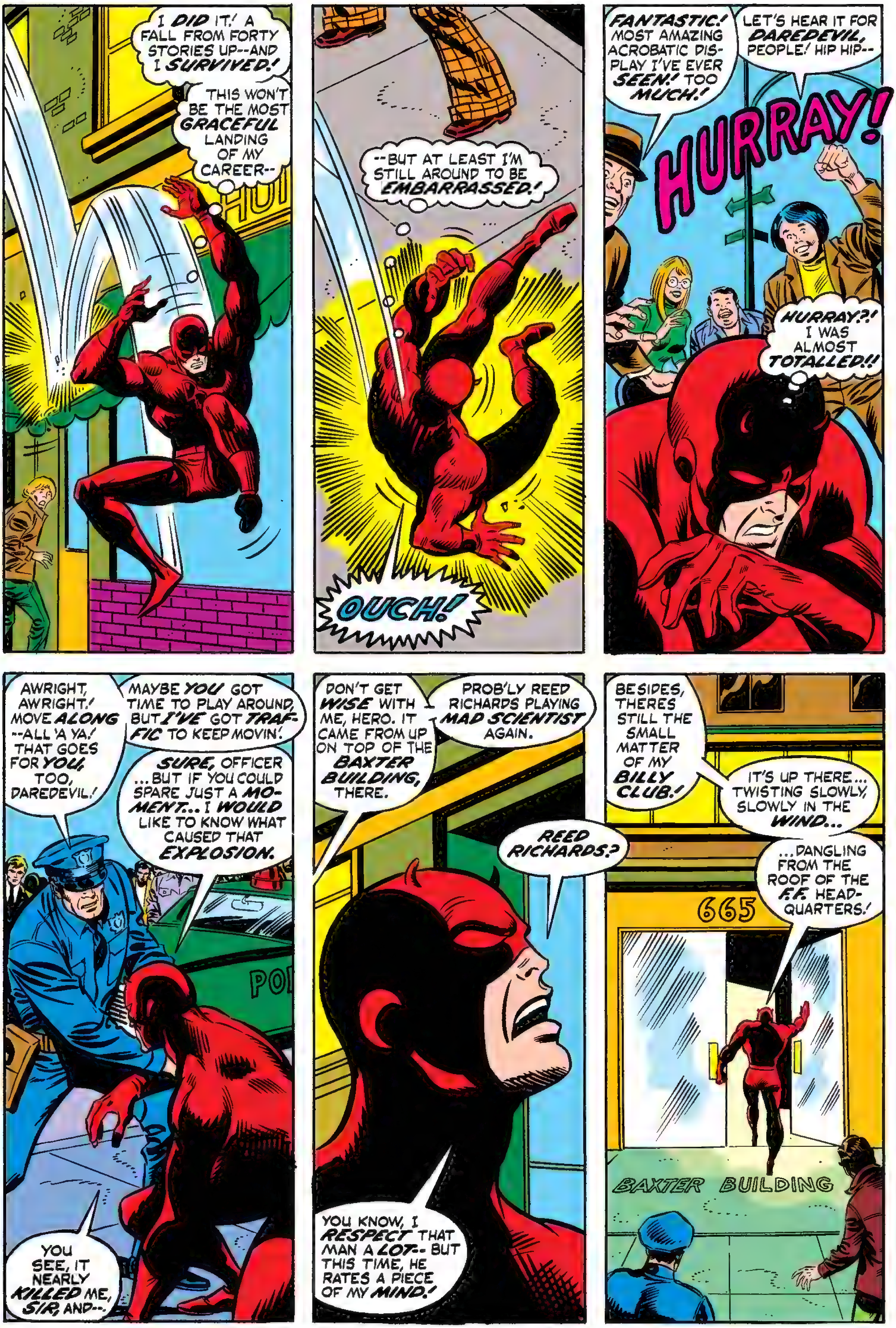
STEVE GERBER Writer / **SAL BUSCEMA** Artist / **JOE SINNOTT** Inker / DAVE HUNT, Letterer P. GOLDBERG, Colorist / **ROY THOMAS** Editor

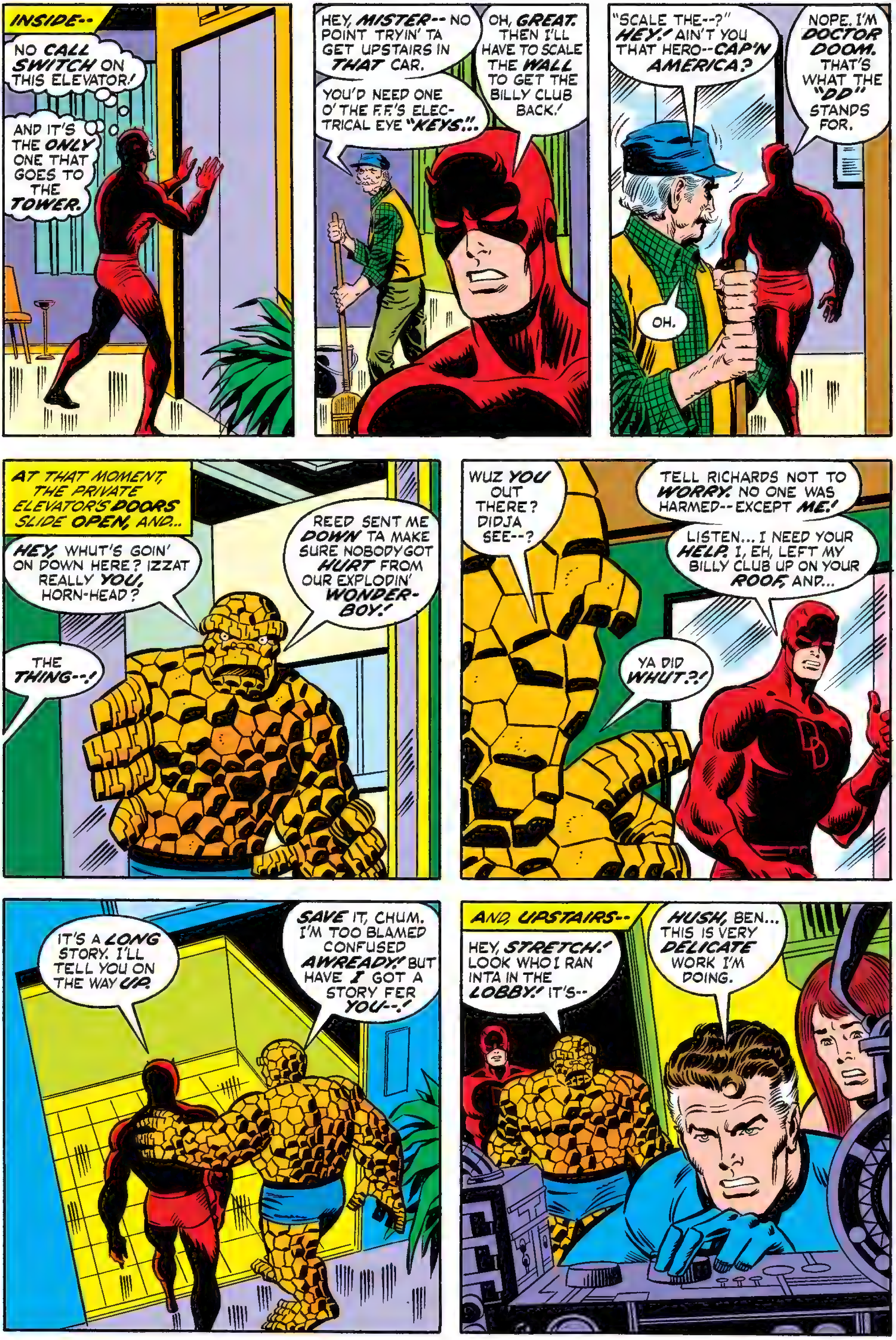

INSIDE BLACK SPECTRE!
THE YOUNG MAN IN THE "HOT SEAT" IS WUNDARR -- A 22-YEAR-OLD ORPHAN FROM SPACE WITH THE MIND OF AN INFANT AND THE STRENGTH OF AN ELEPHANT...
...OR TWO.
THE LIVING PILE OF ORANGE LUMPS DOING HIS DAILY EXERCISES IS BEN GRIMM-- A.K.A. THE THING--
--AND WUNDARR'S GUARDIAN ...BY DEFAULT.*
5000 LBS
EXCERCISE
AND THE MALLEABLE GENIUS AT THE CONTROLS IS REED RICHARDS--LEADER OF THE FANTASTIC FOUR AND MASTER OF SCIENCE.
4
I DON'T UNDERSTAND, BEN. EVERY TEST COMES UP THE SAME.
* DEFAULT OF DE SAVAGE SUB-MARINER. SEE LAST ISH!--ROY.

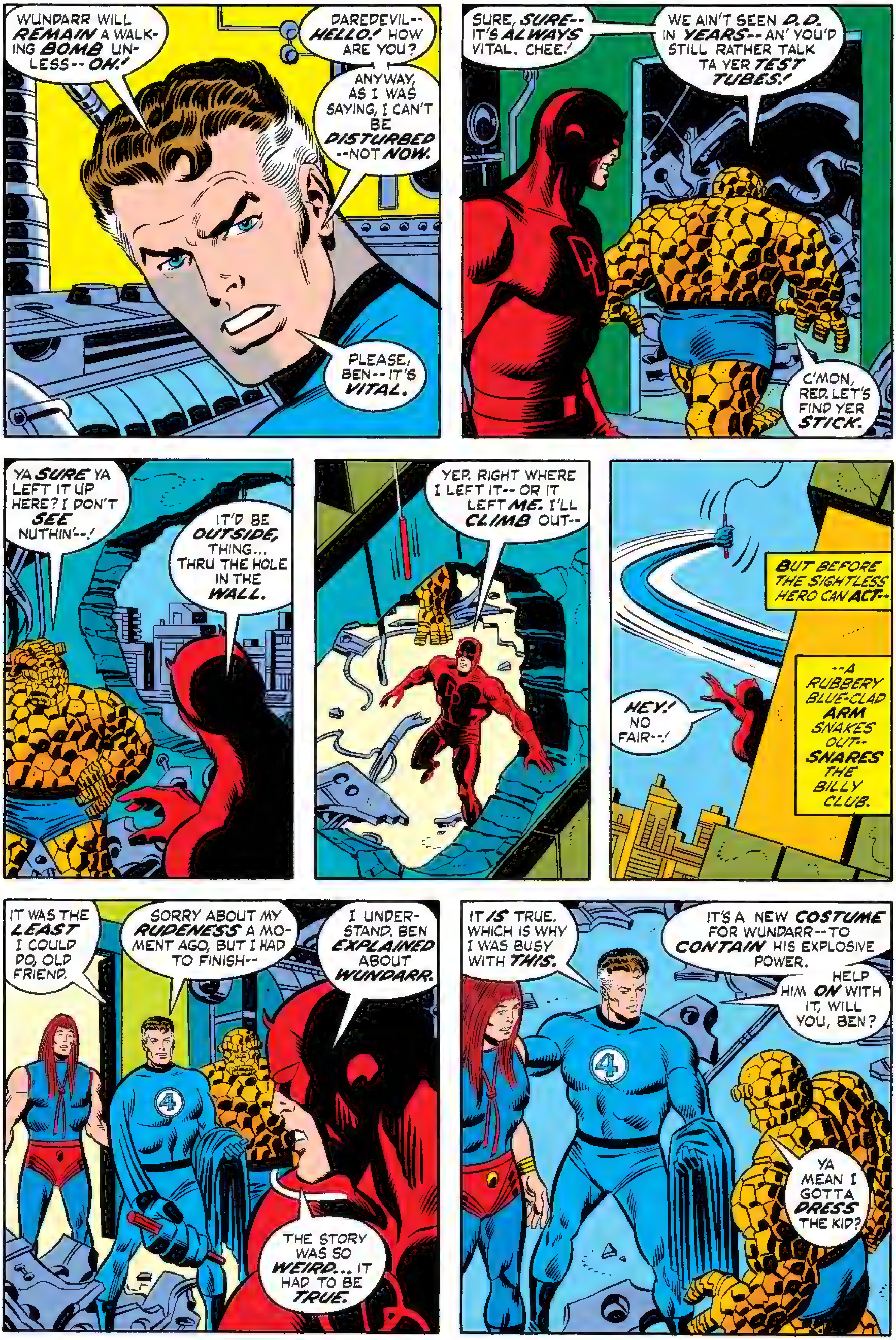

THERE'S NO EVIDENCE OF **BRAIN DAMAGE** AT ALL. HIS INTELLIGENCE **SHOULD** BE FAR ABOVE AVERAGE.
EXCEPT FOR A SLIGHT DIFFERENCE IN THE ARRANGEMENT OF HIS INTERNAL **ORGANS** HE'S PERFECTLY **NORMAL!**
ARE YOU **KIDDIN',** STRETCHO?
MUSCLES
YER TELLIN' ME THAT A KID WHO CAN RIP UP **TIMES SQUARE** WITH HIS BARE HANDS --BUT CAN'T COUNT UP TA **TWO--** IS **NORMAL?!**
THAM!
WHERE'D HE **GIT** HIS STRENGTH? AN' WHY'S HE SO BLASTED **DUMB?** THAT'S WHUT **I** WANNA KNOW!
MY **GUESS** IS THAT HE GAINED HIS POWERS JUST AS **WE** DID YEARS AGO. WE **KNOW** HE CAME FROM ANOTHER PLANET. PERHAPS HE, TOO, WAS AFFECTED BY **COSMIC RAYS** IN SPACE.
AND HE IS **NOT** "DUMB."
IT'S AS IF HE'S SPENT HIS **LIFE** UNTIL RECENTLY IN A **SENSORY-DEPRIVATION** CHAMBER.
CLOSE. WUNDARR GREW TO YOUNG MANHOOD **INSIDE** THE ROCKET WHICH BROUGHT HIM TO EARTH, SHIELDED FROM ANY OUTSIDE **STIMULI.**
HEY REED--? HOWCUM THIS **NEEDLE'S** WAY OVER IN THE **RED?**
DANGER
WHAT? HIT THE FLOOR, BEN--**FAST!** DON'T ASK QUESTIONS!
HUH--?! THE KID! WHUT'S HAPPENIN' TA THE **KID?**
EXACTLY WHAT I **FEARED** MIGHT HAPPEN!
"THE COSMIC RAYS MADE HIM A LIVING **SPONGE** FOR THE RADIATION **ALL** MATTER GIVES OFF **NATURALLY.**
"HE **EXPENDS** THAT **PURE** ENERGY AS **MECHANICAL** ENERGY--HENCE, HIS **STRENGTH.**"

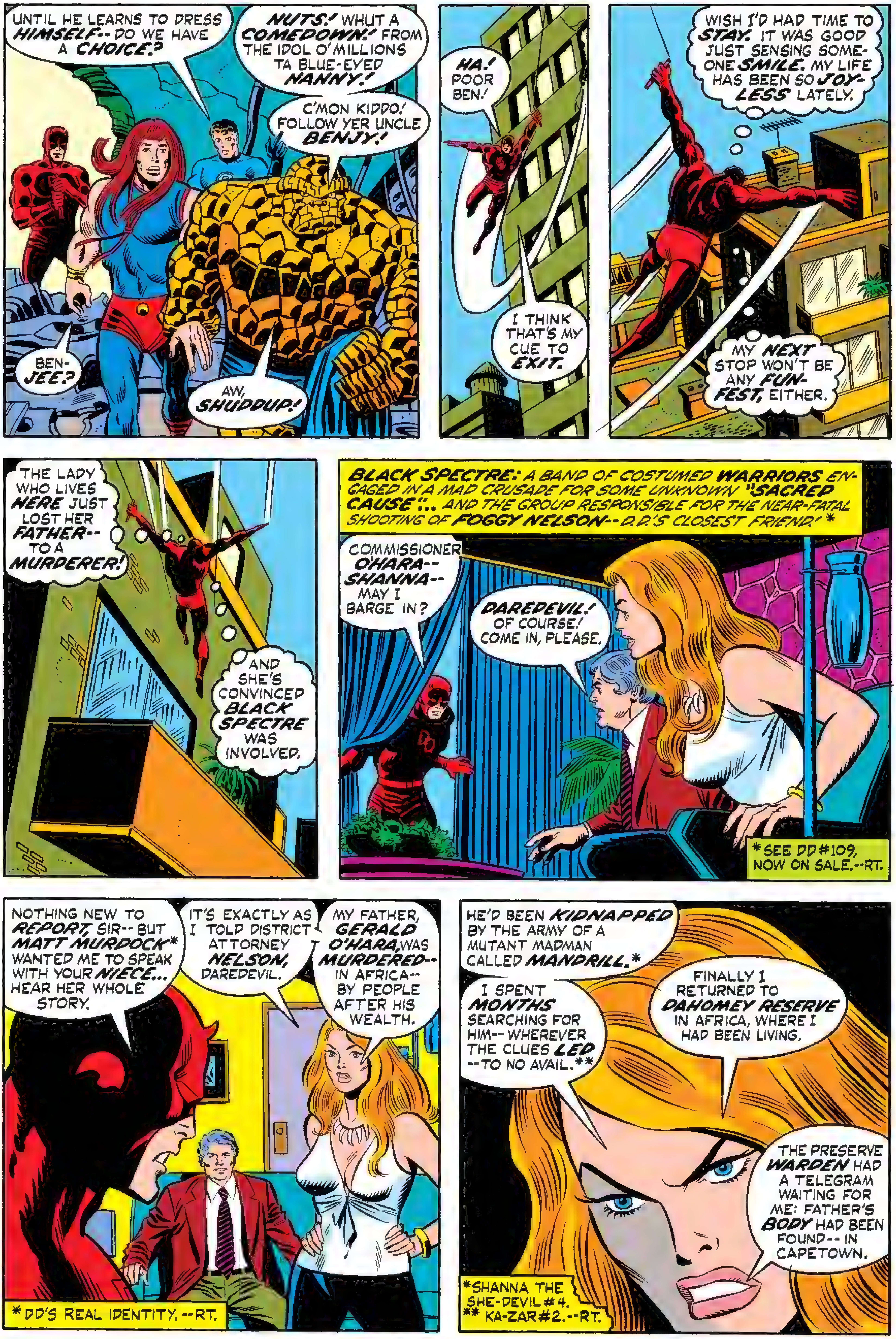

BUT THERE'S A LIMIT TO HOW MUCH ENERGY HIS BODY CAN STORE!
AND IF IT BUILDS UP IN HIM BEYOND THAT LIMIT-- UNNGH
BA-DOOM!
ENUFF, AWREADY! I SEE --I SEE! SHEESH!!
THE SHOCK WAVES EMANATE FROM WUNDARR'S BODY IN A PERFECT CIRCLE...
...HURLING BEN AND REED BACKWARD-- AND CHUNKS OF THE BAXTER BUILDING OUTWARD...
...TOWARD A CERTAIN UNSUSPECTING MAN WITHOUT FEAR!
EXPLOSION ...NEARBY...! COULD IT BE BLACK SPECTRE STRIKING AGAIN?
WAIT-- SOMETHING WHIZZING THRU THE AIR--!
CHUNKS OF STONE! DIDN'T HEAR IN TIME--!
AND THAT MAY HAVE COST ME MY LIFE!

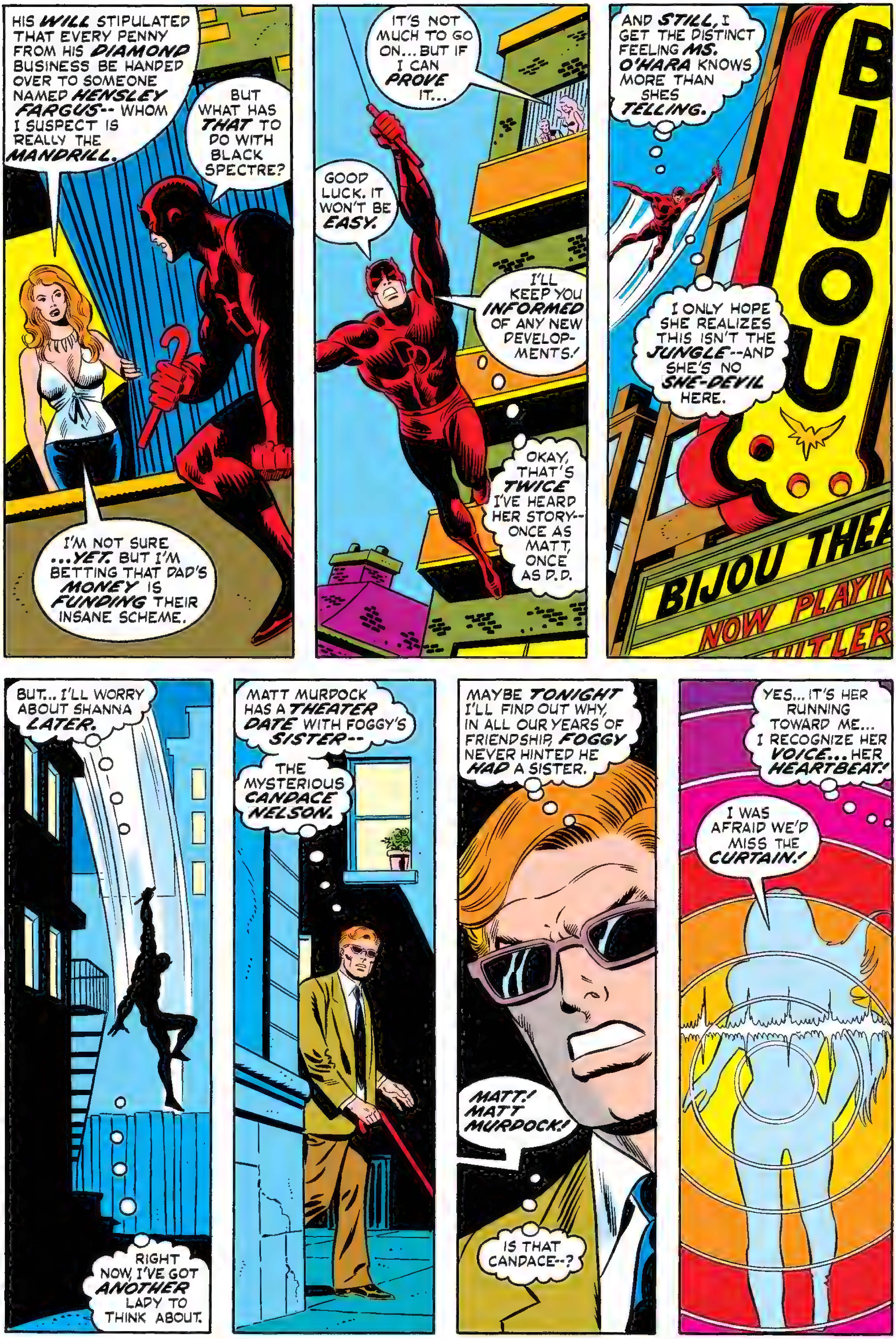

IT'S TIMES LIKE THIS I'M THANKFUL I'M **BLIND!** IF I COULD **SEE** THE GROUND RUSHING **UP** AT ME, I'D BE SCARED **SILLY!**
AND I'VE GOT TO STAY **CALM** --IF I'M GOING TO KEEP ON **LIVING!**
H-HOLY COW-- **LOOK** UP THERE!
DAREDEVIL! HE'LL BE **KILLED!** UNLESS-- SWING THAT **CRANE** AROUND! **NOW!**
THERE--! MY **RADAR SENSE** HAS SPOTTED AN A-1, BONA FIDE **LIFE-SAVER!**
IF I **BLOW** THIS, I'VE BLOWN **EVERYTHING!** SO-- **GRAB,** D.D.!
GOT IT! BUT-- I'M FALLING TOO **FAST--!**
CAN'T HANG **ON--!** HAVE TO DIVE FOR THAT **FLAGPOLE** BELOW!
SPROING
HOW **'BOUT** THAT! IT **HELD!** NOW IF I CAN JUST HIT THAT **AWNING** DOWN THERE...
...BEFORE THE **SIDE-WALK** HITS **ME--!**

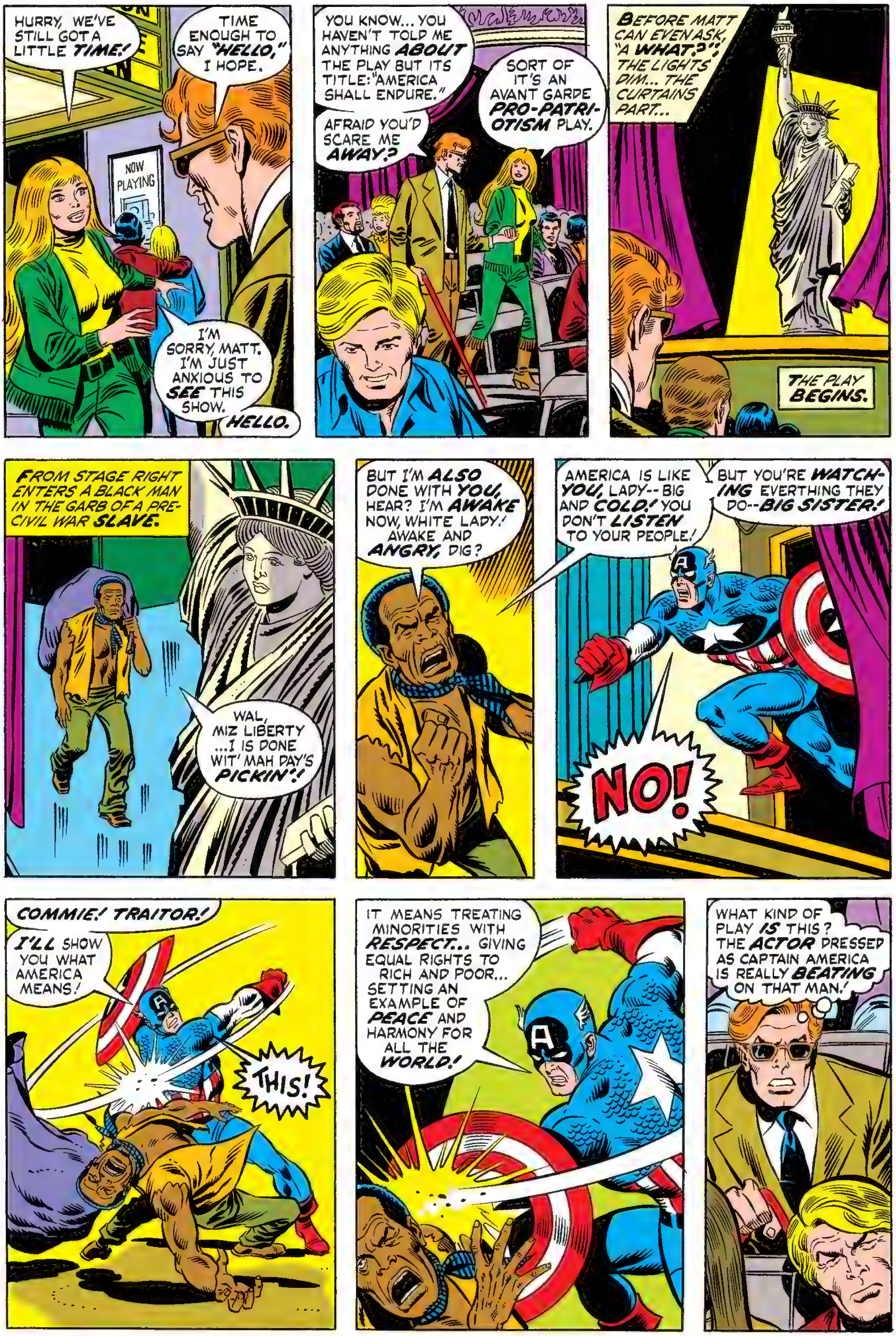

I DID IT! A FALL FROM FORTY STORIES UP--AND I SURVIVED!
THIS WON'T BE THE MOST GRACEFUL LANDING OF MY CAREER--
--BUT AT LEAST I'M STILL AROUND TO BE EMBARRASSED!
OUCH!
FANTASTIC! MOST AMAZING ACROBATIC DISPLAY I'VE EVER SEEN! TOO MUCH!
LET'S HEAR IT FOR DAREDEVIL, PEOPLE! HIP HIP--
HURRAY!
HURRAY?! I WAS ALMOST TOTALLED!!
AWRIGHT, AWRIGHT! MOVE ALONG --ALL 'A YA! THAT GOES FOR YOU, TOO, DAREDEVIL!
MAYBE YOU GOT TIME TO PLAY AROUND, BUT I'VE GOT TRAFFIC TO KEEP MOVIN'!
SURE, OFFICER ...BUT IF YOU COULD SPARE JUST A MOMENT...I WOULD LIKE TO KNOW WHAT CAUSED THAT EXPLOSION.
YOU SEE, IT NEARLY KILLED ME, SIR, AND--.
DON'T GET WISE WITH ME, HERO. IT CAME FROM UP ON TOP OF THE BAXTER BUILDING, THERE.
PROB'LY REED RICHARDS PLAYING MAD SCIENTIST AGAIN.
REED RICHARDS?
YOU KNOW, I RESPECT THAT MAN A LOT-- BUT THIS TIME, HE RATES A PIECE OF MY MIND!
BESIDES, THERES STILL THE SMALL MATTER OF MY BILLY CLUB!
IT'S UP THERE... TWISTING SLOWLY, SLOWLY IN THE WIND...
...DANGLING FROM THE ROOF OF THE F.F. HEADQUARTERS!
665
BAXTER BUILDING

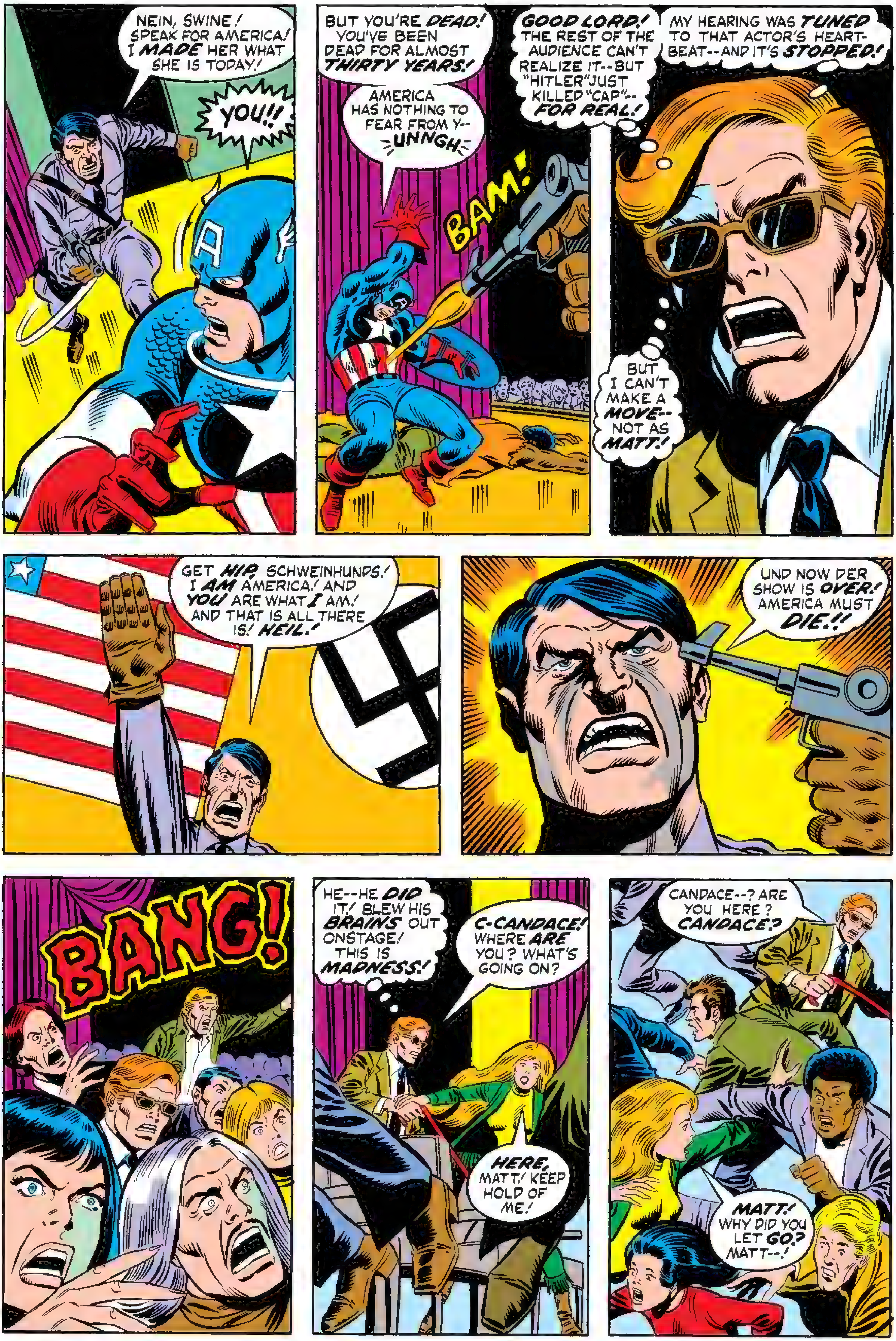

INSIDE--
NO CALL SWITCH ON THIS ELEVATOR!
AND IT'S THE ONLY ONE THAT GOES TO THE TOWER.
HEY, MISTER-- NO POINT TRYIN' TA GET UPSTAIRS IN THAT CAR.
YOU'D NEED ONE O' THE F.F.'S ELECTRICAL EYE "KEYS"!
OH, GREAT. THEN I'LL HAVE TO SCALE THE WALL TO GET THE BILLY CLUB BACK!
"SCALE THE--?" HEY! AIN'T YOU THAT HERO--CAP'N AMERICA?
NOPE. I'M DOCTOR DOOM. THAT'S WHAT THE "DD" STANDS FOR.
OH.
AT THAT MOMENT, THE PRIVATE ELEVATOR'S DOORS SLIDE OPEN, AND...
HEY, WHUT'S GOIN' ON DOWN HERE? IZZAT REALLY YOU, HORN-HEAD?
REED SENT ME DOWN TA MAKE SURE NOBODY GOT HURT FROM OUR EXPLODIN' WONDER-BOY!
THE THING--!
WUZ YOU OUT THERE? DIDJA SEE--?
TELL RICHARDS NOT TO WORRY. NO ONE WAS HARMED--EXCEPT ME!
LISTEN... I NEED YOUR HELP. I, EH, LEFT MY BILLY CLUB UP ON YOUR ROOF, AND...
YA DID WHUT?!
IT'S A LONG STORY. I'LL TELL YOU ON THE WAY UP.
SAVE IT, CHUM. I'M TOO BLAMED CONFUSED AWREADY! BUT HAVE I GOT A STORY FER YOU--!
AND, UPSTAIRS--
HEY, STRETCH! LOOK WHO I RAN INTA IN THE LOBBY! IT'S--
HUSH, BEN... THIS IS VERY DELICATE WORK I'M DOING.

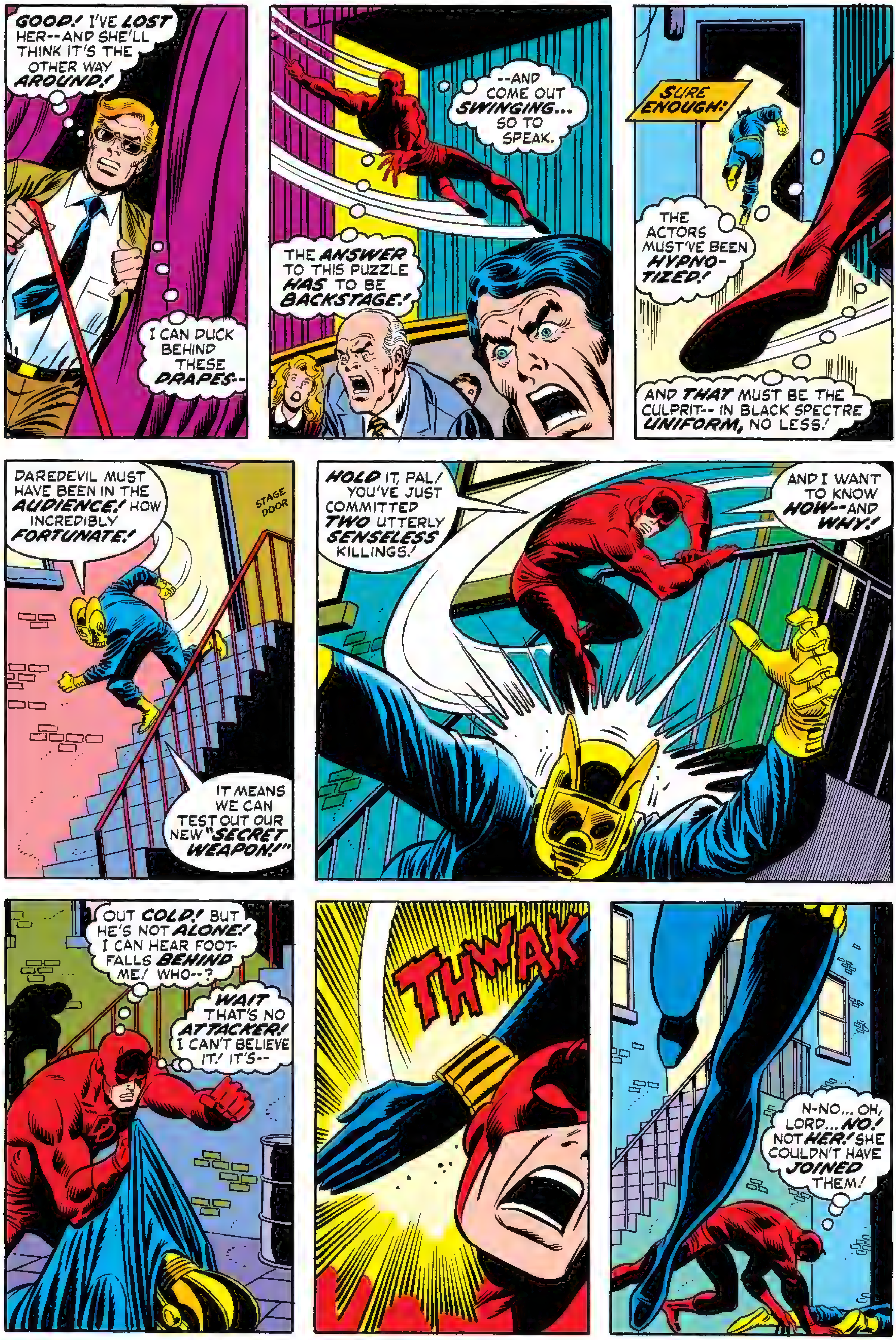

WUNDARR WILL **REMAIN** A WALKING **BOMB** UNLESS-- **OH!**
DAREDEVIL-- **HELLO!** HOW ARE YOU?
ANYWAY, AS I WAS SAYING, I CAN'T BE **DISTURBED** --NOT **NOW.**
PLEASE, BEN-- IT'S **VITAL.**
SURE, **SURE**-- IT'S **ALWAYS** VITAL. CHEE.!
WE AIN'T SEEN **D.D.** IN **YEARS**-- AN' YOU'D STILL RATHER TALK TA YER **TEST TUBES!**
C'MON, RED. LET'S FIND YER **STICK.**
YA **SURE** YA LEFT IT UP HERE? I DON'T **SEE** NUTHIN'--!
IT'D BE **OUTSIDE,** THING... THRU THE HOLE IN THE **WALL.**
YEP. RIGHT WHERE I LEFT IT-- OR IT LEFT **ME.** I'LL **CLIMB** OUT--
BUT BEFORE THE SIGHTLESS HERO CAN **ACT**--
HEY! NO FAIR--!
--A RUBBERY BLUE-CLAD **ARM** SNAKES OUT-- **SNARES** THE BILLY CLUB.
IT WAS THE **LEAST** I COULD DO, OLD FRIEND.
SORRY ABOUT MY **RUDENESS** A MOMENT AGO, BUT I HAD TO FINISH--
I UNDERSTAND. BEN **EXPLAINED** ABOUT **WUNDARR.**
THE STORY WAS SO **WEIRD...** IT HAD TO BE **TRUE.**
IT **IS** TRUE. WHICH IS WHY I WAS BUSY WITH **THIS.**
IT'S A NEW **COSTUME** FOR WUNDARR--TO **CONTAIN** HIS EXPLOSIVE POWER.
HELP HIM **ON** WITH IT, WILL YOU, BEN?
YA MEAN I GOTTA **DRESS** THE KID?

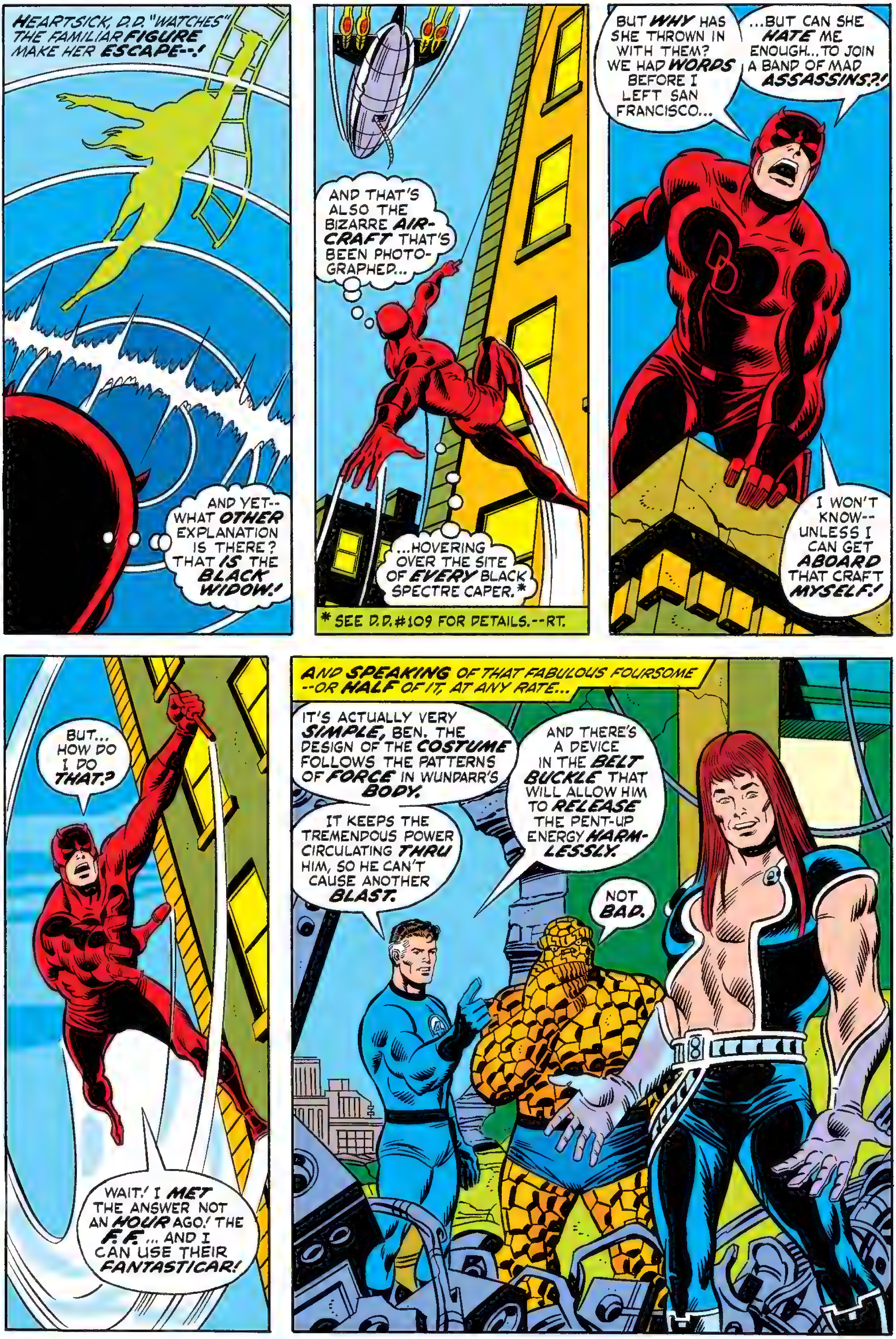

UNTIL HE LEARNS TO DRESS HIMSELF-- DO WE HAVE A CHOICE?
NUTS! WHUT A COMEDOWN! FROM THE IDOL O' MILLIONS TA BLUE-EYED NANNY!
C'MON KIDDO! FOLLOW YER UNCLE BENJY!
BEN-JEE?
AW, SHUDDUP!
HA! POOR BEN!
I THINK THAT'S MY CUE TO EXIT.
WISH I'D HAD TIME TO STAY. IT WAS GOOD JUST SENSING SOME-ONE SMILE. MY LIFE HAS BEEN SO JOY-LESS LATELY.
MY NEXT STOP WON'T BE ANY FUN-FEST, EITHER.
THE LADY WHO LIVES HERE JUST LOST HER FATHER-- TO A MURDERER!
AND SHE'S CONVINCED BLACK SPECTRE WAS INVOLVED.
BLACK SPECTRE: A BAND OF COSTUMED WARRIORS ENGAGED IN A MAD CRUSADE FOR SOME UNKNOWN "SACRED CAUSE"... AND THE GROUP RESPONSIBLE FOR THE NEAR-FATAL SHOOTING OF FOGGY NELSON-- D.D.'S CLOSEST FRIEND! *
COMMISSIONER O'HARA-- SHANNA-- MAY I BARGE IN?
DAREDEVIL! OF COURSE! COME IN, PLEASE.
*SEE DD #109, NOW ON SALE.--RT.
NOTHING NEW TO REPORT, SIR-- BUT MATT MURDOCK* WANTED ME TO SPEAK WITH YOUR NIECE... HEAR HER WHOLE STORY.
IT'S EXACTLY AS I TOLD DISTRICT ATTORNEY NELSON, DAREDEVIL.
MY FATHER, GERALD O'HARA, WAS MURDERED-- IN AFRICA-- BY PEOPLE AFTER HIS WEALTH.
*DD'S REAL IDENTITY. --RT.
HE'D BEEN KIDNAPPED BY THE ARMY OF A MUTANT MADMAN CALLED MANDRILL.*
I SPENT MONTHS SEARCHING FOR HIM-- WHEREVER THE CLUES LED --TO NO AVAIL.**
FINALLY I RETURNED TO DAHOMEY RESERVE IN AFRICA, WHERE I HAD BEEN LIVING.
THE PRESERVE WARDEN HAD A TELEGRAM WAITING FOR ME: FATHER'S BODY HAD BEEN FOUND-- IN CAPETOWN.
*SHANNA THE SHE-DEVIL #4.
** KA-ZAR #2.--RT.

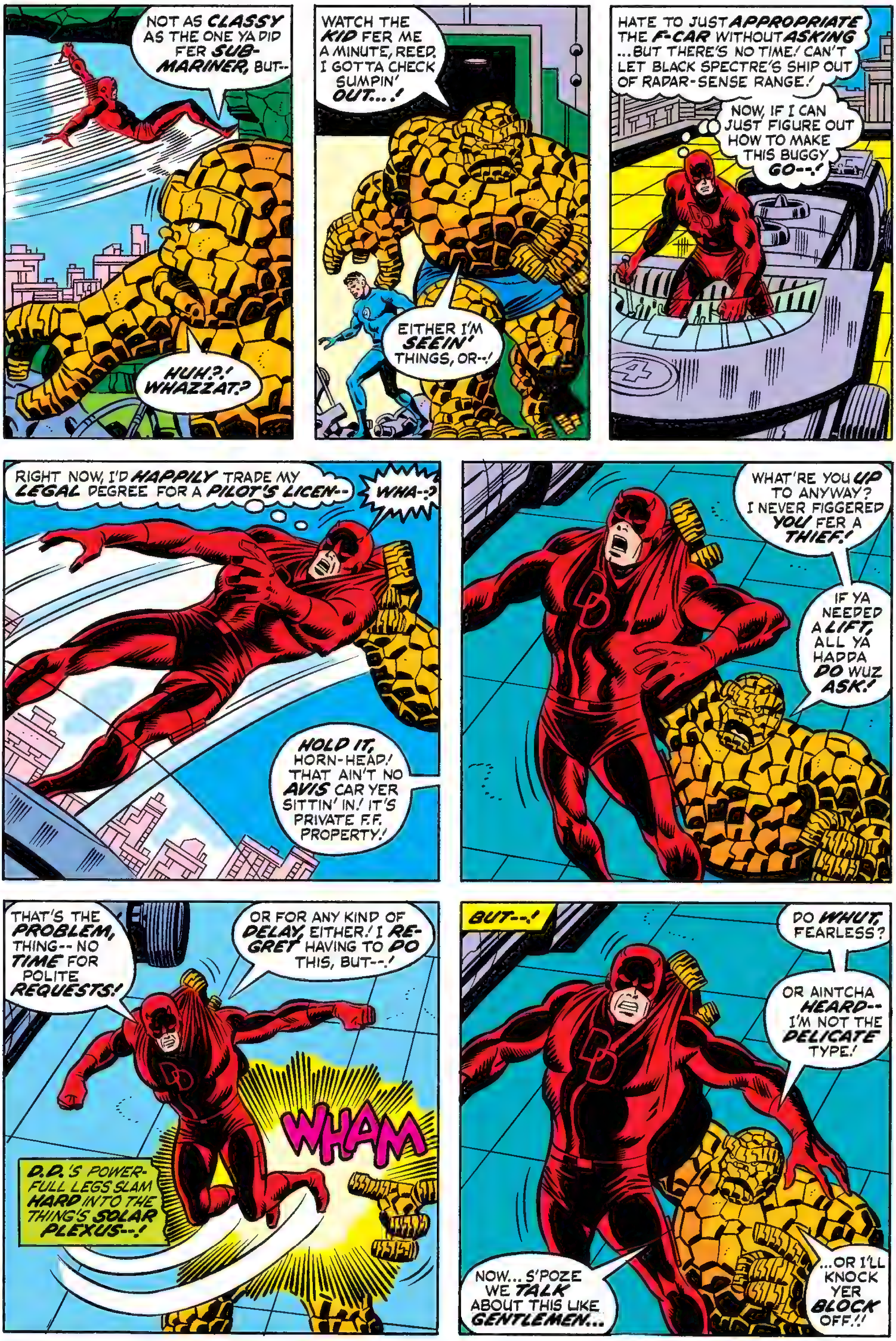

HIS WILL STIPULATED THAT EVERY PENNY FROM HIS DIAMOND BUSINESS BE HANDED OVER TO SOMEONE NAMED HENSLEY FARGUS-- WHOM I SUSPECT IS REALLY THE MANDRILL.
BUT WHAT HAS THAT TO DO WITH BLACK SPECTRE?
I'M NOT SURE ...YET. BUT I'M BETTING THAT DAD'S MONEY IS FUNDING THEIR INSANE SCHEME.
IT'S NOT MUCH TO GO ON... BUT IF I CAN PROVE IT...
GOOD LUCK. IT WON'T BE EASY.
I'LL KEEP YOU INFORMED OF ANY NEW DEVELOPMENTS.
OKAY, THAT'S TWICE I'VE HEARD HER STORY-- ONCE AS MATT, ONCE AS D.D.
AND STILL, I GET THE DISTINCT FEELING MS. O'HARA KNOWS MORE THAN SHES TELLING.
I ONLY HOPE SHE REALIZES THIS ISN'T THE JUNGLE--AND SHE'S NO SHE-DEVIL HERE.
BIJOU
BIJOU THEA
NOW PLAYIN
TLER
BUT... I'LL WORRY ABOUT SHANNA LATER.
RIGHT NOW, I'VE GOT ANOTHER LADY TO THINK ABOUT.
MATT MURDOCK HAS A THEATER DATE WITH FOGGY'S SISTER--
THE MYSTERIOUS CANDACE NELSON.
MAYBE TONIGHT I'LL FIND OUT WHY, IN ALL OUR YEARS OF FRIENDSHIP, FOGGY NEVER HINTED HE HAD A SISTER.
MATT! MATT MURDOCK!
IS THAT CANDACE--?
YES... IT'S HER RUNNING TOWARD ME... I RECOGNIZE HER VOICE... HER HEARTBEAT!
I WAS AFRAID WE'D MISS THE CURTAIN!

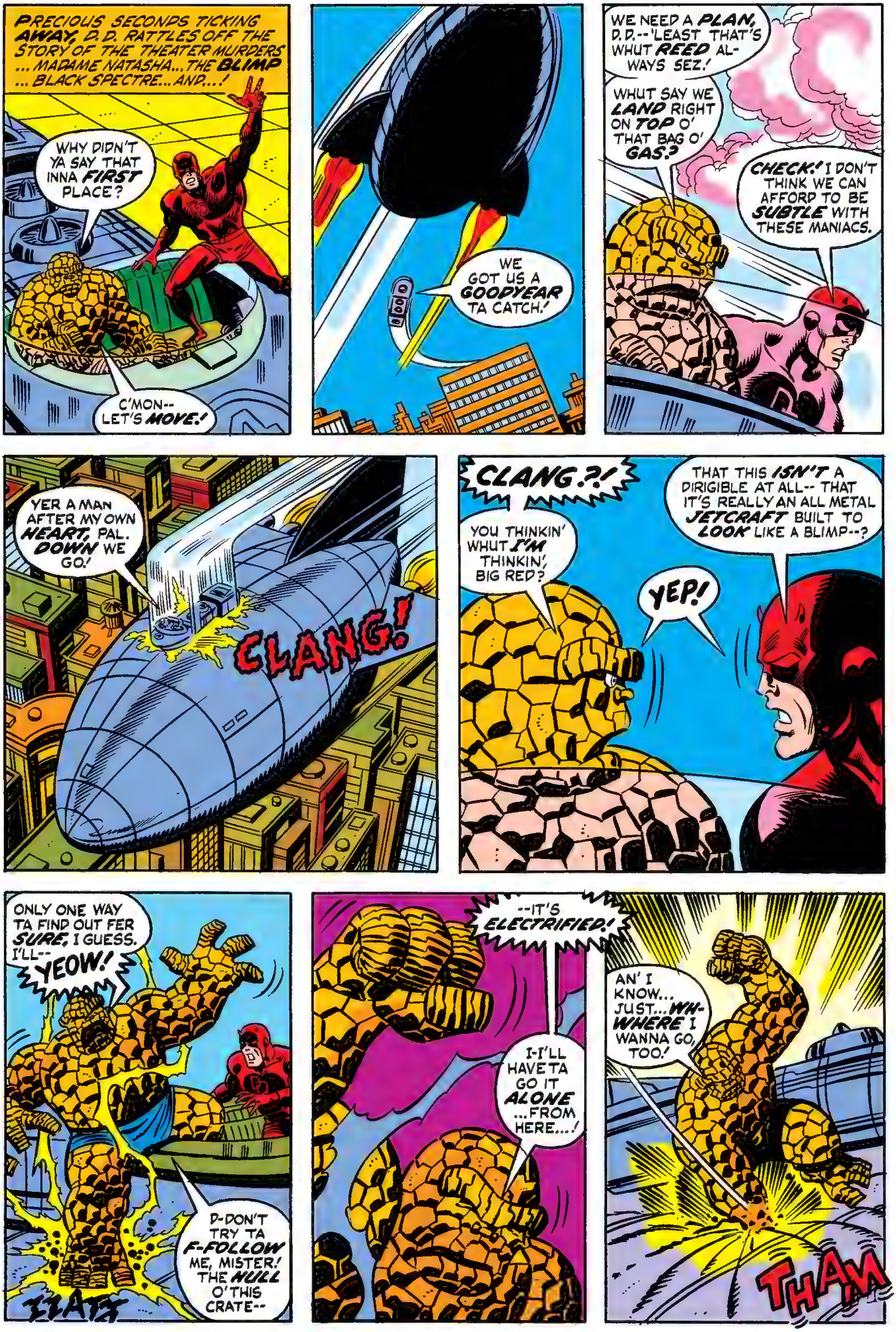

HURRY, WE'VE STILL GOT A LITTLE *TIME!*
TIME ENOUGH TO SAY *"HELLO,"* I HOPE.
NOW PLAYING
I'M SORRY, MATT. I'M JUST ANXIOUS TO *SEE* THIS SHOW.
HELLO.
YOU KNOW... YOU HAVEN'T TOLD ME ANYTHING *ABOUT* THE PLAY BUT ITS TITLE: "AMERICA SHALL ENDURE."
SORT OF IT'S AN AVANT GARDE *PRO-PATRIOTISM* PLAY.
AFRAID YOU'D SCARE ME *AWAY?*
BEFORE MATT CAN EVEN ASK, "A WHAT?", THE LIGHTS DIM... THE CURTAINS PART...
THE PLAY BEGINS.
FROM STAGE RIGHT ENTERS A BLACK MAN IN THE GARB OF A PRE-CIVIL WAR SLAVE.
WAL, MIZ LIBERTY ...I IS DONE WIT' MAH DAY'S *PICKIN'!*
BUT I'M *ALSO* DONE WITH *YOU,* HEAR? I'M *AWAKE* NOW, WHITE LADY! AWAKE AND *ANGRY,* DIG?
AMERICA IS LIKE *YOU,* LADY-- BIG AND *COLD!* YOU DON'T *LISTEN* TO YOUR PEOPLE!
BUT YOU'RE *WATCHING* EVERTHING THEY DO-- *BIG SISTER!*
NO!
COMMIE! TRAITOR!
I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT AMERICA MEANS!
THIS!
IT MEANS TREATING MINORITIES WITH *RESPECT...* GIVING EQUAL RIGHTS TO RICH AND POOR... SETTING AN EXAMPLE OF *PEACE* AND HARMONY FOR ALL THE *WORLD!*
WHAT KIND OF PLAY *IS* THIS? THE *ACTOR* DRESSED AS CAPTAIN AMERICA IS REALLY *BEATING* ON THAT MAN!

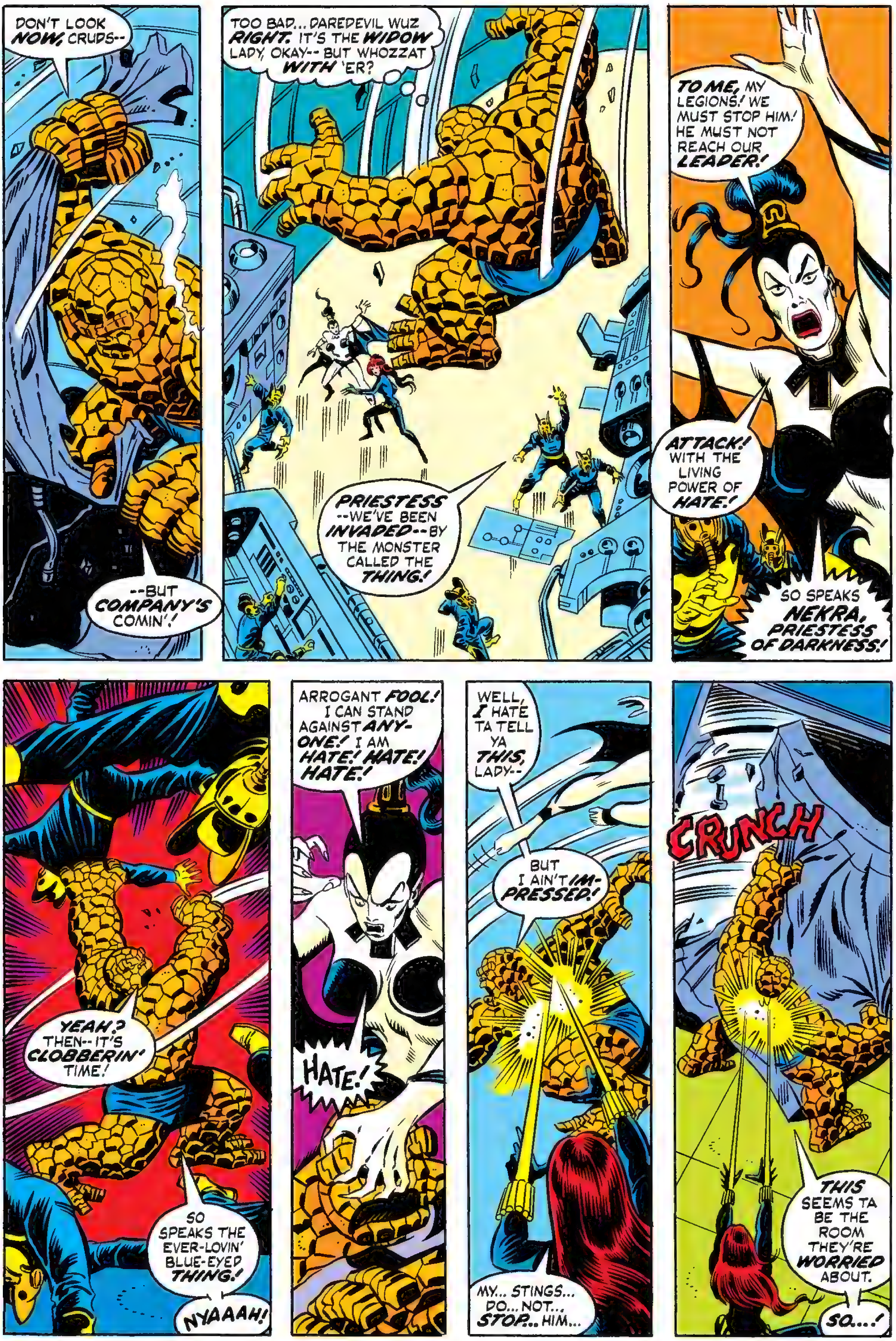

NEIN, SWINE! SPEAK FOR AMERICA! I MADE HER WHAT SHE IS TODAY!
YOU!!
BUT YOU'RE DEAD! YOU'VE BEEN DEAD FOR ALMOST THIRTY YEARS!
AMERICA HAS NOTHING TO FEAR FROM Y-- UNNGH
BAM!
GOOD LORD! THE REST OF THE AUDIENCE CAN'T REALIZE IT--BUT "HITLER" JUST KILLED "CAP"-- FOR REAL!
MY HEARING WAS TUNED TO THAT ACTOR'S HEART-BEAT--AND IT'S STOPPED!
BUT I CAN'T MAKE A MOVE-- NOT AS MATT!
GET HIP, SCHWEINHUNDS! I AM AMERICA! AND YOU ARE WHAT I AM! AND THAT IS ALL THERE IS! HEIL!
UND NOW DER SHOW IS OVER! AMERICA MUST DIE!!
BANG!
HE--HE DID IT! BLEW HIS BRAINS OUT ONSTAGE! THIS IS MADNESS!
C-CANDACE! WHERE ARE YOU? WHAT'S GOING ON?
HERE, MATT! KEEP HOLD OF ME!
CANDACE--? ARE YOU HERE? CANDACE?
MATT! WHY DID YOU LET GO? MATT--!

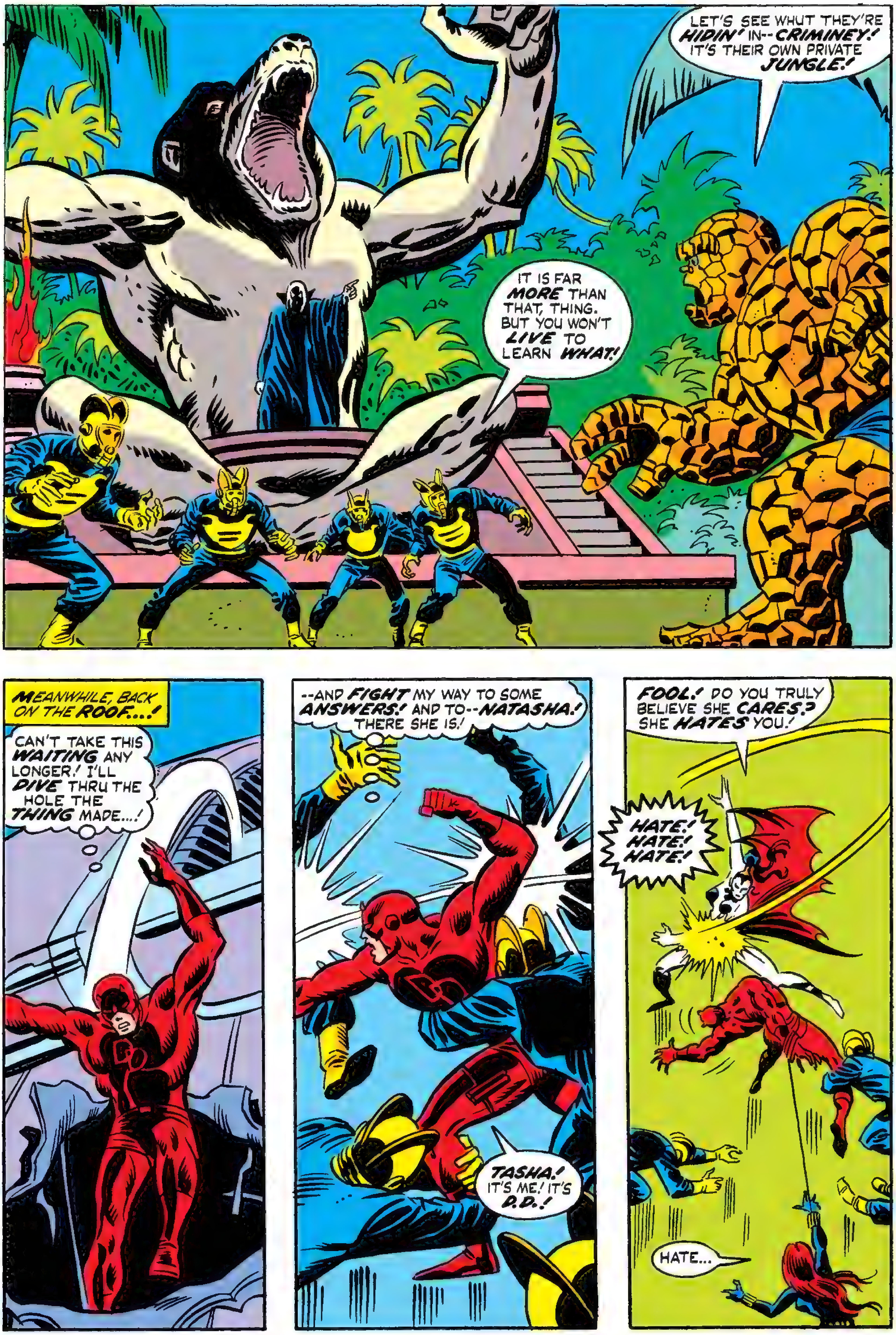

GOOD! I'VE LOST HER--AND SHE'LL THINK IT'S THE OTHER WAY AROUND!
I CAN DUCK BEHIND THESE DRAPES--
--AND COME OUT SWINGING... SO TO SPEAK.
THE ANSWER TO THIS PUZZLE HAS TO BE BACKSTAGE!
SURE ENOUGH:
THE ACTORS MUST'VE BEEN HYPNOTIZED!
AND THAT MUST BE THE CULPRIT-- IN BLACK SPECTRE UNIFORM, NO LESS!
DAREDEVIL MUST HAVE BEEN IN THE AUDIENCE! HOW INCREDIBLY FORTUNATE!
STAGE DOOR
IT MEANS WE CAN TEST OUT OUR NEW "SECRET WEAPON!"
HOLD IT, PAL! YOU'VE JUST COMMITTED TWO UTTERLY SENSELESS KILLINGS!
AND I WANT TO KNOW HOW--AND WHY!
OUT COLD! BUT HE'S NOT ALONE! I CAN HEAR FOOTFALLS BEHIND ME! WHO--?
WAIT THAT'S NO ATTACKER! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! IT'S--
THWAK
N-NO... OH, LORD... NO! NOT HER! SHE COULDN'T HAVE JOINED THEM!

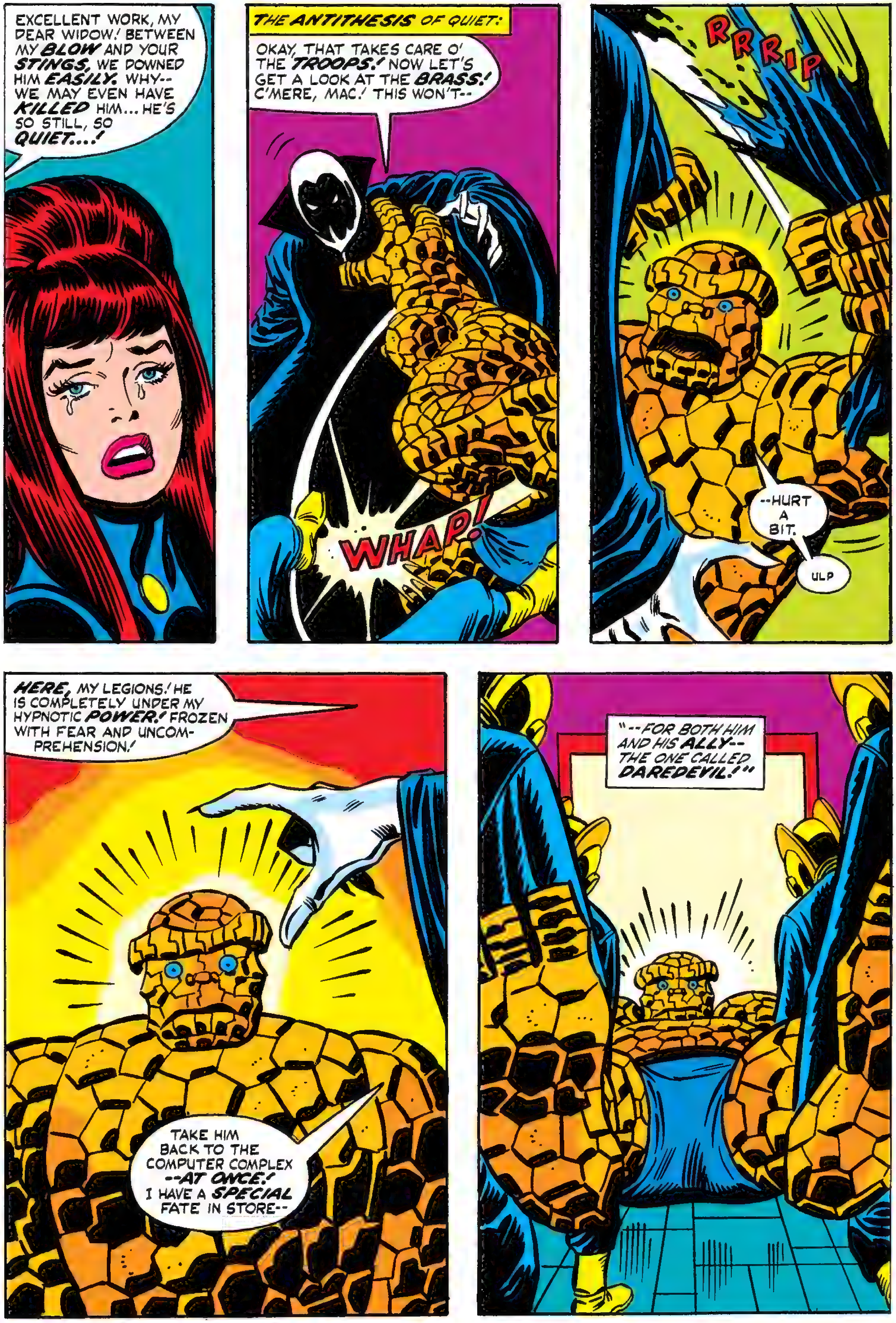

HEARTSICK, D.D. "WATCHES" THE FAMILIAR FIGURE MAKE HER ESCAPE--!
AND YET-- WHAT OTHER EXPLANATION IS THERE? THAT IS THE BLACK WIDOW!
AND THAT'S ALSO THE BIZARRE AIRCRAFT THAT'S BEEN PHOTOGRAPHED...
...HOVERING OVER THE SITE OF EVERY BLACK SPECTRE CAPER.*
* SEE D.D. #109 FOR DETAILS.--RT.
BUT WHY HAS SHE THROWN IN WITH THEM? WE HAD WORDS BEFORE I LEFT SAN FRANCISCO...
...BUT CAN SHE HATE ME ENOUGH...TO JOIN A BAND OF MAD ASSASSINS?!
I WON'T KNOW-- UNLESS I CAN GET ABOARD THAT CRAFT MYSELF!
BUT... HOW DO I DO THAT?
WAIT! I MET THE ANSWER NOT AN HOUR AGO! THE F.F. ... AND I CAN USE THEIR FANTASTICAR!
AND SPEAKING OF THAT FABULOUS FOURSOME --OR HALF OF IT, AT ANY RATE...
IT'S ACTUALLY VERY SIMPLE, BEN. THE DESIGN OF THE COSTUME FOLLOWS THE PATTERNS OF FORCE IN WUNDARR'S BODY.
IT KEEPS THE TREMENDOUS POWER CIRCULATING THRU HIM, SO HE CAN'T CAUSE ANOTHER BLAST.
AND THERE'S A DEVICE IN THE BELT BUCKLE THAT WILL ALLOW HIM TO RELEASE THE PENT-UP ENERGY HARMLESSLY.
NOT BAD.

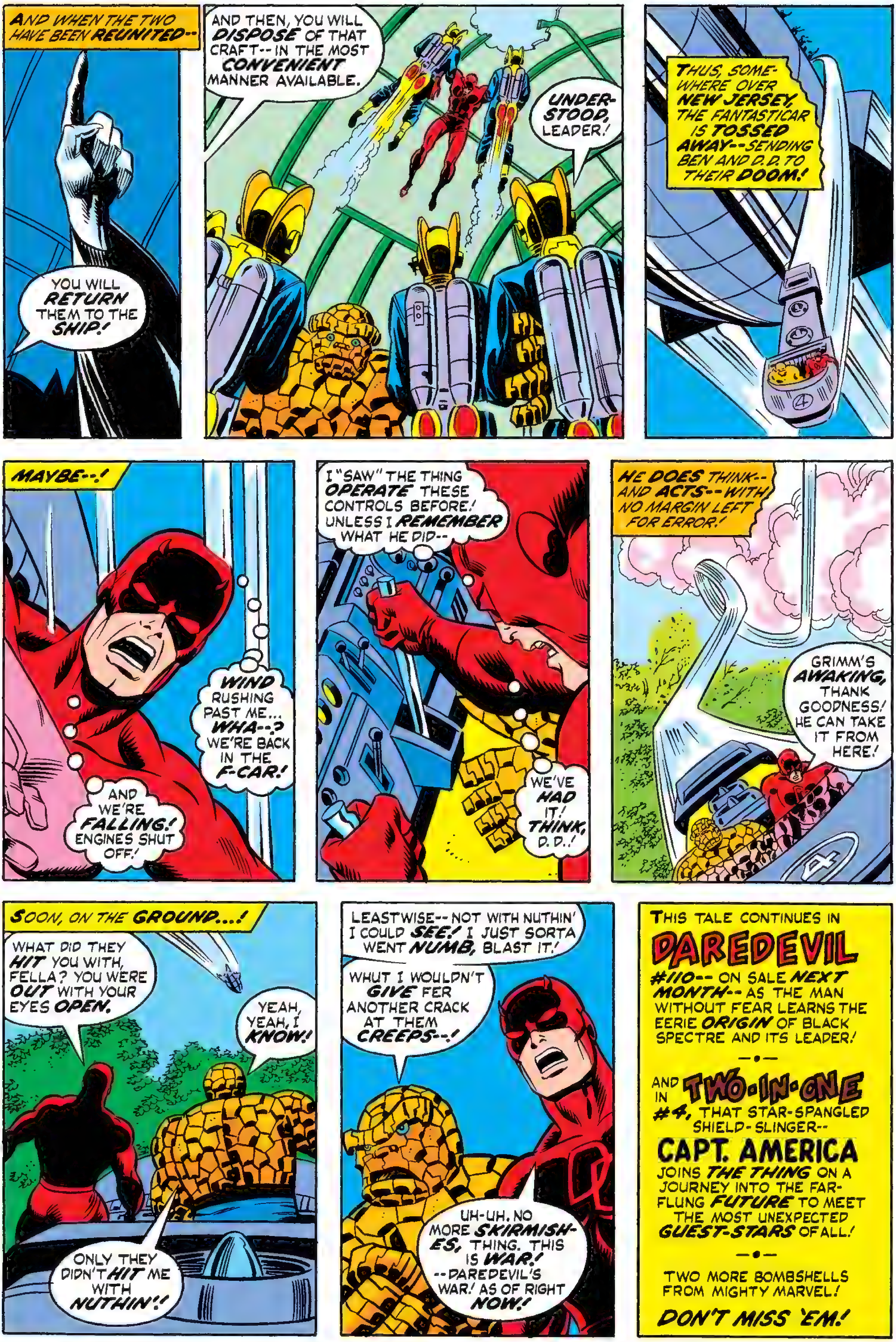

NOT AS CLASSY AS THE ONE YA DID FER SUB-MARINER, BUT--
HUH?! WHAZZAT?
WATCH THE KID FER ME A MINUTE, REED. I GOTTA CHECK SUMPIN' OUT...!
EITHER I'M SEEIN' THINGS, OR--!
HATE TO JUST APPROPRIATE THE F-CAR WITHOUT ASKING ...BUT THERE'S NO TIME! CAN'T LET BLACK SPECTRE'S SHIP OUT OF RADAR-SENSE RANGE!
NOW, IF I CAN JUST FIGURE OUT HOW TO MAKE THIS BUGGY GO--!
RIGHT NOW, I'D HAPPILY TRADE MY LEGAL DEGREE FOR A PILOT'S LICEN--
WHA--?
HOLD IT, HORN-HEAD! THAT AIN'T NO AVIS CAR YER SITTIN' IN! IT'S PRIVATE F.F. PROPERTY!
WHAT'RE YOU UP TO ANYWAY? I NEVER FIGGERED YOU FER A THIEF!
IF YA NEEDED A LIFT, ALL YA HADDA DO WUZ ASK!
THAT'S THE PROBLEM, THING-- NO TIME FOR POLITE REQUESTS!
OR FOR ANY KIND OF DELAY, EITHER! I REGRET HAVING TO DO THIS, BUT--!
WHAM
D.D.'S POWERFULL LEGS SLAM HARD INTO THE THING'S SOLAR PLEXUS--!
BUT--!
DO WHUT, FEARLESS?
OR AINTCHA HEARD-- I'M NOT THE DELICATE TYPE!
NOW... S'POZE WE TALK ABOUT THIS LIKE GENTLEMEN...
...OR I'LL KNOCK YER BLOCK OFF!!


PRECIOUS SECONDS TICKING AWAY, D.D. RATTLES OFF THE STORY OF THE THEATER MURDERS ... MADAME NATASHA...THE BLIMP ... BLACK SPECTRE...AND...!
WHY DIDN'T YA SAY THAT INNA FIRST PLACE?
C'MON-- LET'S MOVE!
WE GOT US A GOODYEAR TA CATCH!
WE NEED A PLAN, D.D.--'LEAST THAT'S WHUT REED ALWAYS SEZ!
WHUT SAY WE LAND RIGHT ON TOP O' THAT BAG O' GAS?
CHECK! I DON'T THINK WE CAN AFFORD TO BE SUBTLE WITH THESE MANIACS.
YER A MAN AFTER MY OWN HEART, PAL. DOWN WE GO!
CLANG!
CLANG?!
YOU THINKIN' WHUT I'M THINKIN', BIG RED?
THAT THIS ISN'T A DIRIGIBLE AT ALL-- THAT IT'S REALLY AN ALL METAL JETCRAFT BUILT TO LOOK LIKE A BLIMP--?
YEP!
ONLY ONE WAY TA FIND OUT FER SURE, I GUESS. I'LL--
YEOW!
ZZAT
D-DON'T TRY TA F-FOLLOW ME, MISTER! THE HULL O' THIS CRATE--
--IT'S ELECTRIFIED!
I-I'LL HAVE TA GO IT ALONE ...FROM HERE...!
AN' I KNOW... JUST...WH-WHERE I WANNA GO, TOO!
THAM


DON'T LOOK NOW, CRUDS--
--BUT COMPANY'S COMIN'!
TOO BAD... DAREDEVIL WUZ RIGHT. IT'S THE WIDOW LADY, OKAY-- BUT WHOZZAT WITH 'ER?
PRIESTESS --WE'VE BEEN INVADED--BY THE MONSTER CALLED THE THING!
TO ME, MY LEGIONS! WE MUST STOP HIM! HE MUST NOT REACH OUR LEADER!
ATTACK! WITH THE LIVING POWER OF HATE!
SO SPEAKS NEKRA, PRIESTESS OF DARKNESS!
YEAH? THEN--IT'S CLOBBERIN' TIME!
SO SPEAKS THE EVER-LOVIN' BLUE-EYED THING!
NYAAAH!
ARROGANT FOOL! I CAN STAND AGAINST ANY-ONE! I AM HATE! HATE! HATE!
HATE!
WELL, I HATE TA TELL YA THIS, LADY--
BUT I AIN'T IMPRESSED!
MY... STINGS... DO... NOT... STOP... HIM...
CRUNCH
THIS SEEMS TA BE THE ROOM THEY'RE WORRIED ABOUT.
SO...!


LET'S SEE WHUT THEY'RE *HIDIN'* IN--*CRIMINEY!* IT'S THEIR OWN PRIVATE *JUNGLE!*
IT IS FAR *MORE* THAN THAT, THING. BUT YOU WON'T *LIVE* TO LEARN *WHAT!*
MEANWHILE, BACK ON THE ROOF...!
CAN'T TAKE THIS *WAITING* ANY LONGER! I'LL *DIVE* THRU THE HOLE THE *THING* MADE...!
--AND *FIGHT* MY WAY TO SOME *ANSWERS!* AND TO--*NATASHA!* THERE SHE IS!
TASHA! IT'S ME! IT'S *D.D.!*
FOOL! DO YOU TRULY BELIEVE SHE *CARES?* SHE *HATES* YOU!
HATE! HATE! HATE!
HATE...


EXCELLENT WORK, MY DEAR WIDOW! BETWEEN MY BLOW AND YOUR STINGS, WE DOWNED HIM EASILY. WHY-- WE MAY EVEN HAVE KILLED HIM... HE'S SO STILL, SO QUIET...!
THE ANTITHESIS OF QUIET:
OKAY, THAT TAKES CARE O' THE TROOPS! NOW LET'S GET A LOOK AT THE BRASS! C'MERE, MAC! THIS WON'T--
WHAP!
RRRRIP
--HURT A BIT.
ULP
HERE, MY LEGIONS! HE IS COMPLETELY UNDER MY HYPNOTIC POWER! FROZEN WITH FEAR AND UNCOMPREHENSION!
TAKE HIM BACK TO THE COMPUTER COMPLEX --AT ONCE! I HAVE A SPECIAL FATE IN STORE--
"--FOR BOTH HIM AND HIS ALLY-- THE ONE CALLED DAREDEVIL!"

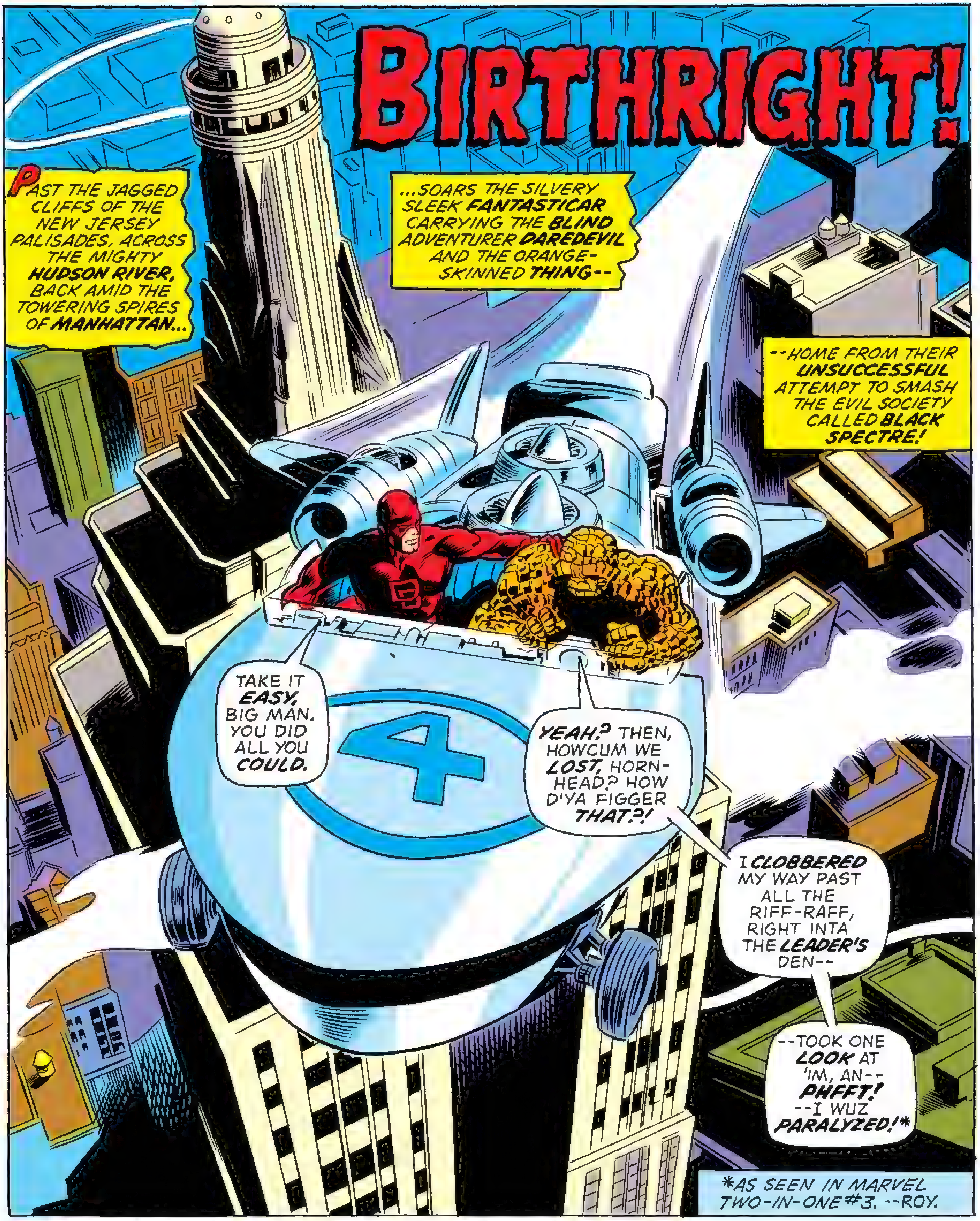

AND WHEN THE TWO HAVE BEEN REUNITED--
YOU WILL RETURN THEM TO THE SHIP!
AND THEN, YOU WILL DISPOSE OF THAT CRAFT-- IN THE MOST CONVENIENT MANNER AVAILABLE.
UNDERSTOOD, LEADER!
THUS, SOMEWHERE OVER NEW JERSEY, THE FANTASTICAR IS TOSSED AWAY-- SENDING BEN AND D.D. TO THEIR DOOM!
MAYBE--!
WIND RUSHING PAST ME... WHA--? WE'RE BACK IN THE F-CAR!
AND WE'RE FALLING! ENGINES SHUT OFF!
I "SAW" THE THING OPERATE THESE CONTROLS BEFORE! UNLESS I REMEMBER WHAT HE DID--
WE'VE HAD IT! THINK, D.D.!
HE DOES THINK-- AND ACTS-- WITH NO MARGIN LEFT FOR ERROR!
GRIMM'S AWAKING, THANK GOODNESS! HE CAN TAKE IT FROM HERE!
SOON, ON THE GROUND...!
WHAT DID THEY HIT YOU WITH, FELLA? YOU WERE OUT WITH YOUR EYES OPEN.
YEAH, YEAH, I KNOW!
ONLY THEY DIDN'T HIT ME WITH NUTHIN'!
LEASTWISE-- NOT WITH NUTHIN' I COULD SEE! I JUST SORTA WENT NUMB, BLAST IT!
WHUT I WOULDN'T GIVE FER ANOTHER CRACK AT THEM CREEPS--!
UH-UH. NO MORE SKIRMISHES, THING. THIS IS WAR! --DAREDEVIL'S WAR! AS OF RIGHT NOW!
THIS TALE CONTINUES IN DAREDEVIL #110-- ON SALE NEXT MONTH-- AS THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR LEARNS THE EERIE ORIGIN OF BLACK SPECTRE AND ITS LEADER!
AND IN TWO-IN-ONE #4, THAT STAR-SPANGLED SHIELD-SLINGER-- CAPT. AMERICA JOINS THE THING ON A JOURNEY INTO THE FAR-FLUNG FUTURE TO MEET THE MOST UNEXPECTED GUEST-STARS OF ALL!
TWO MORE BOMBSHELLS FROM MIGHTY MARVEL!
DON'T MISS 'EM!

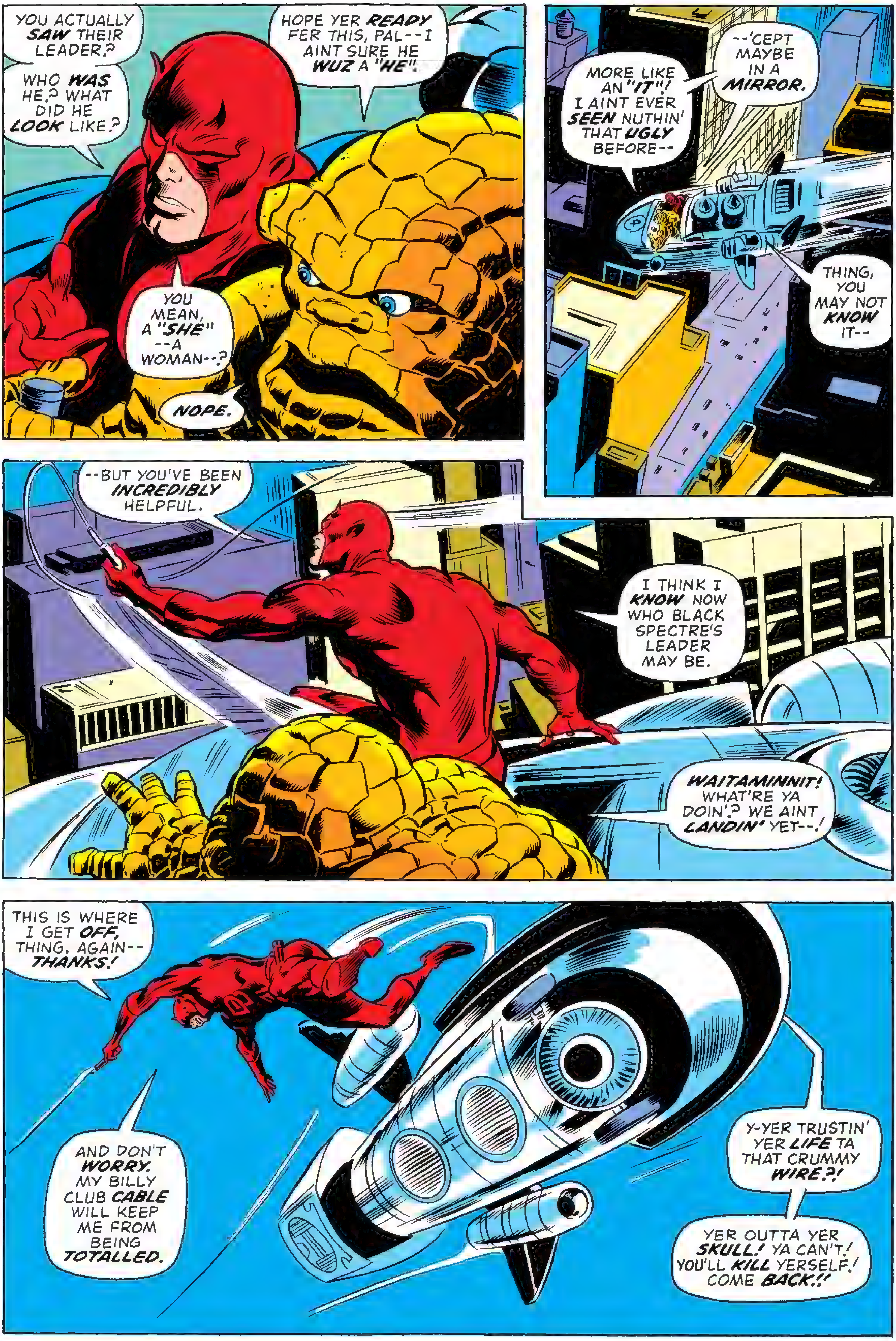
DAREDEVIL
MARVEL COMICS GROUP™
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
25¢
CC
110
JUNE
02459
DAREDEVIL®
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!
TM
TM
WHO IS THE MYSTERIOUS MASKED VILLAIN THEY CALL-- THE MASTER? D.D. FINDS OUT IN THIS GREAT ISSUE!
KILL HIM!
CO-STARRING The DEADLY BLACK WIDOW!
DAREDEVIL MUST DIE TONIGHT!

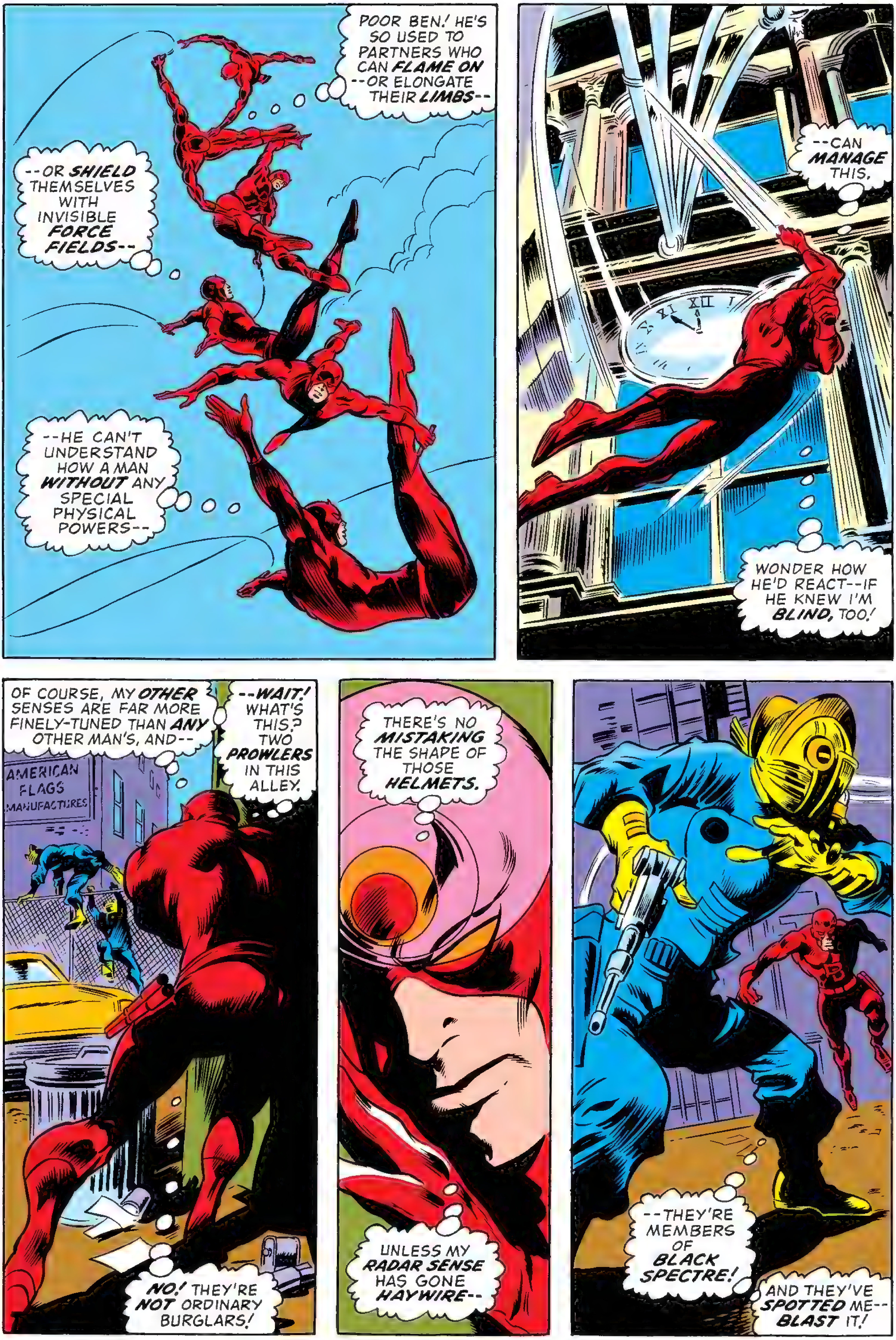
Stan Lee PRESENTS: DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!™

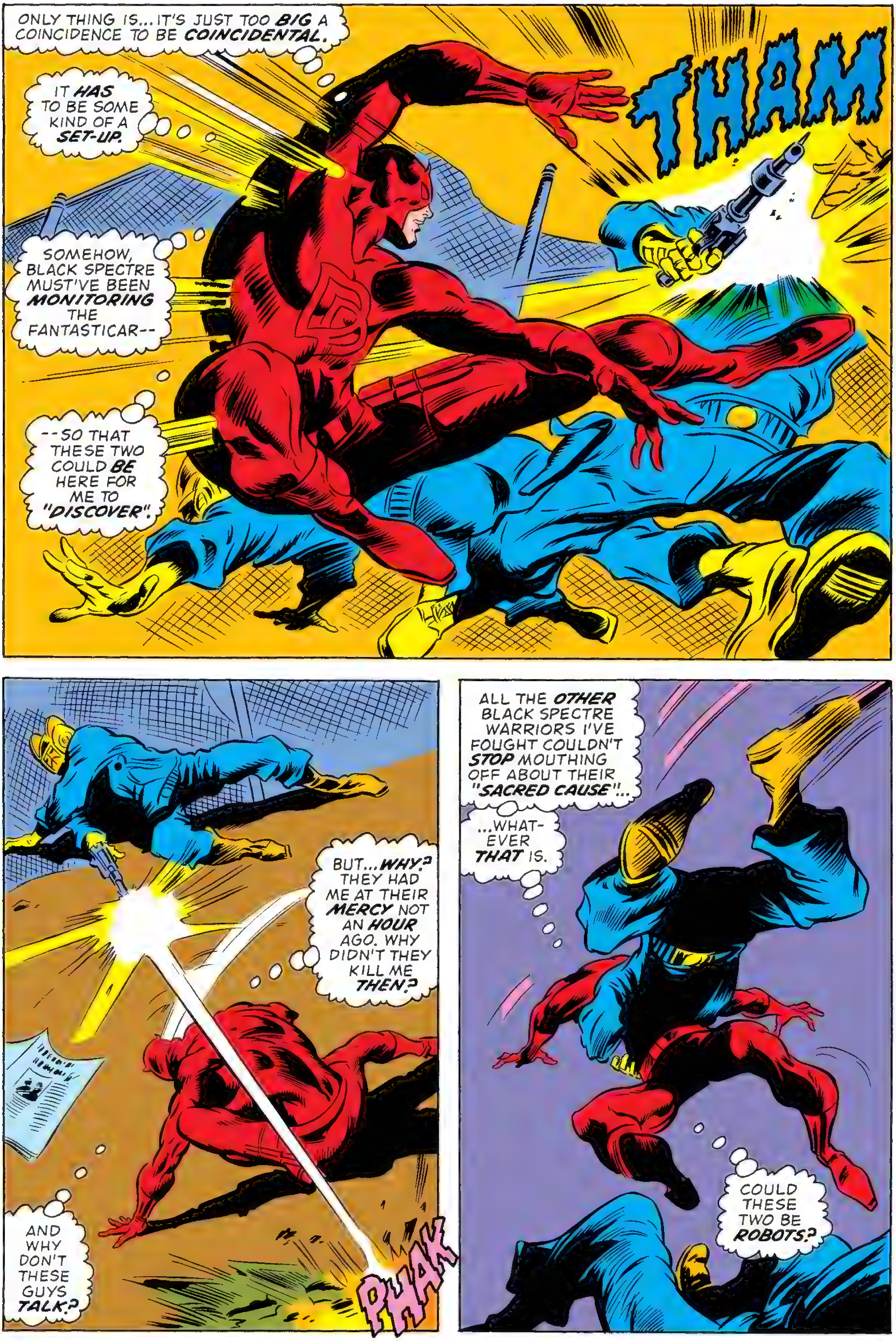
STEVE GERBER *WRITER* | GENE COLAN *ARTIST* | F. CHIARAMONTE *INKER* | ARTIE SIMEK, *LETTERER* L. LESSMANN, *COLORIST* | ROY THOMAS *EDITOR*

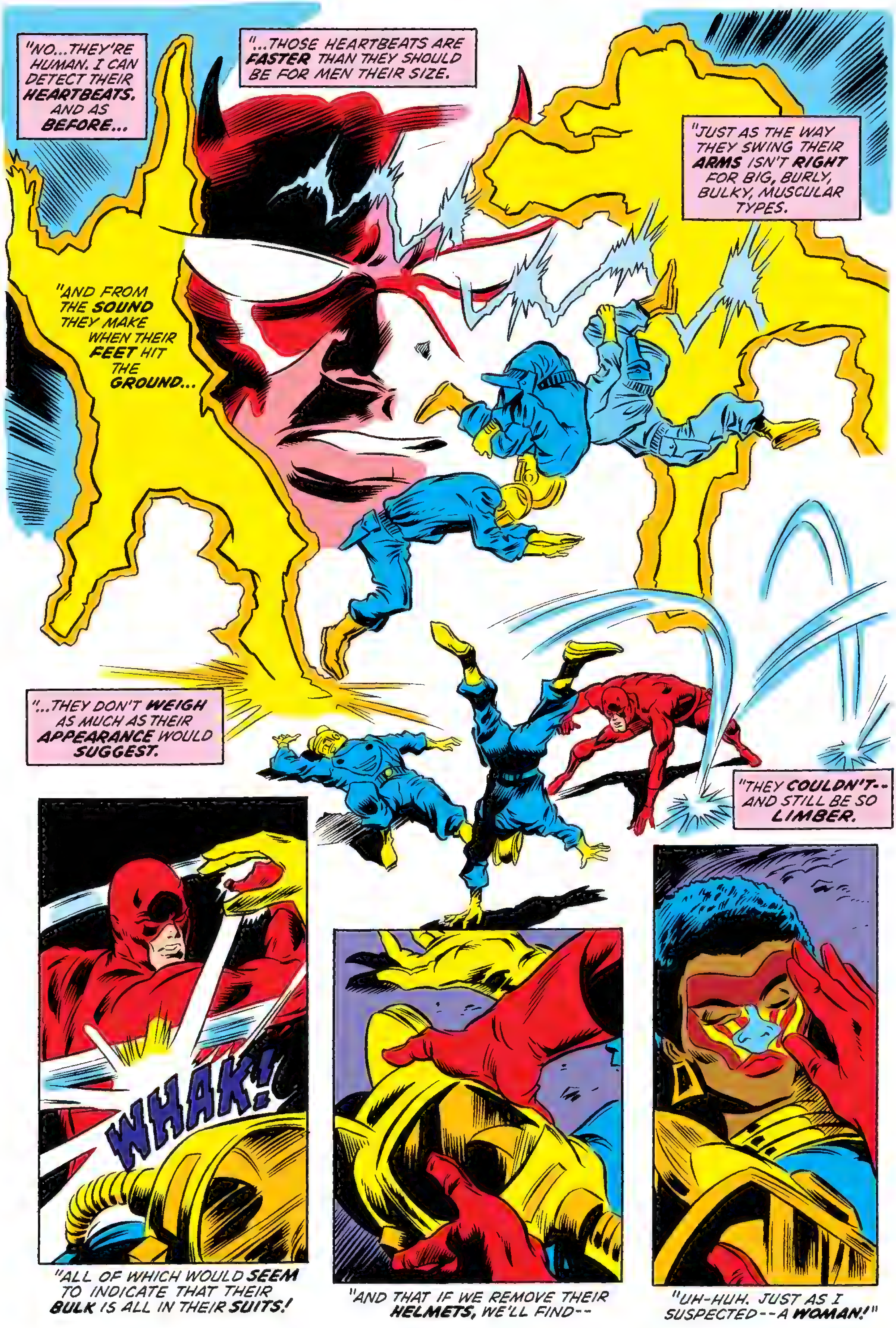
BIRTHRIGHT!

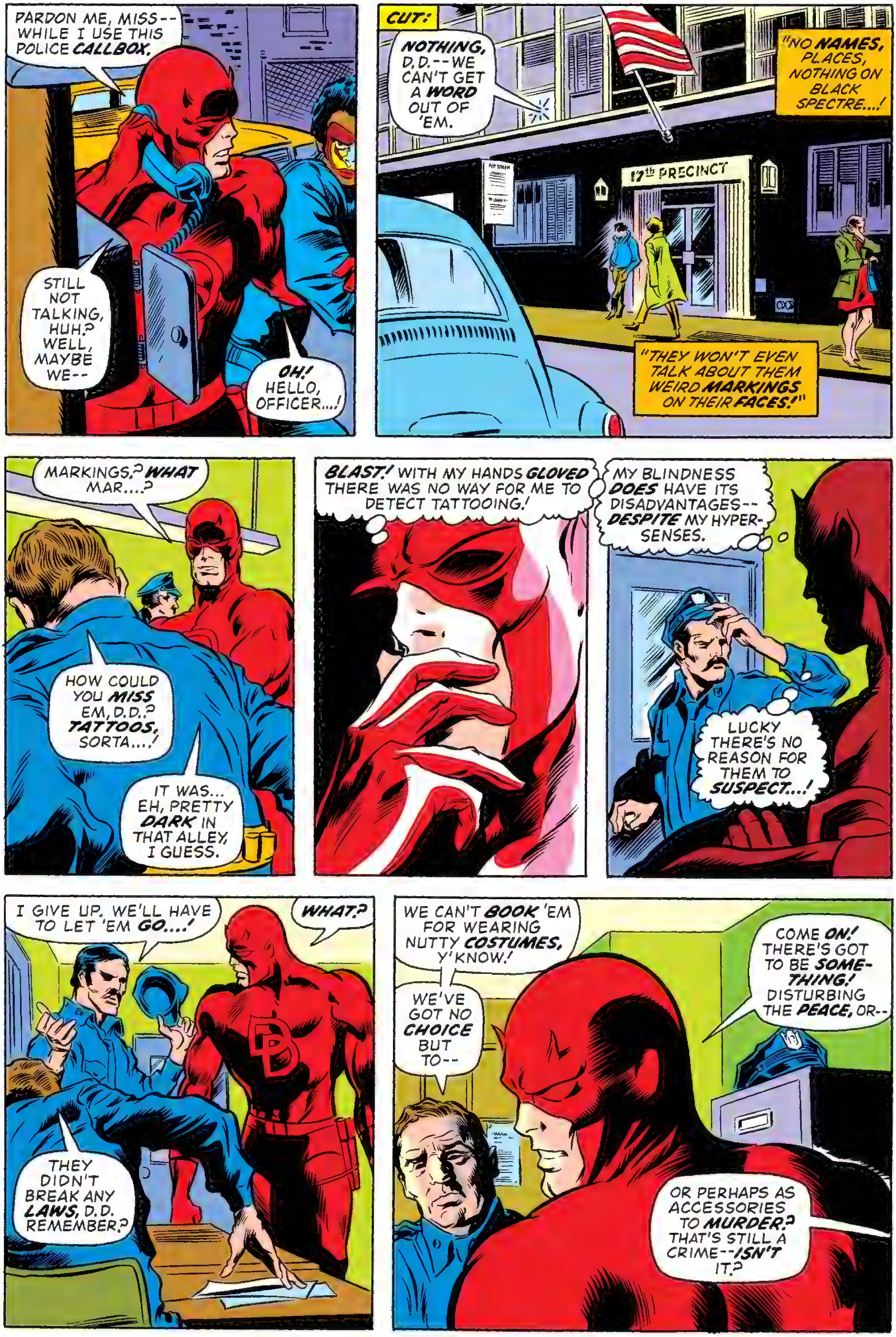

PAST THE JAGGED CLIFFS OF THE NEW JERSEY PALISADES, ACROSS THE MIGHTY HUDSON RIVER, BACK AMID THE TOWERING SPIRES OF MANHATTAN...
...SOARS THE SILVERY SLEEK FANTASTICAR CARRYING THE BLIND ADVENTURER DAREDEVIL AND THE ORANGE-SKINNED THING--
--HOME FROM THEIR UNSUCCESSFUL ATTEMPT TO SMASH THE EVIL SOCIETY CALLED BLACK SPECTRE!
TAKE IT EASY, BIG MAN. YOU DID ALL YOU COULD.
4
YEAH? THEN, HOWCUM WE LOST, HORN-HEAD? HOW D'YA FIGGER THAT?!
I CLOBBERED MY WAY PAST ALL THE RIFF-RAFF, RIGHT INTA THE LEADER'S DEN--
--TOOK ONE LOOK AT 'IM, AN-- PHFFT! --I WUZ PARALYZED!*
*AS SEEN IN MARVEL TWO-IN-ONE #3. --ROY.

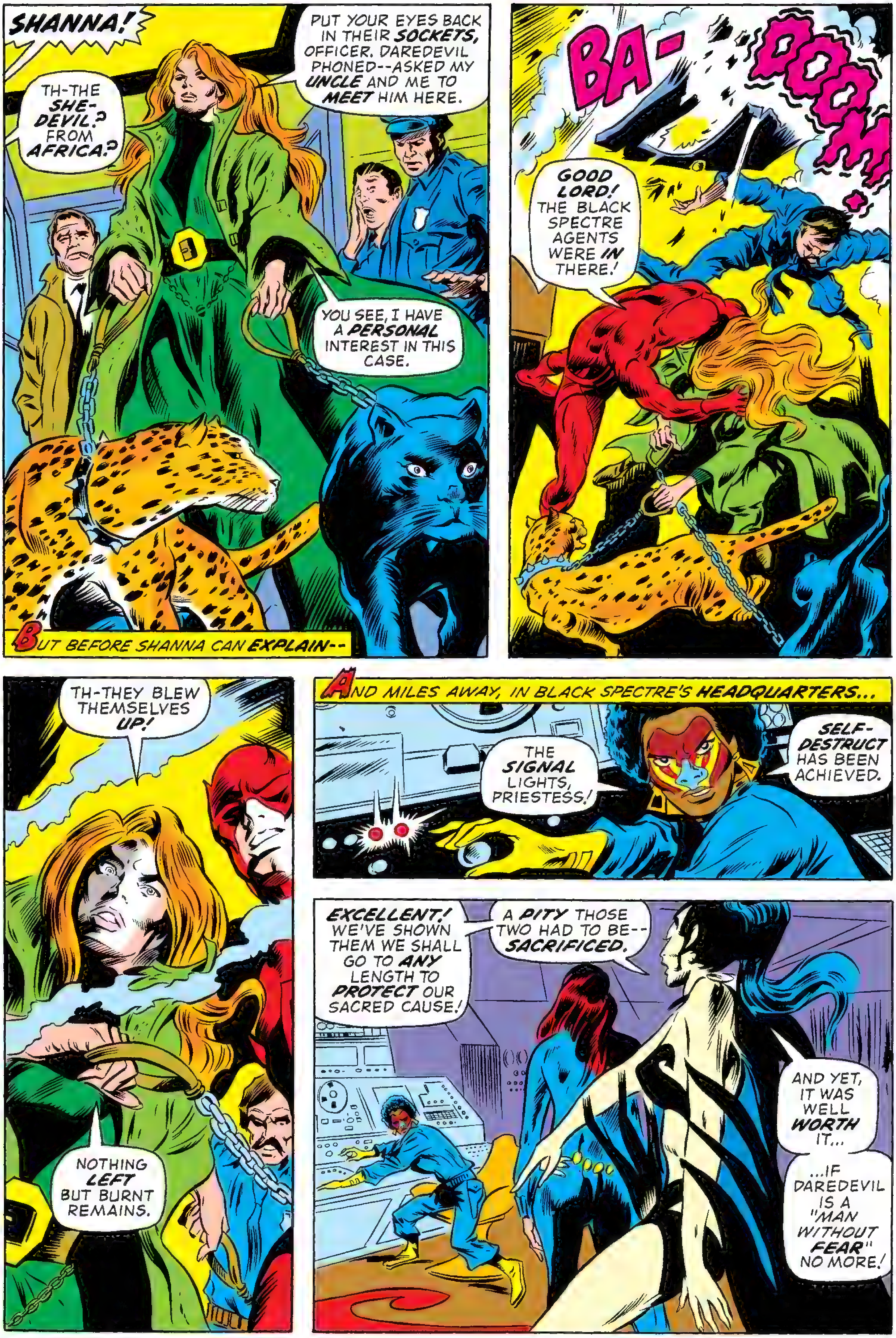

YOU ACTUALLY SAW THEIR LEADER?
WHO WAS HE? WHAT DID HE LOOK LIKE?
HOPE YER READY FER THIS, PAL--I AINT SURE HE WUZ A "HE".
YOU MEAN, A "SHE" --A WOMAN--?
NOPE.
MORE LIKE AN "IT"! I AINT EVER SEEN NUTHIN' THAT UGLY BEFORE--
--'CEPT MAYBE IN A MIRROR.
THING, YOU MAY NOT KNOW IT--
--BUT YOU'VE BEEN INCREDIBLY HELPFUL.
I THINK I KNOW NOW WHO BLACK SPECTRE'S LEADER MAY BE.
WAITAMINNIT! WHAT'RE YA DOIN'? WE AINT LANDIN' YET--!
THIS IS WHERE I GET OFF, THING. AGAIN--THANKS!
AND DON'T WORRY. MY BILLY CLUB CABLE WILL KEEP ME FROM BEING TOTALLED.
Y-YER TRUSTIN' YER LIFE TA THAT CRUMMY WIRE?!
YER OUTTA YER SKULL! YA CAN'T! YOU'LL KILL YERSELF! COME BACK!!

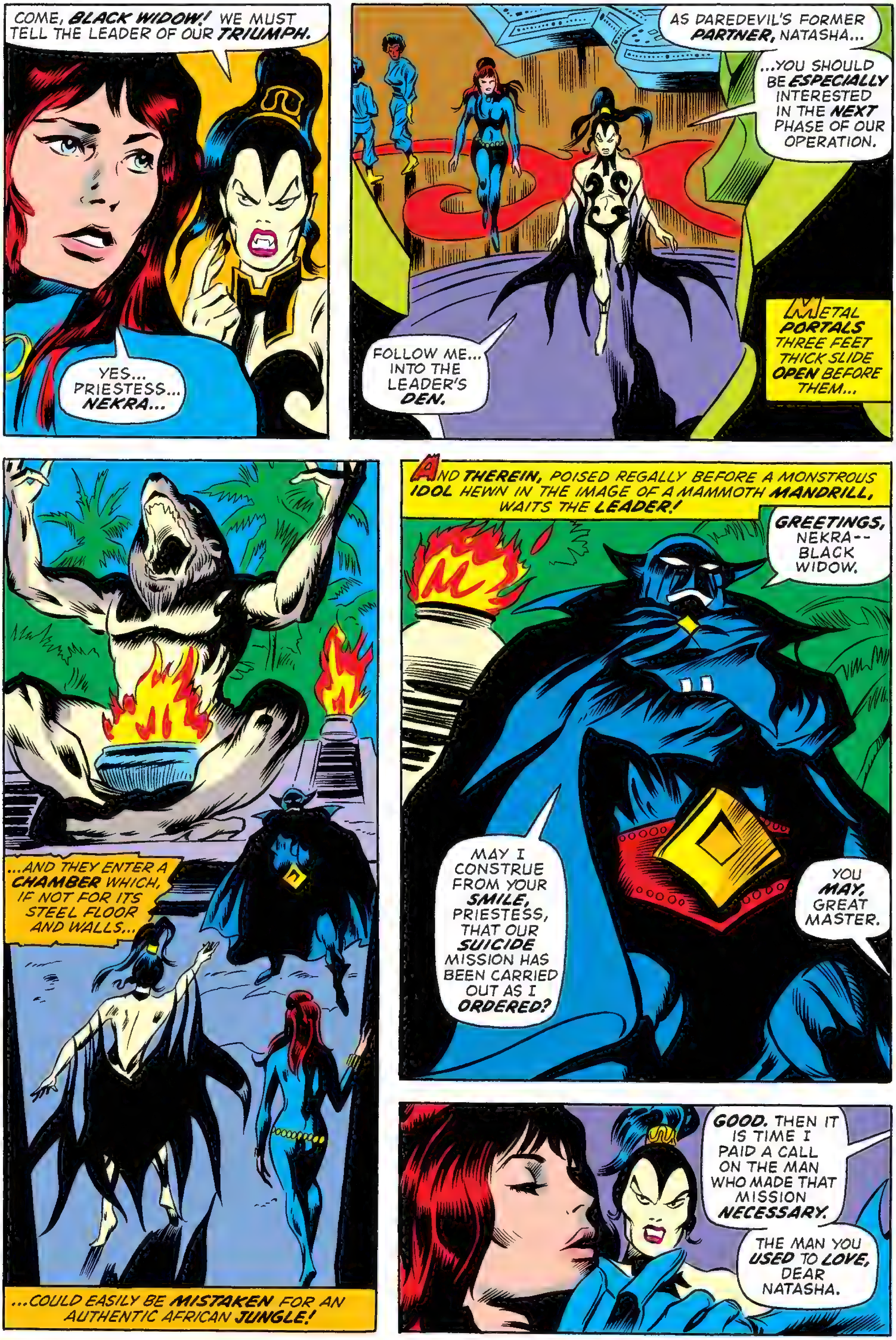

POOR BEN! HE'S SO USED TO PARTNERS WHO CAN *FLAME ON* --OR ELONGATE THEIR *LIMBS*--
--OR *SHIELD* THEMSELVES WITH INVISIBLE *FORCE FIELDS*--
--HE CAN'T UNDERSTAND HOW A MAN *WITHOUT* ANY SPECIAL PHYSICAL POWERS--
--CAN *MANAGE* THIS.
WONDER HOW HE'D REACT--IF HE KNEW I'M *BLIND*, TOO!
OF COURSE, MY *OTHER* SENSES ARE FAR MORE FINELY-TUNED THAN *ANY* OTHER MAN'S, AND--
--*WAIT!* WHAT'S THIS? TWO *PROWLERS* IN THIS ALLEY.
AMERICAN FLAGS MANUFACTURES
NO! THEY'RE *NOT* ORDINARY BURGLARS!
THERE'S NO *MISTAKING* THE SHAPE OF THOSE *HELMETS.*
UNLESS MY *RADAR SENSE* HAS GONE *HAYWIRE*--
--THEY'RE MEMBERS OF *BLACK SPECTRE!*
AND THEY'VE *SPOTTED* ME-- *BLAST* IT!

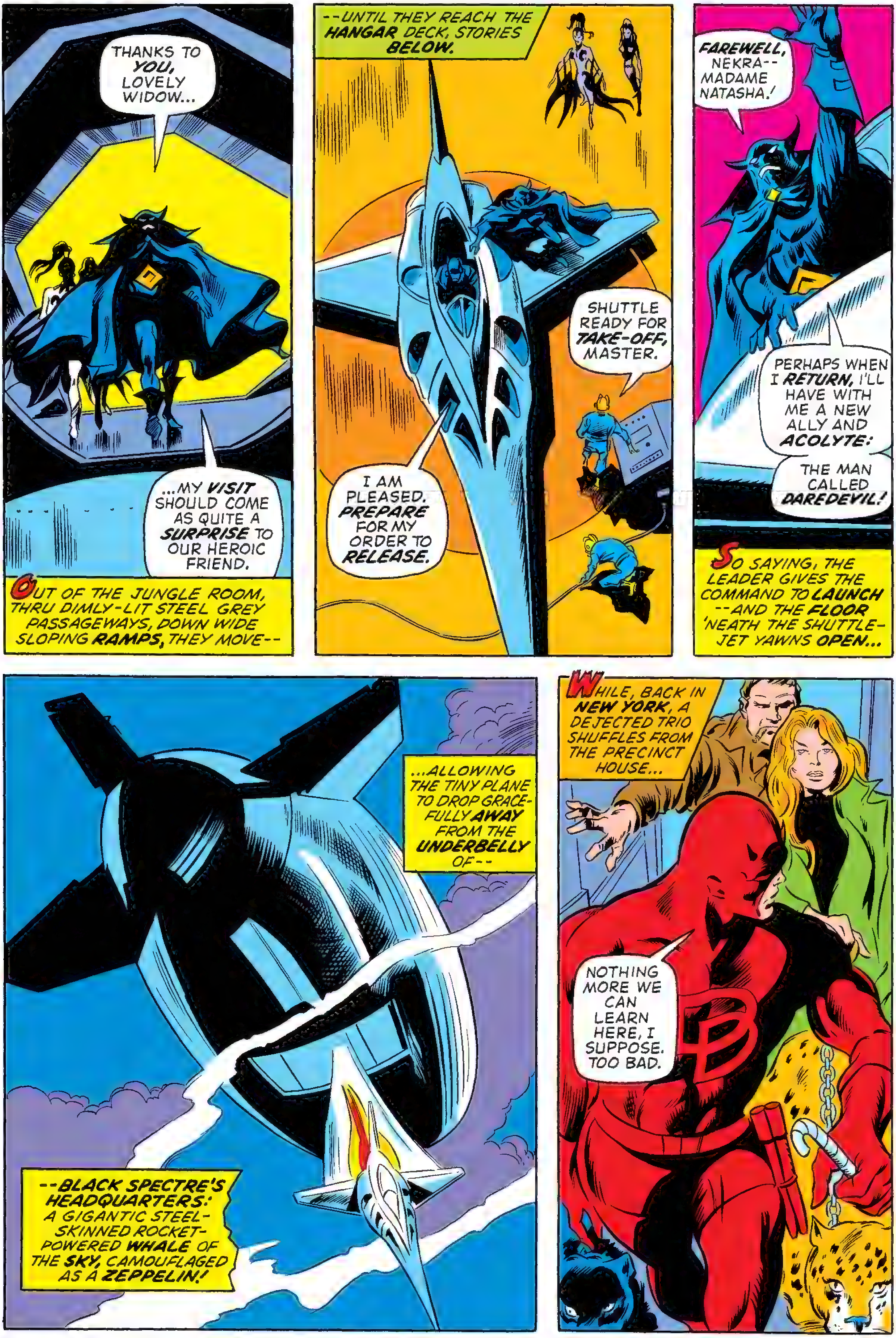

ONLY THING IS... IT'S JUST TOO **BIG** A COINCIDENCE TO BE **COINCIDENTAL.**
IT **HAS** TO BE SOME KIND OF A **SET-UP.**
THAM
SOMEHOW, BLACK SPECTRE MUST'VE BEEN **MONITORING** THE FANTASTICAR--
--SO THAT THESE TWO COULD **BE** HERE FOR ME TO **"DISCOVER".**
BUT... **WHY?** THEY HAD ME AT THEIR **MERCY** NOT AN **HOUR** AGO. WHY DIDN'T THEY KILL ME **THEN?**
AND WHY DON'T THESE GUYS **TALK?**
PHAK
ALL THE **OTHER** BLACK SPECTRE WARRIORS I'VE FOUGHT COULDN'T **STOP** MOUTHING OFF ABOUT THEIR **"SACRED CAUSE"...**
...WHAT-EVER **THAT** IS.
COULD THESE TWO BE **ROBOTS?**

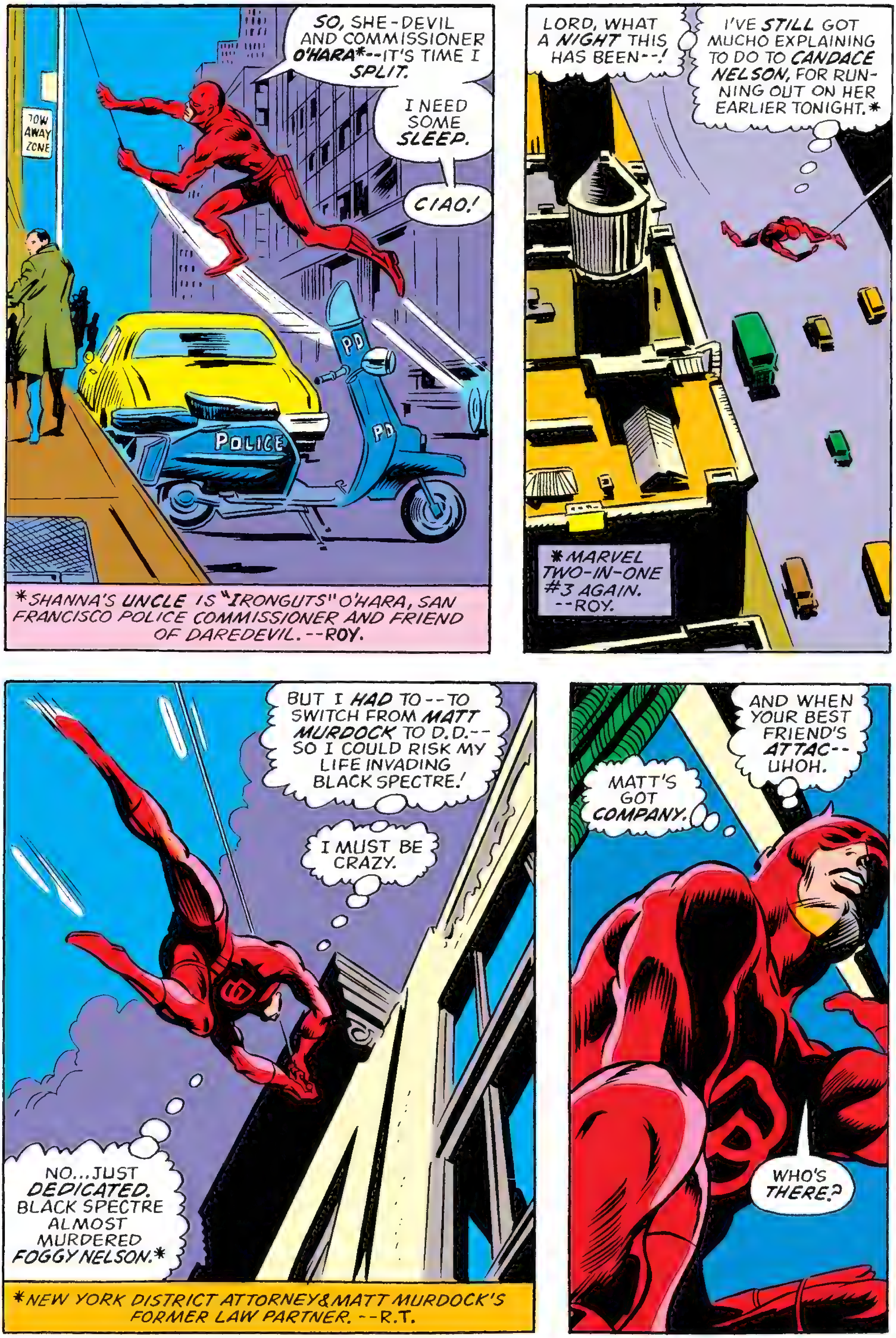

"NO...THEY'RE HUMAN. I CAN DETECT THEIR **HEARTBEATS.** AND AS **BEFORE...**
"...THOSE HEARTBEATS ARE **FASTER** THAN THEY SHOULD BE FOR MEN THEIR SIZE.
"JUST AS THE WAY THEY SWING THEIR **ARMS** ISN'T **RIGHT** FOR BIG, BURLY, BULKY, MUSCULAR TYPES.
"AND FROM THE **SOUND** THEY MAKE WHEN THEIR **FEET** HIT THE **GROUND...**
"...THEY DON'T **WEIGH** AS MUCH AS THEIR **APPEARANCE** WOULD **SUGGEST.**
"THEY **COULDN'T**--AND STILL BE SO **LIMBER.**
WHAK!
"ALL OF WHICH WOULD **SEEM** TO INDICATE THAT THEIR **BULK** IS ALL IN THEIR **SUITS!**
"AND THAT IF WE REMOVE THEIR **HELMETS,** WE'LL FIND--
"UH-HUH. JUST AS I SUSPECTED--A **WOMAN!**"

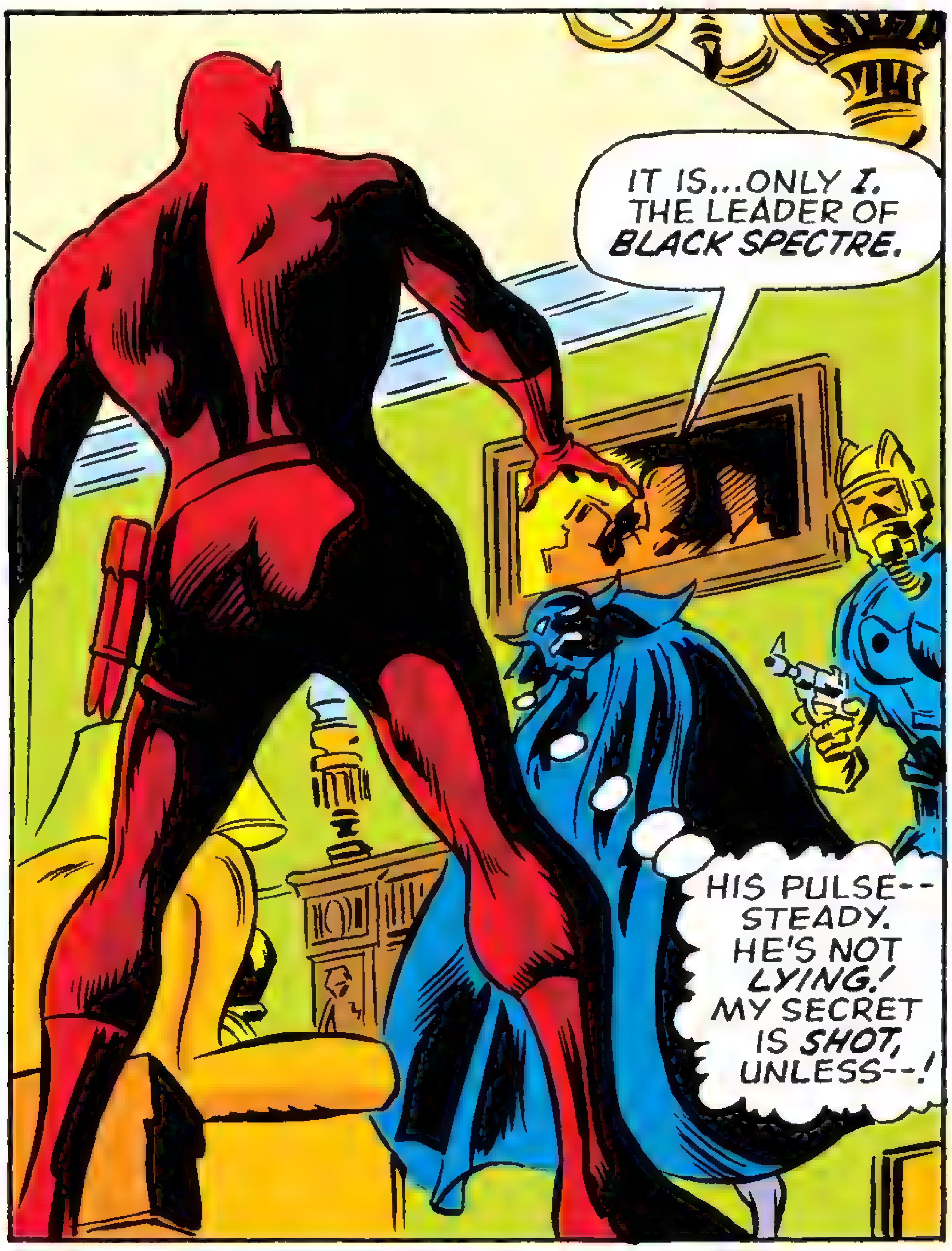

PARDON ME, MISS-- WHILE I USE THIS POLICE CALLBOX.
STILL NOT TALKING, HUH? WELL, MAYBE WE--
OH! HELLO, OFFICER...!
CUT:
NOTHING, D.D.--WE CAN'T GET A WORD OUT OF 'EM.
"NO NAMES, PLACES, NOTHING ON BLACK SPECTRE...!
17th PRECINCT
"THEY WON'T EVEN TALK ABOUT THEM WEIRD MARKINGS ON THEIR FACES!"
MARKINGS? WHAT MAR....?
HOW COULD YOU MISS EM, D.D.? TATTOOS, SORTA....!
IT WAS... EH, PRETTY DARK IN THAT ALLEY, I GUESS.
BLAST! WITH MY HANDS GLOVED THERE WAS NO WAY FOR ME TO DETECT TATTOOING!
MY BLINDNESS DOES HAVE ITS DISADVANTAGES-- DESPITE MY HYPER-SENSES.
LUCKY THERE'S NO REASON FOR THEM TO SUSPECT...!
I GIVE UP. WE'LL HAVE TO LET 'EM GO....!
WHAT?
THEY DIDN'T BREAK ANY LAWS, D.D. REMEMBER?
WE CAN'T BOOK 'EM FOR WEARING NUTTY COSTUMES, Y'KNOW!
WE'VE GOT NO CHOICE BUT TO--
COME ON! THERE'S GOT TO BE SOMETHING! DISTURBING THE PEACE, OR--
OR PERHAPS AS ACCESSORIES TO MURDER? THAT'S STILL A CRIME--ISN'T IT?

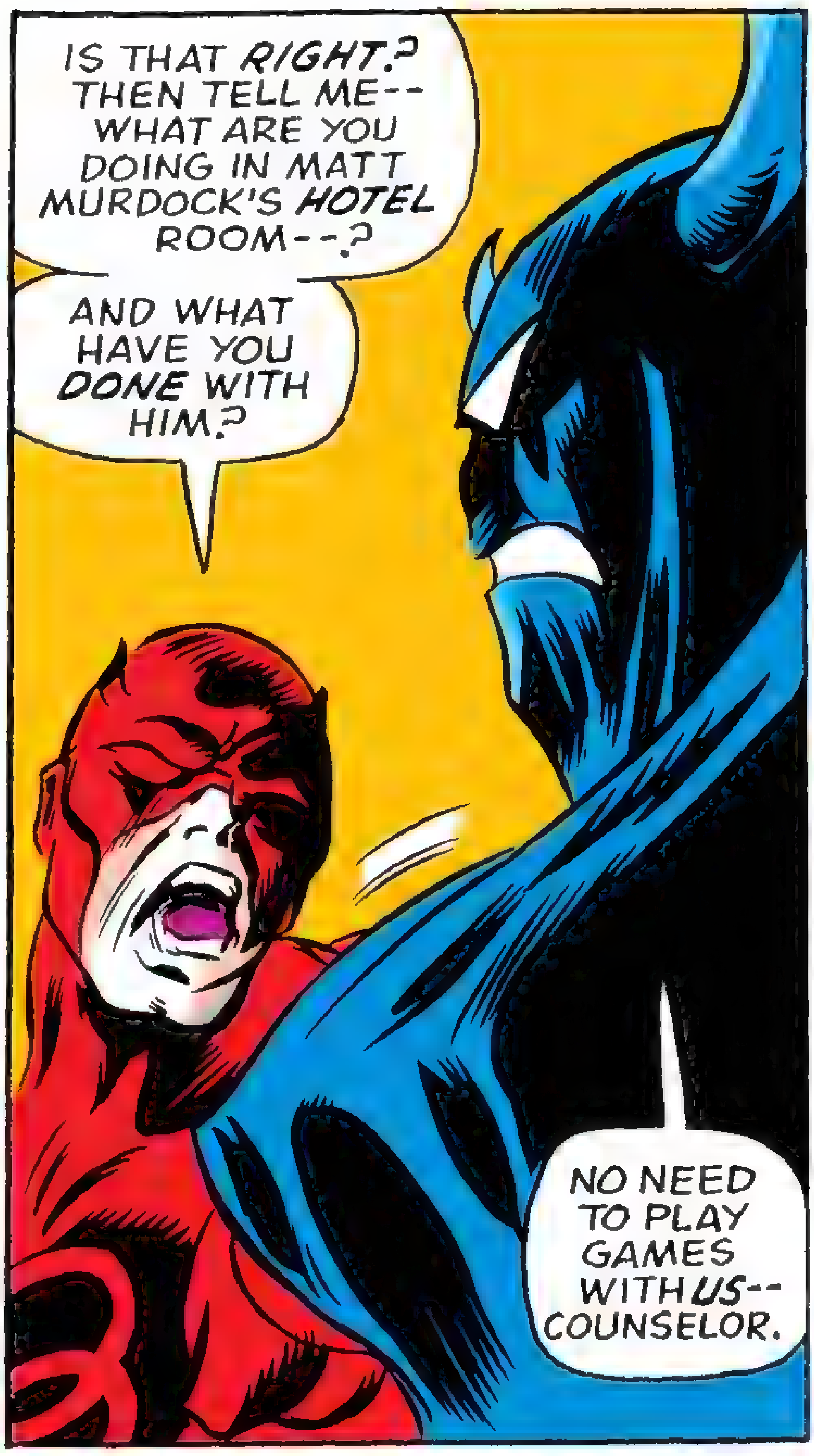

SHANNA!
PUT YOUR EYES BACK IN THEIR SOCKETS, OFFICER. DAREDEVIL PHONED--ASKED MY UNCLE AND ME TO MEET HIM HERE.
TH-THE SHE-DEVIL? FROM AFRICA?
YOU SEE, I HAVE A PERSONAL INTEREST IN THIS CASE.
BUT BEFORE SHANNA CAN EXPLAIN--
BA-DOOM!
GOOD LORD! THE BLACK SPECTRE AGENTS WERE IN THERE!
TH-THEY BLEW THEMSELVES UP!
NOTHING LEFT BUT BURNT REMAINS.
AND MILES AWAY, IN BLACK SPECTRE'S HEADQUARTERS...
THE SIGNAL LIGHTS, PRIESTESS!
SELF-DESTRUCT HAS BEEN ACHIEVED.
EXCELLENT! WE'VE SHOWN THEM WE SHALL GO TO ANY LENGTH TO PROTECT OUR SACRED CAUSE!
A PITY THOSE TWO HAD TO BE--SACRIFICED.
AND YET, IT WAS WELL WORTH IT...
...IF DAREDEVIL IS A "MAN WITHOUT FEAR" NO MORE!

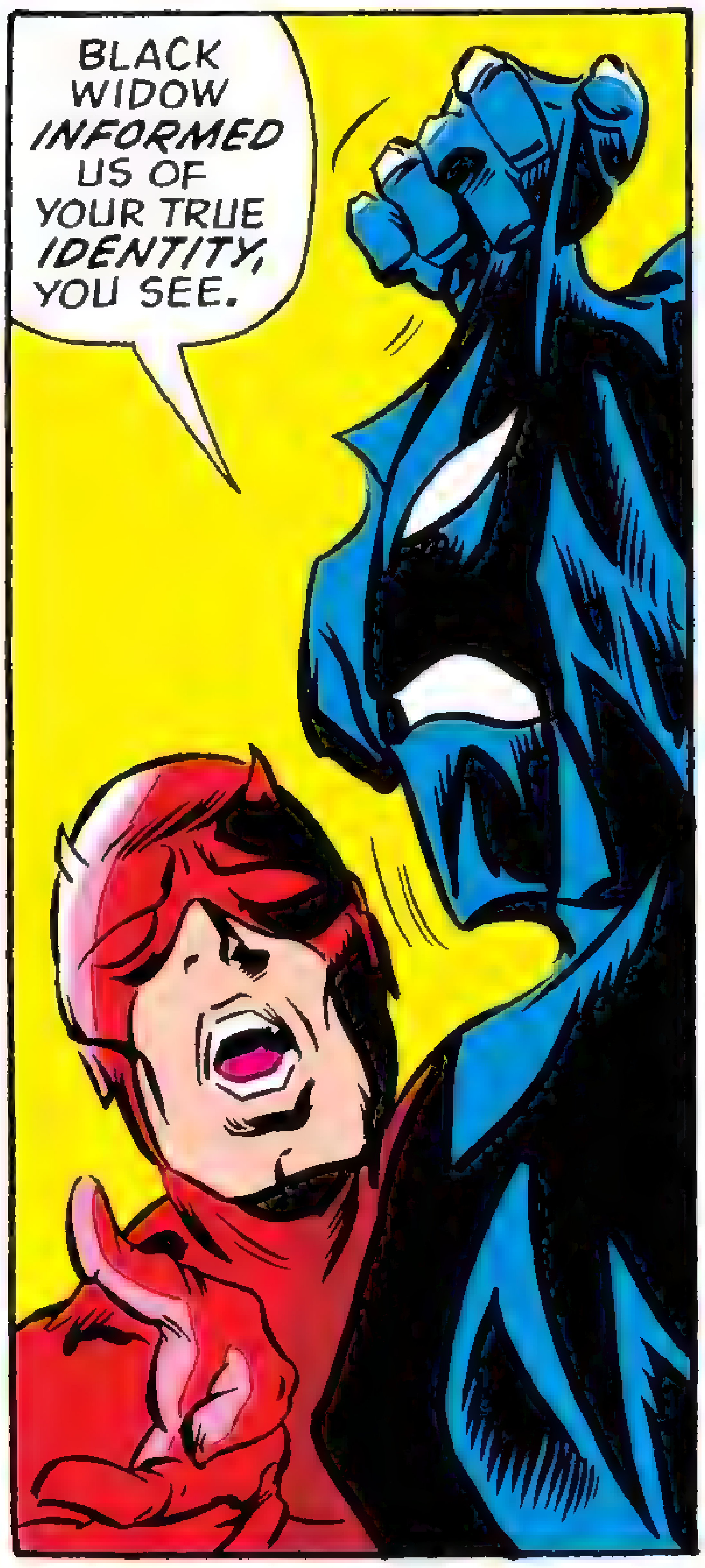

COME, **BLACK WIDOW!** WE MUST TELL THE LEADER OF OUR **TRIUMPH.**
YES... PRIESTESS... **NEKRA...**
AS DAREDEVIL'S FORMER **PARTNER,** NATASHA...
...YOU SHOULD BE **ESPECIALLY** INTERESTED IN THE **NEXT** PHASE OF OUR OPERATION.
FOLLOW ME... INTO THE LEADER'S **DEN.**
METAL **PORTALS** THREE FEET THICK SLIDE **OPEN** BEFORE THEM...
...AND THEY ENTER A **CHAMBER** WHICH, IF NOT FOR ITS STEEL FLOOR AND WALLS...
...COULD EASILY BE **MISTAKEN** FOR AN AUTHENTIC AFRICAN **JUNGLE!**
AND **THEREIN,** POISED REGALLY BEFORE A MONSTROUS **IDOL** HEWN IN THE IMAGE OF A MAMMOTH **MANDRILL,** WAITS THE **LEADER!**
GREETINGS, NEKRA-- BLACK WIDOW.
MAY I CONSTRUE FROM YOUR **SMILE,** PRIESTESS, THAT OUR **SUICIDE** MISSION HAS BEEN CARRIED OUT AS I **ORDERED?**
YOU **MAY,** GREAT MASTER.
GOOD. THEN IT IS TIME I PAID A CALL ON THE MAN WHO MADE THAT MISSION **NECESSARY.**
THE MAN YOU **USED** TO **LOVE,** DEAR NATASHA.

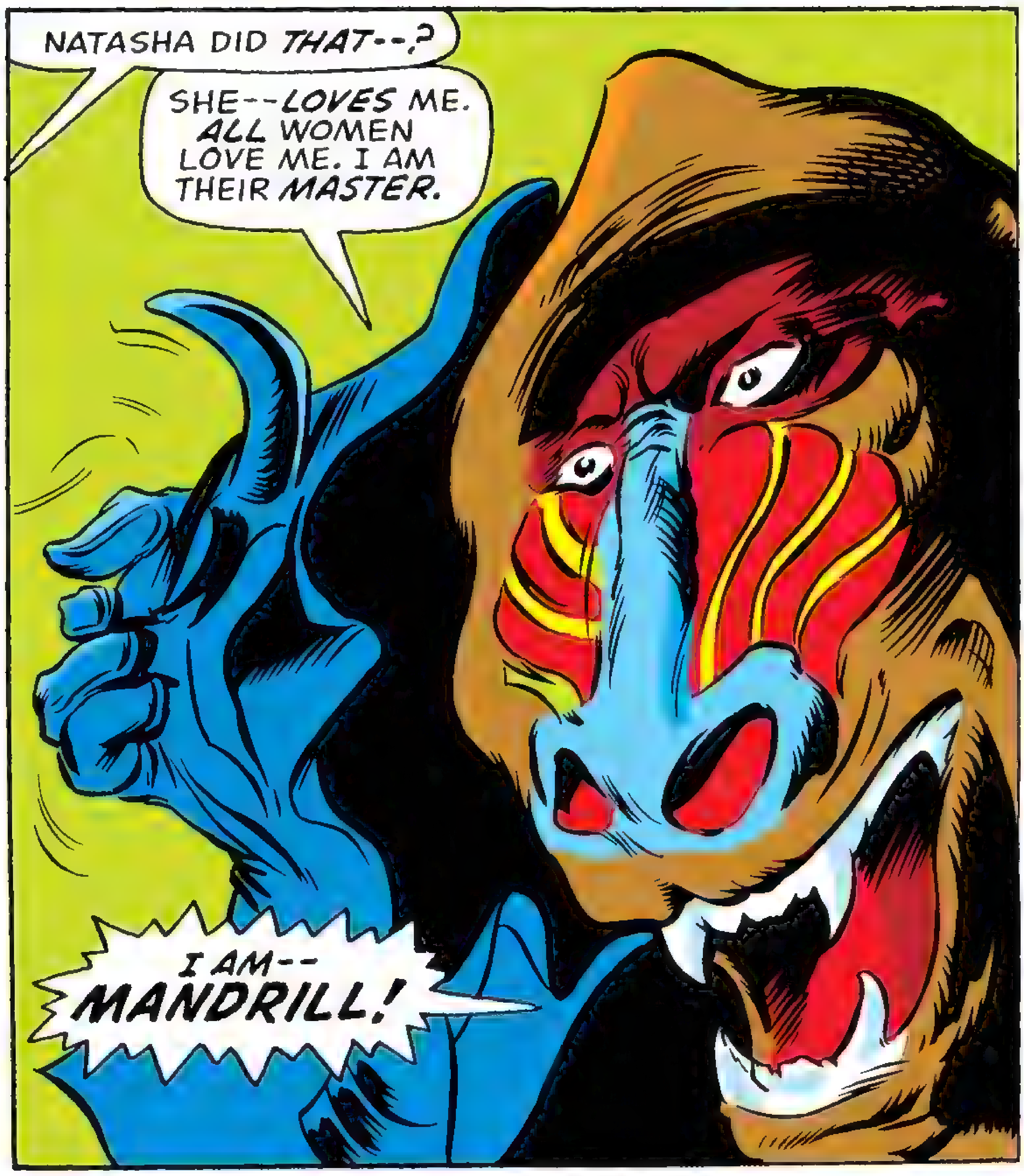

THANKS TO **YOU,** LOVELY WIDOW...
...MY **VISIT** SHOULD COME AS QUITE A **SURPRISE** TO OUR HEROIC FRIEND.
OUT OF THE JUNGLE ROOM, THRU DIMLY-LIT STEEL GREY PASSAGEWAYS, DOWN WIDE SLOPING **RAMPS,** THEY MOVE--
--UNTIL THEY REACH THE **HANGAR** DECK, STORIES **BELOW.**
SHUTTLE READY FOR **TAKE-OFF,** MASTER.
I AM PLEASED. **PREPARE** FOR MY ORDER TO **RELEASE.**
FAREWELL, NEKRA-- MADAME NATASHA!
PERHAPS WHEN I **RETURN,** I'LL HAVE WITH ME A NEW ALLY AND **ACOLYTE:**
THE MAN CALLED **DAREDEVIL!**
SO SAYING, THE LEADER GIVES THE COMMAND TO **LAUNCH** --AND THE **FLOOR** 'NEATH THE SHUTTLE-JET YAWNS **OPEN...**
...ALLOWING THE TINY PLANE TO DROP GRACEFULLY **AWAY** FROM THE **UNDERBELLY** OF--
--**BLACK SPECTRE'S HEADQUARTERS:** A GIGANTIC STEEL-SKINNED ROCKET-POWERED **WHALE** OF THE **SKY,** CAMOUFLAGED AS A **ZEPPELIN!**
WHILE, BACK IN **NEW YORK,** A DEJECTED TRIO SHUFFLES FROM THE PRECINCT HOUSE...
NOTHING MORE WE CAN LEARN HERE, I SUPPOSE. TOO BAD.

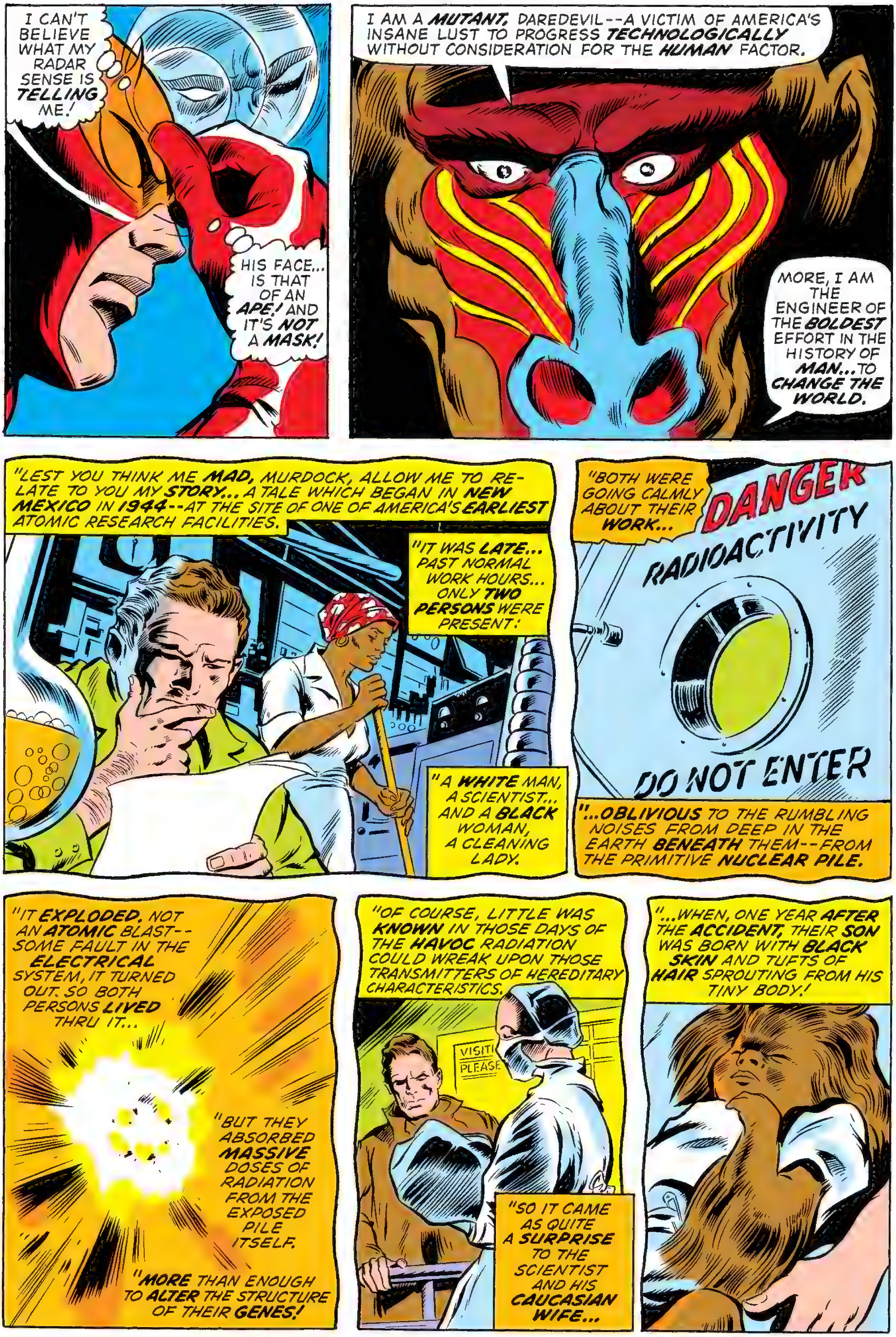

SO, SHE-DEVIL AND COMMISSIONER O'HARA*--IT'S TIME I SPLIT.
I NEED SOME SLEEP.
CIAO!
TOW AWAY ZONE
POLICE
PD
PD
*SHANNA'S UNCLE IS "IRONGUTS" O'HARA, SAN FRANCISCO POLICE COMMISSIONER AND FRIEND OF DAREDEVIL. --ROY.
LORD, WHAT A NIGHT THIS HAS BEEN--!
I'VE STILL GOT MUCHO EXPLAINING TO DO TO CANDACE NELSON, FOR RUNNING OUT ON HER EARLIER TONIGHT.*
*MARVEL TWO-IN-ONE #3 AGAIN. --ROY.
BUT I HAD TO--TO SWITCH FROM MATT MURDOCK TO D.D.--SO I COULD RISK MY LIFE INVADING BLACK SPECTRE!
I MUST BE CRAZY.
NO...JUST DEDICATED. BLACK SPECTRE ALMOST MURDERED FOGGY NELSON.*
*NEW YORK DISTRICT ATTORNEY & MATT MURDOCK'S FORMER LAW PARTNER. --R.T.
AND WHEN YOUR BEST FRIEND'S ATTAC--UHOH.
MATT'S GOT COMPANY.
WHO'S THERE?

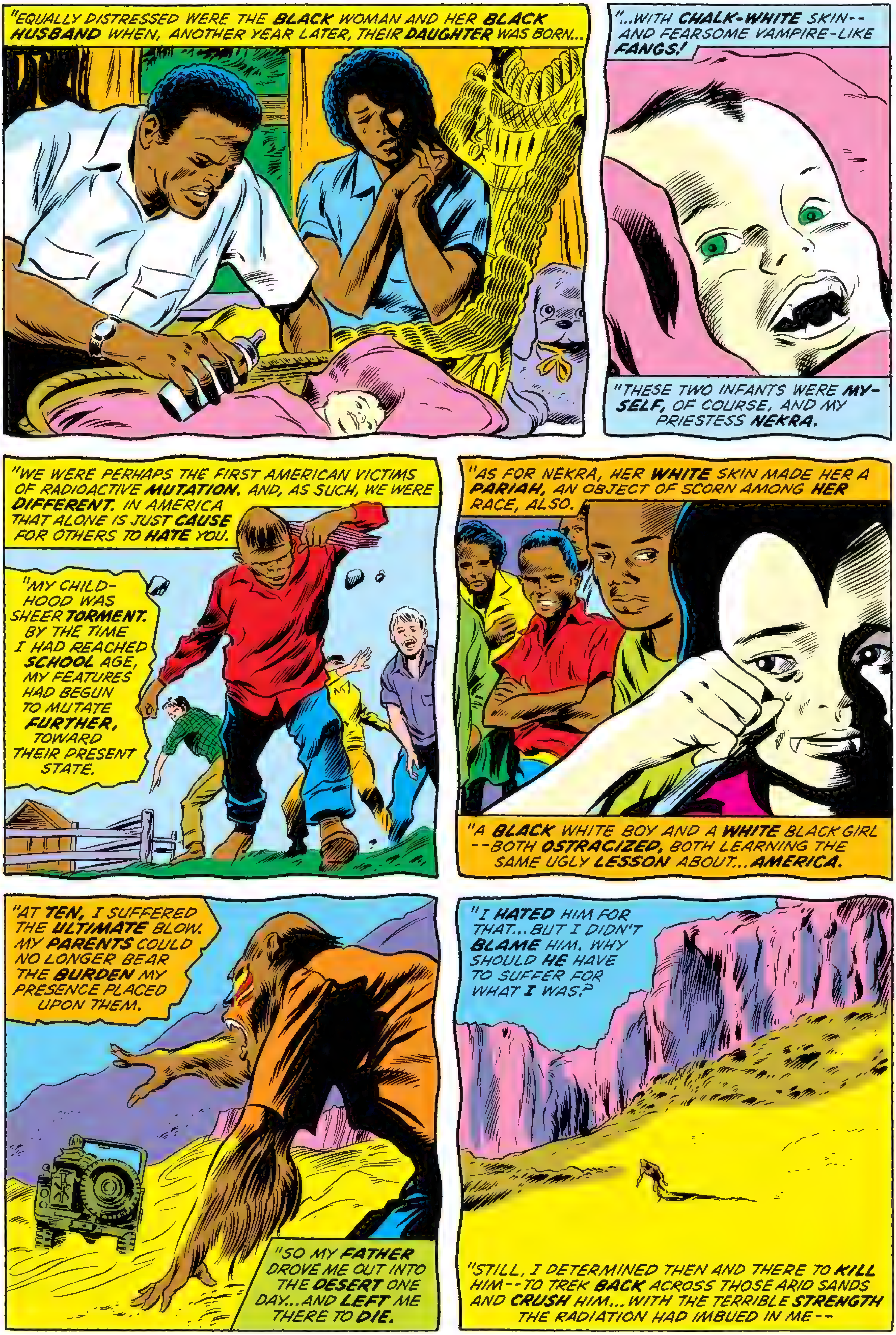

IT IS...ONLY *I*, THE LEADER OF *BLACK SPECTRE.*
HIS PULSE--STEADY. HE'S NOT *LYING!* MY SECRET IS *SHOT,* UNLESS--!

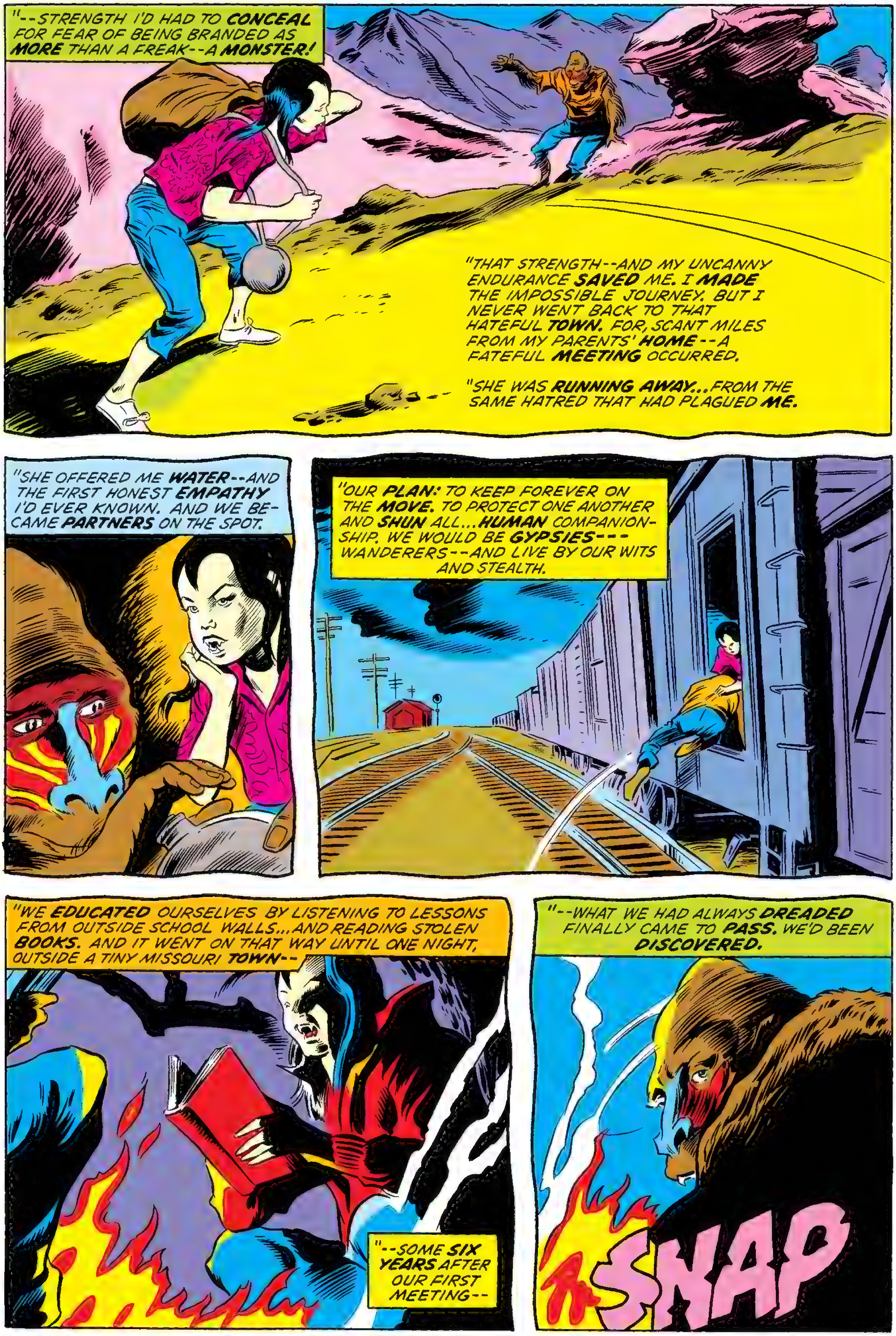

IS THAT *RIGHT?* THEN TELL ME--WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN MATT MURDOCK'S *HOTEL* ROOM--?
AND WHAT HAVE YOU *DONE* WITH HIM?
NO NEED TO PLAY GAMES WITH *US*--COUNSELOR.

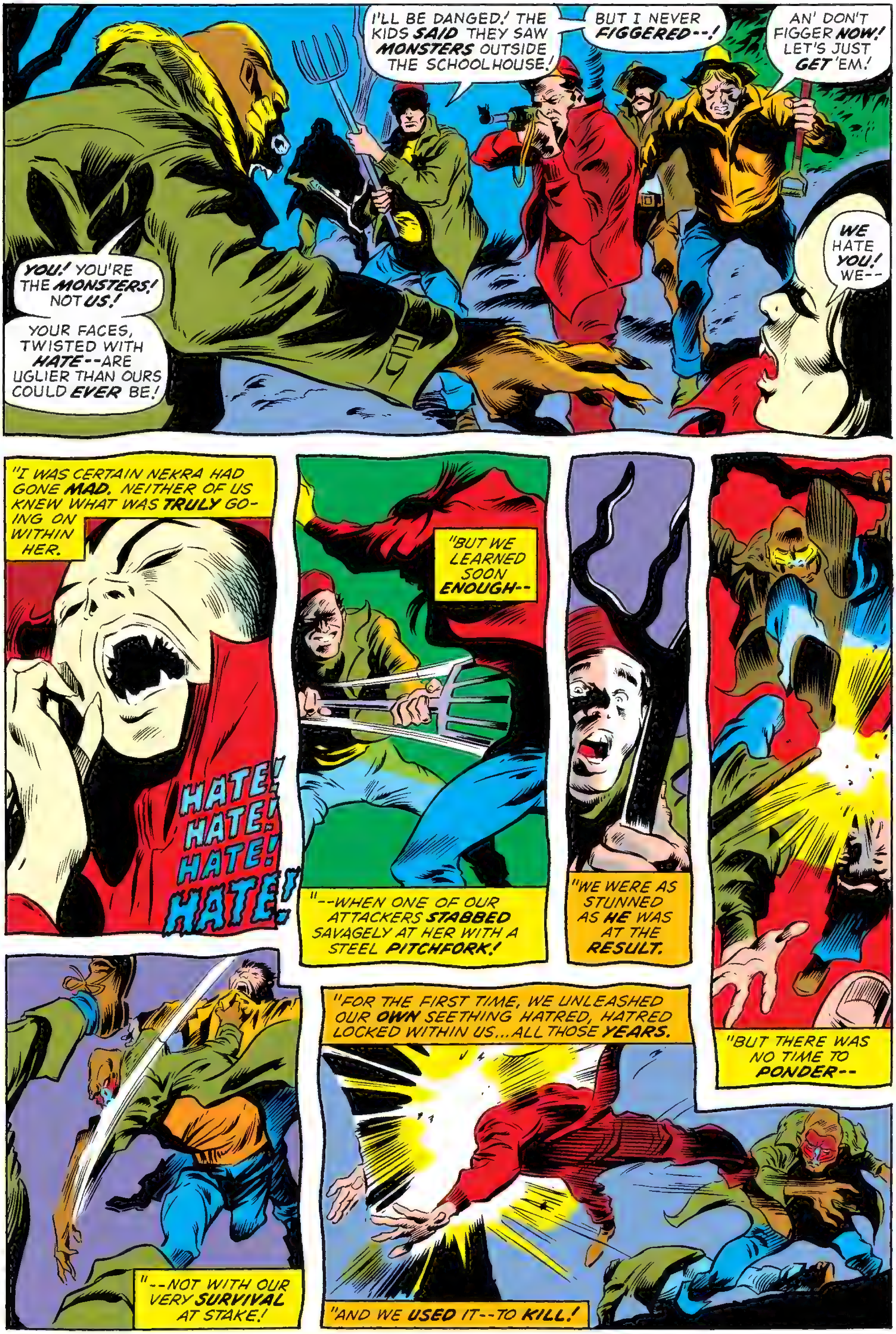

BLACK WIDOW *INFORMED* US OF YOUR TRUE *IDENTITY,* YOU SEE.

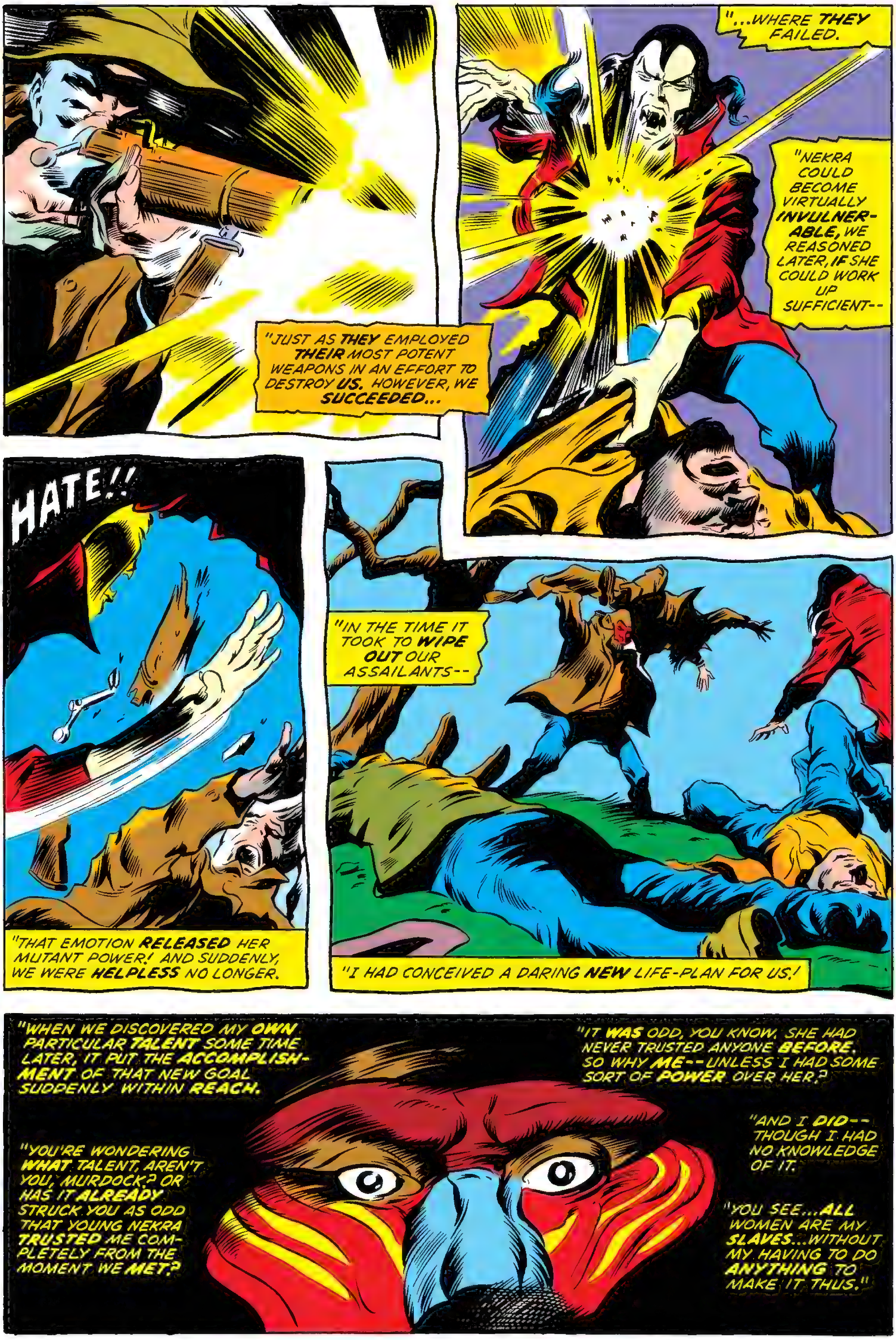

NATASHA DID *THAT*--?
SHE--*LOVES* ME. *ALL* WOMEN LOVE ME. I AM THEIR *MASTER.*
I AM--MANDRILL!

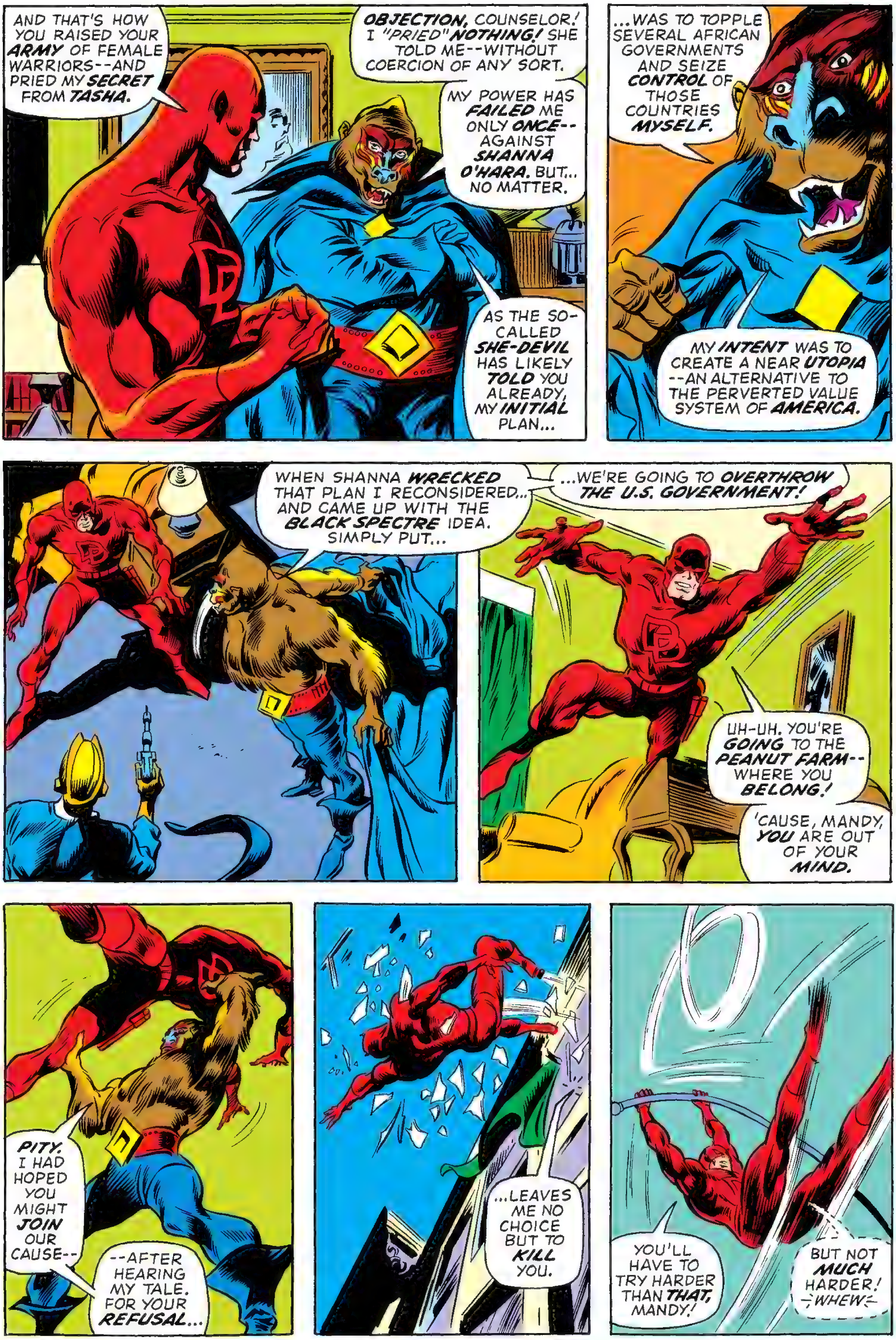

I CAN'T BELIEVE WHAT MY RADAR SENSE IS *TELLING* ME!
HIS FACE... IS THAT OF AN *APE!* AND IT'S *NOT* A *MASK!*
I AM A *MUTANT,* DAREDEVIL--A VICTIM OF AMERICA'S INSANE LUST TO PROGRESS *TECHNOLOGICALLY* WITHOUT CONSIDERATION FOR THE *HUMAN* FACTOR.
MORE, I AM THE ENGINEER OF THE *BOLDEST* EFFORT IN THE HISTORY OF *MAN*...TO *CHANGE THE WORLD.*
"LEST YOU THINK ME *MAD,* MURDOCK, ALLOW ME TO RELATE TO YOU MY *STORY*... A TALE WHICH BEGAN IN *NEW MEXICO* IN *1944*--AT THE SITE OF ONE OF AMERICA'S *EARLIEST* ATOMIC RESEARCH FACILITIES.
"IT WAS *LATE*... PAST NORMAL WORK HOURS... ONLY *TWO PERSONS* WERE PRESENT:
"A *WHITE* MAN, A SCIENTIST... AND A *BLACK* WOMAN, A CLEANING LADY.
"BOTH WERE GOING CALMLY ABOUT THEIR *WORK*...
DANGER RADIOACTIVITY
DO NOT ENTER
"...*OBLIVIOUS* TO THE RUMBLING NOISES FROM DEEP IN THE EARTH *BENEATH* THEM--FROM THE PRIMITIVE *NUCLEAR PILE.*
"IT *EXPLODED.* NOT AN *ATOMIC* BLAST--SOME FAULT IN THE *ELECTRICAL* SYSTEM, IT TURNED OUT. SO BOTH PERSONS *LIVED* THRU IT...
"BUT THEY ABSORBED *MASSIVE* DOSES OF RADIATION FROM THE EXPOSED PILE ITSELF.
"*MORE* THAN ENOUGH TO *ALTER* THE STRUCTURE OF THEIR *GENES!*
"OF COURSE, LITTLE WAS *KNOWN* IN THOSE DAYS OF THE *HAVOC* RADIATION COULD WREAK UPON THOSE TRANSMITTERS OF HEREDITARY CHARACTERISTICS.
VISITI PLEASE
"SO IT CAME AS QUITE A *SURPRISE* TO THE SCIENTIST AND HIS *CAUCASIAN WIFE*...
"...WHEN, ONE YEAR *AFTER* THE *ACCIDENT,* THEIR *SON* WAS BORN WITH *BLACK SKIN* AND TUFTS OF *HAIR* SPROUTING FROM HIS TINY BODY!

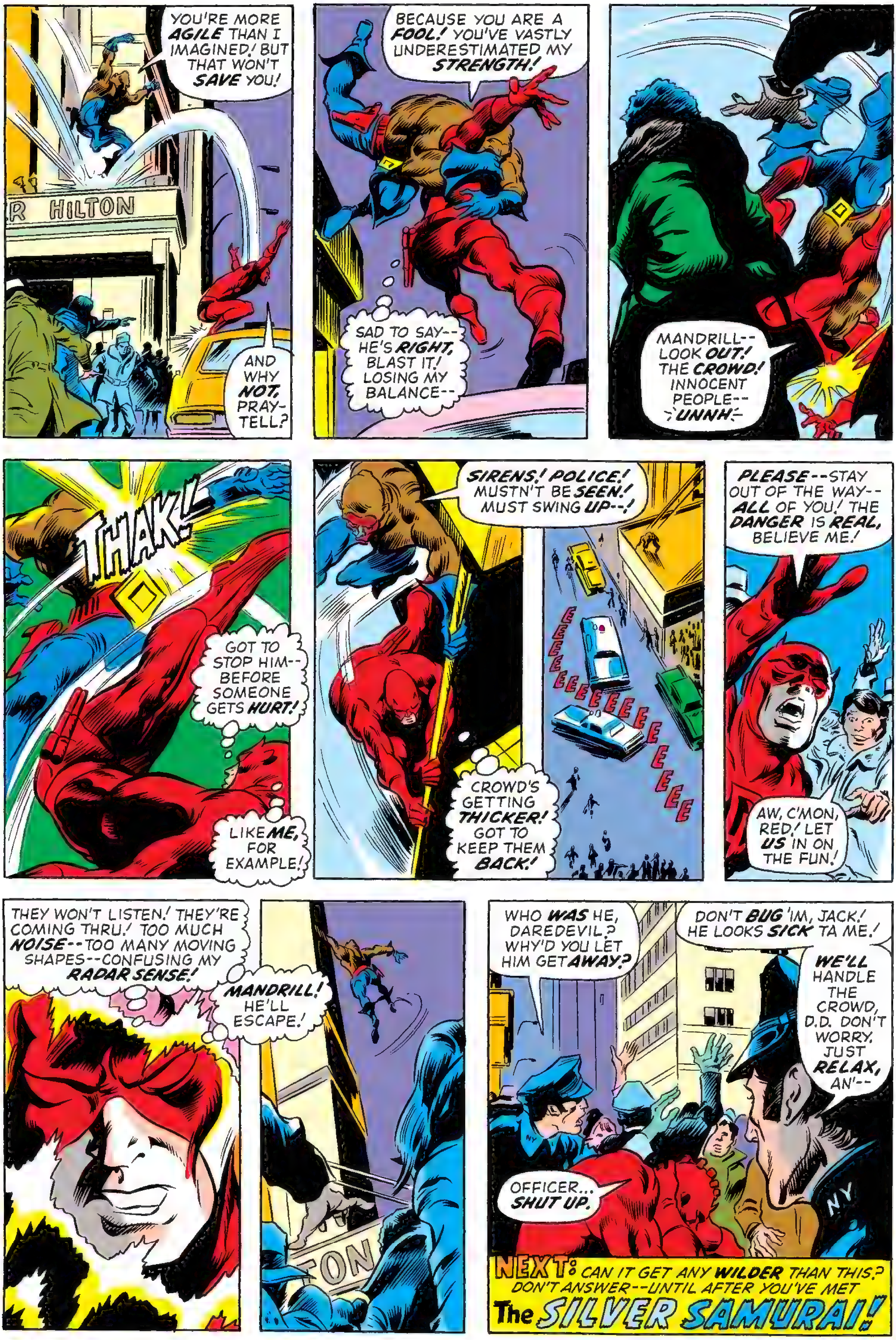

"EQUALLY DISTRESSED WERE THE BLACK WOMAN AND HER BLACK HUSBAND WHEN, ANOTHER YEAR LATER, THEIR DAUGHTER WAS BORN...
"...WITH CHALK-WHITE SKIN-- AND FEARSOME VAMPIRE-LIKE FANGS!
"THESE TWO INFANTS WERE MYSELF, OF COURSE, AND MY PRIESTESS NEKRA.
"WE WERE PERHAPS THE FIRST AMERICAN VICTIMS OF RADIOACTIVE MUTATION. AND, AS SUCH, WE WERE DIFFERENT. IN AMERICA THAT ALONE IS JUST CAUSE FOR OTHERS TO HATE YOU.
"MY CHILDHOOD WAS SHEER TORMENT. BY THE TIME I HAD REACHED SCHOOL AGE, MY FEATURES HAD BEGUN TO MUTATE FURTHER, TOWARD THEIR PRESENT STATE.
"AS FOR NEKRA, HER WHITE SKIN MADE HER A PARIAH, AN OBJECT OF SCORN AMONG HER RACE, ALSO.
"A BLACK WHITE BOY AND A WHITE BLACK GIRL --BOTH OSTRACIZED, BOTH LEARNING THE SAME UGLY LESSON ABOUT...AMERICA.
"AT TEN, I SUFFERED THE ULTIMATE BLOW. MY PARENTS COULD NO LONGER BEAR THE BURDEN MY PRESENCE PLACED UPON THEM.
"SO MY FATHER DROVE ME OUT INTO THE DESERT ONE DAY...AND LEFT ME THERE TO DIE.
"I HATED HIM FOR THAT...BUT I DIDN'T BLAME HIM. WHY SHOULD HE HAVE TO SUFFER FOR WHAT I WAS?
"STILL, I DETERMINED THEN AND THERE TO KILL HIM--TO TREK BACK ACROSS THOSE ARID SANDS AND CRUSH HIM...WITH THE TERRIBLE STRENGTH THE RADIATION HAD IMBUED IN ME--


"--STRENGTH I'D HAD TO **CONCEAL** FOR FEAR OF BEING BRANDED AS **MORE** THAN A FREAK--A **MONSTER!**
"THAT STRENGTH--AND MY UNCANNY ENDURANCE **SAVED** ME. I **MADE** THE IMPOSSIBLE JOURNEY. BUT I NEVER WENT BACK TO THAT HATEFUL **TOWN.** FOR, SCANT MILES FROM MY PARENTS' **HOME**--A FATEFUL **MEETING** OCCURRED.
"SHE WAS **RUNNING AWAY...** FROM THE SAME HATRED THAT HAD PLAGUED **ME.**
"SHE OFFERED ME **WATER**--AND THE FIRST HONEST **EMPATHY** I'D EVER KNOWN. AND WE BECAME **PARTNERS** ON THE SPOT.
"OUR **PLAN:** TO KEEP FOREVER ON THE **MOVE.** TO PROTECT ONE ANOTHER AND **SHUN** ALL... **HUMAN** COMPANIONSHIP. WE WOULD BE **GYPSIES**---WANDERERS--AND LIVE BY OUR WITS AND STEALTH.
"WE **EDUCATED** OURSELVES BY LISTENING TO LESSONS FROM OUTSIDE SCHOOL WALLS... AND READING STOLEN **BOOKS.** AND IT WENT ON THAT WAY UNTIL ONE NIGHT, OUTSIDE A TINY MISSOURI **TOWN**--
"--SOME **SIX YEARS** AFTER OUR FIRST MEETING--
"--WHAT WE HAD ALWAYS **DREADED** FINALLY CAME TO **PASS.** WE'D BEEN **DISCOVERED.**
SNAP


I'LL BE DANGED! THE KIDS SAID THEY SAW MONSTERS OUTSIDE THE SCHOOLHOUSE!
BUT I NEVER FIGGERED--!
AN' DON'T FIGGER NOW! LET'S JUST GET 'EM!
YOU! YOU'RE THE MONSTERS! NOT US!
YOUR FACES, TWISTED WITH HATE--ARE UGLIER THAN OURS COULD EVER BE!
WE HATE YOU! WE--
"I WAS CERTAIN NEKRA HAD GONE MAD. NEITHER OF US KNEW WHAT WAS TRULY GOING ON WITHIN HER.
HATE! HATE! HATE! HATE!
"BUT WE LEARNED SOON ENOUGH--
"--WHEN ONE OF OUR ATTACKERS STABBED SAVAGELY AT HER WITH A STEEL PITCHFORK!
"WE WERE AS STUNNED AS HE WAS AT THE RESULT.
"BUT THERE WAS NO TIME TO PONDER--
"--NOT WITH OUR VERY SURVIVAL AT STAKE!
"FOR THE FIRST TIME, WE UNLEASHED OUR OWN SEETHING HATRED, HATRED LOCKED WITHIN US... ALL THOSE YEARS.
"AND WE USED IT--TO KILL!


"JUST AS THEY EMPLOYED THEIR MOST POTENT WEAPONS IN AN EFFORT TO DESTROY US. HOWEVER, WE SUCCEEDED...
"...WHERE THEY FAILED.
"NEKRA COULD BECOME VIRTUALLY INVULNERABLE, WE REASONED LATER, IF SHE COULD WORK UP SUFFICIENT--
HATE!!
"THAT EMOTION RELEASED HER MUTANT POWER! AND SUDDENLY, WE WERE HELPLESS NO LONGER.
"IN THE TIME IT TOOK TO WIPE OUT OUR ASSAILANTS--
"I HAD CONCEIVED A DARING NEW LIFE-PLAN FOR US!
"WHEN WE DISCOVERED MY OWN PARTICULAR TALENT SOME TIME LATER, IT PUT THE ACCOMPLISHMENT OF THAT NEW GOAL SUDDENLY WITHIN REACH.
"YOU'RE WONDERING WHAT TALENT, AREN'T YOU, MURDOCK? OR HAS IT ALREADY STRUCK YOU AS ODD THAT YOUNG NEKRA TRUSTED ME COMPLETELY FROM THE MOMENT WE MET?
"IT WAS ODD, YOU KNOW. SHE HAD NEVER TRUSTED ANYONE BEFORE. SO WHY ME--UNLESS I HAD SOME SORT OF POWER OVER HER?
"AND I DID--THOUGH I HAD NO KNOWLEDGE OF IT.
"YOU SEE...ALL WOMEN ARE MY SLAVES...WITHOUT MY HAVING TO DO ANYTHING TO MAKE IT THUS."

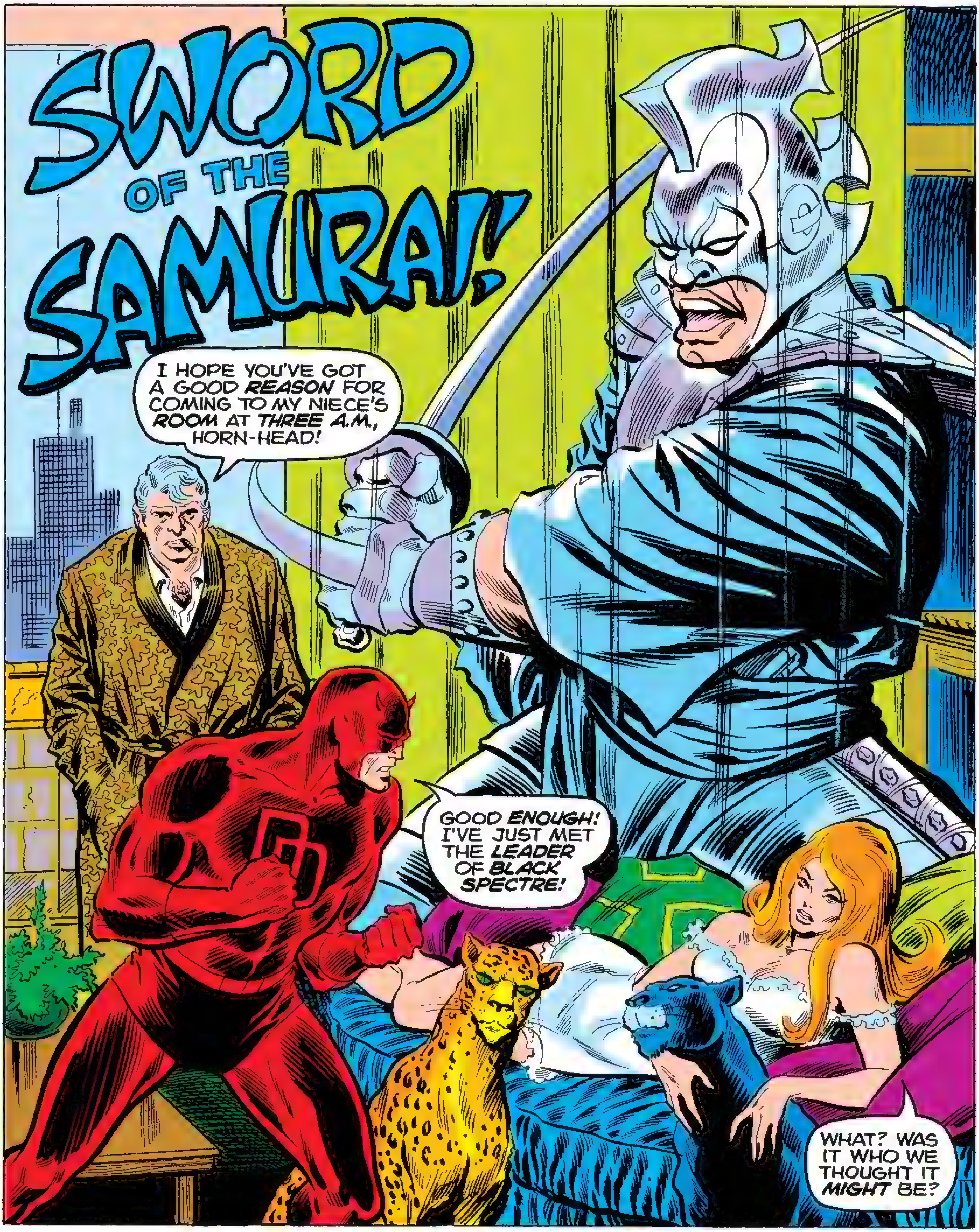

AND THAT'S HOW YOU RAISED YOUR ARMY OF FEMALE WARRIORS--AND PRIED MY SECRET FROM TASHA.
OBJECTION, COUNSELOR! I "PRIED" NOTHING! SHE TOLD ME--WITHOUT COERCION OF ANY SORT.
MY POWER HAS FAILED ME ONLY ONCE--AGAINST SHANNA O'HARA. BUT... NO MATTER.
AS THE SO-CALLED SHE-DEVIL HAS LIKELY TOLD YOU ALREADY, MY INITIAL PLAN...
...WAS TO TOPPLE SEVERAL AFRICAN GOVERNMENTS AND SEIZE CONTROL OF THOSE COUNTRIES MYSELF.
MY INTENT WAS TO CREATE A NEAR UTOPIA--AN ALTERNATIVE TO THE PERVERTED VALUE SYSTEM OF AMERICA.
WHEN SHANNA WRECKED THAT PLAN I RECONSIDERED... AND CAME UP WITH THE BLACK SPECTRE IDEA. SIMPLY PUT...
...WE'RE GOING TO OVERTHROW THE U.S. GOVERNMENT!
UH-UH. YOU'RE GOING TO THE PEANUT FARM--WHERE YOU BELONG!
'CAUSE, MANDY, YOU ARE OUT OF YOUR MIND.
PITY. I HAD HOPED YOU MIGHT JOIN OUR CAUSE--
--AFTER HEARING MY TALE. FOR YOUR REFUSAL...
...LEAVES ME NO CHOICE BUT TO KILL YOU.
YOU'LL HAVE TO TRY HARDER THAN THAT, MANDY!
BUT NOT MUCH HARDER! WHEW

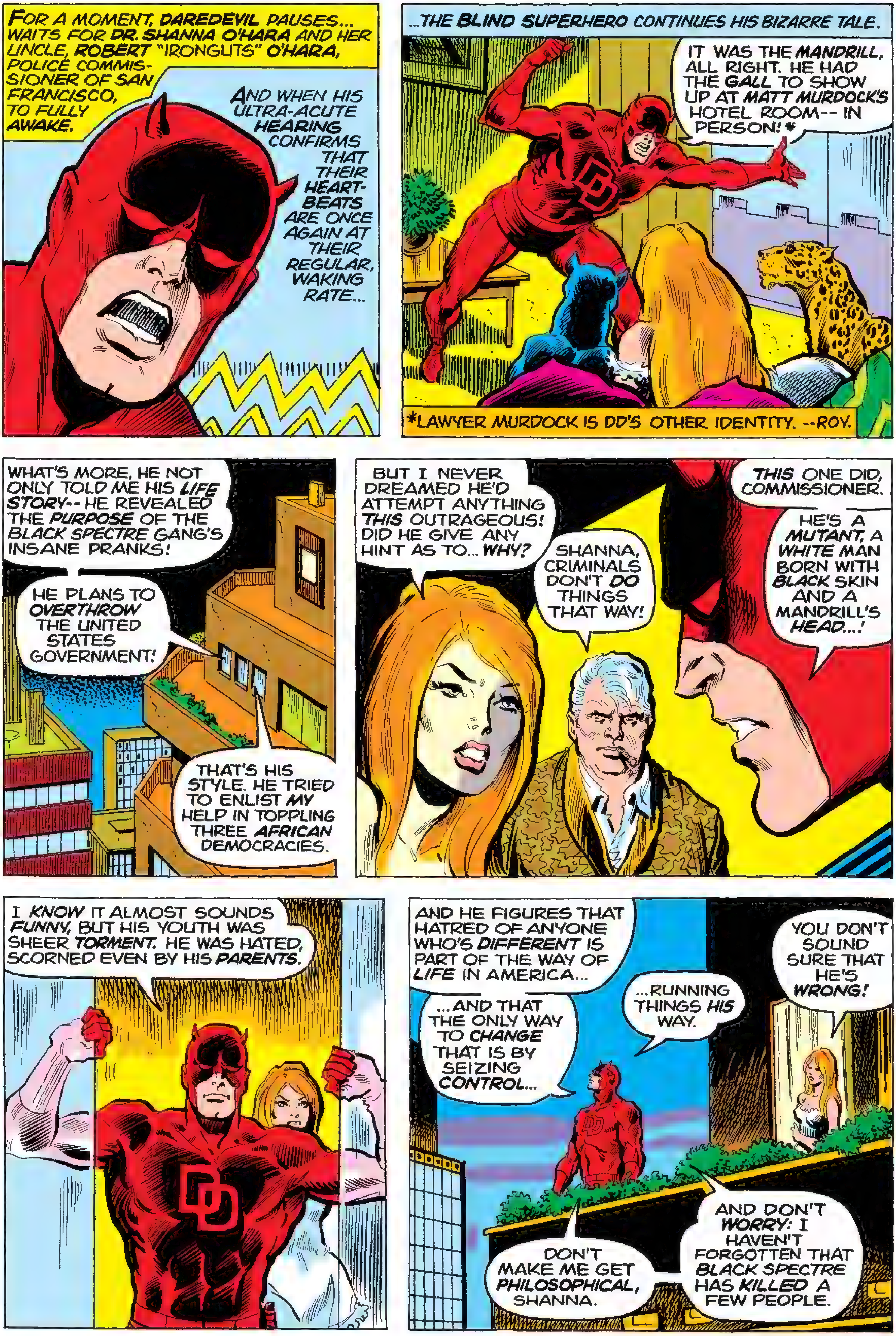

YOU'RE MORE AGILE THAN I IMAGINED! BUT THAT WON'T SAVE YOU!
R HILTON
AND WHY NOT, PRAY-TELL?
BECAUSE YOU ARE A FOOL! YOU'VE VASTLY UNDERESTIMATED MY STRENGTH!
SAD TO SAY-- HE'S RIGHT, BLAST IT! LOSING MY BALANCE--
MANDRILL-- LOOK OUT! THE CROWD! INNOCENT PEOPLE-- UNNH
THAK!
GOT TO STOP HIM-- BEFORE SOMEONE GETS HURT!
LIKE ME, FOR EXAMPLE!
SIRENS! POLICE! MUSTN'T BE SEEN! MUST SWING UP--!
EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE
CROWD'S GETTING THICKER! GOT TO KEEP THEM BACK!
PLEASE--STAY OUT OF THE WAY-- ALL OF YOU! THE DANGER IS REAL, BELIEVE ME!
AW, C'MON, RED! LET US IN ON THE FUN!
THEY WON'T LISTEN! THEY'RE COMING THRU! TOO MUCH NOISE--TOO MANY MOVING SHAPES--CONFUSING MY RADAR SENSE!
MANDRILL! HE'LL ESCAPE!
TON
WHO WAS HE, DAREDEVIL? WHY'D YOU LET HIM GET AWAY?
DON'T BUG 'IM, JACK! HE LOOKS SICK TA ME!
WE'LL HANDLE THE CROWD, D.D. DON'T WORRY. JUST RELAX, AN'--
OFFICER... SHUT UP.
NY
NEXT: CAN IT GET ANY WILDER THAN THIS? DON'T ANSWER--UNTIL AFTER YOU'VE MET The SILVER SAMURAI!]

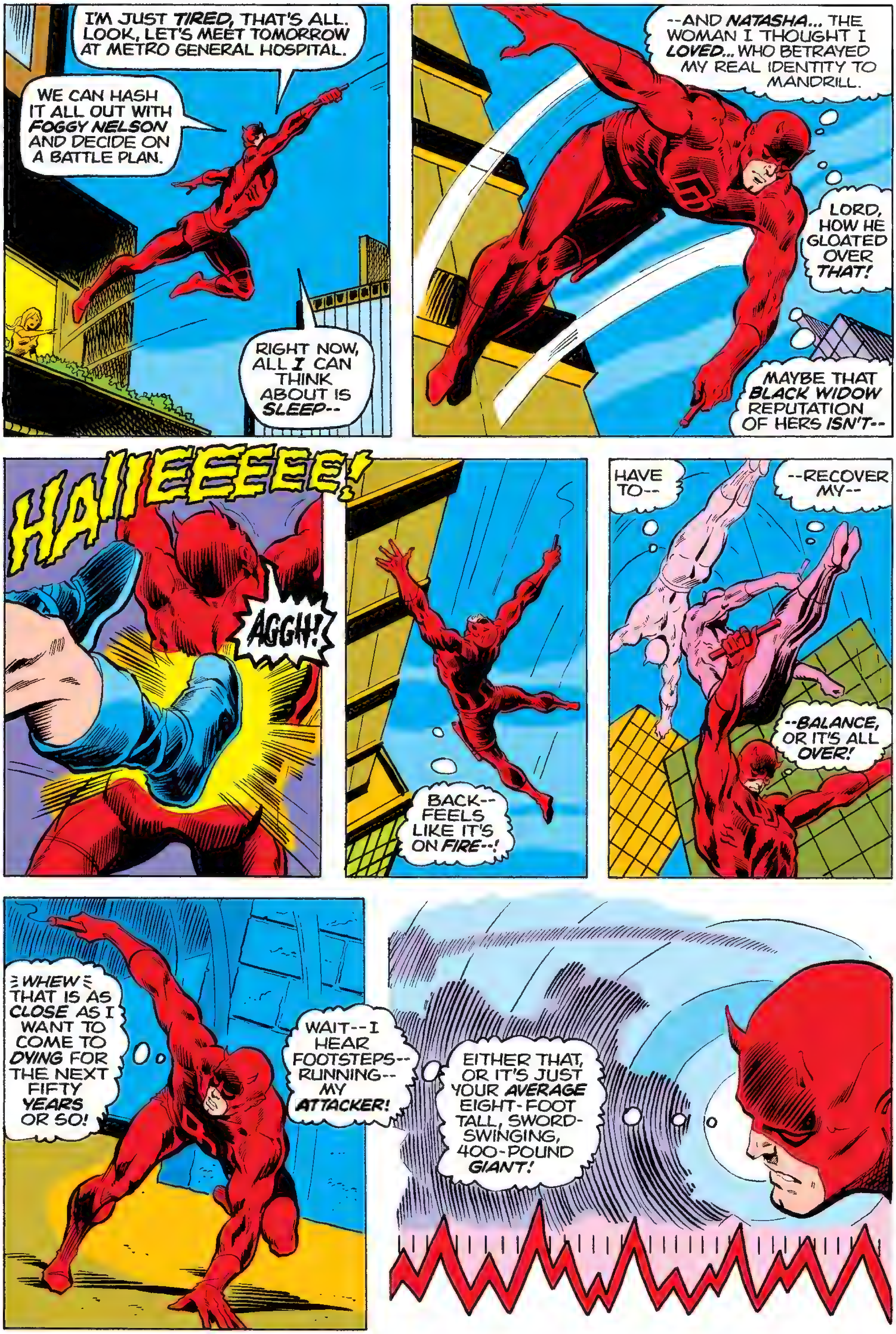
DAREDEVIL
MARVEL COMICS GROUP
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
25¢
111
JULY
02459
DAREDEVIL
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!
GUEST-STARRING: SHANNA THE SHE-DEVIL!
YOU DARE CHALLENGE ME HERE--IN THE SKY WHICH IS MY ELEMENT!
TELL YOUR MOURNERS, FOOL, THAT YOU FELL A HELPLESS VICTIM OF--
--THE SILVER SAMURAI!
MILE-HIGH MAYHEM!

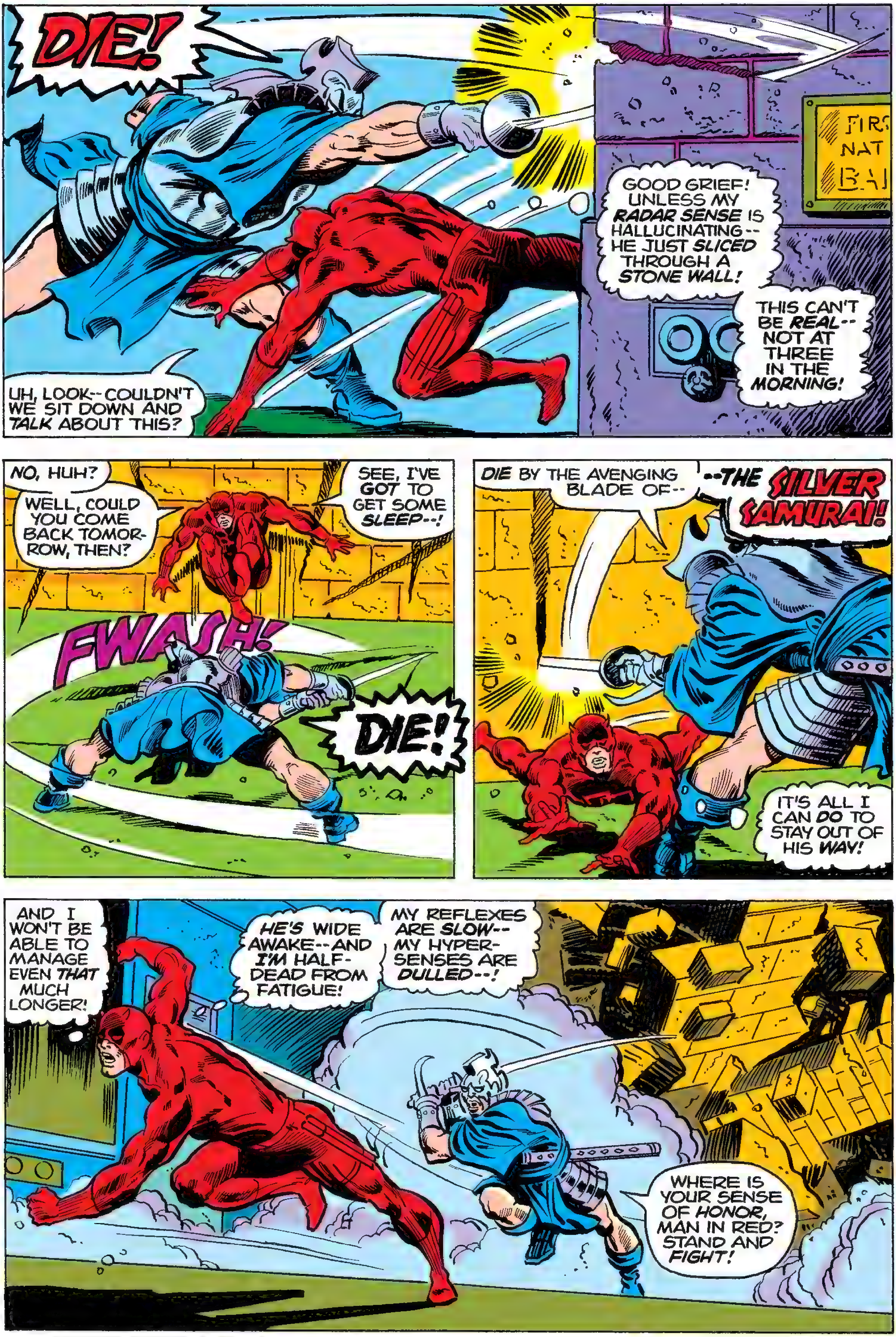
Stan Lee PRESENTS: DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!™

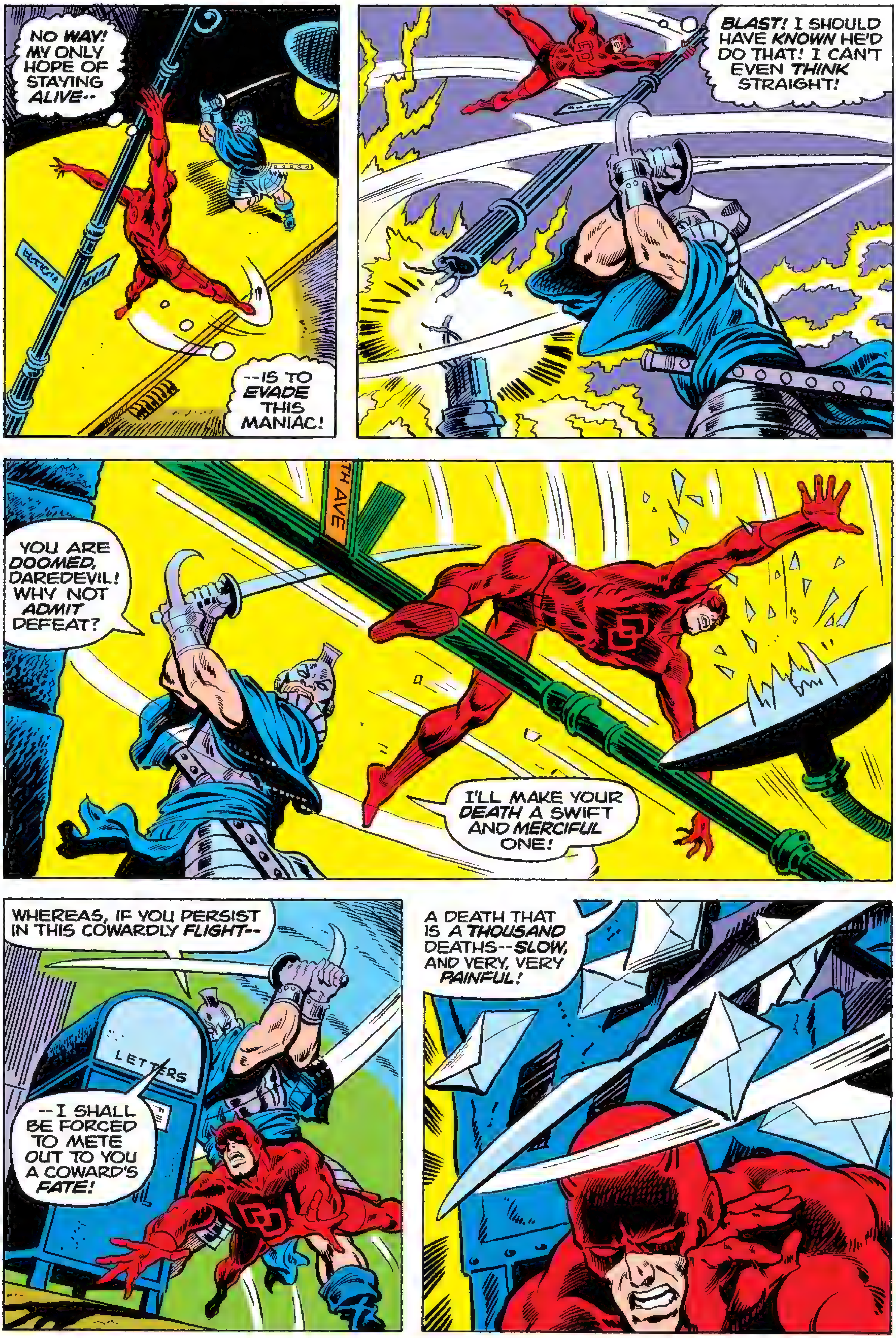
STEVE GERBER WRITER / **BOB BROWN** ARTIST / **JIM MOONEY** INKER / **TOM ORZECHOWSKI**, LETT'G **L. LESSMANN**, COLORIST / **ROY THOMAS** EDITOR

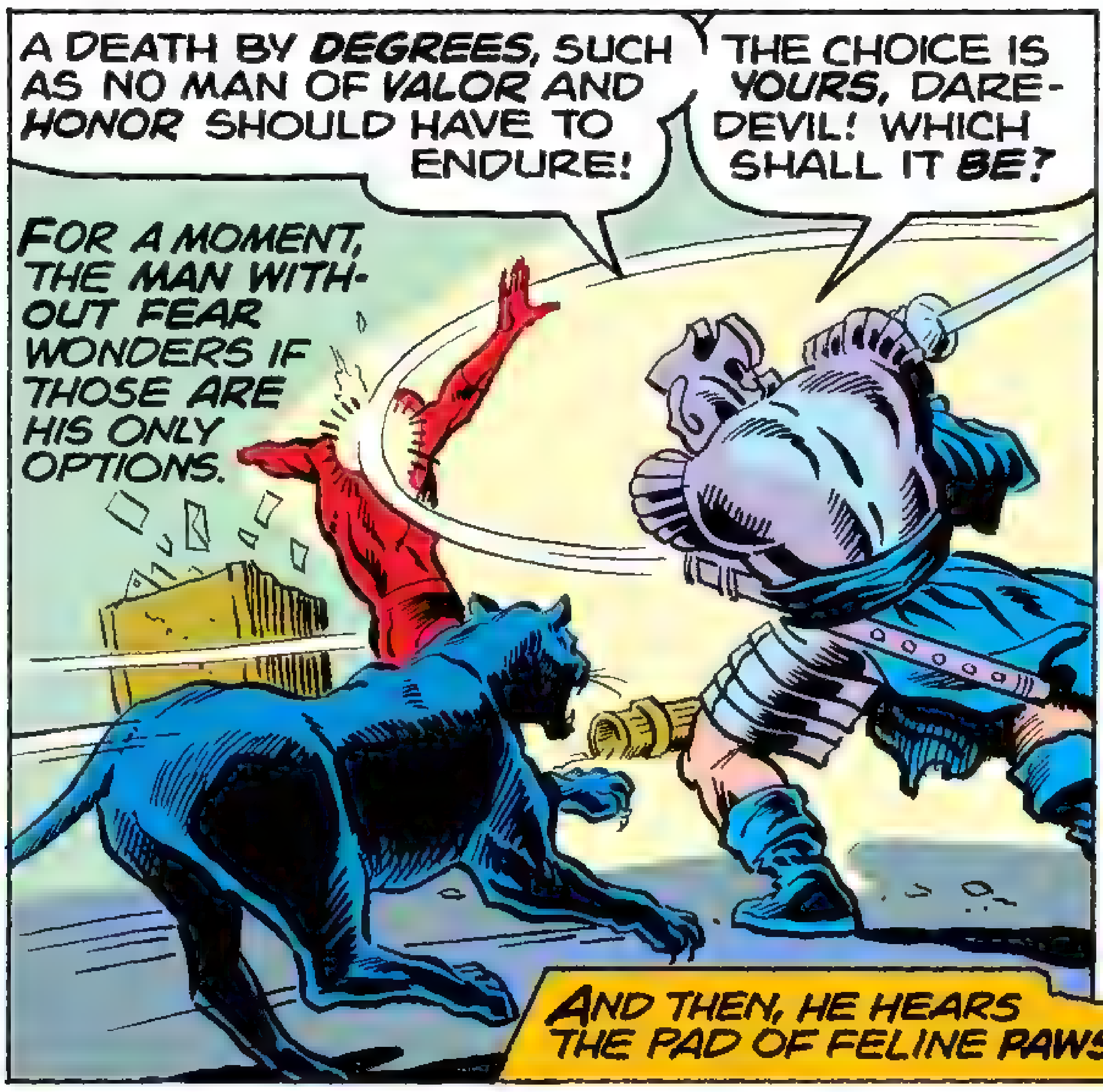

SWORD OF THE SAMURAI!
I HOPE YOU'VE GOT A GOOD *REASON* FOR COMING TO MY NIECE'S *ROOM* AT *THREE A.M.*, HORN-HEAD!
GOOD *ENOUGH!* I'VE JUST MET THE *LEADER* OF *BLACK SPECTRE!*
WHAT? WAS IT WHO WE THOUGHT IT *MIGHT* BE?

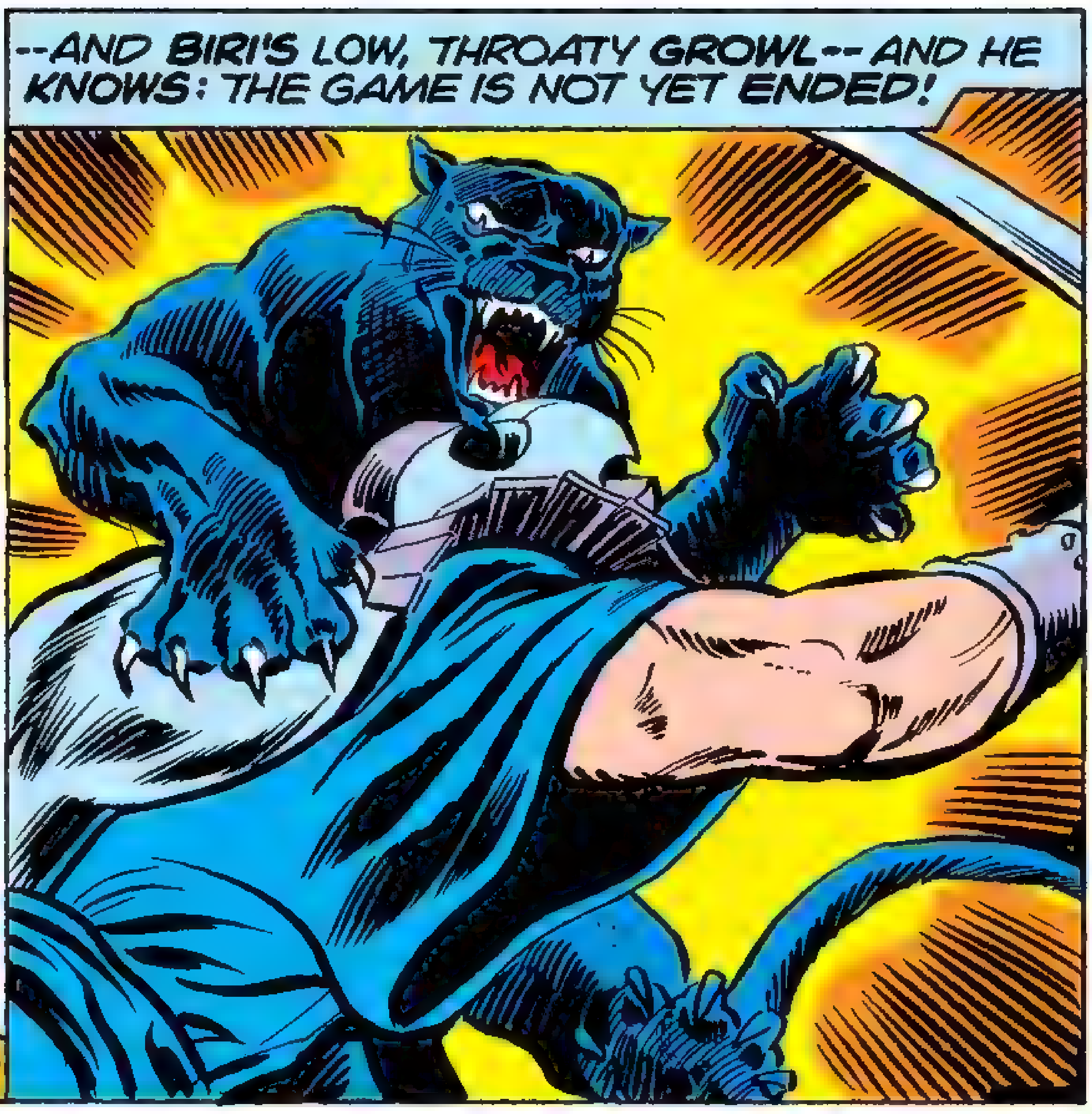

FOR A MOMENT, DAREDEVIL PAUSES... WAITS FOR DR. SHANNA O'HARA AND HER UNCLE, ROBERT "IRONGUTS" O'HARA, POLICE COMMISSIONER OF SAN FRANCISCO, TO FULLY AWAKE.
AND WHEN HIS ULTRA-ACUTE HEARING CONFIRMS THAT THEIR HEART-BEATS ARE ONCE AGAIN AT THEIR REGULAR, WAKING RATE...
...THE BLIND SUPERHERO CONTINUES HIS BIZARRE TALE.
IT WAS THE MANDRILL, ALL RIGHT. HE HAD THE GALL TO SHOW UP AT MATT MURDOCK'S HOTEL ROOM-- IN PERSON!*
*LAWYER MURDOCK IS DD'S OTHER IDENTITY. --ROY.
WHAT'S MORE, HE NOT ONLY TOLD ME HIS LIFE STORY-- HE REVEALED THE PURPOSE OF THE BLACK SPECTRE GANG'S INSANE PRANKS!
HE PLANS TO OVERTHROW THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT!
THAT'S HIS STYLE. HE TRIED TO ENLIST MY HELP IN TOPPLING THREE AFRICAN DEMOCRACIES.
BUT I NEVER DREAMED HE'D ATTEMPT ANYTHING THIS OUTRAGEOUS! DID HE GIVE ANY HINT AS TO... WHY?
SHANNA, CRIMINALS DON'T DO THINGS THAT WAY!
THIS ONE DID, COMMISSIONER.
HE'S A MUTANT, A WHITE MAN BORN WITH BLACK SKIN AND A MANDRILL'S HEAD...!
I KNOW IT ALMOST SOUNDS FUNNY, BUT HIS YOUTH WAS SHEER TORMENT. HE WAS HATED, SCORNED EVEN BY HIS PARENTS.
AND HE FIGURES THAT HATRED OF ANYONE WHO'S DIFFERENT IS PART OF THE WAY OF LIFE IN AMERICA...
...AND THAT THE ONLY WAY TO CHANGE THAT IS BY SEIZING CONTROL...
...RUNNING THINGS HIS WAY.
YOU DON'T SOUND SURE THAT HE'S WRONG!
DON'T MAKE ME GET PHILOSOPHICAL, SHANNA.
AND DON'T WORRY: I HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN THAT BLACK SPECTRE HAS KILLED A FEW PEOPLE.

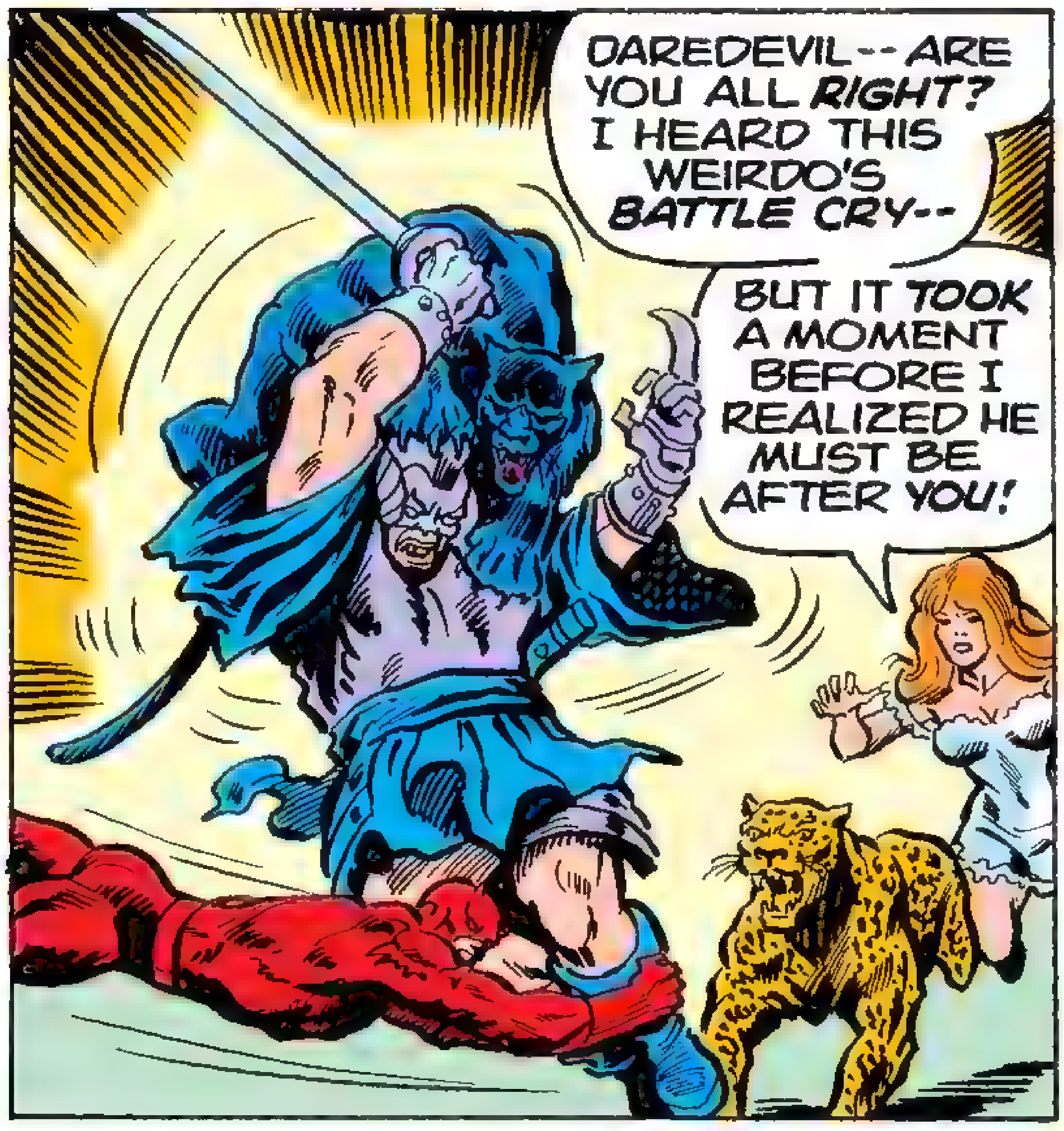

I'M JUST TIRED, THAT'S ALL. LOOK, LET'S MEET TOMORROW AT METRO GENERAL HOSPITAL.
WE CAN HASH IT ALL OUT WITH FOGGY NELSON AND DECIDE ON A BATTLE PLAN.
RIGHT NOW, ALL I CAN THINK ABOUT IS SLEEP--
--AND NATASHA... THE WOMAN I THOUGHT I LOVED... WHO BETRAYED MY REAL IDENTITY TO MANDRILL.
LORD, HOW HE GLOATED OVER THAT!
MAYBE THAT BLACK WIDOW REPUTATION OF HERS ISN'T--
HAIIEEEEEE!
AGGH!
BACK-- FEELS LIKE IT'S ON FIRE--!
HAVE TO--
--RECOVER MY--
--BALANCE, OR IT'S ALL OVER!
WHEW THAT IS AS CLOSE AS I WANT TO COME TO DYING FOR THE NEXT FIFTY YEARS OR SO!
WAIT--I HEAR FOOTSTEPS-- RUNNING-- MY ATTACKER!
EITHER THAT, OR IT'S JUST YOUR AVERAGE EIGHT-FOOT TALL, SWORD-SWINGING, 400-POUND GIANT!

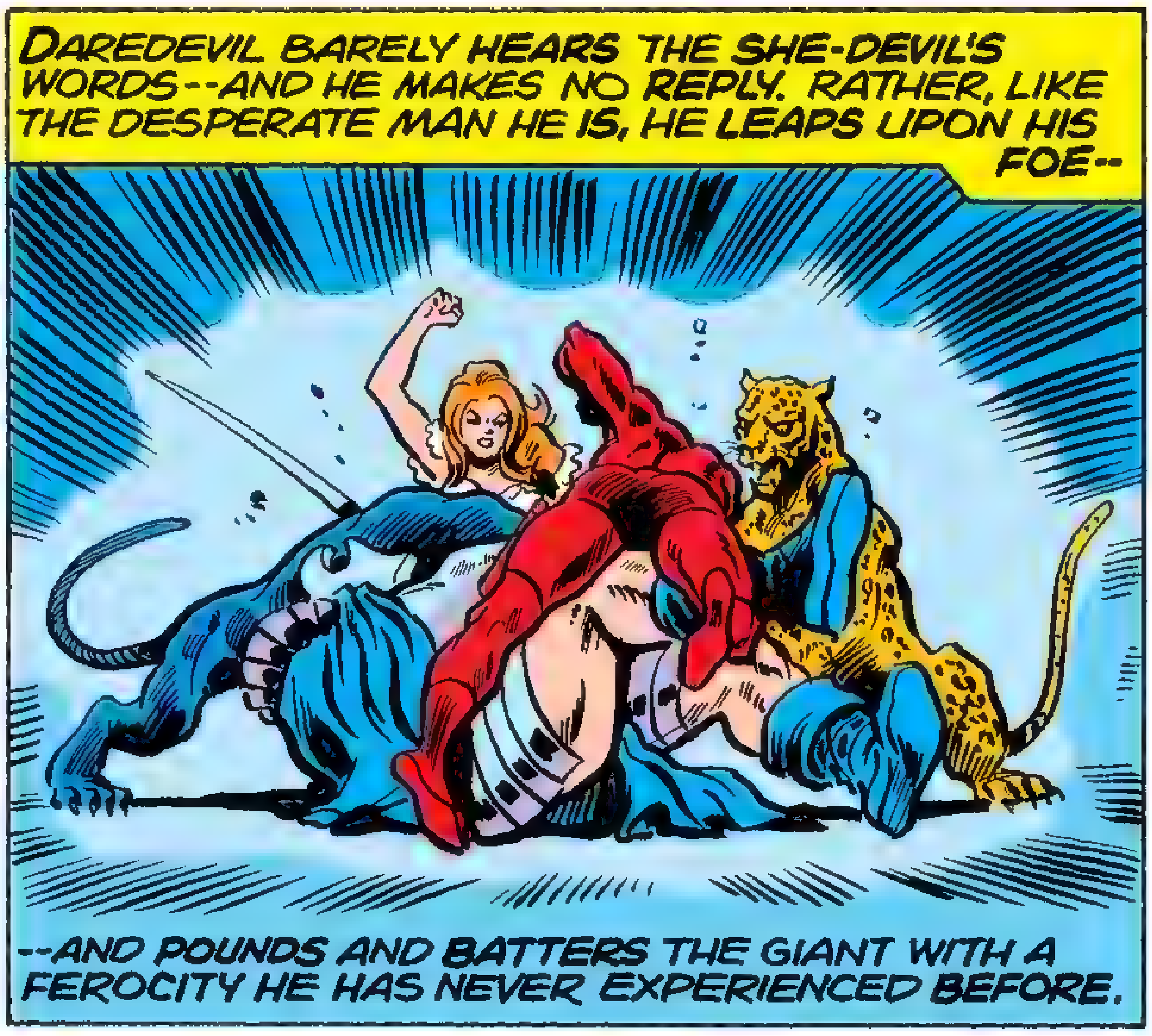

DIE!
FIRS NAT BA
GOOD GRIEF! UNLESS MY RADAR SENSE IS HALLUCINATING-- HE JUST SLICED THROUGH A STONE WALL!
THIS CAN'T BE REAL-- NOT AT THREE IN THE MORNING!
UH, LOOK-- COULDN'T WE SIT DOWN AND TALK ABOUT THIS?
NO, HUH?
WELL, COULD YOU COME BACK TOMORROW, THEN?
SEE, I'VE GOT TO GET SOME SLEEP--!
FWASH!
DIE!
DIE BY THE AVENGING BLADE OF--
--THE SILVER SAMURAI!
IT'S ALL I CAN DO TO STAY OUT OF HIS WAY!
AND I WON'T BE ABLE TO MANAGE EVEN THAT MUCH LONGER!
HE'S WIDE AWAKE-- AND I'M HALF-DEAD FROM FATIGUE!
MY REFLEXES ARE SLOW-- MY HYPER-SENSES ARE DULLED--!
WHERE IS YOUR SENSE OF HONOR, MAN IN RED? STAND AND FIGHT!

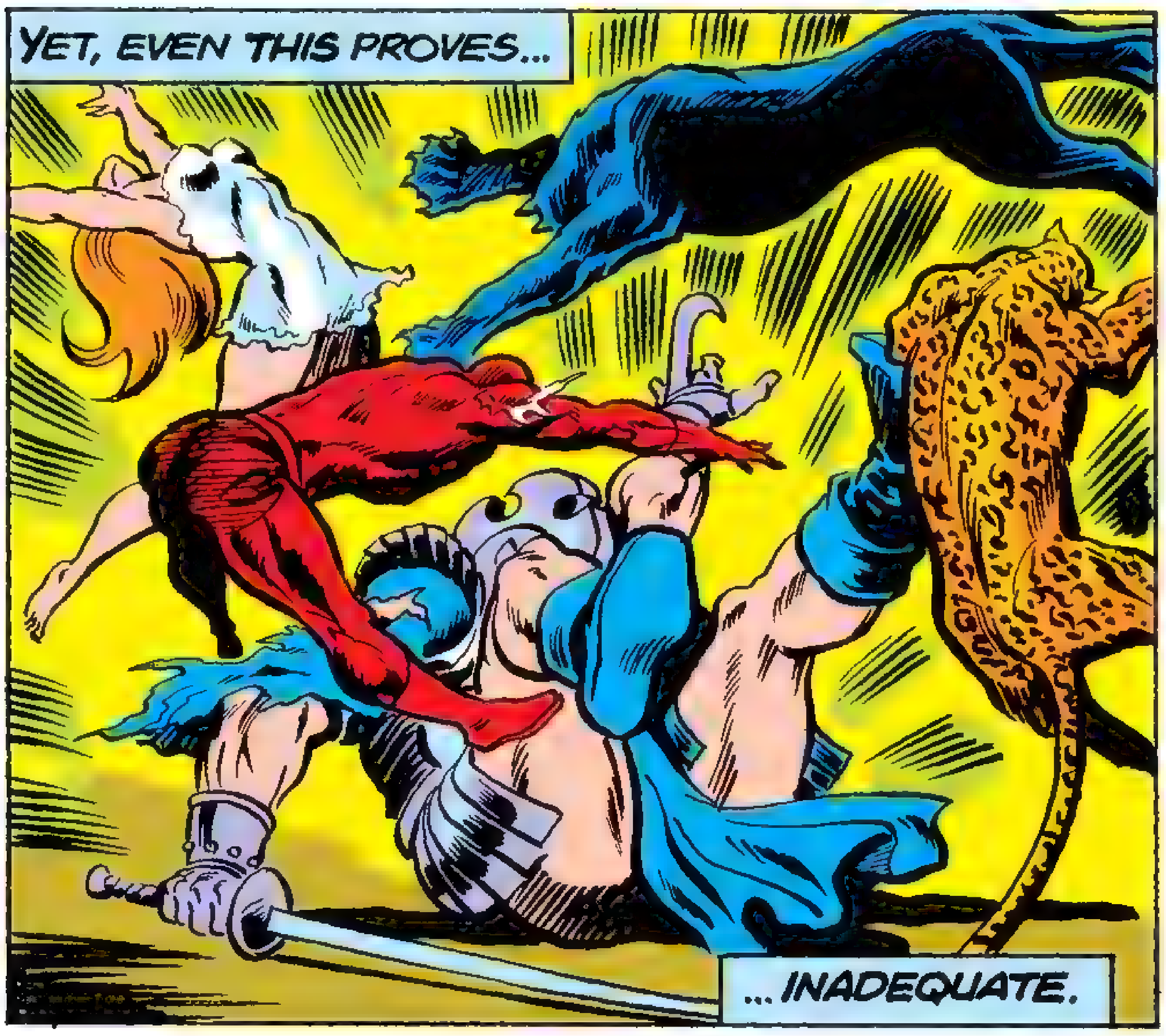

NO *WAY!* MY ONLY HOPE OF STAYING *ALIVE*--
--IS TO *EVADE* THIS MANIAC!
BLAST! I SHOULD HAVE *KNOWN* HE'D DO THAT! I CAN'T EVEN *THINK* STRAIGHT!
TH AVE
YOU ARE *DOOMED*, DAREDEVIL! WHY NOT *ADMIT* DEFEAT?
I'LL MAKE YOUR *DEATH* A SWIFT AND *MERCIFUL* ONE!
WHEREAS, IF YOU PERSIST IN THIS COWARDLY *FLIGHT*--
LETTERS
--I SHALL BE FORCED TO METE OUT TO YOU A COWARD'S *FATE!*
A DEATH THAT IS A *THOUSAND* DEATHS--*SLOW*, AND VERY, VERY *PAINFUL!*

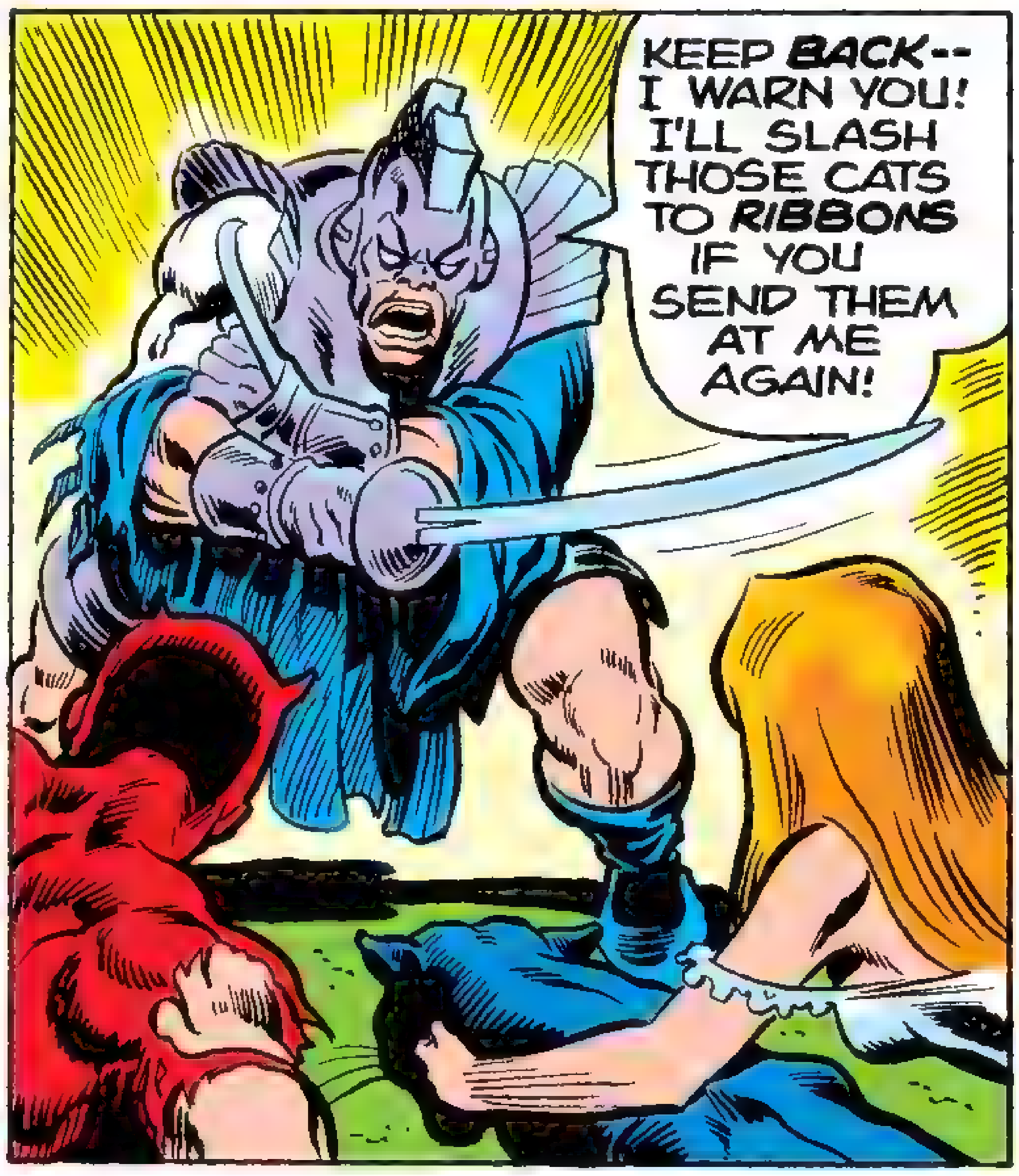

A DEATH BY **DEGREES**, SUCH AS NO MAN OF **VALOR** AND **HONOR** SHOULD HAVE TO ENDURE!
THE CHOICE IS **YOURS**, DAREDEVIL! WHICH SHALL IT **BE?**
FOR A MOMENT, THE **MAN WITHOUT FEAR** WONDERS IF THOSE **ARE** HIS ONLY OPTIONS.
AND THEN, HE HEARS THE PAD OF FELINE **PAWS**--

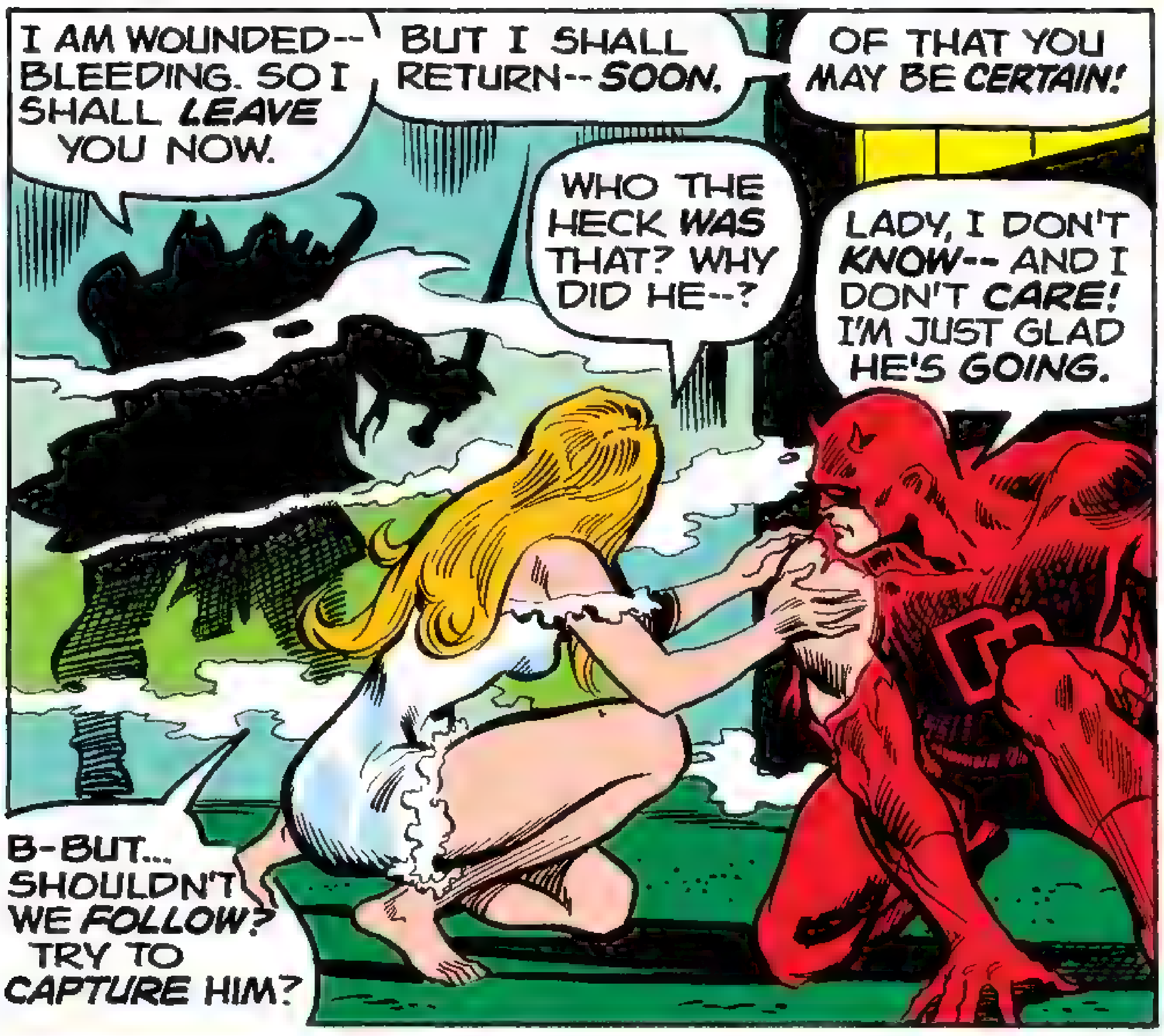

--AND **BIRI'S** LOW, THROATY **GROWL**-- AND HE **KNOWS**: THE GAME IS NOT YET **ENDED!**

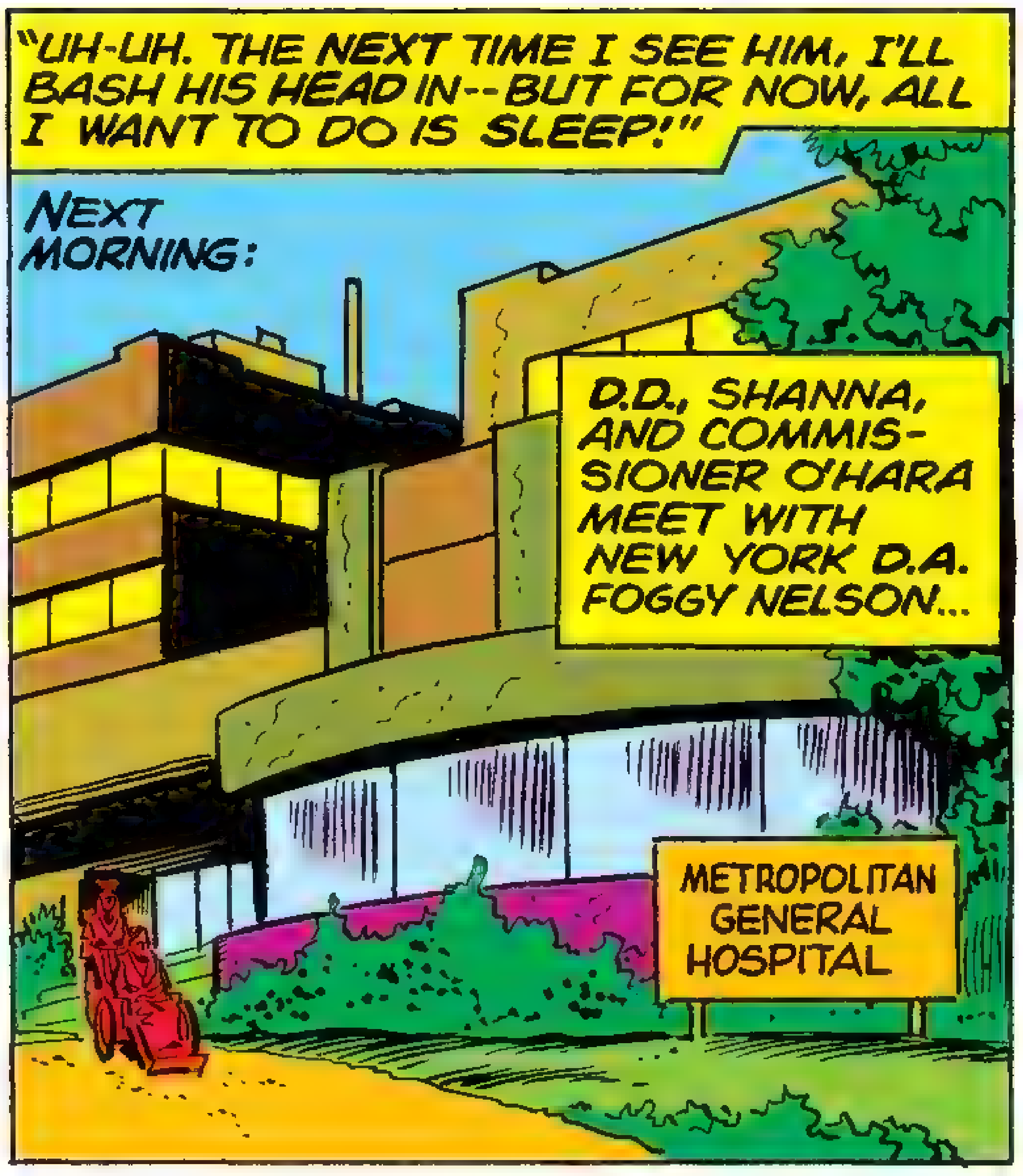

DAREDEVIL-- ARE YOU ALL **RIGHT?** I HEARD THIS WEIRDO'S **BATTLE CRY**--
BUT IT **TOOK** A MOMENT BEFORE I REALIZED HE MUST BE AFTER **YOU!**

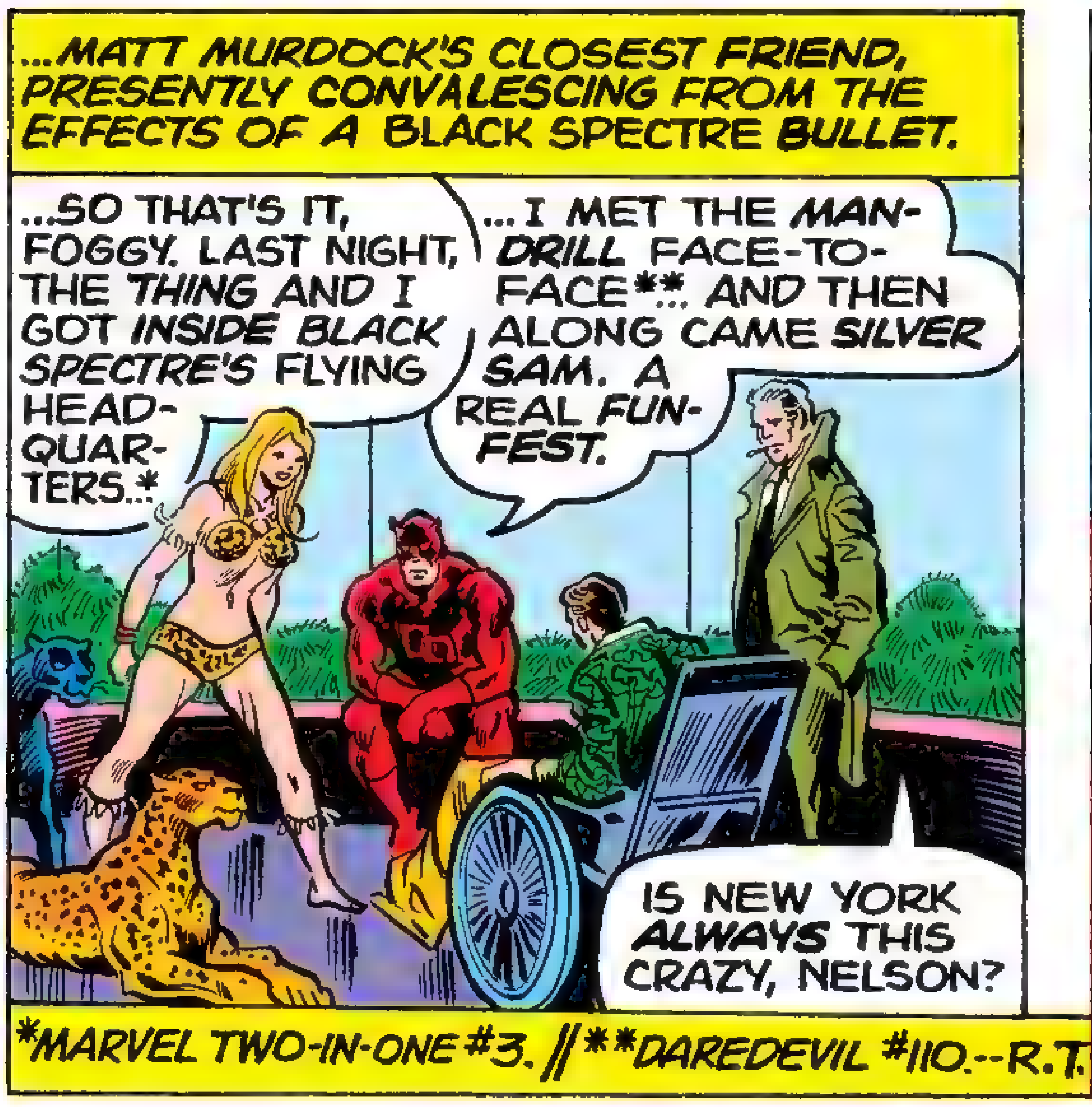

DAREDEVIL BARELY **HEARS** THE **SHE-DEVIL'S** WORDS--AND HE MAKES NO **REPLY**. RATHER, LIKE THE DESPERATE MAN HE **IS**, HE **LEAPS** UPON HIS **FOE**--
--AND **POUNDS** AND **BATTERS** THE GIANT WITH A **FEROCITY** HE HAS NEVER EXPERIENCED **BEFORE**.

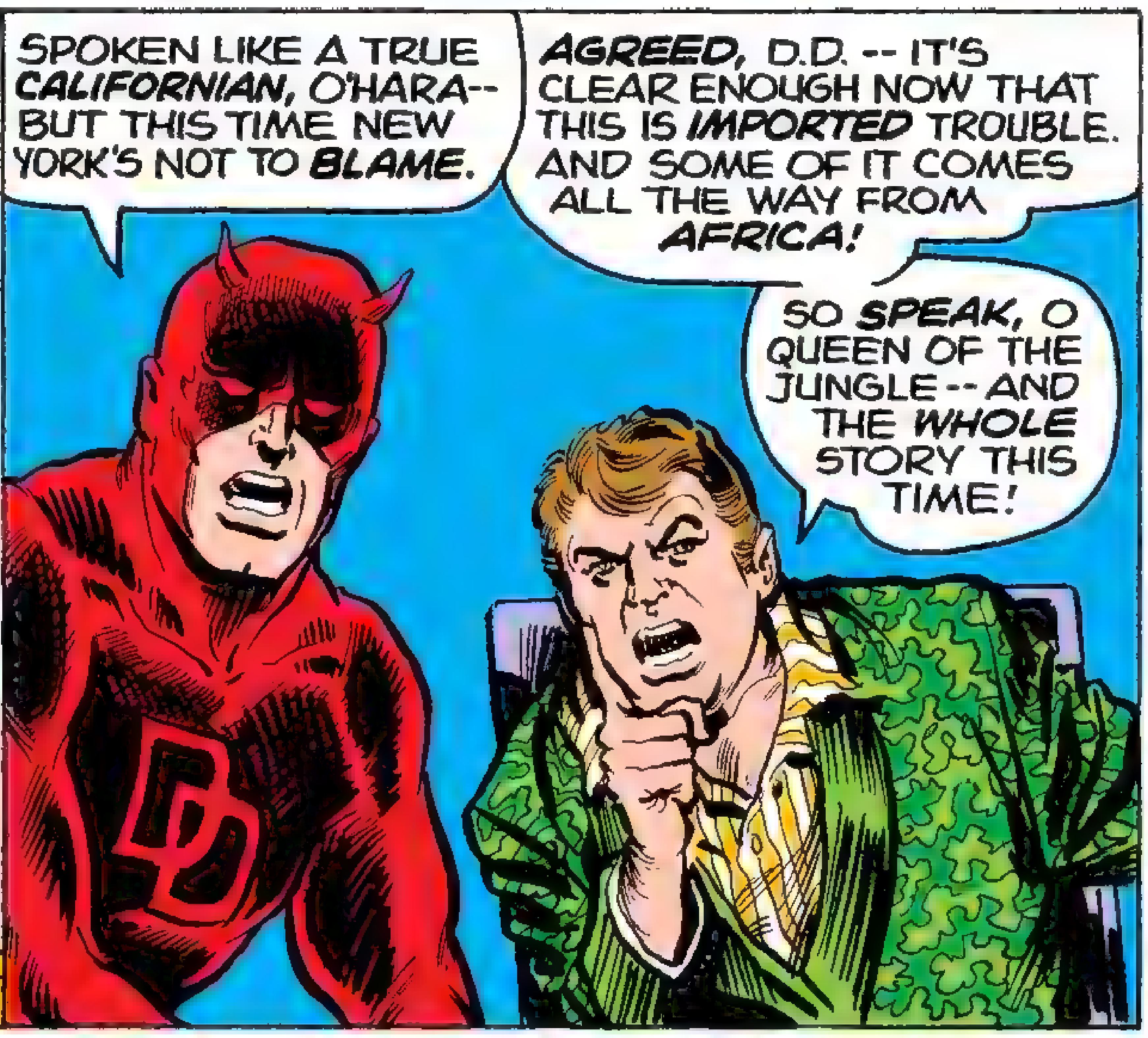

YET, EVEN **THIS** PROVES...
...**INADEQUATE**.

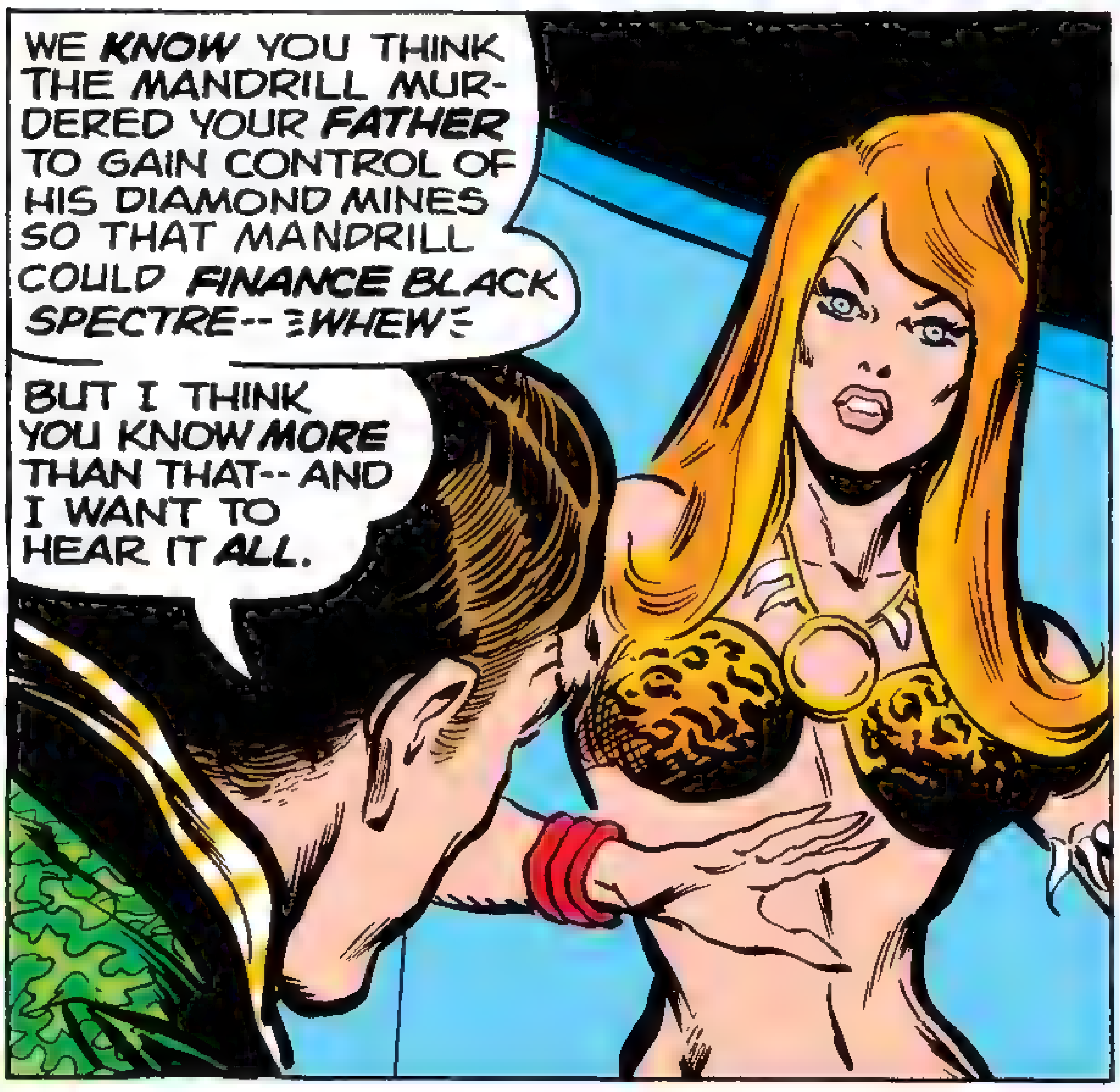

KEEP **BACK**-- I WARN YOU! I'LL SLASH THOSE CATS TO **RIBBONS** IF YOU SEND THEM AT ME AGAIN!

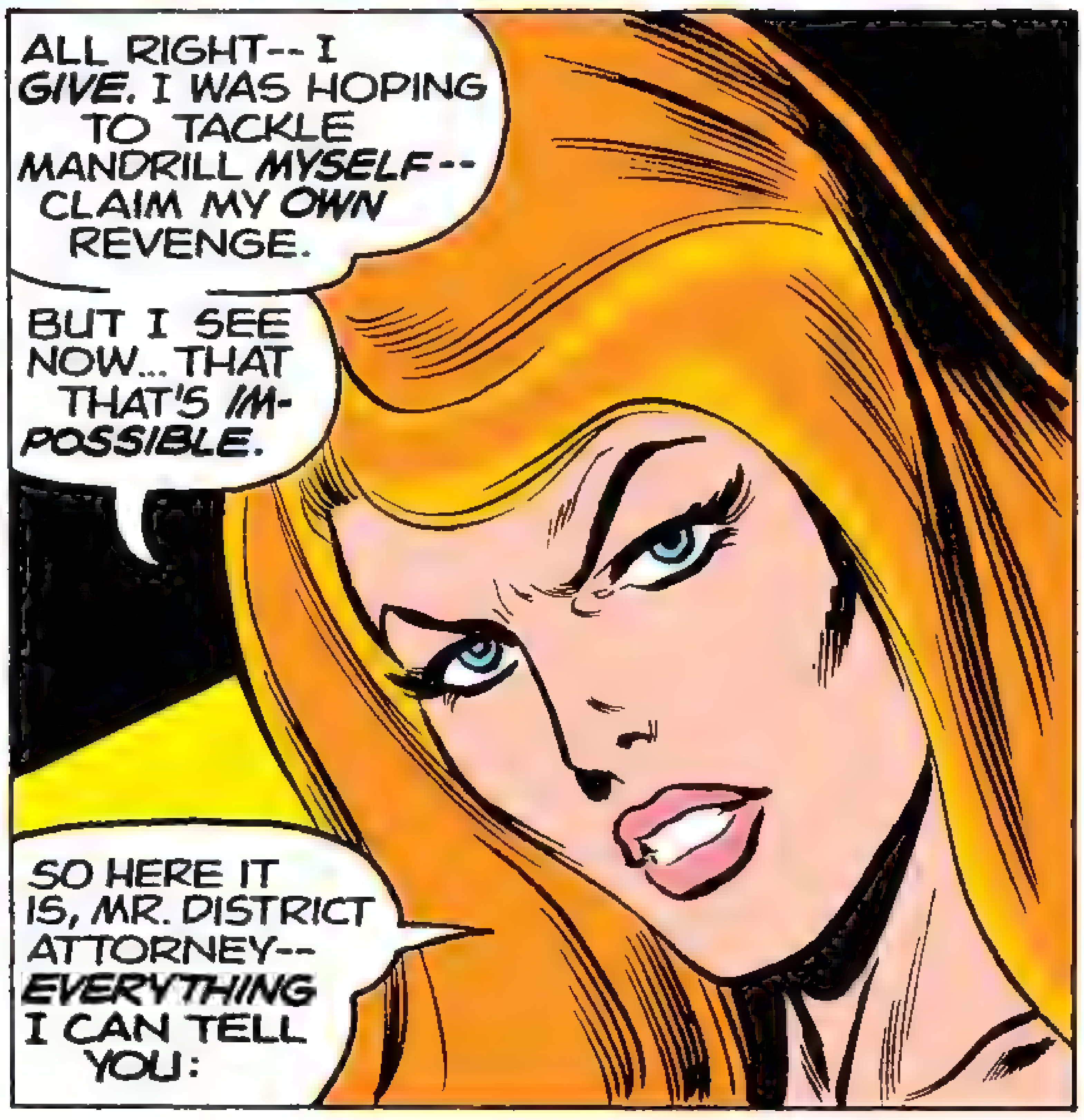

I AM WOUNDED-- BLEEDING. SO I SHALL *LEAVE* YOU NOW.
BUT I SHALL RETURN-- *SOON.*
OF THAT YOU MAY BE *CERTAIN!*
WHO THE HECK *WAS* THAT? WHY DID HE--?
LADY, I DON'T *KNOW*-- AND I DON'T *CARE!* I'M JUST GLAD HE'S *GOING.*
B-BUT... SHOULDN'T WE *FOLLOW?* TRY TO *CAPTURE* HIM?

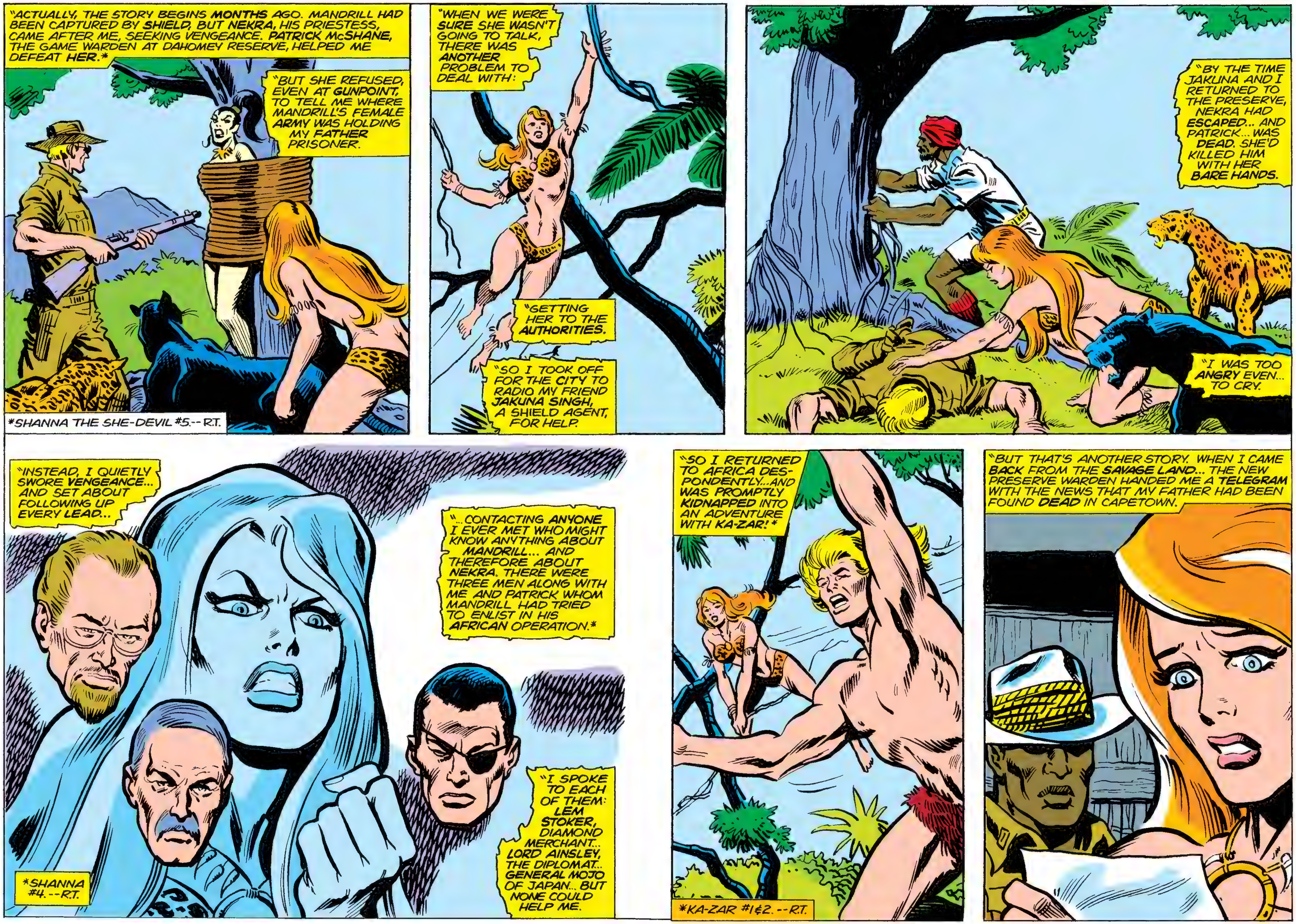

"UH-UH. THE *NEXT TIME* I SEE *HIM*, I'LL BASH HIS *HEAD* IN--BUT FOR NOW, ALL I WANT TO DO IS *SLEEP!*"
NEXT MORNING:
D.D., SHANNA, AND COMMISSIONER O'HARA MEET WITH NEW YORK D.A. FOGGY NELSON...
METROPOLITAN GENERAL HOSPITAL

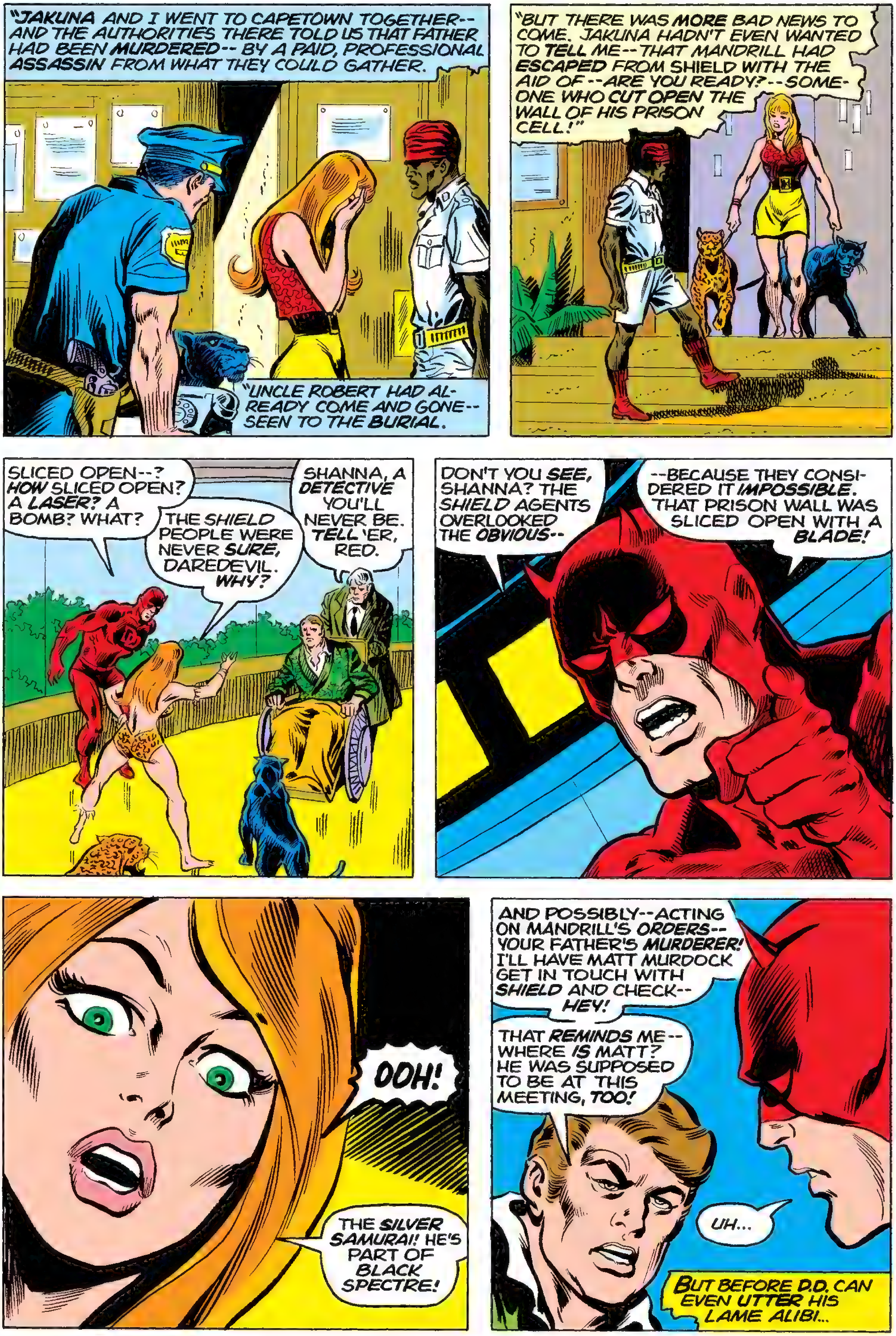

...MATT MURDOCK'S CLOSEST *FRIEND*, PRESENTLY *CONVALESCING* FROM THE EFFECTS OF A BLACK SPECTRE *BULLET.*
...SO THAT'S IT, FOGGY. LAST NIGHT, THE *THING* AND I GOT *INSIDE BLACK SPECTRE'S* FLYING HEADQUARTERS.*
...I MET THE *MAN-DRILL* FACE-TO-FACE**. AND THEN ALONG CAME *SILVER SAM.* A REAL *FUN-FEST.*
IS NEW YORK *ALWAYS* THIS CRAZY, NELSON?
*MARVEL TWO-IN-ONE #3. // **DAREDEVIL #110.--R.T.

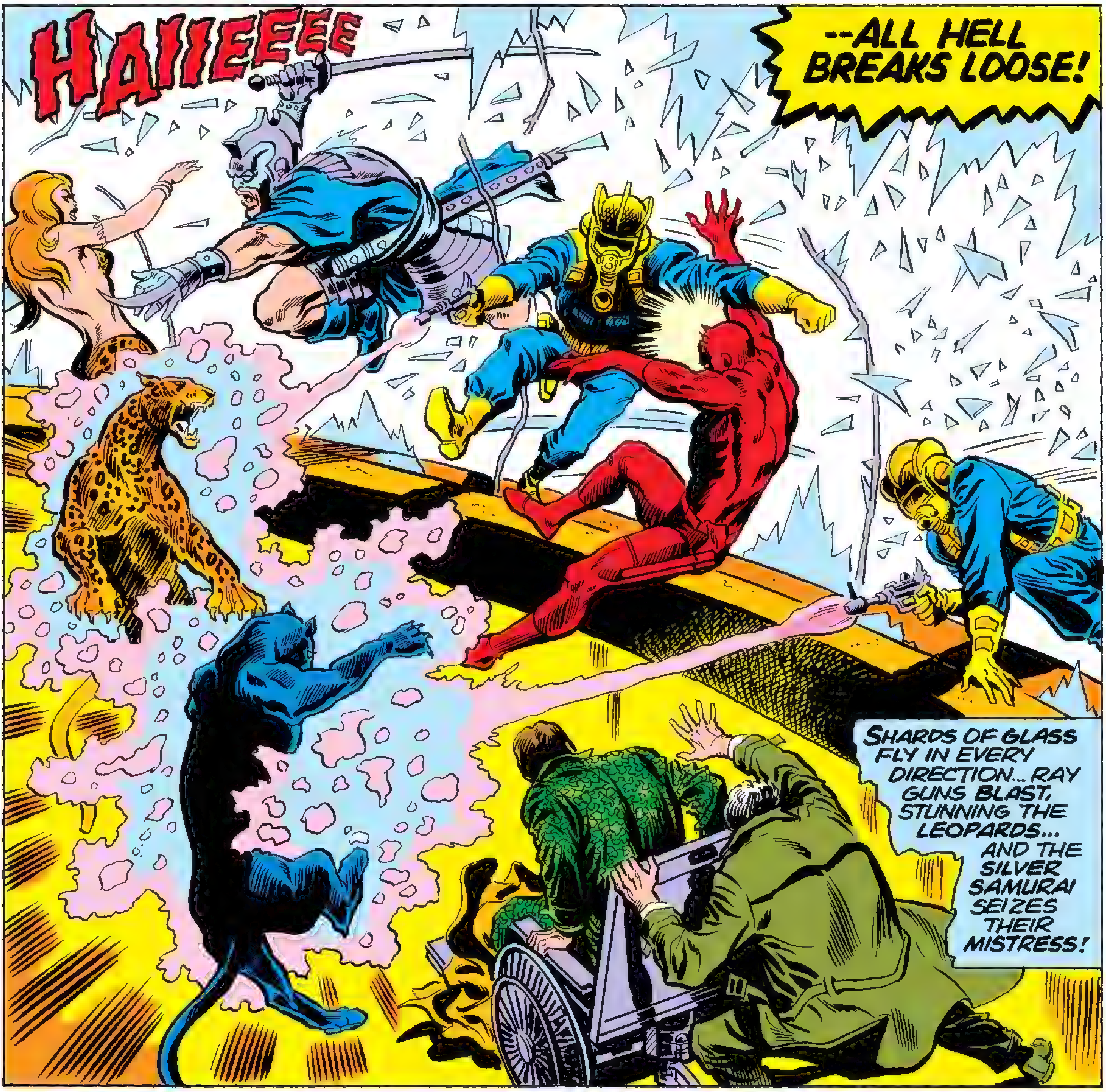

SPOKEN LIKE A TRUE *CALIFORNIAN*, O'HARA-- BUT THIS TIME NEW YORK'S NOT TO *BLAME.*
AGREED, D.D. -- IT'S CLEAR ENOUGH NOW THAT THIS IS *IMPORTED* TROUBLE. AND SOME OF IT COMES ALL THE WAY FROM *AFRICA!*
SO *SPEAK*, O QUEEN OF THE JUNGLE -- AND THE *WHOLE* STORY THIS TIME!

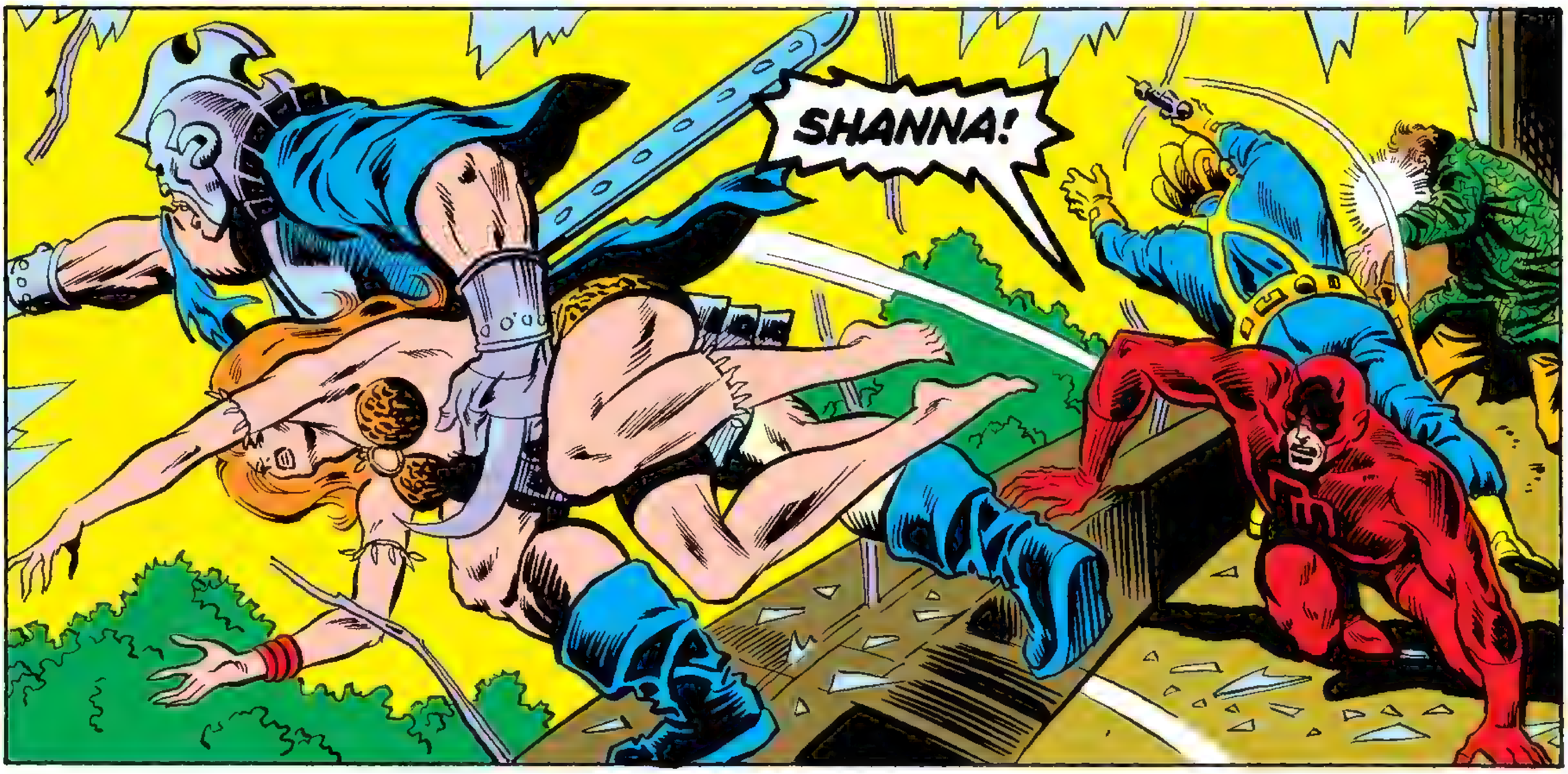

WE *KNOW* YOU THINK THE MANDRILL MURDERED YOUR *FATHER* TO GAIN CONTROL OF HIS DIAMOND MINES SO THAT MANDRILL COULD *FINANCE BLACK SPECTRE*-- *WHEW*
BUT I THINK YOU KNOW *MORE* THAN THAT-- AND I WANT TO HEAR IT *ALL.*

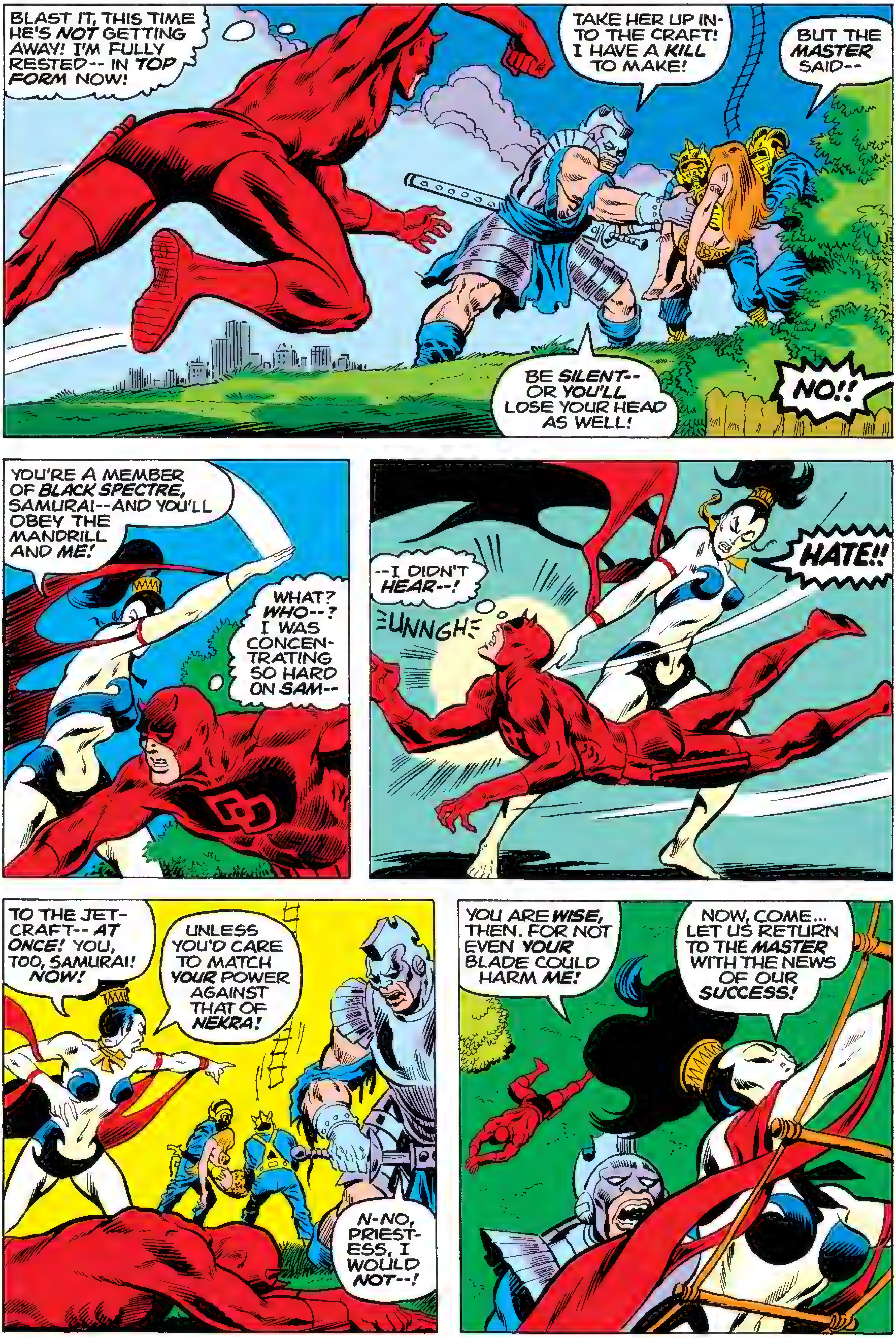

ALL RIGHT-- I *GIVE.* I WAS HOPING TO TACKLE MANDRILL *MYSELF*-- CLAIM MY *OWN* REVENGE.
BUT I SEE NOW... THAT THAT'S *IMPOSSIBLE.*
SO HERE IT IS, MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY-- *EVERYTHING* I CAN TELL YOU:

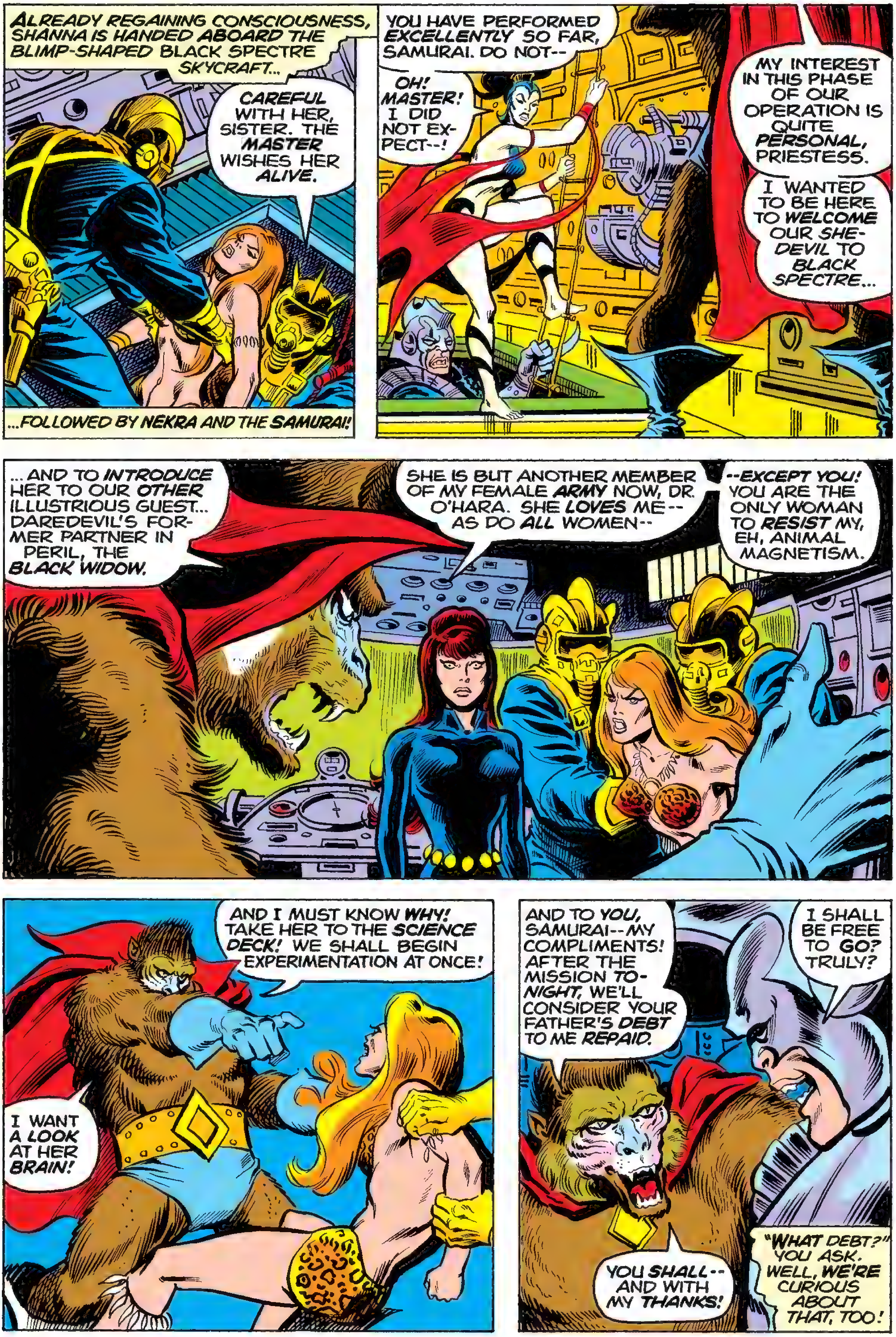

"ACTUALLY, THE STORY BEGINS MONTHS AGO. MANDRILL HAD BEEN CAPTURED BY SHIELD, BUT NEKRA, HIS PRIESTESS, CAME AFTER ME, SEEKING VENGEANCE. PATRICK McSHANE, THE GAME WARDEN AT DAHOMEY RESERVE, HELPED ME DEFEAT HER.*
"BUT SHE REFUSED, EVEN AT GUNPOINT, TO TELL ME WHERE MANDRILL'S FEMALE ARMY WAS HOLDING MY FATHER PRISONER.
*SHANNA THE SHE-DEVIL #5.-- R.T.
"WHEN WE WERE SURE SHE WASN'T GOING TO TALK, THERE WAS ANOTHER PROBLEM TO DEAL WITH:
"GETTING HER TO THE AUTHORITIES.
"SO I TOOK OFF FOR THE CITY TO RADIO MY FRIEND JAKUNA SINGH, A SHIELD AGENT, FOR HELP.
"BY THE TIME JAKUNA AND I RETURNED TO THE PRESERVE, NEKRA HAD ESCAPED... AND PATRICK... WAS DEAD. SHE'D KILLED HIM WITH HER BARE HANDS.
"I WAS TOO ANGRY EVEN... TO CRY.
"INSTEAD, I QUIETLY SWORE VENGEANCE... AND SET ABOUT FOLLOWING UP EVERY LEAD...
"...CONTACTING ANYONE I EVER MET WHO MIGHT KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT MANDRILL... AND THEREFORE ABOUT NEKRA. THERE WERE THREE MEN ALONG WITH ME AND PATRICK WHOM MANDRILL HAD TRIED TO ENLIST IN HIS AFRICAN OPERATION.*
"I SPOKE TO EACH OF THEM: LEM STOKER, DIAMOND MERCHANT... LORD AINSLEY, THE DIPLOMAT.. GENERAL MOJO OF JAPAN... BUT NONE COULD HELP ME.
*SHANNA #4. --R.T.
"SO I RETURNED TO AFRICA DESPONDENTLY...AND WAS PROMPTLY KIDNAPPED INTO AN ADVENTURE WITH KA-ZAR!*
*KA-ZAR #1&2. --R.T.
"BUT THAT'S ANOTHER STORY. WHEN I CAME BACK FROM THE SAVAGE LAND... THE NEW PRESERVE WARDEN HANDED ME A TELEGRAM WITH THE NEWS THAT MY FATHER HAD BEEN FOUND DEAD IN CAPETOWN.

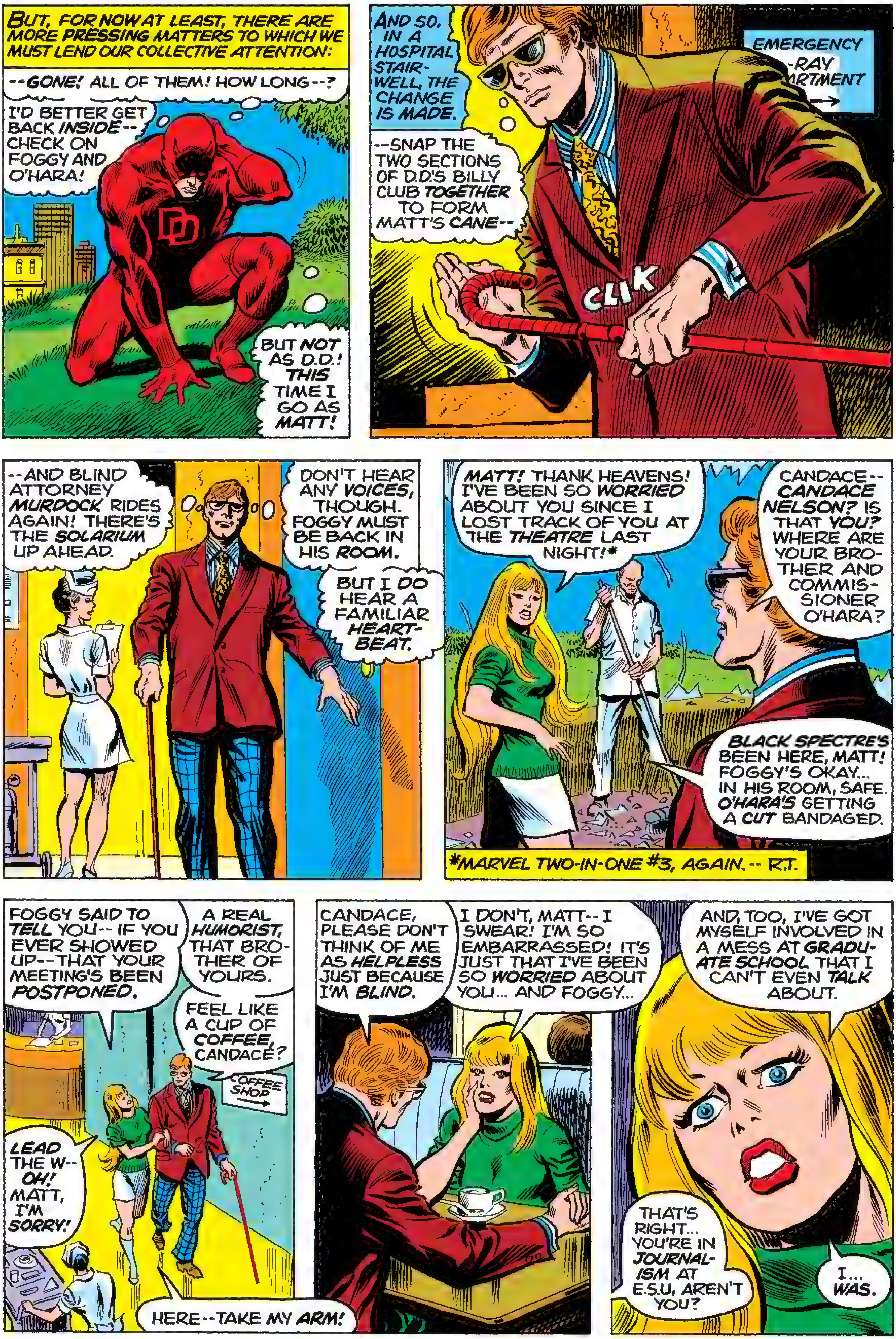

"JAKUNA AND I WENT TO CAPETOWN TOGETHER-- AND THE AUTHORITIES THERE TOLD US THAT FATHER HAD BEEN MURDERED-- BY A PAID, PROFESSIONAL ASSASSIN FROM WHAT THEY COULD GATHER.
"UNCLE ROBERT HAD ALREADY COME AND GONE-- SEEN TO THE BURIAL.
"BUT THERE WAS MORE BAD NEWS TO COME. JAKUNA HADN'T EVEN WANTED TO TELL ME--THAT MANDRILL HAD ESCAPED FROM SHIELD WITH THE AID OF --ARE YOU READY?--SOMEONE WHO CUT OPEN THE WALL OF HIS PRISON CELL!"
SLICED OPEN--? HOW SLICED OPEN? A LASER? A BOMB? WHAT?
THE SHIELD PEOPLE WERE NEVER SURE, DAREDEVIL. WHY?
SHANNA, A DETECTIVE YOU'LL NEVER BE. TELL 'ER, RED.
DON'T YOU SEE, SHANNA? THE SHIELD AGENTS OVERLOOKED THE OBVIOUS--
--BECAUSE THEY CONSIDERED IT IMPOSSIBLE. THAT PRISON WALL WAS SLICED OPEN WITH A BLADE!
OOH!
THE SILVER SAMURAI! HE'S PART OF BLACK SPECTRE!
AND POSSIBLY--ACTING ON MANDRILL'S ORDERS-- YOUR FATHER'S MURDERER! I'LL HAVE MATT MURDOCK GET IN TOUCH WITH SHIELD AND CHECK-- HEY!
THAT REMINDS ME-- WHERE IS MATT? HE WAS SUPPOSED TO BE AT THIS MEETING, TOO!
UH...
BUT BEFORE D.D. CAN EVEN UTTER HIS LAME ALIBI...

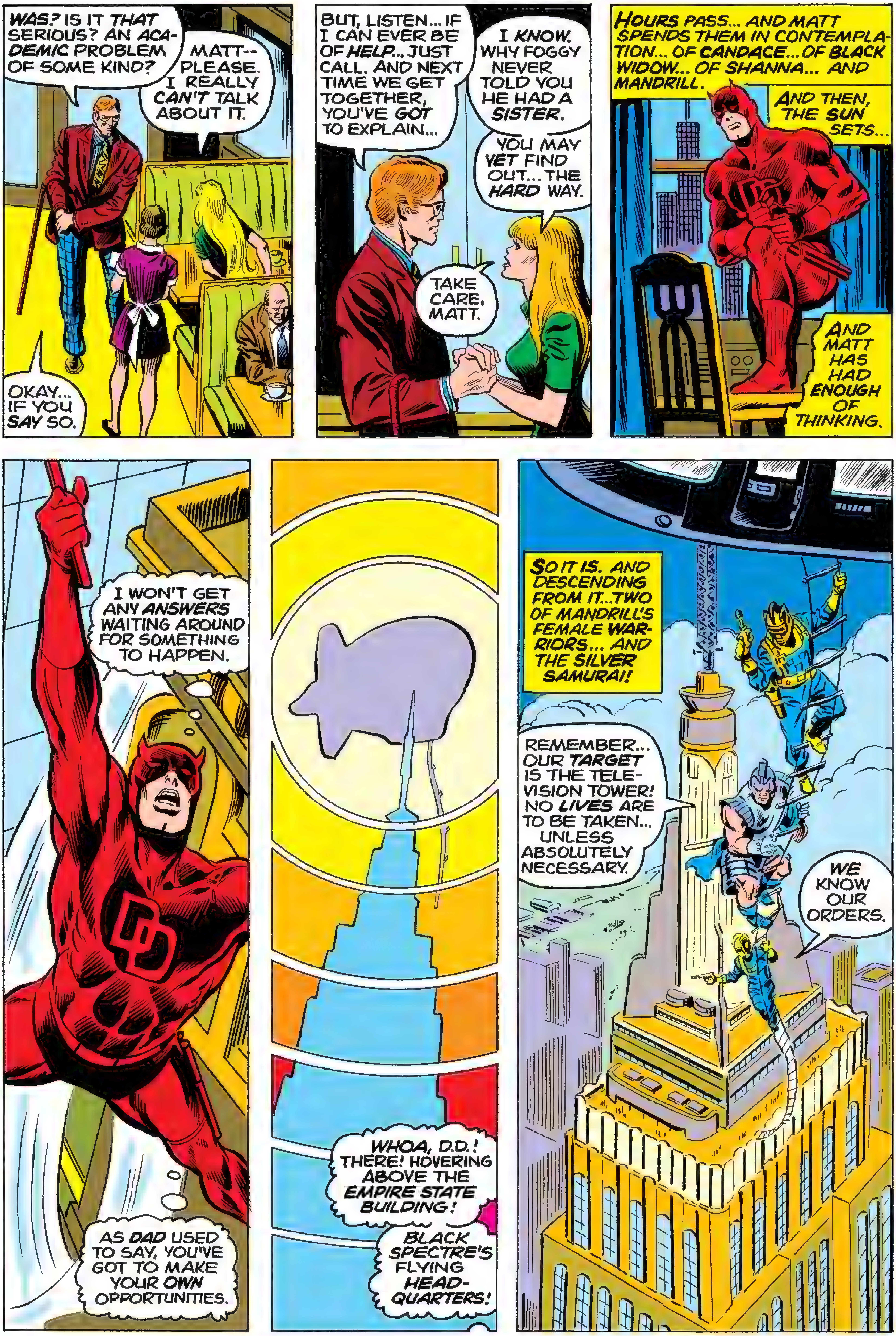

HAIIEEEE
--ALL HELL BREAKS LOOSE!
SHARDS OF GLASS FLY IN EVERY DIRECTION... RAY GUNS BLAST, STUNNING THE LEOPARDS... AND THE SILVER SAMURAI SEIZES THEIR MISTRESS!

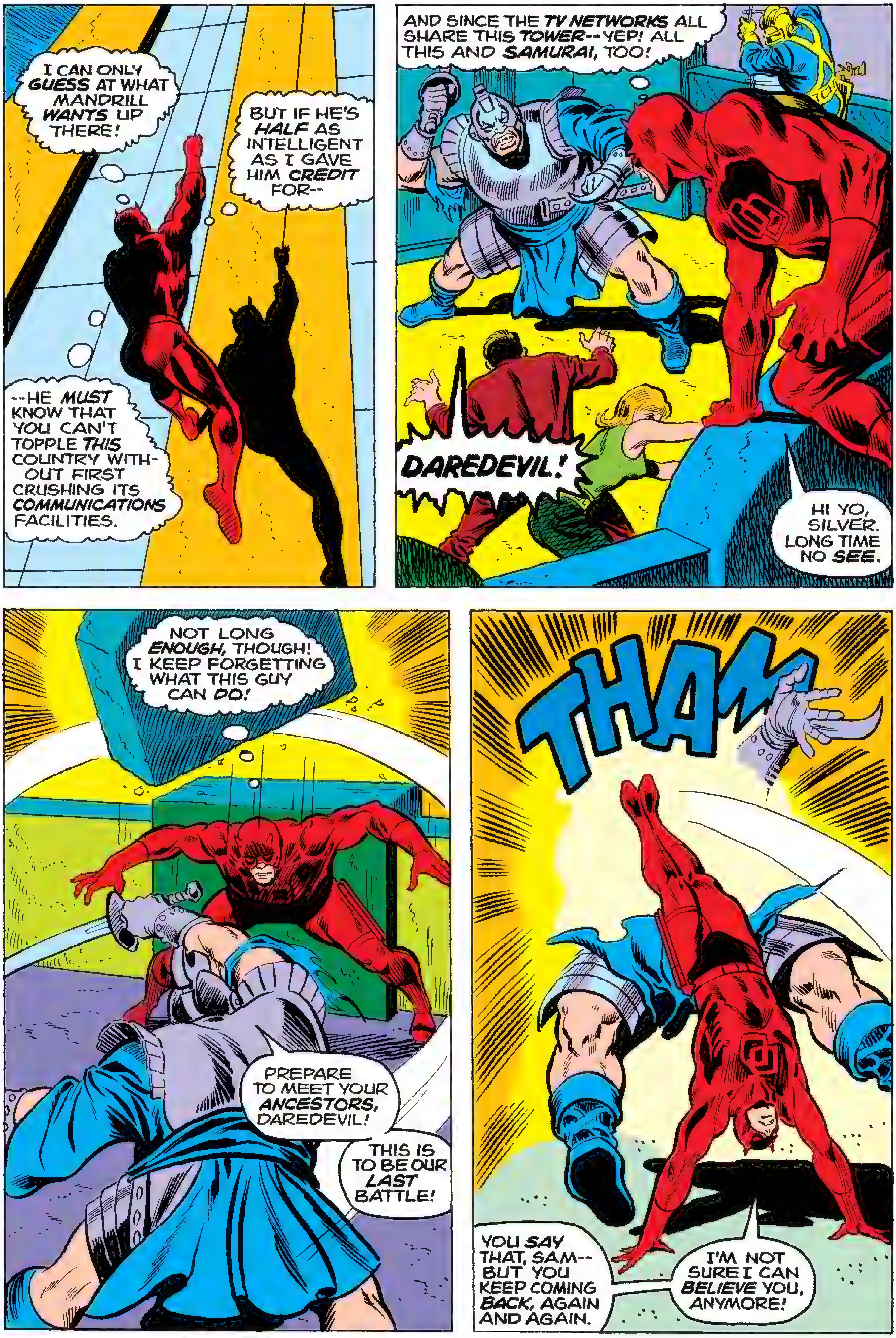

SHANNA!

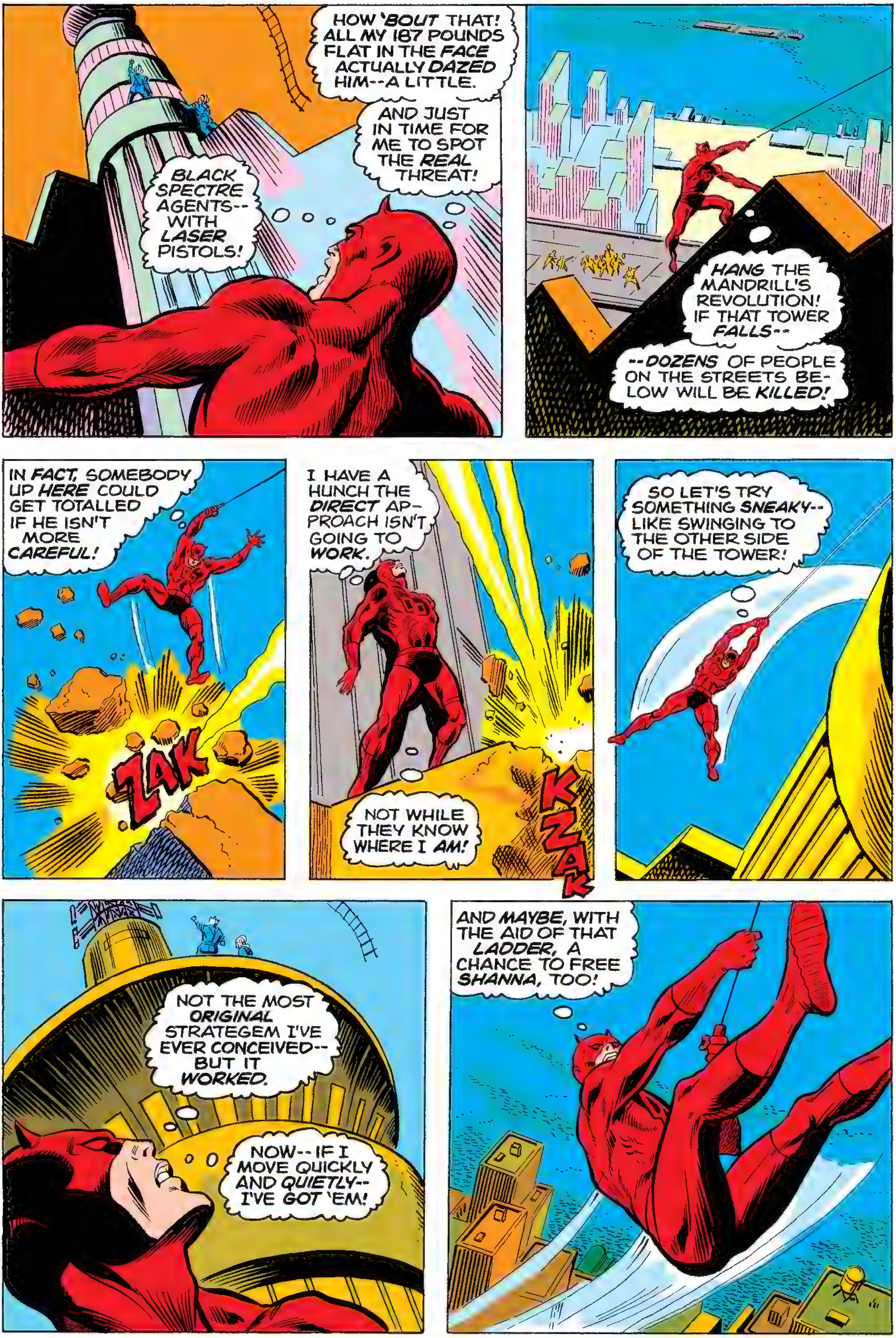

BLAST IT, THIS TIME HE'S NOT GETTING AWAY! I'M FULLY RESTED-- IN TOP FORM NOW!
TAKE HER UP INTO THE CRAFT! I HAVE A KILL TO MAKE!
BUT THE MASTER SAID--
BE SILENT-- OR YOU'LL LOSE YOUR HEAD AS WELL!
NO!!
YOU'RE A MEMBER OF BLACK SPECTRE, SAMURAI-- AND YOU'LL OBEY THE MANDRILL AND ME!
WHAT? WHO--? I WAS CONCENTRATING SO HARD ON SAM--
--I DIDN'T HEAR--!
UNNGH
HATE!!
TO THE JET-CRAFT-- AT ONCE! YOU, TOO, SAMURAI! NOW!
UNLESS YOU'D CARE TO MATCH YOUR POWER AGAINST THAT OF NEKRA!
N-NO, PRIESTESS, I WOULD NOT--!
YOU ARE WISE, THEN. FOR NOT EVEN YOUR BLADE COULD HARM ME!
NOW, COME... LET US RETURN TO THE MASTER WITH THE NEWS OF OUR SUCCESS!

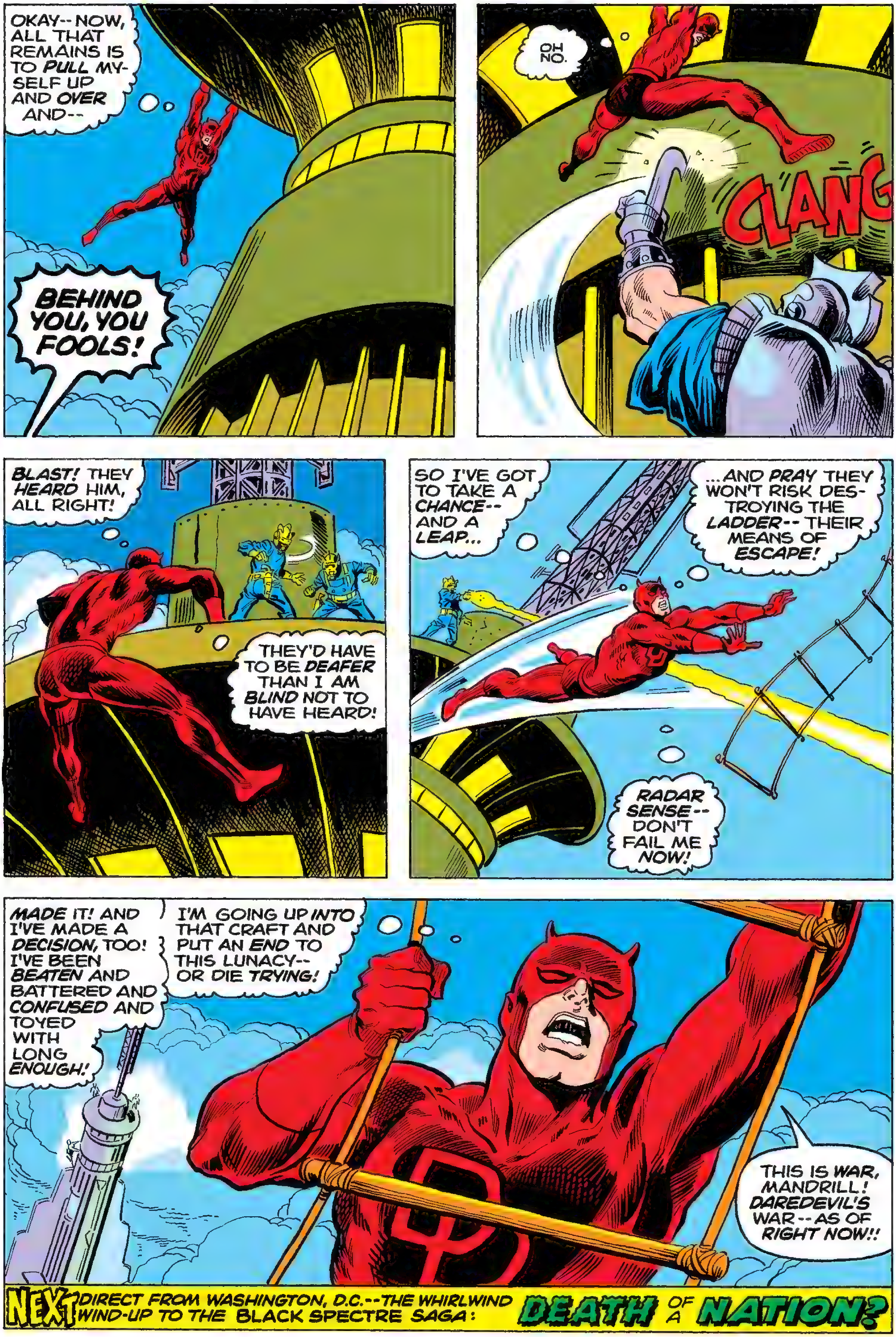

ALREADY REGAINING CONSCIOUSNESS, SHANNA IS HANDED ABOARD THE BLIMP-SHAPED BLACK SPECTRE SKYCRAFT...
CAREFUL WITH HER, SISTER. THE MASTER WISHES HER ALIVE.
...FOLLOWED BY NEKRA AND THE SAMURAI!
YOU HAVE PERFORMED EXCELLENTLY SO FAR, SAMURAI. DO NOT--
OH! MASTER! I DID NOT EXPECT--!
MY INTEREST IN THIS PHASE OF OUR OPERATION IS QUITE PERSONAL, PRIESTESS.
I WANTED TO BE HERE TO WELCOME OUR SHE-DEVIL TO BLACK SPECTRE...
...AND TO INTRODUCE HER TO OUR OTHER ILLUSTRIOUS GUEST... DAREDEVIL'S FORMER PARTNER IN PERIL, THE BLACK WIDOW.
SHE IS BUT ANOTHER MEMBER OF MY FEMALE ARMY NOW, DR. O'HARA. SHE LOVES ME-- AS DO ALL WOMEN--
--EXCEPT YOU! YOU ARE THE ONLY WOMAN TO RESIST MY, EH, ANIMAL MAGNETISM.
AND I MUST KNOW WHY! TAKE HER TO THE SCIENCE DECK! WE SHALL BEGIN EXPERIMENTATION AT ONCE!
I WANT A LOOK AT HER BRAIN!
AND TO YOU, SAMURAI-- MY COMPLIMENTS! AFTER THE MISSION TONIGHT, WE'LL CONSIDER YOUR FATHER'S DEBT TO ME REPAID.
I SHALL BE FREE TO GO? TRULY?
YOU SHALL-- AND WITH MY THANKS!
"WHAT DEBT?" YOU ASK. WELL, WE'RE CURIOUS ABOUT THAT, TOO!


BUT, FOR NOW AT LEAST, THERE ARE MORE PRESSING MATTERS TO WHICH WE MUST LEND OUR COLLECTIVE ATTENTION:
--GONE! ALL OF THEM! HOW LONG--?
I'D BETTER GET BACK INSIDE-- CHECK ON FOGGY AND O'HARA!
BUT NOT AS D.D.! THIS TIME I GO AS MATT!
AND SO, IN A HOSPITAL STAIRWELL, THE CHANGE IS MADE.
EMERGENCY -RAY RTMENT
--SNAP THE TWO SECTIONS OF D.D.'S BILLY CLUB TOGETHER TO FORM MATT'S CANE--
CLIK
--AND BLIND ATTORNEY MURDOCK RIDES AGAIN! THERE'S THE SOLARIUM UP AHEAD.
DON'T HEAR ANY VOICES, THOUGH. FOGGY MUST BE BACK IN HIS ROOM.
BUT I DO HEAR A FAMILIAR HEART-BEAT.
MATT! THANK HEAVENS! I'VE BEEN SO WORRIED ABOUT YOU SINCE I LOST TRACK OF YOU AT THE THEATRE LAST NIGHT!*
CANDACE--CANDACE NELSON? IS THAT YOU? WHERE ARE YOUR BROTHER AND COMMISSIONER O'HARA?
BLACK SPECTRE'S BEEN HERE, MATT! FOGGY'S OKAY... IN HIS ROOM, SAFE. O'HARA'S GETTING A CUT BANDAGED.
*MARVEL TWO-IN-ONE #3, AGAIN.-- R.T.
FOGGY SAID TO TELL YOU-- IF YOU EVER SHOWED UP--THAT YOUR MEETING'S BEEN POSTPONED.
A REAL HUMORIST, THAT BROTHER OF YOURS.
FEEL LIKE A CUP OF COFFEE, CANDACE?
COFFEE SHOP
LEAD THE W-- OH! MATT, I'M SORRY!
HERE--TAKE MY ARM!
CANDACE, PLEASE DON'T THINK OF ME AS HELPLESS JUST BECAUSE I'M BLIND.
I DON'T, MATT-- I SWEAR! I'M SO EMBARRASSED! IT'S JUST THAT I'VE BEEN SO WORRIED ABOUT YOU... AND FOGGY...
AND, TOO, I'VE GOT MYSELF INVOLVED IN A MESS AT GRADUATE SCHOOL THAT I CAN'T EVEN TALK ABOUT.
THAT'S RIGHT... YOU'RE IN JOURNALISM AT E.S.U., AREN'T YOU?
I... WAS.


WAS? IS IT THAT SERIOUS? AN ACADEMIC PROBLEM OF SOME KIND?
MATT-- PLEASE. I REALLY CAN'T TALK ABOUT IT.
OKAY... IF YOU SAY SO.
BUT, LISTEN... IF I CAN EVER BE OF HELP... JUST CALL. AND NEXT TIME WE GET TOGETHER, YOU'VE GOT TO EXPLAIN...
I KNOW. WHY FOGGY NEVER TOLD YOU HE HAD A SISTER.
YOU MAY YET FIND OUT... THE HARD WAY.
TAKE CARE, MATT.
HOURS PASS... AND MATT SPENDS THEM IN CONTEMPLATION... OF CANDACE... OF BLACK WIDOW... OF SHANNA... AND MANDRILL.
AND THEN, THE SUN SETS...
AND MATT HAS HAD ENOUGH OF THINKING.
I WON'T GET ANY ANSWERS WAITING AROUND FOR SOMETHING TO HAPPEN.
AS DAD USED TO SAY, YOU'VE GOT TO MAKE YOUR OWN OPPORTUNITIES.
WHOA, D.D.! THERE! HOVERING ABOVE THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING!
BLACK SPECTRE'S FLYING HEADQUARTERS!
SO IT IS. AND DESCENDING FROM IT...TWO OF MANDRILL'S FEMALE WARRIORS... AND THE SILVER SAMURAI!
REMEMBER... OUR TARGET IS THE TELEVISION TOWER! NO LIVES ARE TO BE TAKEN... UNLESS ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY.
WE KNOW OUR ORDERS.


I CAN ONLY GUESS AT WHAT MANDRILL WANTS UP THERE!
BUT IF HE'S HALF AS INTELLIGENT AS I GAVE HIM CREDIT FOR--
--HE MUST KNOW THAT YOU CAN'T TOPPLE THIS COUNTRY WITHOUT FIRST CRUSHING ITS COMMUNICATIONS FACILITIES.
AND SINCE THE TV NETWORKS ALL SHARE THIS TOWER--YEP! ALL THIS AND SAMURAI, TOO!
DAREDEVIL!
HI YO, SILVER. LONG TIME NO SEE.
NOT LONG ENOUGH, THOUGH! I KEEP FORGETTING WHAT THIS GUY CAN DO!
PREPARE TO MEET YOUR ANCESTORS, DAREDEVIL!
THIS IS TO BE OUR LAST BATTLE!
THAM
YOU SAY THAT, SAM-- BUT YOU KEEP COMING BACK, AGAIN AND AGAIN.
I'M NOT SURE I CAN BELIEVE YOU, ANYMORE!

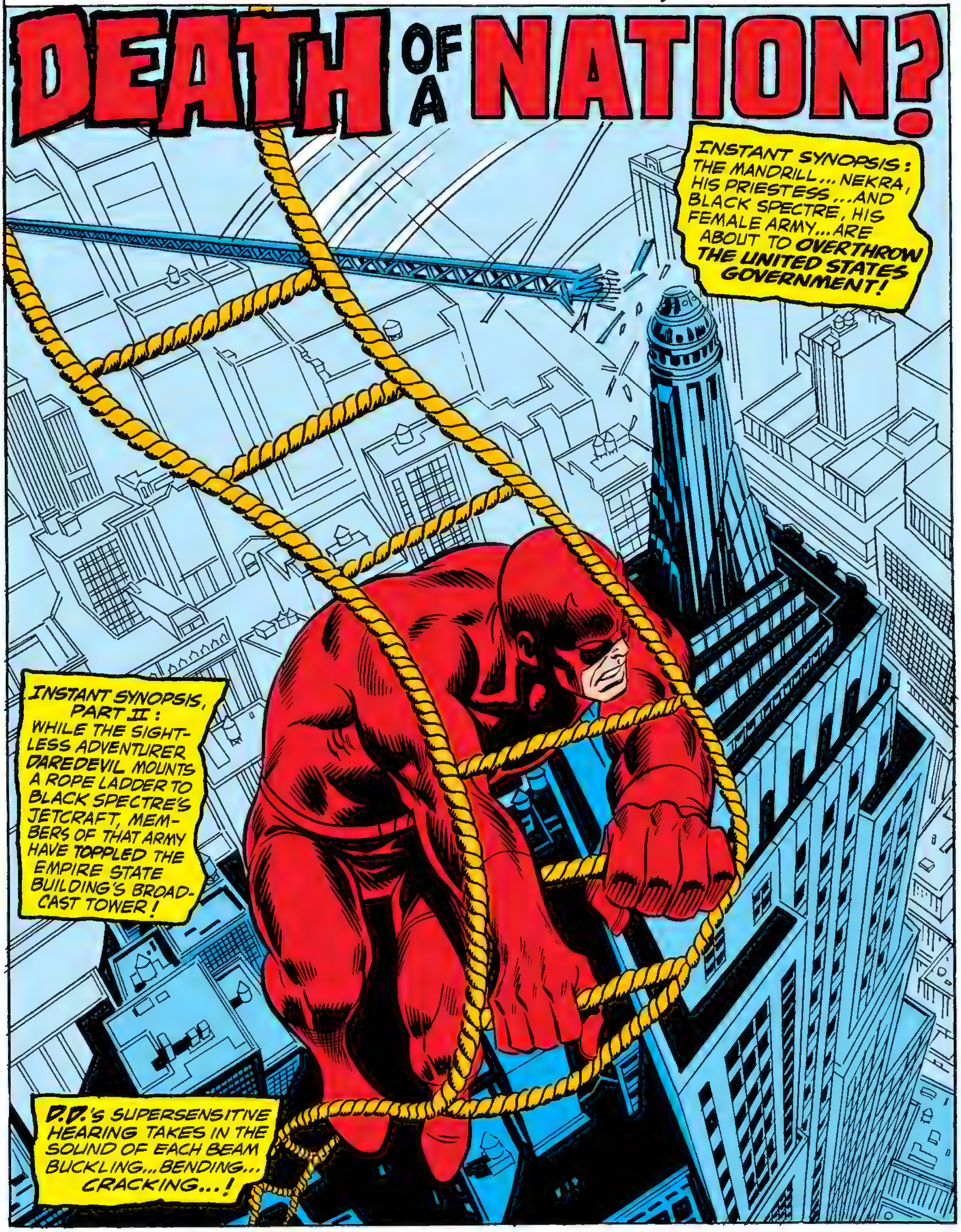

HOW 'BOUT THAT! ALL MY 187 POUNDS FLAT IN THE FACE ACTUALLY DAZED HIM--A LITTLE.
AND JUST IN TIME FOR ME TO SPOT THE REAL THREAT!
BLACK SPECTRE AGENTS--WITH LASER PISTOLS!
HANG THE MANDRILL'S REVOLUTION! IF THAT TOWER FALLS--
--DOZENS OF PEOPLE ON THE STREETS BELOW WILL BE KILLED!
IN FACT, SOMEBODY UP HERE COULD GET TOTALLED IF HE ISN'T MORE CAREFUL!
ZAK
I HAVE A HUNCH THE DIRECT APPROACH ISN'T GOING TO WORK.
NOT WHILE THEY KNOW WHERE I AM!
KZAK
SO LET'S TRY SOMETHING SNEAKY--LIKE SWINGING TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE TOWER!
NOT THE MOST ORIGINAL STRATEGEM I'VE EVER CONCEIVED--BUT IT WORKED.
NOW--IF I MOVE QUICKLY AND QUIETLY--I'VE GOT 'EM!
AND MAYBE, WITH THE AID OF THAT LADDER, A CHANCE TO FREE SHANNA, TOO!

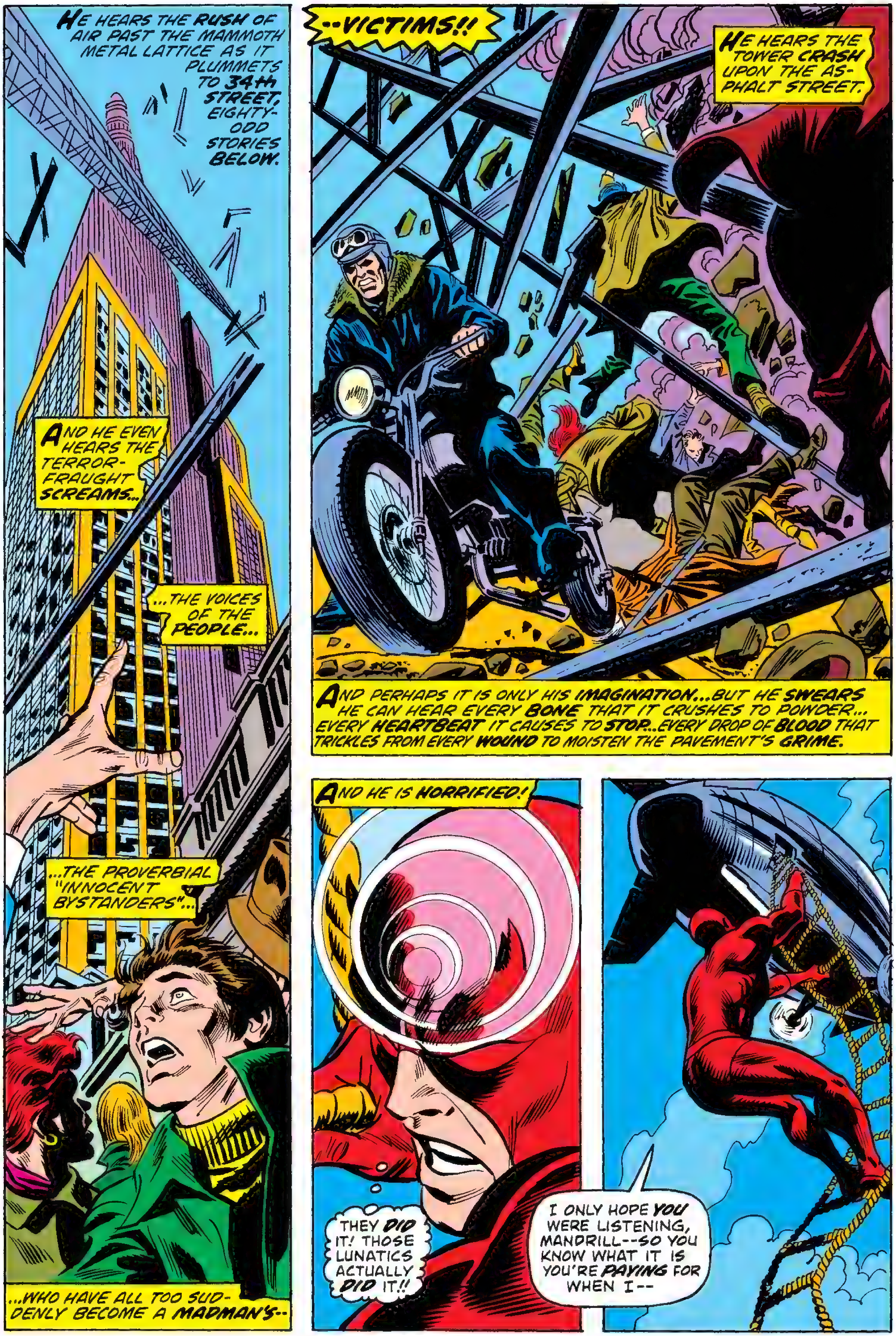

OKAY-- NOW, ALL THAT REMAINS IS TO *PULL* MY-SELF UP AND *OVER* AND--
BEHIND YOU, YOU FOOLS!
OH NO.
CLANG
BLAST! THEY *HEARD* HIM, ALL RIGHT!
THEY'D HAVE TO BE *DEAFER* THAN I AM *BLIND* NOT TO HAVE HEARD!
SO I'VE GOT TO TAKE A *CHANCE*-- AND A *LEAP*...
...AND *PRAY* THEY WON'T RISK DES-TROYING THE *LADDER*-- THEIR MEANS OF *ESCAPE!*
RADAR SENSE-- DON'T FAIL ME *NOW!*
MADE IT! AND I'VE MADE A *DECISION*, TOO! I'VE BEEN *BEATEN* AND BATTERED AND *CONFUSED* AND TOYED WITH LONG *ENOUGH!*
I'M GOING UP *INTO* THAT CRAFT AND PUT AN *END* TO THIS LUNACY-- OR DIE *TRYING!*
THIS IS *WAR*, MANDRILL! *DAREDEVIL'S* WAR-- AS OF *RIGHT NOW!!*
NEXT DIRECT FROM WASHINGTON, D.C.--THE WHIRLWIND WIND-UP TO THE BLACK SPECTRE SAGA: DEATH OF A NATION?

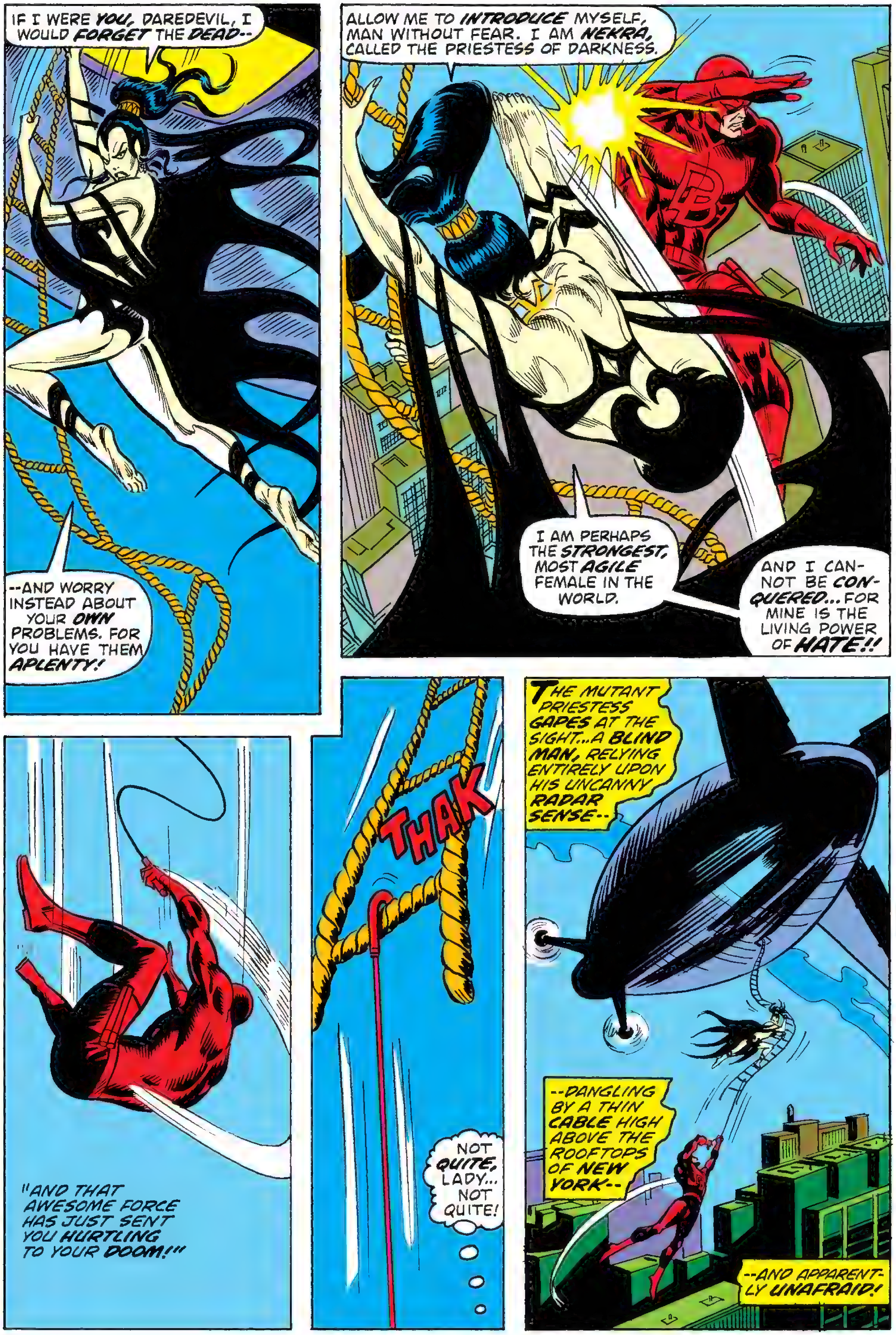
DAREDEVIL
MARVEL COMICS GROUP™
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
25¢
112
AUG
02459
DAREDEVIL®
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!
™
™
YOU TRACKED ME HALFWAY ACROSS A CONTINENT, MASKED MAN--
--ONLY TO MEET YOUR FIERY DOOM!
"MURDER!" CRIES THE MANDRILL!

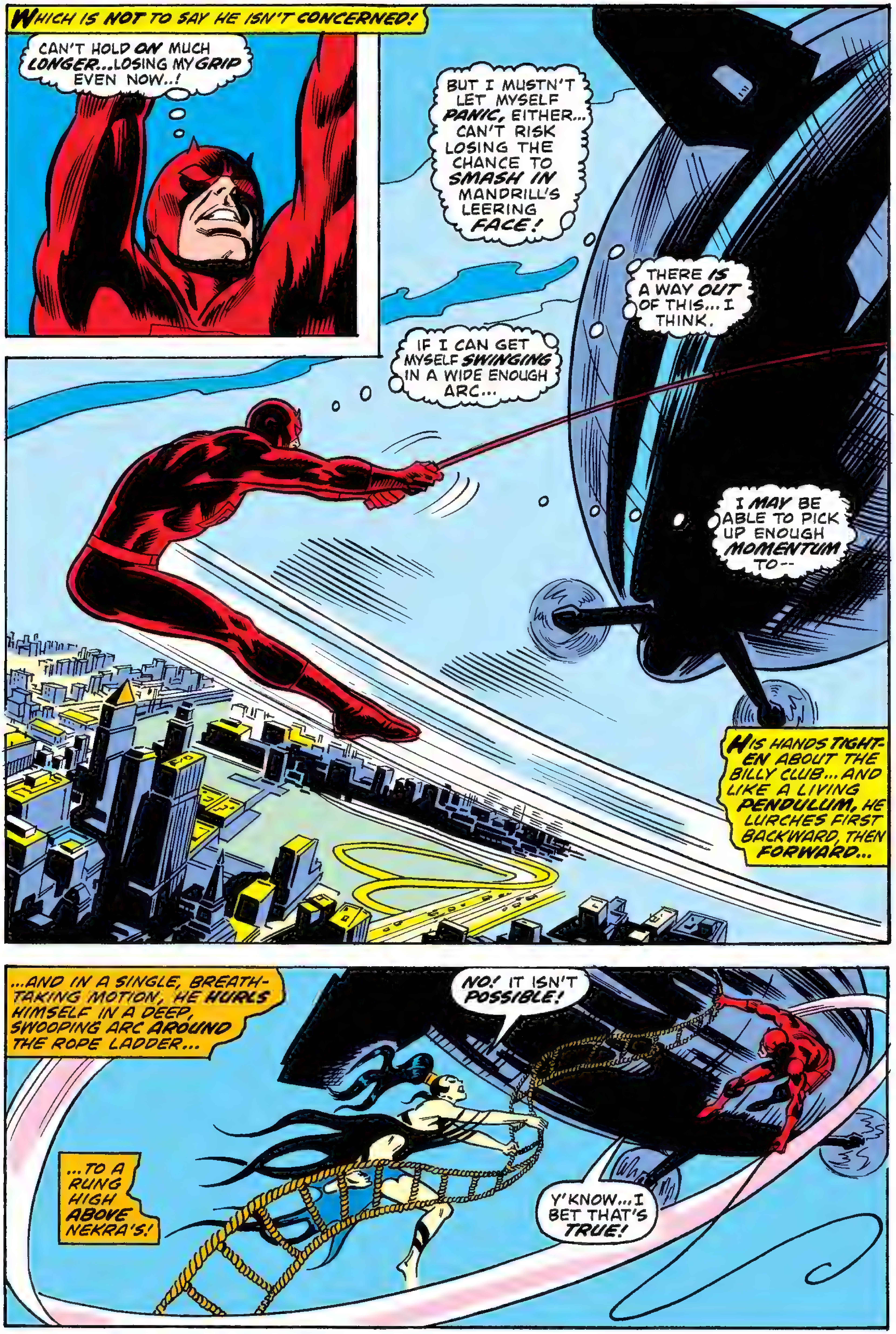
Stan Lee PRESENTS: **DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!** TM

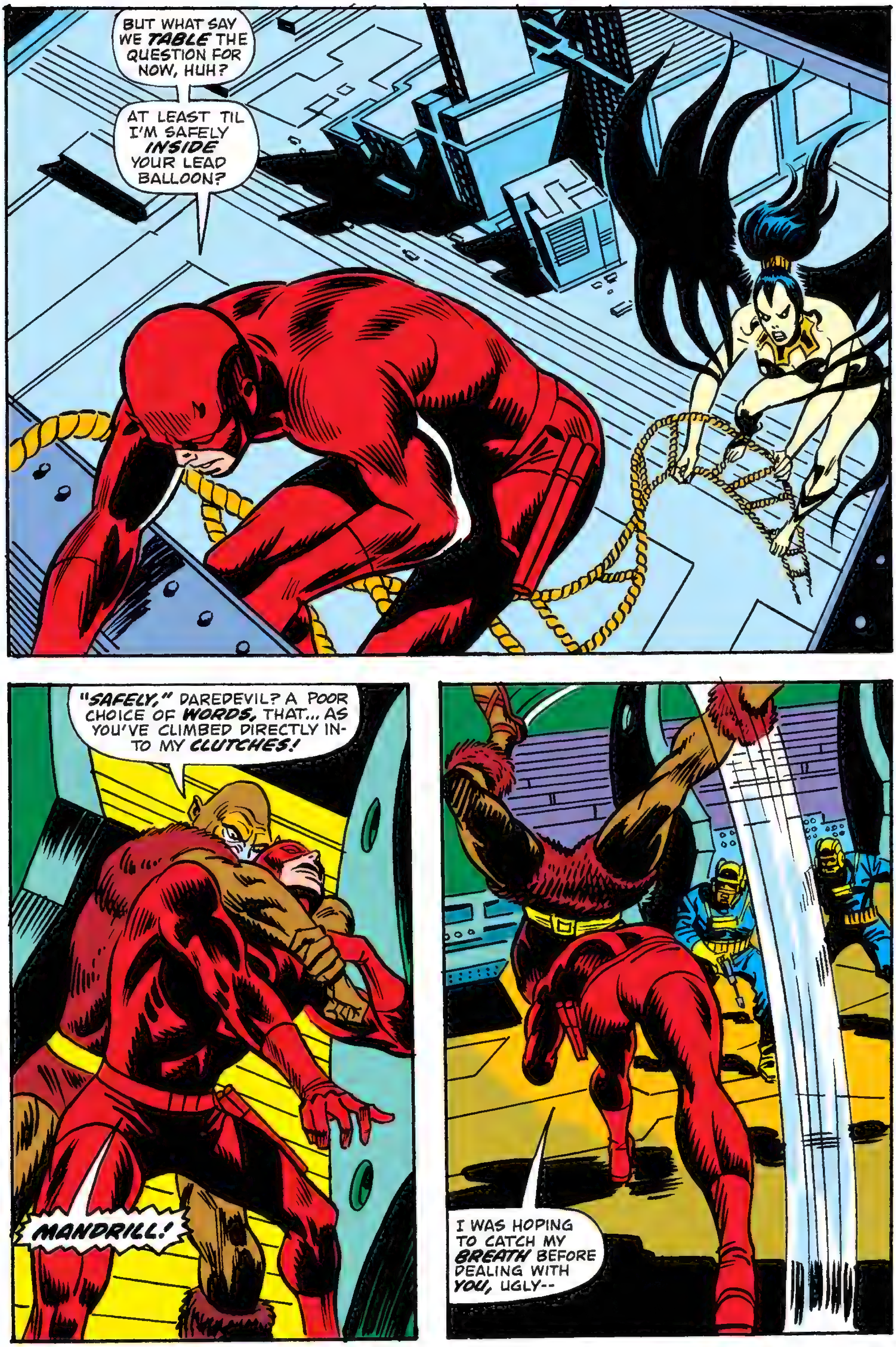
STEVE GERBER WRITER	**GENE COLAN** ARTIST	**FRANK GIACOIA** INKER	**A. KAWECKI,** Letterer **P. GOLDBERG,** Colorist	**ROY THOMAS** EDITOR

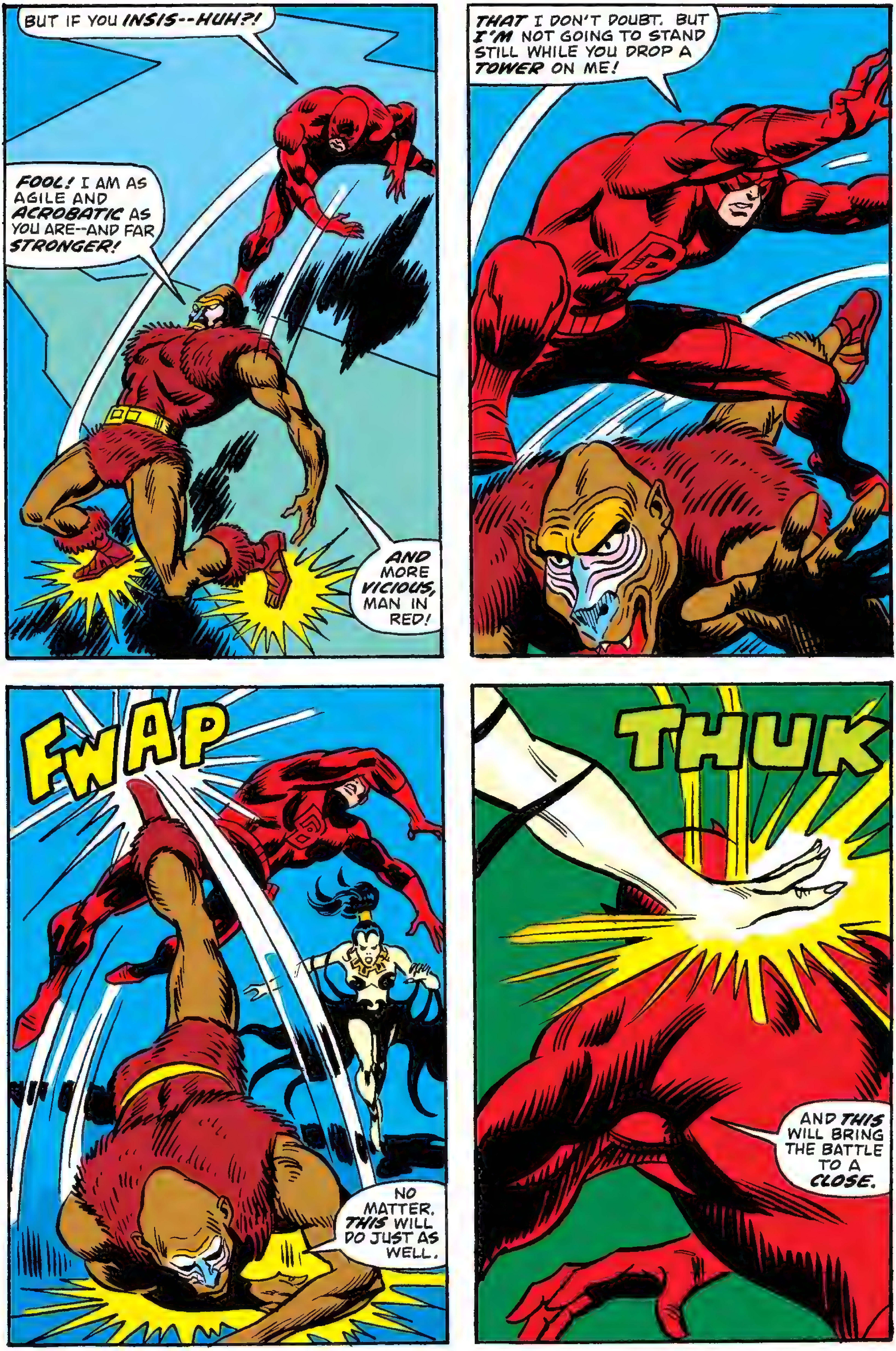

DEATH OF A NATION?
INSTANT SYNOPSIS: THE MANDRILL... NEKRA, HIS PRIESTESS... AND BLACK SPECTRE, HIS FEMALE ARMY... ARE ABOUT TO OVERTHROW THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT!
INSTANT SYNOPSIS, PART II: WHILE THE SIGHTLESS ADVENTURER DAREDEVIL MOUNTS A ROPE LADDER TO BLACK SPECTRE'S JETCRAFT, MEMBERS OF THAT ARMY HAVE TOPPLED THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING'S BROADCAST TOWER!
D.D.'s SUPERSENSITIVE HEARING TAKES IN THE SOUND OF EACH BEAM BUCKLING... BENDING... CRACKING...!

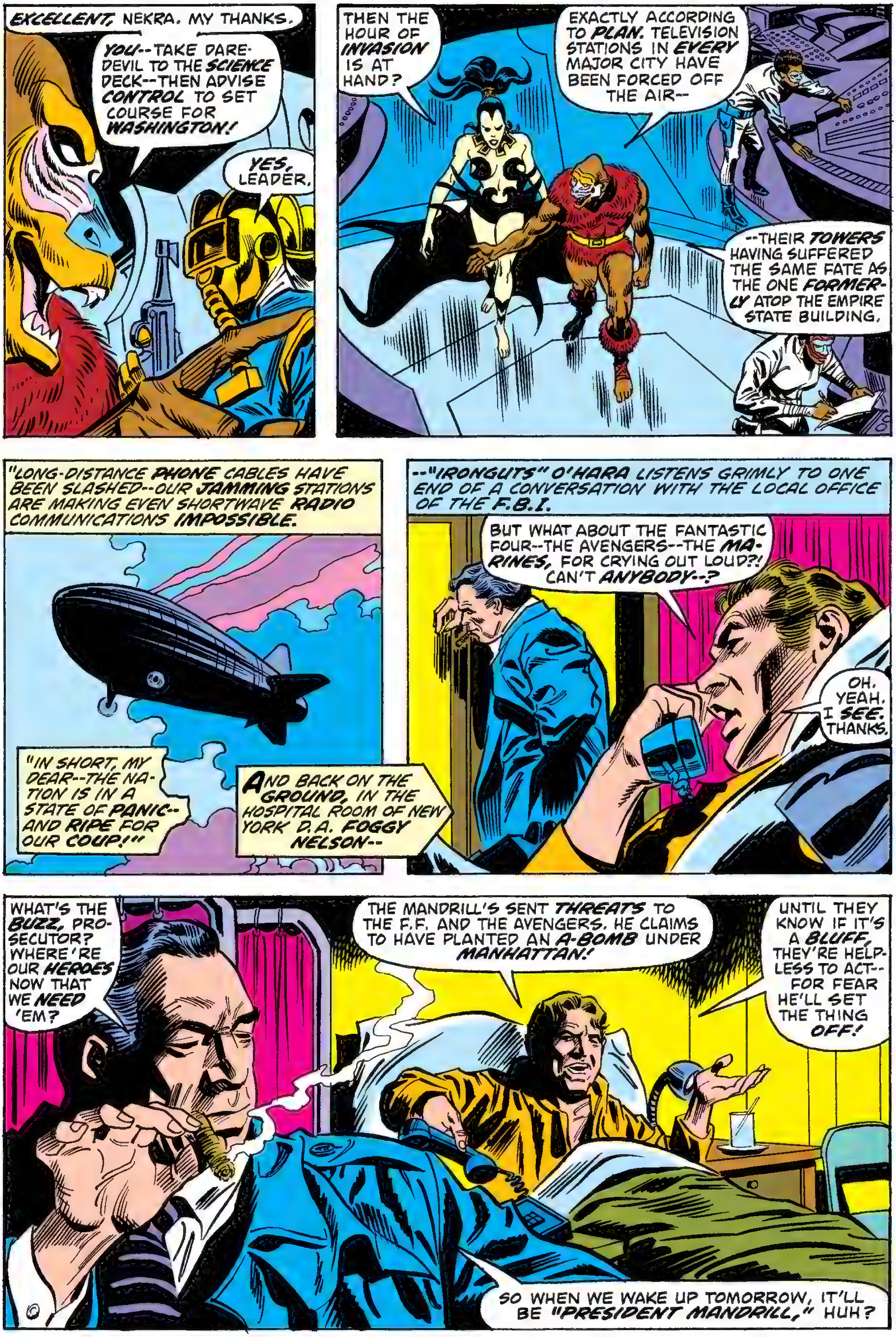

HE HEARS THE RUSH OF AIR PAST THE MAMMOTH METAL LATTICE AS IT PLUMMETS TO 34th STREET, EIGHTY-ODD STORIES BELOW.
AND HE EVEN HEARS THE TERROR-FRAUGHT SCREAMS...
...THE VOICES OF THE PEOPLE...
...THE PROVERBIAL "INNOCENT BYSTANDERS"...
...WHO HAVE ALL TOO SUDDENLY BECOME A MADMAN'S--
--VICTIMS!!
HE HEARS THE TOWER CRASH UPON THE ASPHALT STREET.
AND PERHAPS IT IS ONLY HIS IMAGINATION...BUT HE SWEARS HE CAN HEAR EVERY BONE THAT IT CRUSHES TO POWDER... EVERY HEARTBEAT IT CAUSES TO STOP...EVERY DROP OF BLOOD THAT TRICKLES FROM EVERY WOUND TO MOISTEN THE PAVEMENT'S GRIME.
AND HE IS HORRIFIED!
THEY DID IT! THOSE LUNATICS ACTUALLY DID IT!!
I ONLY HOPE YOU WERE LISTENING, MANDRILL--SO YOU KNOW WHAT IT IS YOU'RE PAYING FOR WHEN I--

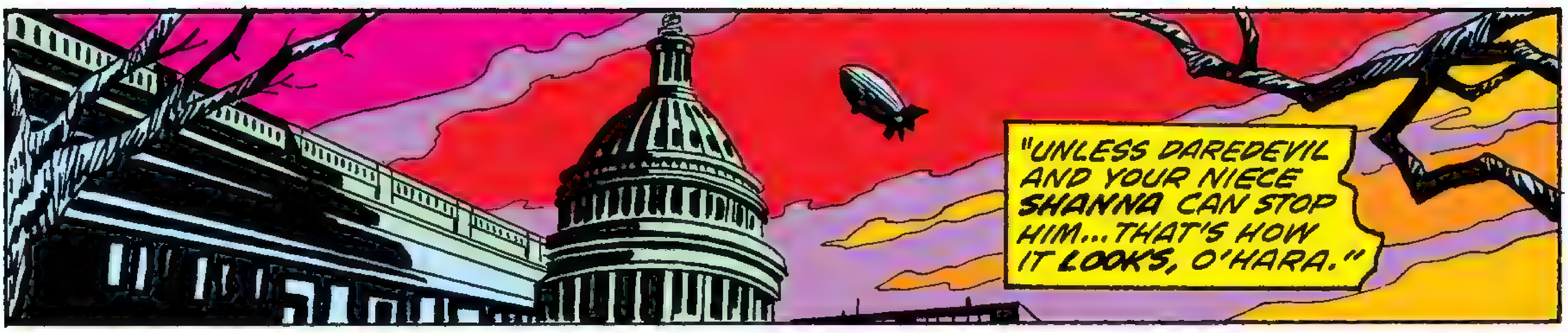

IF I WERE *YOU*, DAREDEVIL, I WOULD *FORGET* THE *DEAD*--
--AND WORRY INSTEAD ABOUT YOUR *OWN* PROBLEMS. FOR YOU HAVE THEM *APLENTY!*
ALLOW ME TO *INTRODUCE* MYSELF, MAN WITHOUT FEAR. I AM *NEKRA*, CALLED THE PRIESTESS OF DARKNESS.
I AM PERHAPS THE *STRONGEST*, MOST *AGILE* FEMALE IN THE WORLD.
AND I CANNOT BE *CONQUERED*... FOR MINE IS THE LIVING POWER OF *HATE!!*
"AND THAT AWESOME FORCE HAS JUST SENT YOU *HURTLING* TO YOUR *DOOM!*"
THAK
NOT *QUITE*, LADY... NOT QUITE!
THE MUTANT PRIESTESS *GAPES* AT THE SIGHT... A *BLIND MAN*, RELYING ENTIRELY UPON HIS UNCANNY *RADAR SENSE*--
--DANGLING BY A THIN *CABLE* HIGH ABOVE THE ROOFTOPS OF *NEW YORK*--
--AND APPARENTLY *UNAFRAID!*

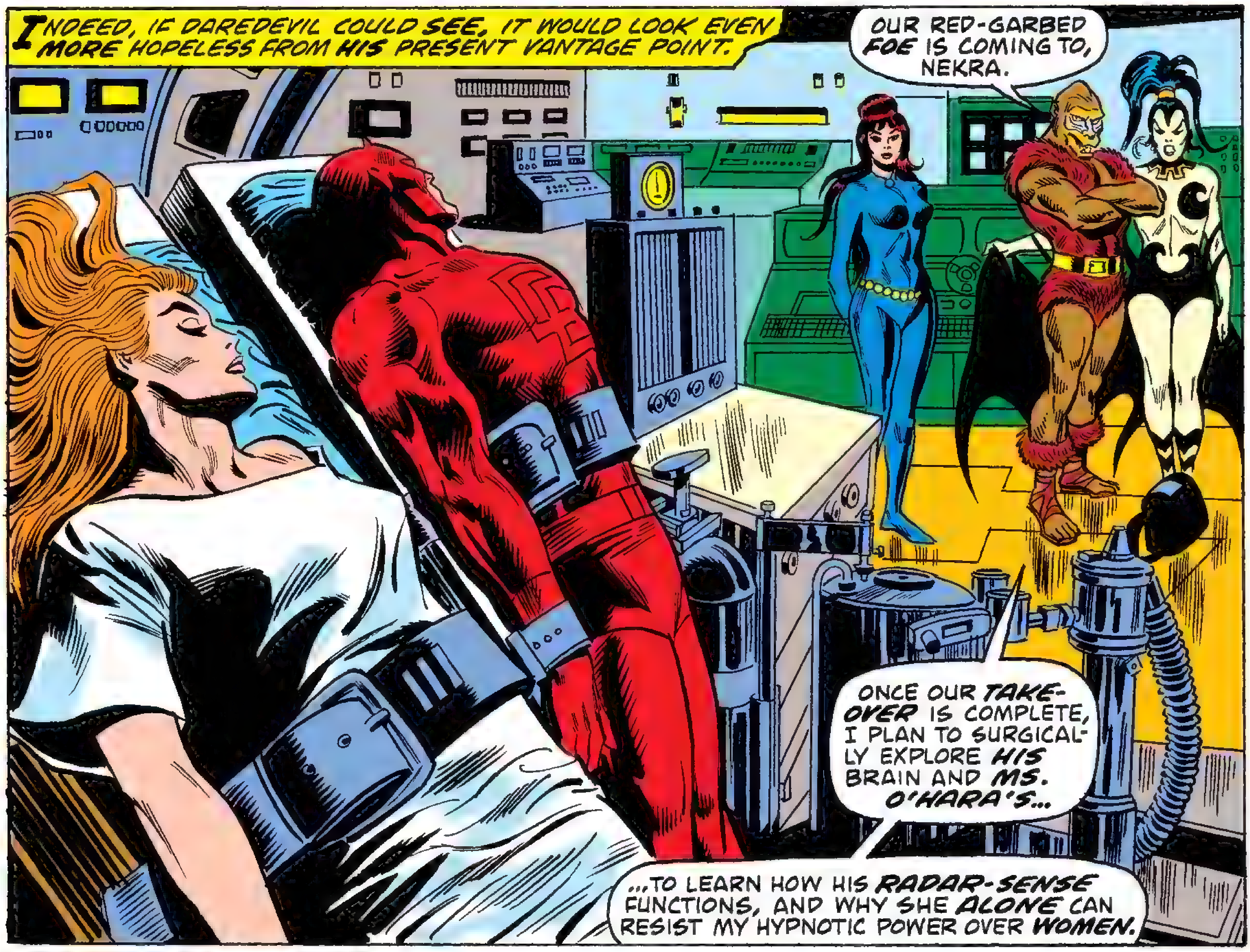

WHICH IS NOT TO SAY HE ISN'T CONCERNED!
CAN'T HOLD ON MUCH LONGER...LOSING MY GRIP EVEN NOW..!
BUT I MUSTN'T LET MYSELF PANIC, EITHER... CAN'T RISK LOSING THE CHANCE TO SMASH IN MANDRILL'S LEERING FACE!
THERE IS A WAY OUT OF THIS... I THINK.
IF I CAN GET MYSELF SWINGING IN A WIDE ENOUGH ARC...
I MAY BE ABLE TO PICK UP ENOUGH MOMENTUM TO--
HIS HANDS TIGHTEN ABOUT THE BILLY CLUB... AND LIKE A LIVING PENDULUM, HE LURCHES FIRST BACKWARD, THEN FORWARD...
...AND IN A SINGLE, BREATHTAKING MOTION, HE HURLS HIMSELF IN A DEEP, SWOOPING ARC AROUND THE ROPE LADDER...
NO! IT ISN'T POSSIBLE!
...TO A RUNG HIGH ABOVE NEKRA'S!
Y'KNOW... I BET THAT'S TRUE!

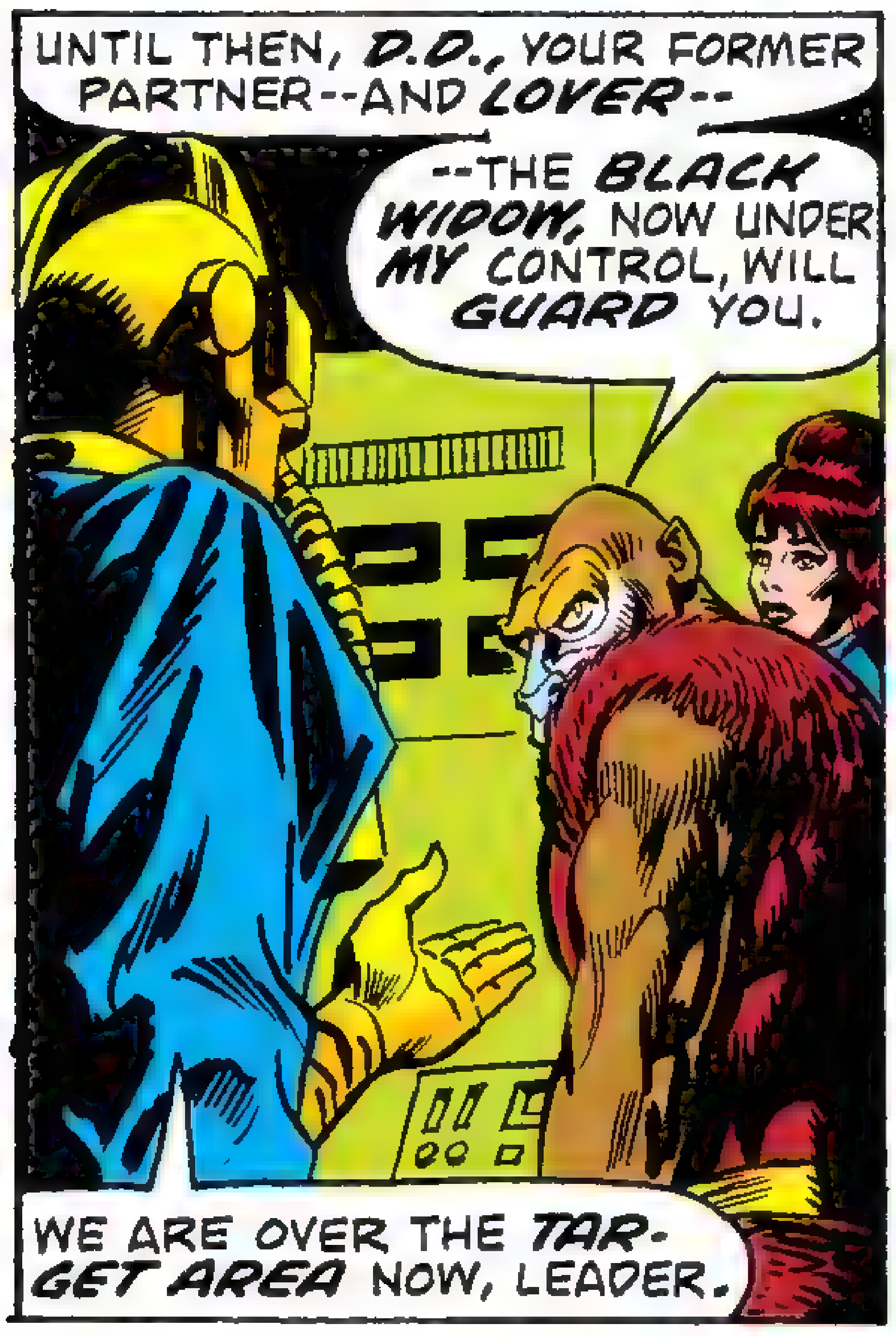

BUT WHAT SAY WE *TABLE* THE QUESTION FOR NOW, HUH?
AT LEAST TIL I'M SAFELY *INSIDE* YOUR LEAD BALLOON?
"SAFELY," DAREDEVIL? A POOR CHOICE OF *WORDS,* THAT... AS YOU'VE CLIMBED DIRECTLY INTO MY *CLUTCHES!*
MANDRILL!
I WAS HOPING TO CATCH MY *BREATH* BEFORE DEALING WITH *YOU,* UGLY--

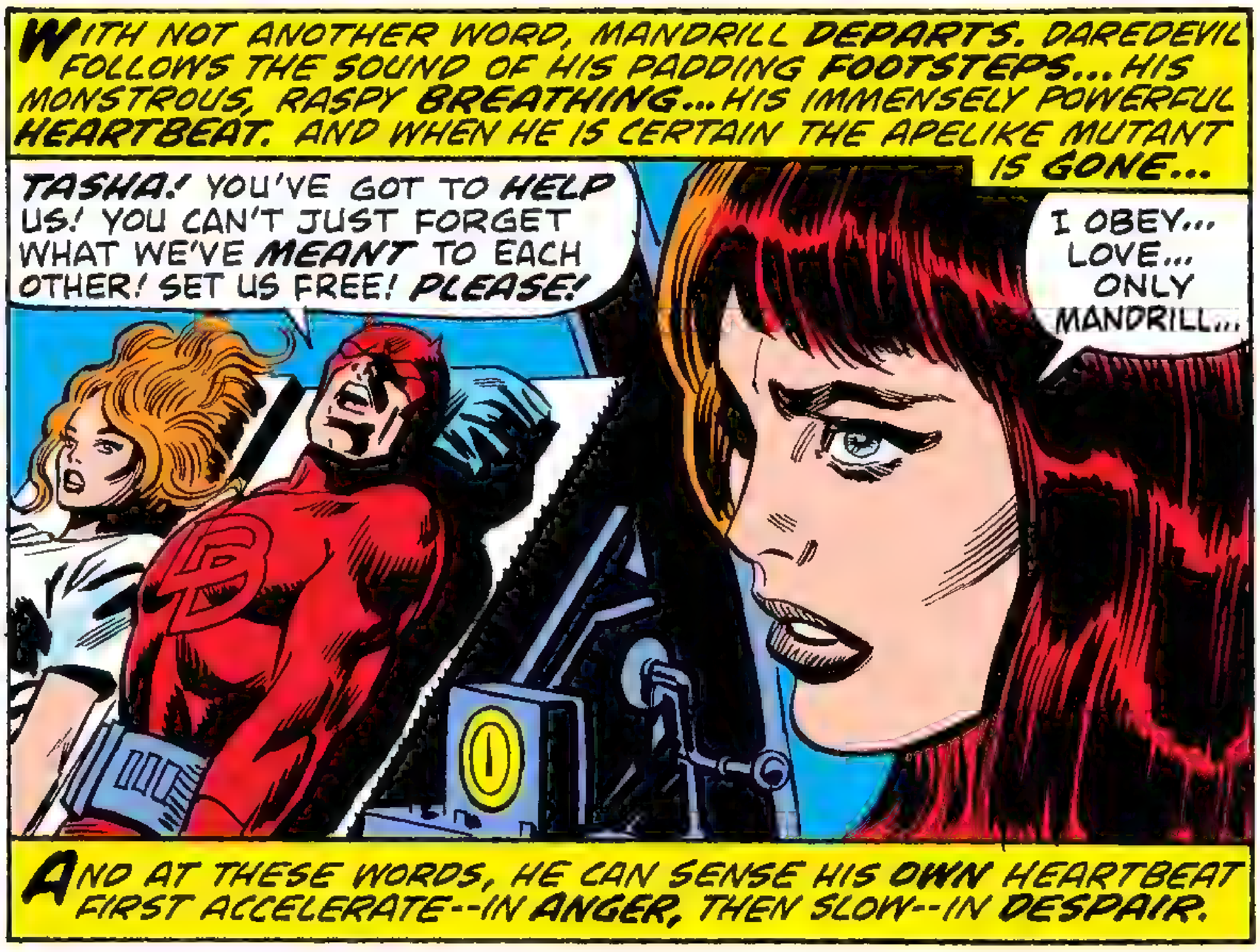

BUT IF YOU *INSIS--HUH?!*
FOOL! I AM AS AGILE AND *ACROBATIC* AS YOU ARE--AND FAR *STRONGER!*
AND MORE *VICIOUS,* MAN IN RED!
THAT I DON'T DOUBT. BUT *I'M* NOT GOING TO STAND STILL WHILE YOU DROP A *TOWER* ON ME!
FWAP
NO MATTER. *THIS* WILL DO JUST AS WELL.
THUK
AND *THIS* WILL BRING THE BATTLE TO A *CLOSE.*

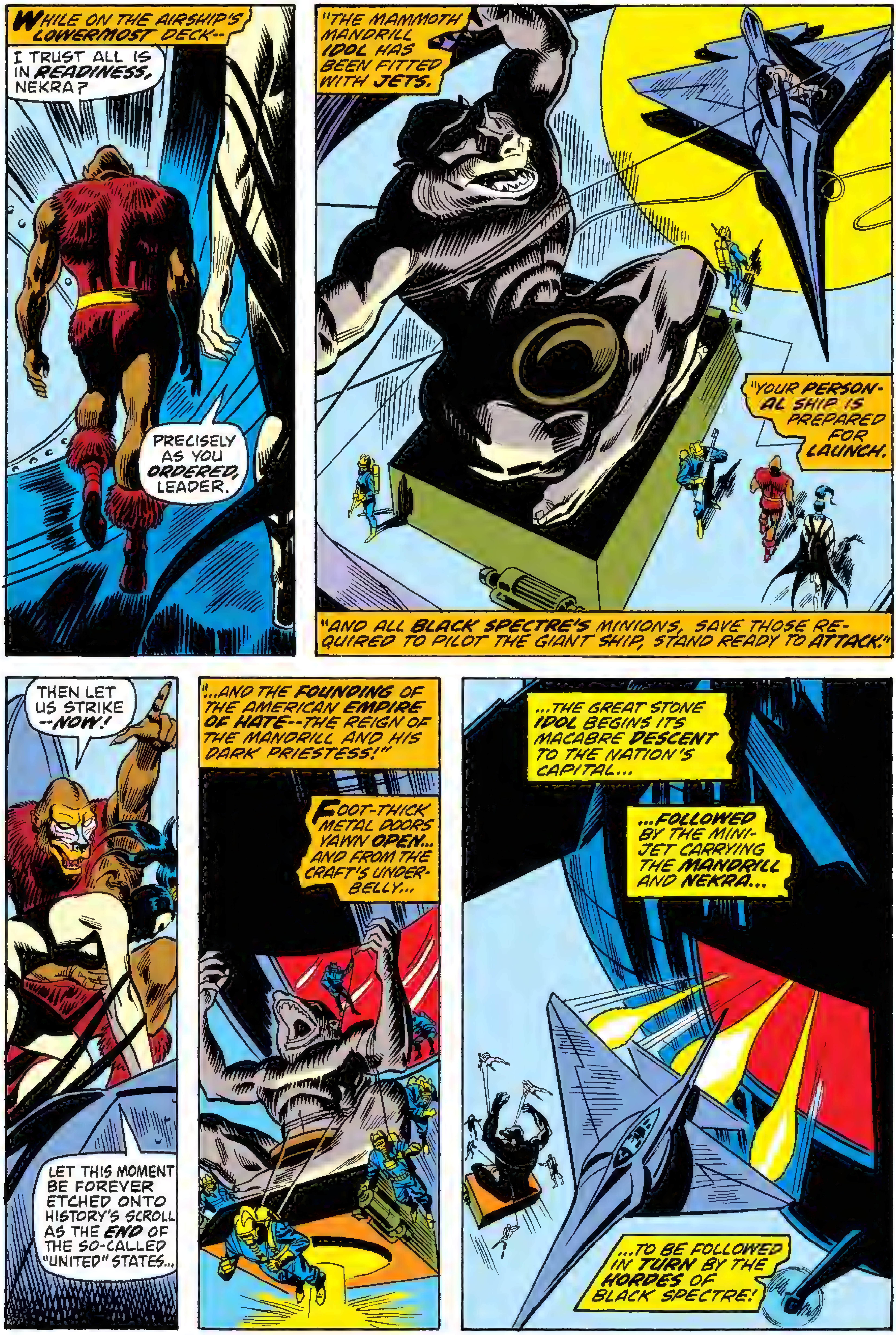

EXCELLENT, NEKRA. MY THANKS.
YOU--TAKE DAREDEVIL TO THE SCIENCE DECK--THEN ADVISE CONTROL TO SET COURSE FOR WASHINGTON!
YES, LEADER.
THEN THE HOUR OF INVASION IS AT HAND?
EXACTLY ACCORDING TO PLAN. TELEVISION STATIONS IN EVERY MAJOR CITY HAVE BEEN FORCED OFF THE AIR--
--THEIR TOWERS HAVING SUFFERED THE SAME FATE AS THE ONE FORMERLY ATOP THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING.
"LONG-DISTANCE PHONE CABLES HAVE BEEN SLASHED--OUR JAMMING STATIONS ARE MAKING EVEN SHORTWAVE RADIO COMMUNICATIONS IMPOSSIBLE.
"IN SHORT, MY DEAR--THE NATION IS IN A STATE OF PANIC--AND RIPE FOR OUR COUP!"
AND BACK ON THE GROUND, IN THE HOSPITAL ROOM OF NEW YORK D.A. FOGGY NELSON--
--"IRONGUTS" O'HARA LISTENS GRIMLY TO ONE END OF A CONVERSATION WITH THE LOCAL OFFICE OF THE F.B.I.
BUT WHAT ABOUT THE FANTASTIC FOUR--THE AVENGERS--THE MARINES, FOR CRYING OUT LOUD?! CAN'T ANYBODY--?
OH. YEAH. I SEE. THANKS.
WHAT'S THE BUZZ, PROSECUTOR? WHERE'RE OUR HEROES NOW THAT WE NEED 'EM?
THE MANDRILL'S SENT THREATS TO THE F.F. AND THE AVENGERS. HE CLAIMS TO HAVE PLANTED AN A-BOMB UNDER MANHATTAN!
UNTIL THEY KNOW IF IT'S A BLUFF, THEY'RE HELPLESS TO ACT--FOR FEAR HE'LL SET THE THING OFF!
SO WHEN WE WAKE UP TOMORROW, IT'LL BE "PRESIDENT MANDRILL," HUH?

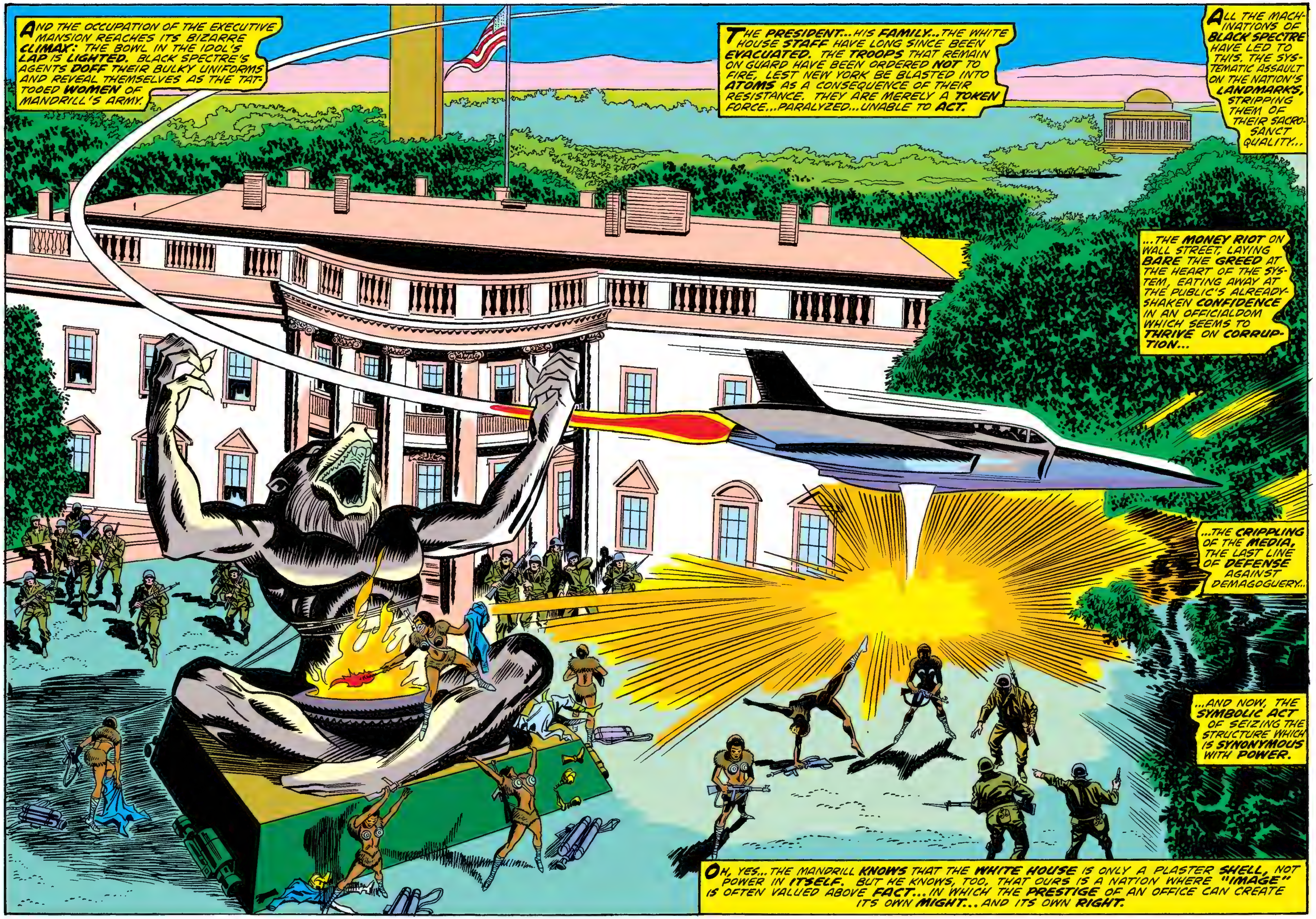

"UNLESS DAREDEVIL AND YOUR NIECE **SHANNA** CAN STOP HIM... THAT'S HOW IT **LOOKS**, O'HARA."

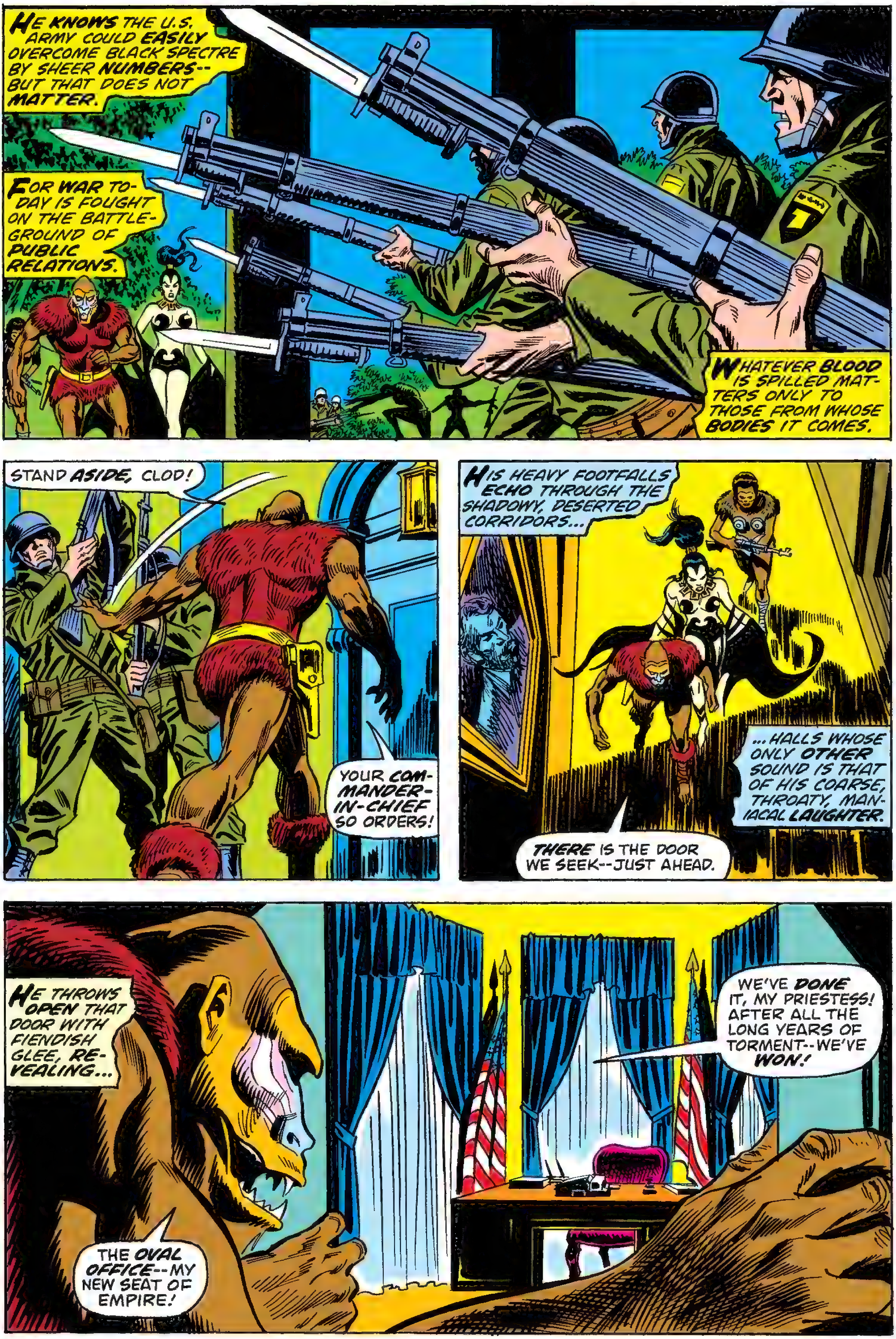

INDEED, IF DAREDEVIL COULD **SEE**, IT WOULD LOOK EVEN **MORE** HOPELESS FROM **HIS** PRESENT VANTAGE POINT.
OUR RED-GARBED **FOE** IS COMING TO, NEKRA.
ONCE OUR **TAKE-OVER** IS COMPLETE, I PLAN TO SURGICALLY EXPLORE **HIS** BRAIN AND **MS. O'HARA'S**...
...TO LEARN HOW HIS **RADAR-SENSE** FUNCTIONS, AND WHY SHE **ALONE** CAN RESIST MY HYPNOTIC POWER OVER **WOMEN**.

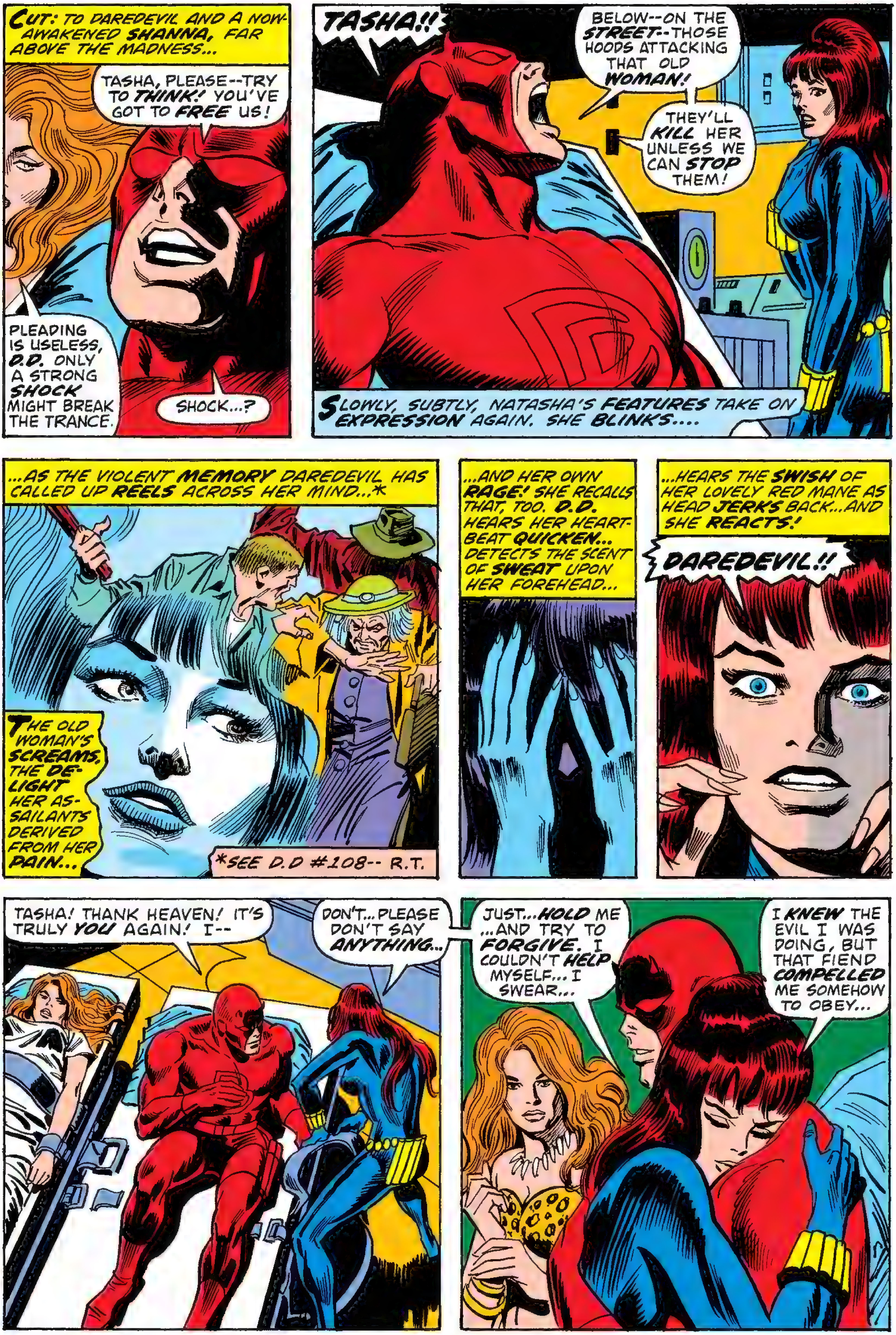

UNTIL THEN, **D.D.**, YOUR FORMER PARTNER--AND **LOVER**--
--THE **BLACK WIDOW**, NOW UNDER **MY** CONTROL, WILL **GUARD** YOU.
WE ARE OVER THE **TARGET AREA** NOW, LEADER.

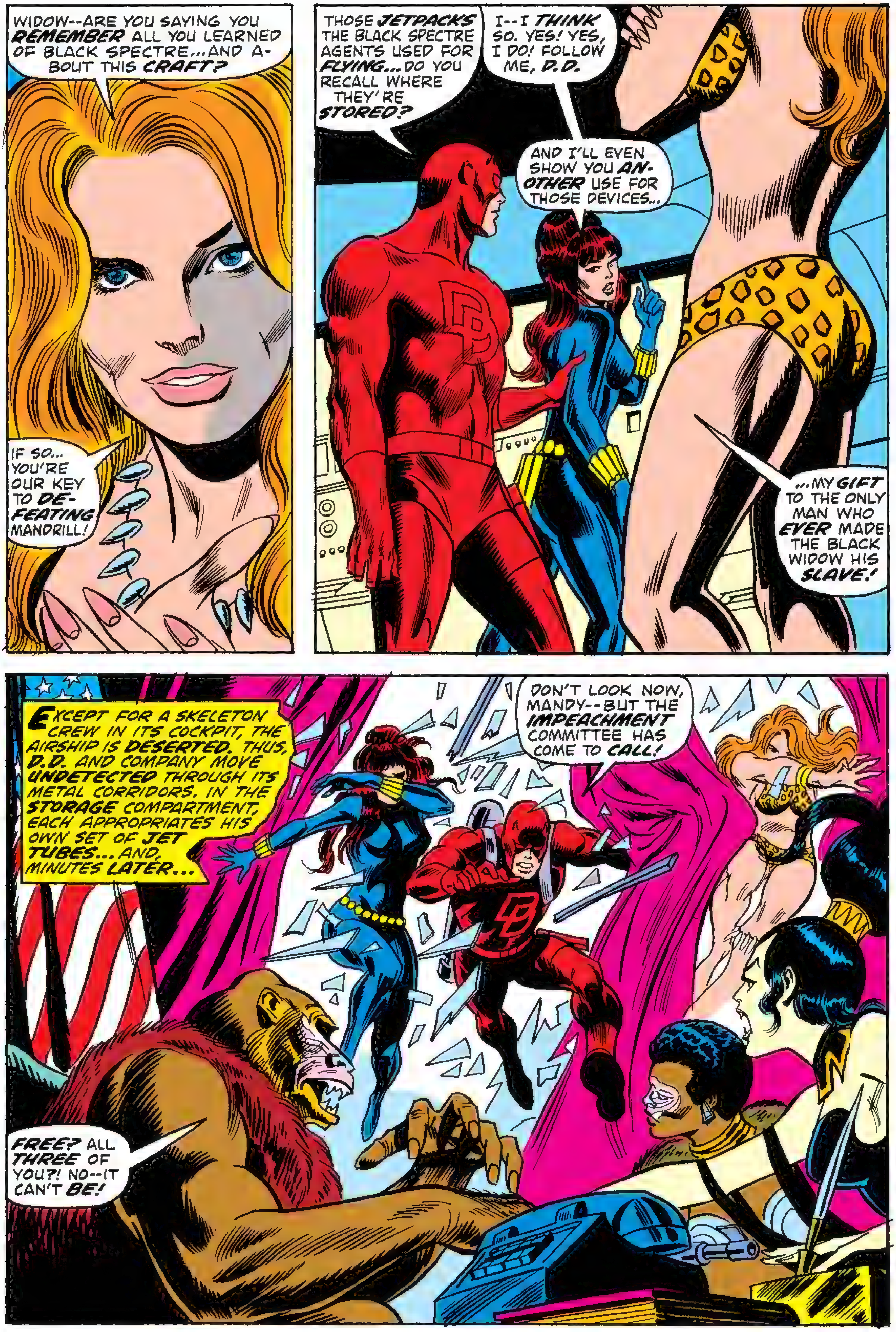

WITH NOT ANOTHER WORD, MANDRILL **DEPARTS**. DAREDEVIL FOLLOWS THE SOUND OF HIS PADDING **FOOTSTEPS**... HIS MONSTROUS, RASPY **BREATHING**... HIS IMMENSELY POWERFUL **HEARTBEAT**. AND WHEN HE IS CERTAIN THE APELIKE MUTANT **IS GONE**...
TASHA! YOU'VE GOT TO **HELP** US! YOU CAN'T JUST FORGET WHAT WE'VE **MEANT** TO EACH OTHER! SET US FREE! **PLEASE!**
I OBEY... LOVE... ONLY MANDRILL...
AND AT THESE WORDS, HE CAN SENSE HIS **OWN** HEARTBEAT FIRST ACCELERATE--IN **ANGER**, THEN SLOW--IN **DESPAIR**.

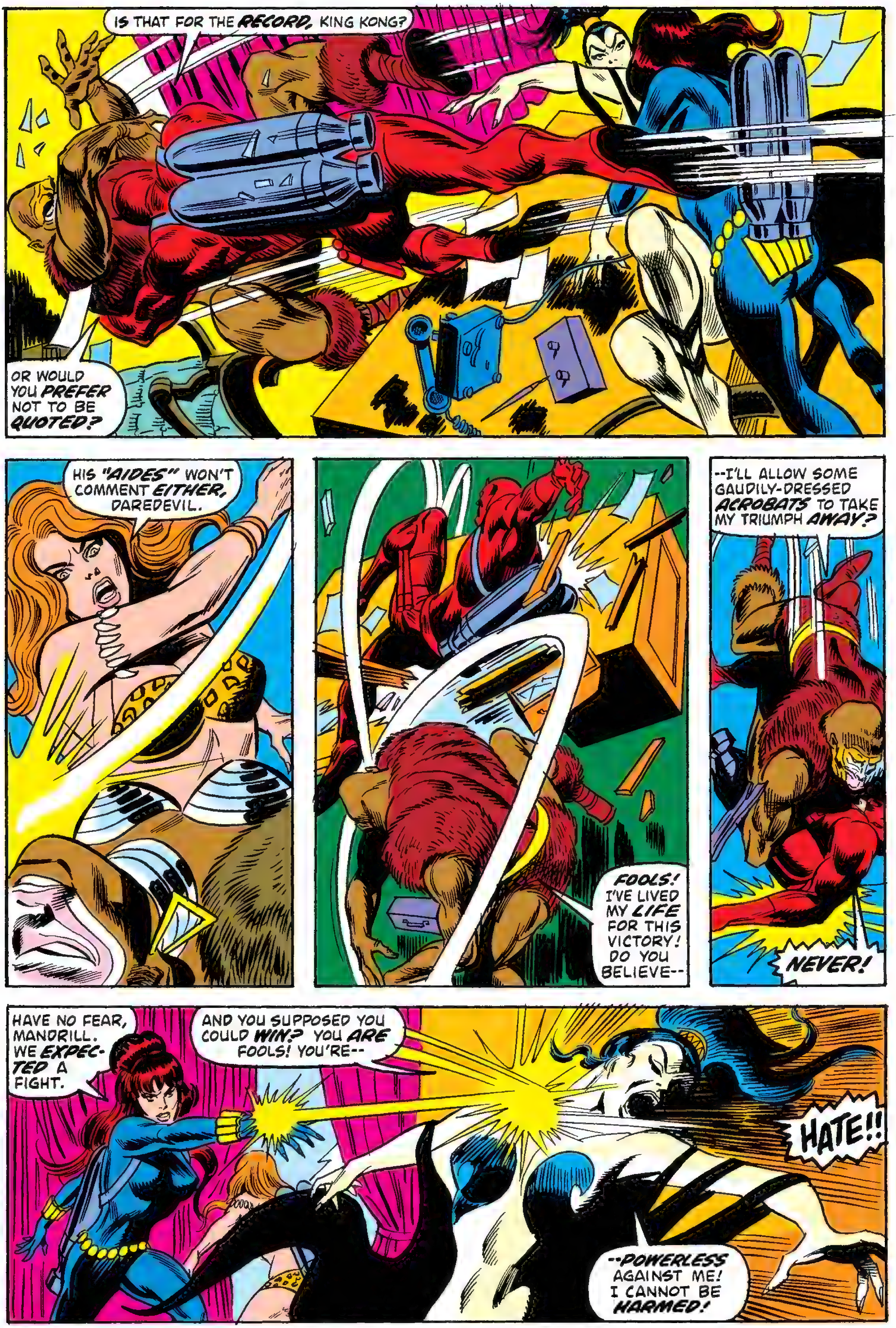

WHILE ON THE AIRSHIP'S LOWERMOST DECK--
I TRUST ALL IS IN READINESS, NEKRA?
PRECISELY AS YOU ORDERED, LEADER.
"THE MAMMOTH MANDRILL IDOL HAS BEEN FITTED WITH JETS.
"YOUR PERSONAL SHIP IS PREPARED FOR LAUNCH.
"AND ALL BLACK SPECTRE'S MINIONS, SAVE THOSE REQUIRED TO PILOT THE GIANT SHIP, STAND READY TO ATTACK."
THEN LET US STRIKE --NOW!
LET THIS MOMENT BE FOREVER ETCHED ONTO HISTORY'S SCROLL AS THE END OF THE SO-CALLED "UNITED" STATES...
"...AND THE FOUNDING OF THE AMERICAN EMPIRE OF HATE--THE REIGN OF THE MANDRILL AND HIS DARK PRIESTESS!"
FOOT-THICK METAL DOORS YAWN OPEN... AND FROM THE CRAFT'S UNDERBELLY...
...THE GREAT STONE IDOL BEGINS ITS MACABRE DESCENT TO THE NATION'S CAPITAL...
...FOLLOWED BY THE MINI-JET CARRYING THE MANDRILL AND NEKRA...
...TO BE FOLLOWED IN TURN BY THE HORDES OF BLACK SPECTRE!

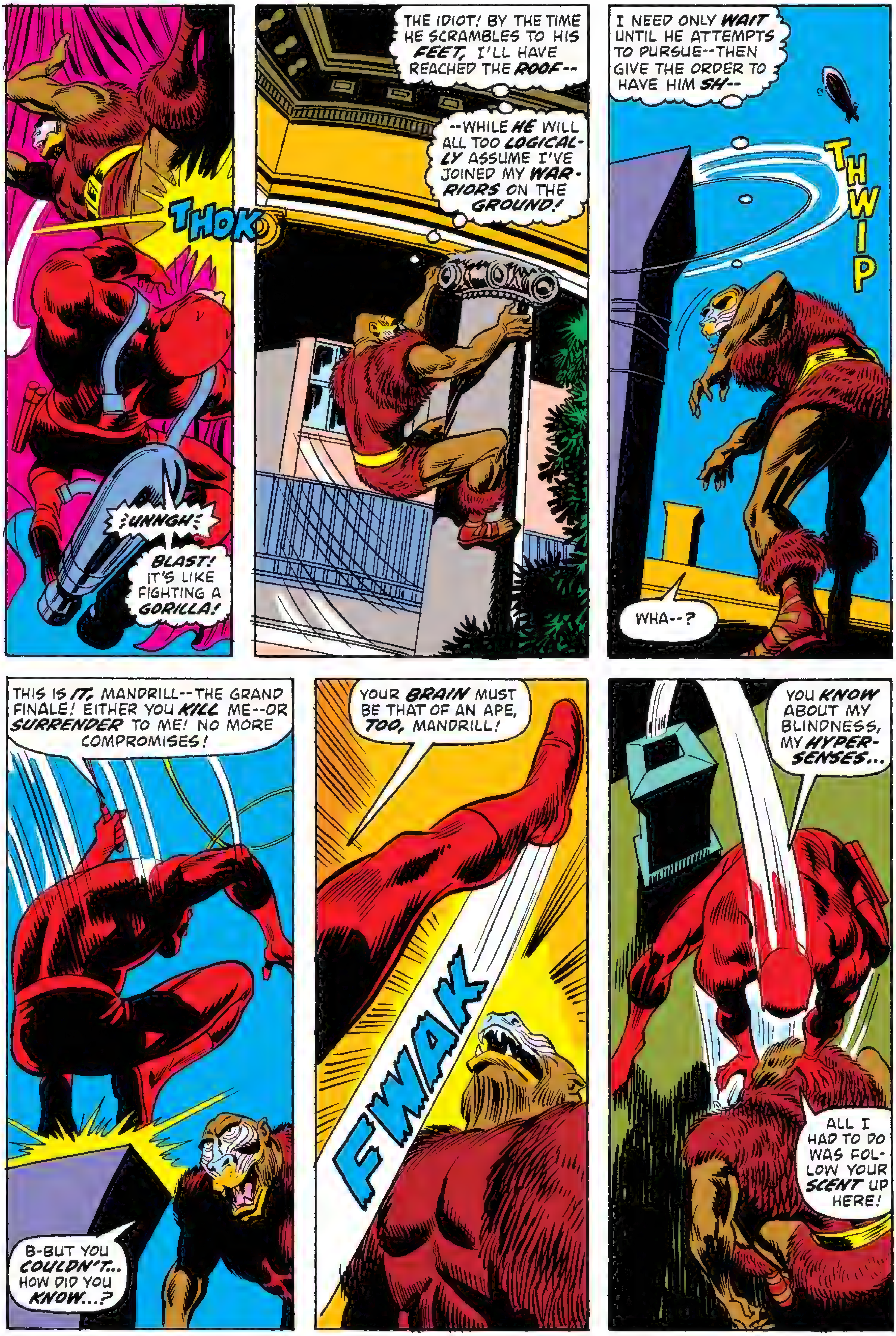

AND THE OCCUPATION OF THE EXECUTIVE MANSION REACHES ITS BIZARRE CLIMAX: THE BOWL IN THE IDOL'S LAP IS LIGHTED. BLACK SPECTRE'S AGENTS DOFF THEIR BULKY UNIFORMS AND REVEAL THEMSELVES AS THE TATTOOED WOMEN OF MANDRILL'S ARMY.
THE PRESIDENT... HIS FAMILY... THE WHITE HOUSE STAFF HAVE LONG SINCE BEEN EVACUATED. THE TROOPS THAT REMAIN ON GUARD HAVE BEEN ORDERED NOT TO FIRE, LEST NEW YORK BE BLASTED INTO ATOMS AS A CONSEQUENCE OF THEIR RESISTANCE. THEY ARE MERELY A TOKEN FORCE... PARALYZED... UNABLE TO ACT.
ALL THE MACHINATIONS OF BLACK SPECTRE HAVE LED TO THIS. THE SYSTEMATIC ASSAULT ON THE NATION'S LANDMARKS, STRIPPING THEM OF THEIR SACROSANCT QUALITY...
...THE MONEY RIOT ON WALL STREET, LAYING BARE THE GREED AT THE HEART OF THE SYSTEM, EATING AWAY AT THE PUBLIC'S ALREADY-SHAKEN CONFIDENCE IN AN OFFICIALDOM WHICH SEEMS TO THRIVE ON CORRUPTION...
...THE CRIPPLING OF THE MEDIA, THE LAST LINE OF DEFENSE AGAINST DEMAGOGUERY...
...AND NOW, THE SYMBOLIC ACT OF SEIZING THE STRUCTURE WHICH IS SYNONYMOUS WITH POWER.
OH, YES... THE MANDRILL KNOWS THAT THE WHITE HOUSE IS ONLY A PLASTER SHELL, NOT POWER IN ITSELF. BUT HE KNOWS, TOO, THAT OURS IS A NATION WHERE "IMAGE" IS OFTEN VALUED ABOVE FACT... IN WHICH THE PRESTIGE OF AN OFFICE CAN CREATE ITS OWN MIGHT... AND ITS OWN RIGHT.

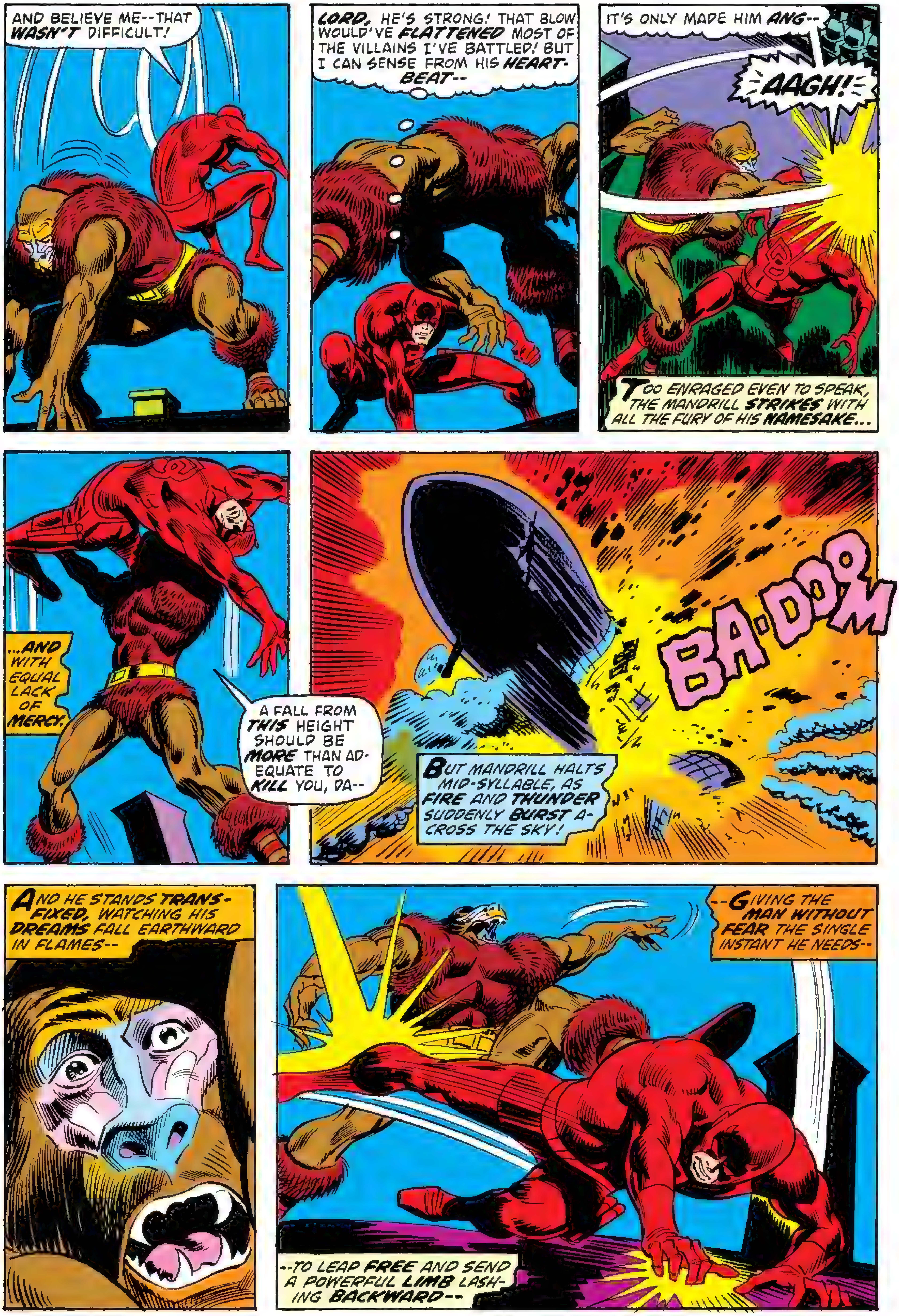

HE KNOWS THE U.S. ARMY COULD EASILY OVERCOME BLACK SPECTRE BY SHEER NUMBERS-- BUT THAT DOES NOT MATTER.
FOR WAR TODAY IS FOUGHT ON THE BATTLEGROUND OF PUBLIC RELATIONS.
WHATEVER BLOOD IS SPILLED MATTERS ONLY TO THOSE FROM WHOSE BODIES IT COMES.
STAND ASIDE, CLOD!
YOUR COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF SO ORDERS!
HIS HEAVY FOOTFALLS ECHO THROUGH THE SHADOWY, DESERTED CORRIDORS...
...HALLS WHOSE ONLY OTHER SOUND IS THAT OF HIS COARSE, THROATY, MANIACAL LAUGHTER.
THERE IS THE DOOR WE SEEK--JUST AHEAD.
HE THROWS OPEN THAT DOOR WITH FIENDISH GLEE, REVEALING...
THE OVAL OFFICE--MY NEW SEAT OF EMPIRE!
WE'VE DONE IT, MY PRIESTESS! AFTER ALL THE LONG YEARS OF TORMENT--WE'VE WON!

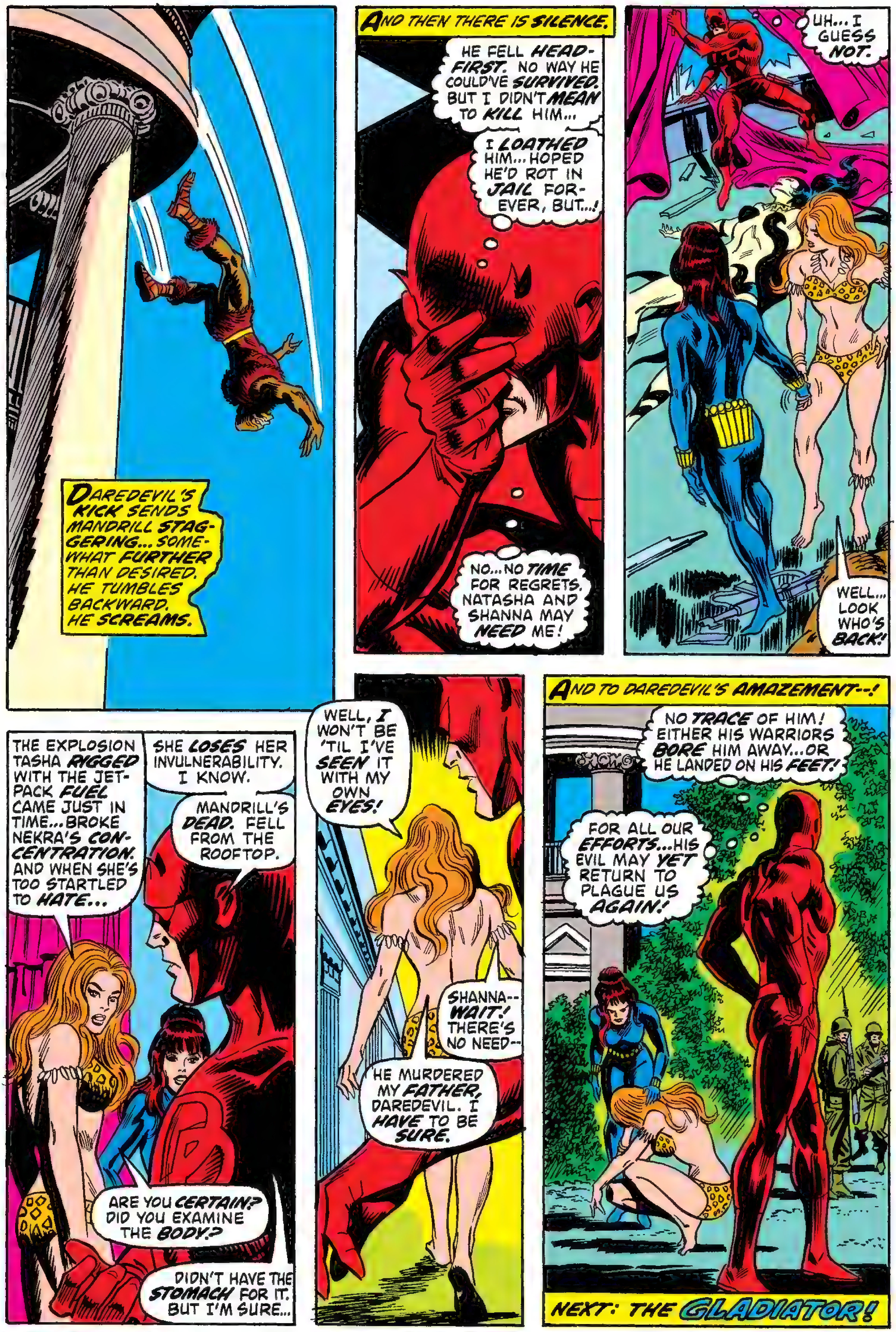

CUT: TO DAREDEVIL AND A NOW-AWAKENED SHANNA, FAR ABOVE THE MADNESS...
TASHA, PLEASE--TRY TO THINK! YOU'VE GOT TO FREE US!
PLEADING IS USELESS, D.D. ONLY A STRONG SHOCK MIGHT BREAK THE TRANCE.
SHOCK...?
TASHA!!
BELOW--ON THE STREET--THOSE HOODS ATTACKING THAT OLD WOMAN!
THEY'LL KILL HER UNLESS WE CAN STOP THEM!
SLOWLY, SUBTLY, NATASHA'S FEATURES TAKE ON EXPRESSION AGAIN. SHE BLINKS....
...AS THE VIOLENT MEMORY DAREDEVIL HAS CALLED UP REELS ACROSS HER MIND...*
THE OLD WOMAN'S SCREAMS, THE DELIGHT HER ASSAILANTS DERIVED FROM HER PAIN...
*SEE D.D #108-- R.T.
...AND HER OWN RAGE! SHE RECALLS THAT, TOO. D.D. HEARS HER HEARTBEAT QUICKEN... DETECTS THE SCENT OF SWEAT UPON HER FOREHEAD...
...HEARS THE SWISH OF HER LOVELY RED MANE AS HEAD JERKS BACK...AND SHE REACTS!
DAREDEVIL!!
TASHA! THANK HEAVEN! IT'S TRULY YOU AGAIN! I--
DON'T...PLEASE DON'T SAY ANYTHING...
JUST...HOLD ME ...AND TRY TO FORGIVE. I COULDN'T HELP MYSELF... I SWEAR...
I KNEW THE EVIL I WAS DOING, BUT THAT FIEND COMPELLED ME SOMEHOW TO OBEY...


WIDOW--ARE YOU SAYING YOU REMEMBER ALL YOU LEARNED OF BLACK SPECTRE...AND ABOUT THIS CRAFT?
IF SO... YOU'RE OUR KEY TO DEFEATING MANDRILL!
THOSE JETPACKS THE BLACK SPECTRE AGENTS USED FOR FLYING...DO YOU RECALL WHERE THEY'RE STORED?
I--I THINK SO. YES! YES, I DO! FOLLOW ME, D.D.
AND I'LL EVEN SHOW YOU ANOTHER USE FOR THOSE DEVICES...
...MY GIFT TO THE ONLY MAN WHO EVER MADE THE BLACK WIDOW HIS SLAVE!
EXCEPT FOR A SKELETON CREW IN ITS COCKPIT, THE AIRSHIP IS DESERTED. THUS, D.D. AND COMPANY MOVE UNDETECTED THROUGH ITS METAL CORRIDORS. IN THE STORAGE COMPARTMENT, EACH APPROPRIATES HIS OWN SET OF JET TUBES... AND, MINUTES LATER...
DON'T LOOK NOW, MANDY--BUT THE IMPEACHMENT COMMITTEE HAS COME TO CALL!
FREE? ALL THREE OF YOU?! NO--IT CAN'T BE!


IS THAT FOR THE RECORD, KING KONG?
OR WOULD YOU PREFER NOT TO BE QUOTED?
HIS "AIDES" WON'T COMMENT EITHER, DAREDEVIL.
FOOLS! I'VE LIVED MY LIFE FOR THIS VICTORY! DO YOU BELIEVE--
--I'LL ALLOW SOME GAUDILY-DRESSED ACROBATS TO TAKE MY TRIUMPH AWAY?
NEVER!
HAVE NO FEAR, MANDRILL. WE EXPECTED A FIGHT.
AND YOU SUPPOSED YOU COULD WIN? YOU ARE FOOLS! YOU'RE--
HATE!!
--POWERLESS AGAINST ME! I CANNOT BE HARMED!


THOK
UNNGH
BLAST! IT'S LIKE FIGHTING A GORILLA!
THE IDIOT! BY THE TIME HE SCRAMBLES TO HIS FEET, I'LL HAVE REACHED THE ROOF--
--WHILE HE WILL ALL TOO LOGICALLY ASSUME I'VE JOINED MY WARRIORS ON THE GROUND!
I NEED ONLY WAIT UNTIL HE ATTEMPTS TO PURSUE--THEN GIVE THE ORDER TO HAVE HIM SH--
THWIP
WHA--?
THIS IS IT, MANDRILL--THE GRAND FINALE! EITHER YOU KILL ME--OR SURRENDER TO ME! NO MORE COMPROMISES!
B-BUT YOU COULDN'T... HOW DID YOU KNOW...?
YOUR BRAIN MUST BE THAT OF AN APE, TOO, MANDRILL!
FWAK
YOU KNOW ABOUT MY BLINDNESS, MY HYPER-SENSES...
ALL I HAD TO DO WAS FOLLOW YOUR SCENT UP HERE!


AND BELIEVE ME--THAT WASN'T DIFFICULT!
LORD, HE'S STRONG! THAT BLOW WOULD'VE FLATTENED MOST OF THE VILLAINS I'VE BATTLED! BUT I CAN SENSE FROM HIS HEARTBEAT--
IT'S ONLY MADE HIM ANG--
AAGH!
TOO ENRAGED EVEN TO SPEAK, THE MANDRILL STRIKES WITH ALL THE FURY OF HIS NAMESAKE...
...AND WITH EQUAL LACK OF MERCY.
A FALL FROM THIS HEIGHT SHOULD BE MORE THAN ADEQUATE TO KILL YOU, DA--
BA-DOOM
BUT MANDRILL HALTS MID-SYLLABLE, AS FIRE AND THUNDER SUDDENLY BURST ACROSS THE SKY!
AND HE STANDS TRANSFIXED, WATCHING HIS DREAMS FALL EARTHWARD IN FLAMES--
--GIVING THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR THE SINGLE INSTANT HE NEEDS--
--TO LEAP FREE AND SEND A POWERFUL LIMB LASHING BACKWARD--

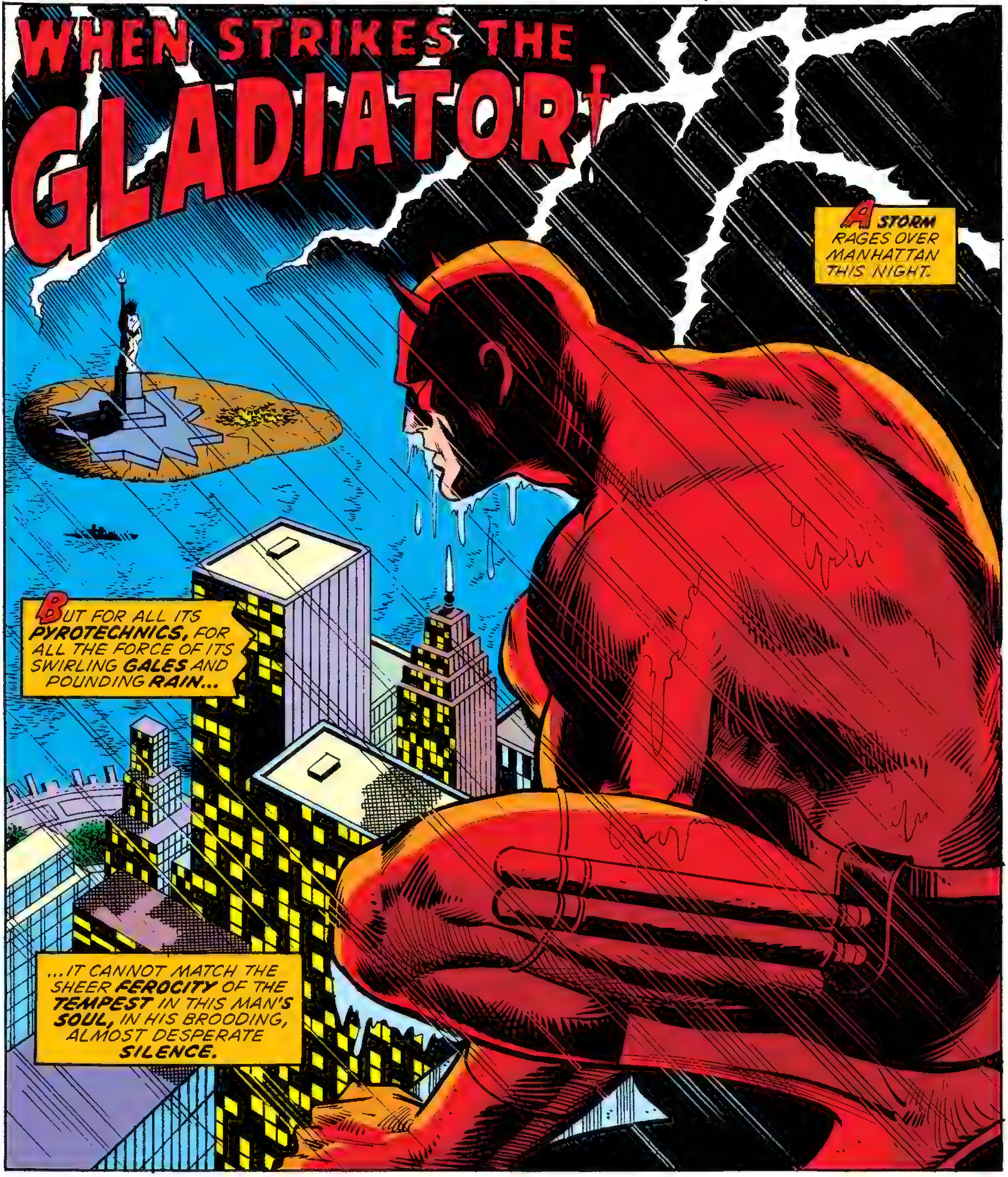

DAREDEVIL'S KICK SENDS MANDRILL STAGGERING... SOMEWHAT FURTHER THAN DESIRED. HE TUMBLES BACKWARD. HE SCREAMS.
AND THEN THERE IS SILENCE.
HE FELL HEAD-FIRST. NO WAY HE COULD'VE SURVIVED. BUT I DIDN'T MEAN TO KILL HIM...
I LOATHED HIM... HOPED HE'D ROT IN JAIL FOREVER, BUT...!
NO... NO TIME FOR REGRETS. NATASHA AND SHANNA MAY NEED ME!
UH... I GUESS NOT.
WELL... LOOK WHO'S BACK!
THE EXPLOSION TASHA RIGGED WITH THE JET-PACK FUEL CAME JUST IN TIME... BROKE NEKRA'S CONCENTRATION. AND WHEN SHE'S TOO STARTLED TO HATE...
SHE LOSES HER INVULNERABILITY. I KNOW.
MANDRILL'S DEAD. FELL FROM THE ROOFTOP.
ARE YOU CERTAIN? DID YOU EXAMINE THE BODY?
DIDN'T HAVE THE STOMACH FOR IT. BUT I'M SURE...
WELL, I WON'T BE 'TIL I'VE SEEN IT WITH MY OWN EYES!
SHANNA-- WAIT! THERE'S NO NEED--
HE MURDERED MY FATHER, DAREDEVIL. I HAVE TO BE SURE.
AND TO DAREDEVIL'S AMAZEMENT--!
NO TRACE OF HIM! EITHER HIS WARRIORS BORE HIM AWAY... OR HE LANDED ON HIS FEET!
FOR ALL OUR EFFORTS... HIS EVIL MAY YET RETURN TO PLAGUE US AGAIN!
NEXT: THE GLADIATOR!

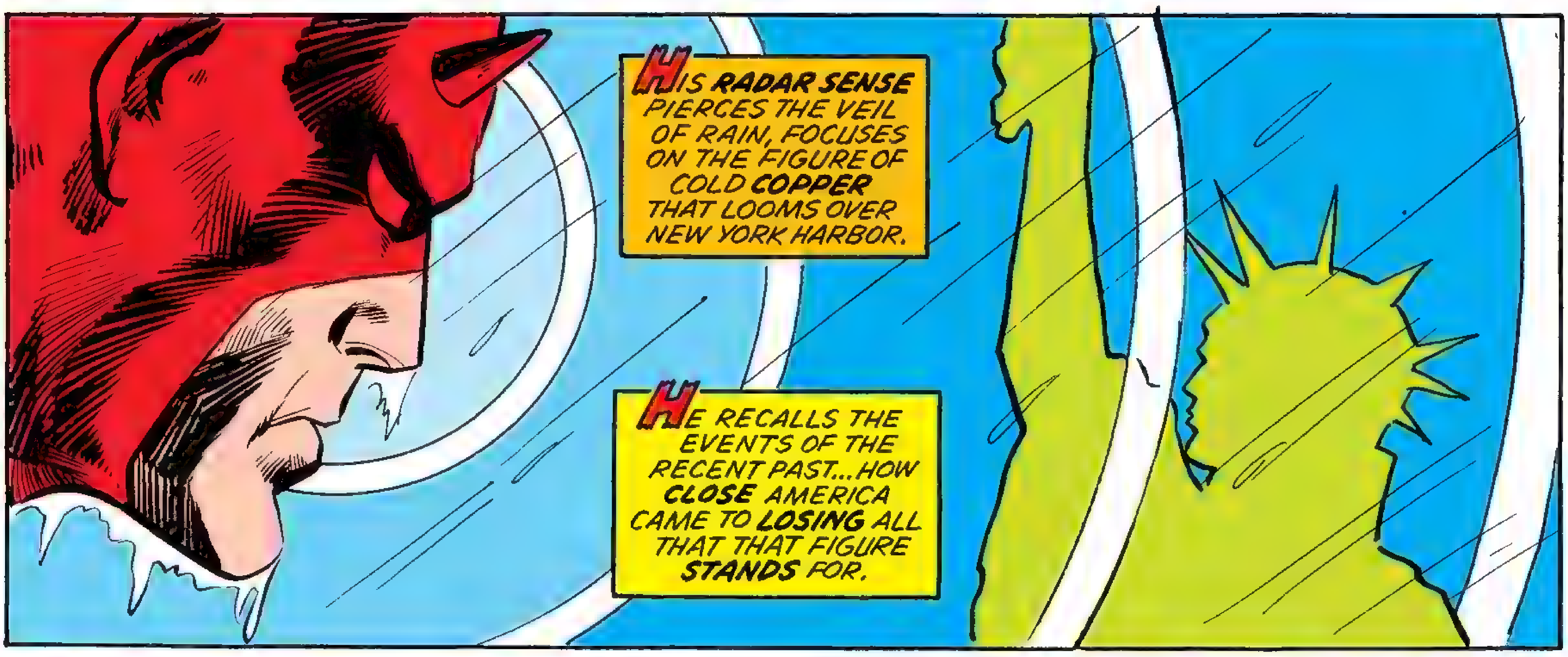
DAREDEVIL
MARVEL COMICS GROUP™
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
25¢
113
SEPT
02459
DAREDEVIL®
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!
™
YOU'D NEVER AVOID THESE DEADLY DISCS OF MINE--
--NOT EVEN IF YOU HAD EYES IN BACK OF YOUR HEAD!
THE GLADIATOR STRIKES BACK!
WITH MY RADAR SENSE--I PRACTICALLY DO!
BUT--THOUGH I KNOW WHAT'S COMING--HE'S MOVING TOO FAST!

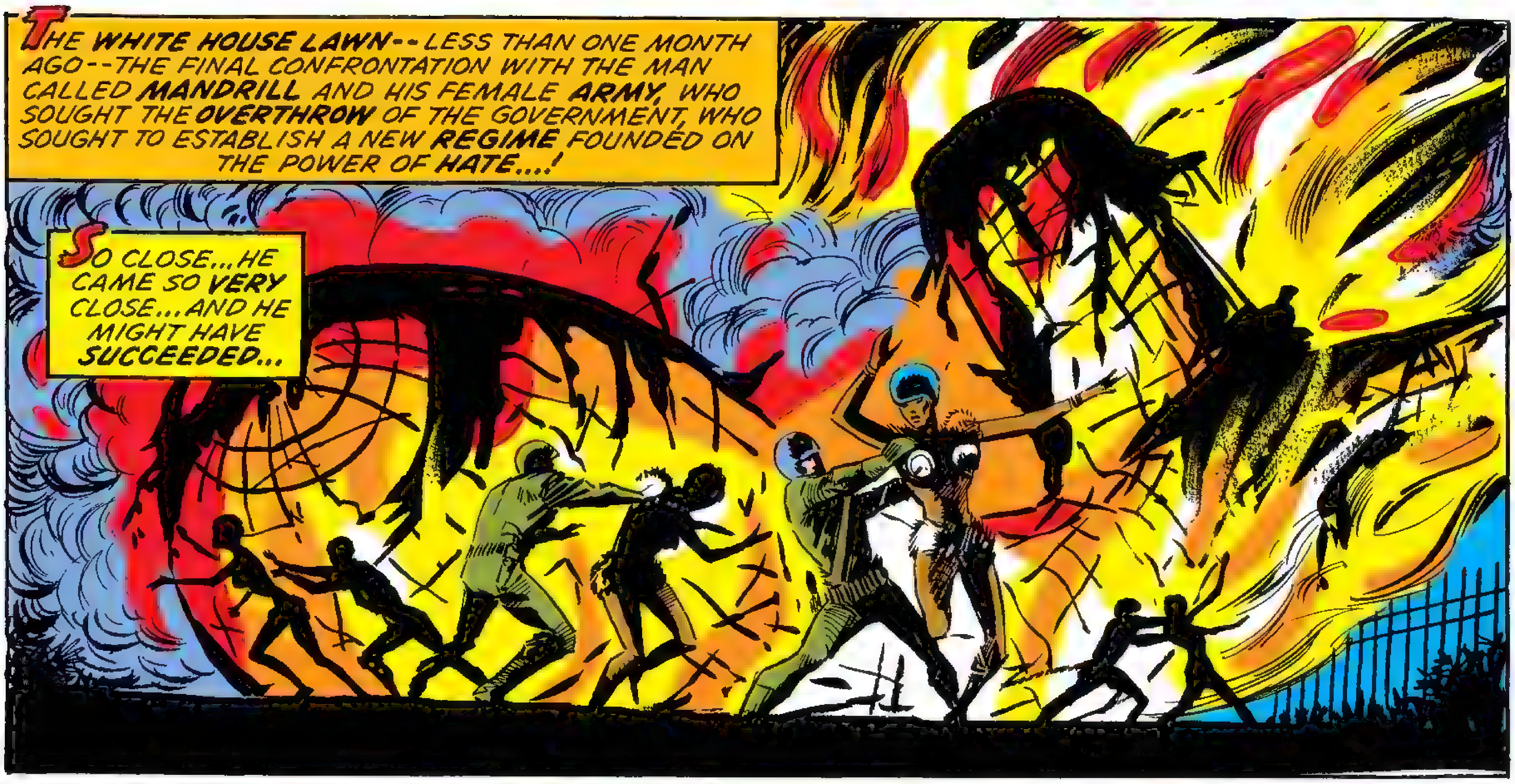
Stan Lee PRESENTS: DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!™

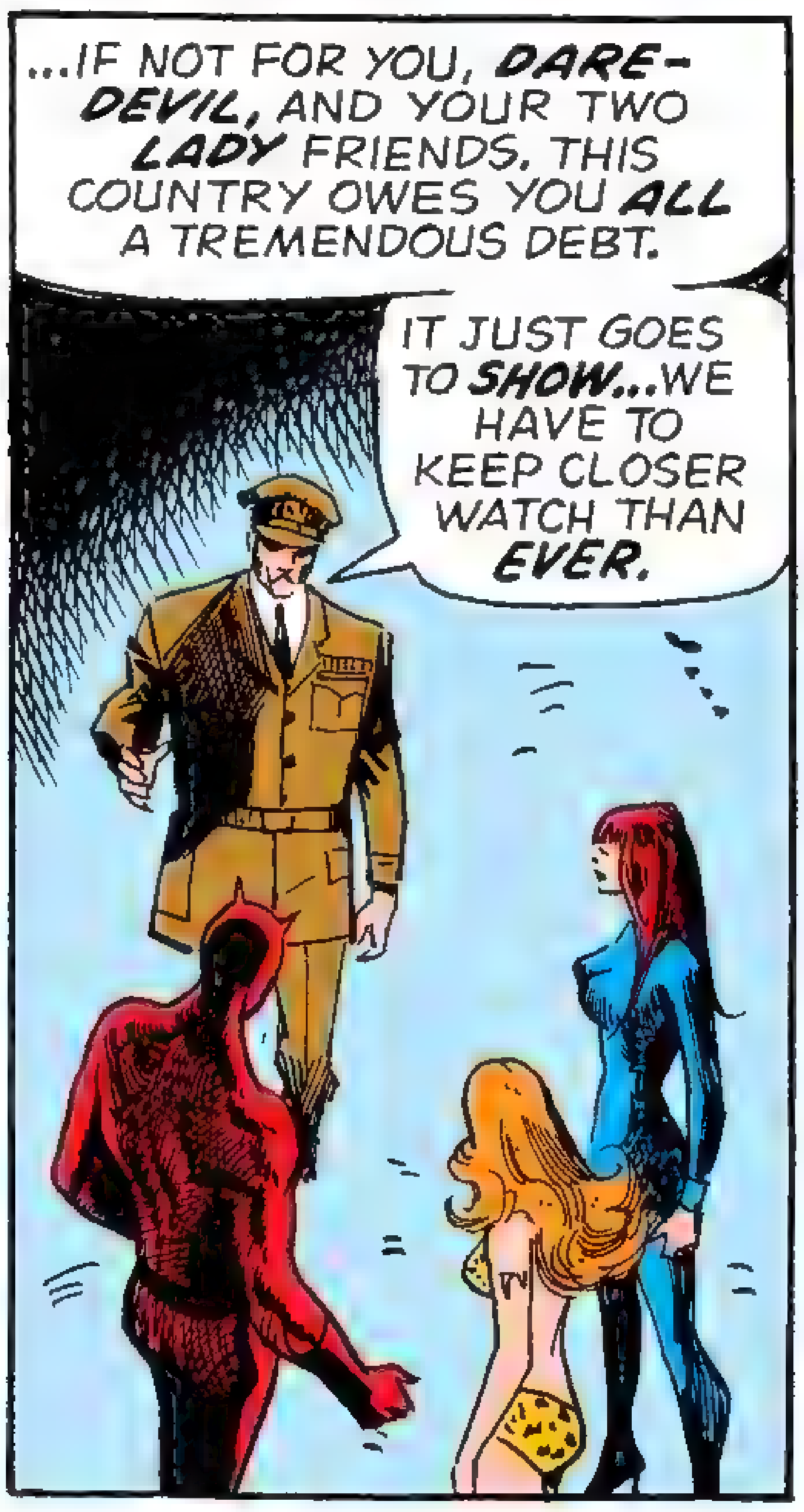
He dwells in eternal night— but the blackness is filled with sounds and scents, tastes and textures other men cannot perceive. For though attorney MATT MURDOCK is *blind,* his other four senses function with *superhuman sharpness*—his uncanny *radar sense* guides him over every obstacle! Armed only with his *billy club,* his fighting skill, and his courage, he stalks the streets by night, a relentless red-garbed foe of evil!

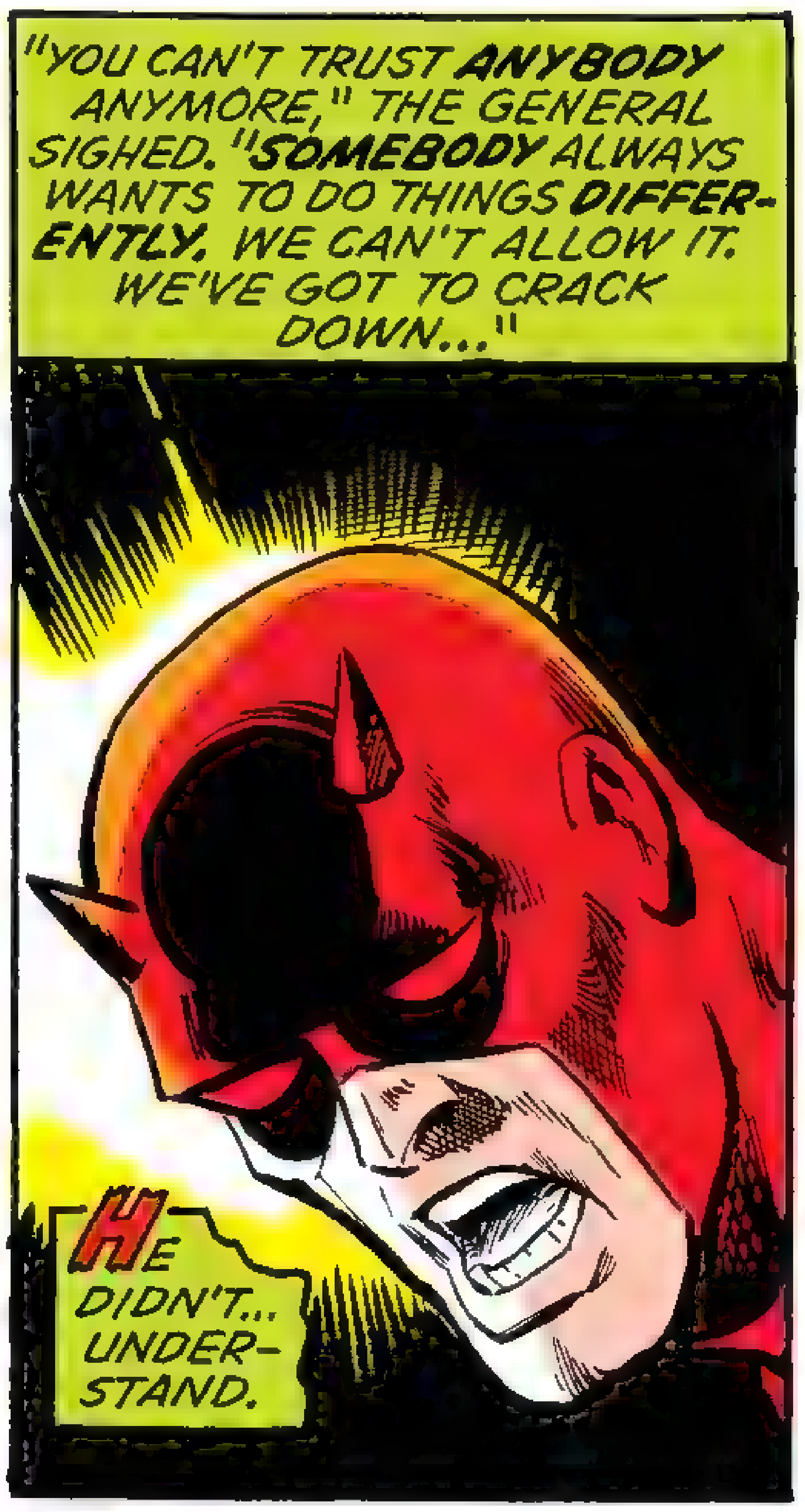
STEVE GERBER *WRITER* | **BOB BROWN** *ARTIST* | **VINCE COLLETTA** *INKER* | ARTIE SIMEK, *LETTERER* L. LESSMANN, *COLORIST* | **ROY THOMAS** *EDITOR*

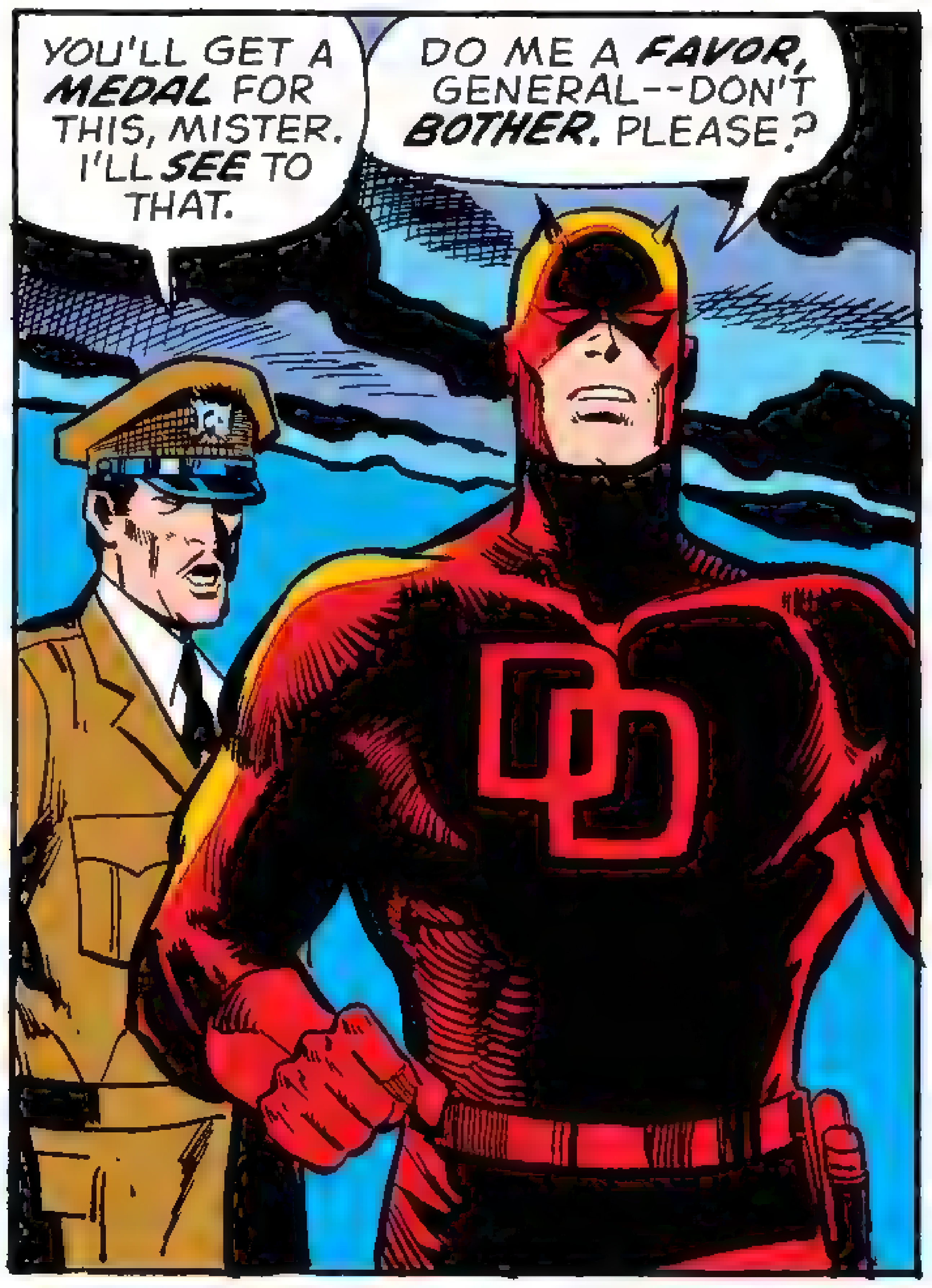

WHEN STRIKES THE GLADIATOR!
A STORM RAGES OVER MANHATTAN THIS NIGHT.
BUT FOR ALL ITS PYROTECHNICS, FOR ALL THE FORCE OF ITS SWIRLING GALES AND POUNDING RAIN...
...IT CANNOT MATCH THE SHEER FEROCITY OF THE TEMPEST IN THIS MAN'S SOUL, IN HIS BROODING, ALMOST DESPERATE SILENCE.

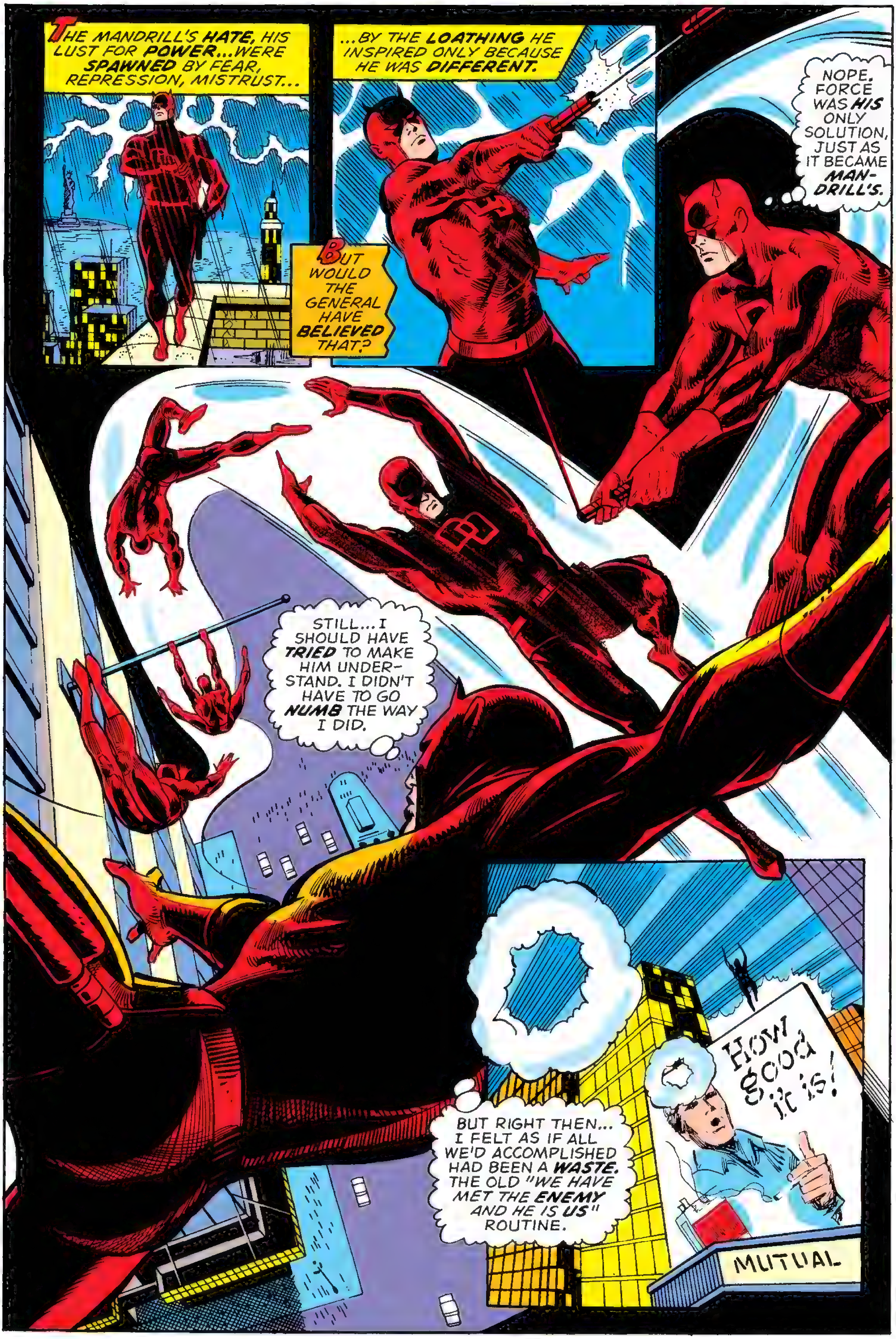

HIS RADAR SENSE PIERCES THE VEIL OF RAIN, FOCUSES ON THE FIGURE OF COLD COPPER THAT LOOMS OVER NEW YORK HARBOR.
HE RECALLS THE EVENTS OF THE RECENT PAST...HOW CLOSE AMERICA CAME TO LOSING ALL THAT THAT FIGURE STANDS FOR.

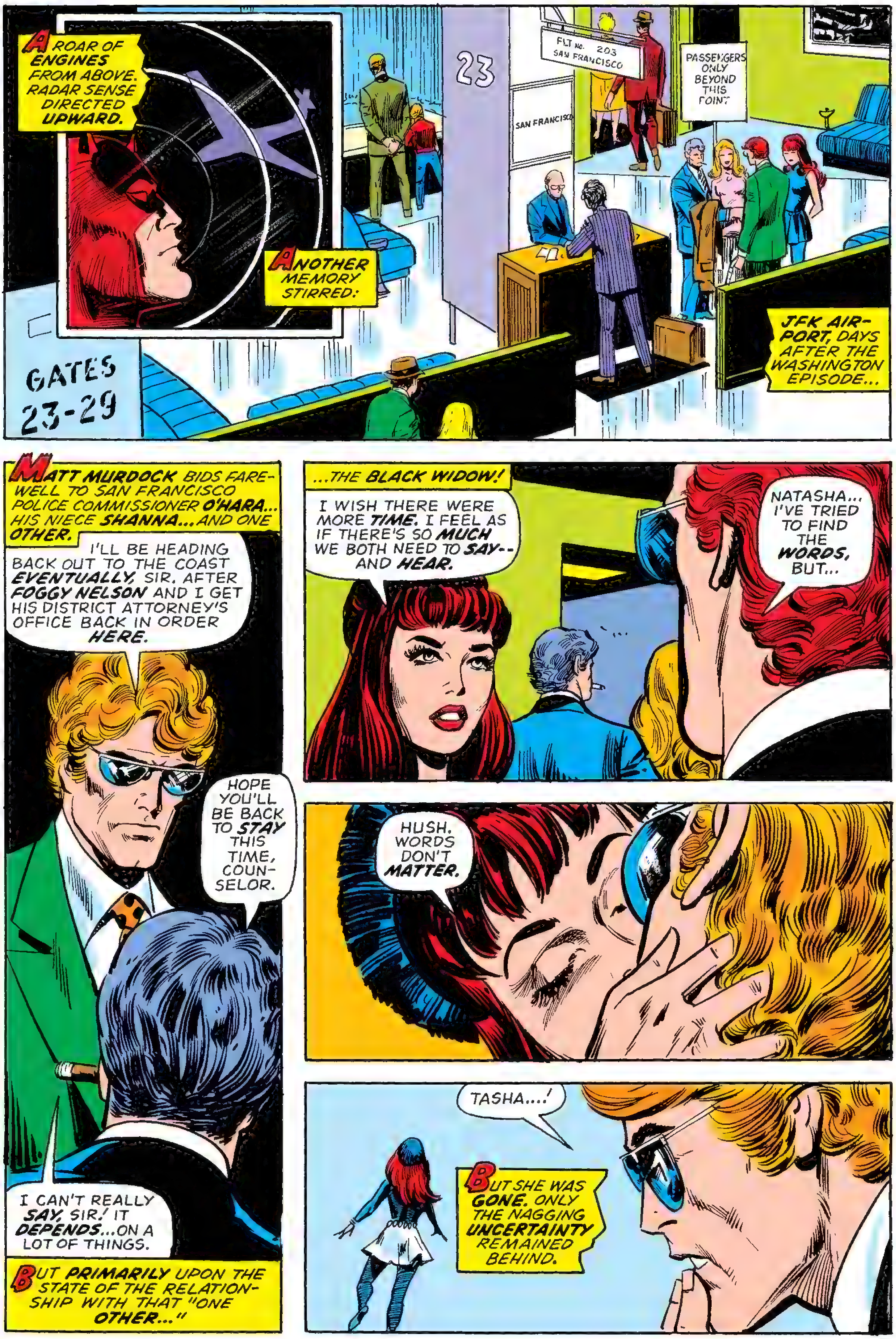

THE WHITE HOUSE LAWN-- LESS THAN ONE MONTH AGO--THE FINAL CONFRONTATION WITH THE MAN CALLED MANDRILL AND HIS FEMALE ARMY, WHO SOUGHT THE OVERTHROW OF THE GOVERNMENT, WHO SOUGHT TO ESTABLISH A NEW REGIME FOUNDED ON THE POWER OF HATE...!
SO CLOSE...HE CAME SO VERY CLOSE...AND HE MIGHT HAVE SUCCEEDED...

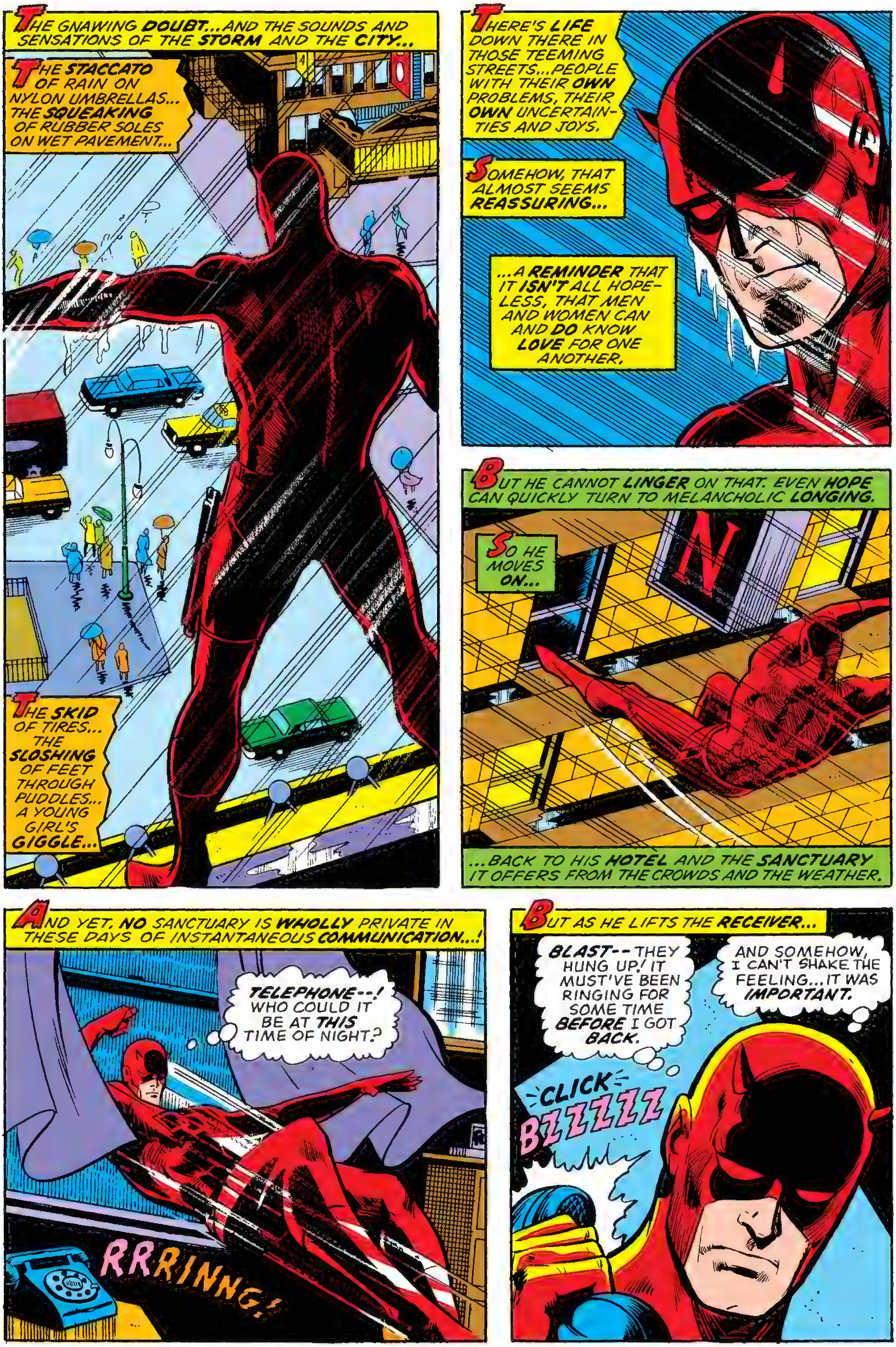

...IF NOT FOR YOU, DAREDEVIL, AND YOUR TWO LADY FRIENDS. THIS COUNTRY OWES YOU ALL A TREMENDOUS DEBT.
IT JUST GOES TO SHOW...WE HAVE TO KEEP CLOSER WATCH THAN EVER.

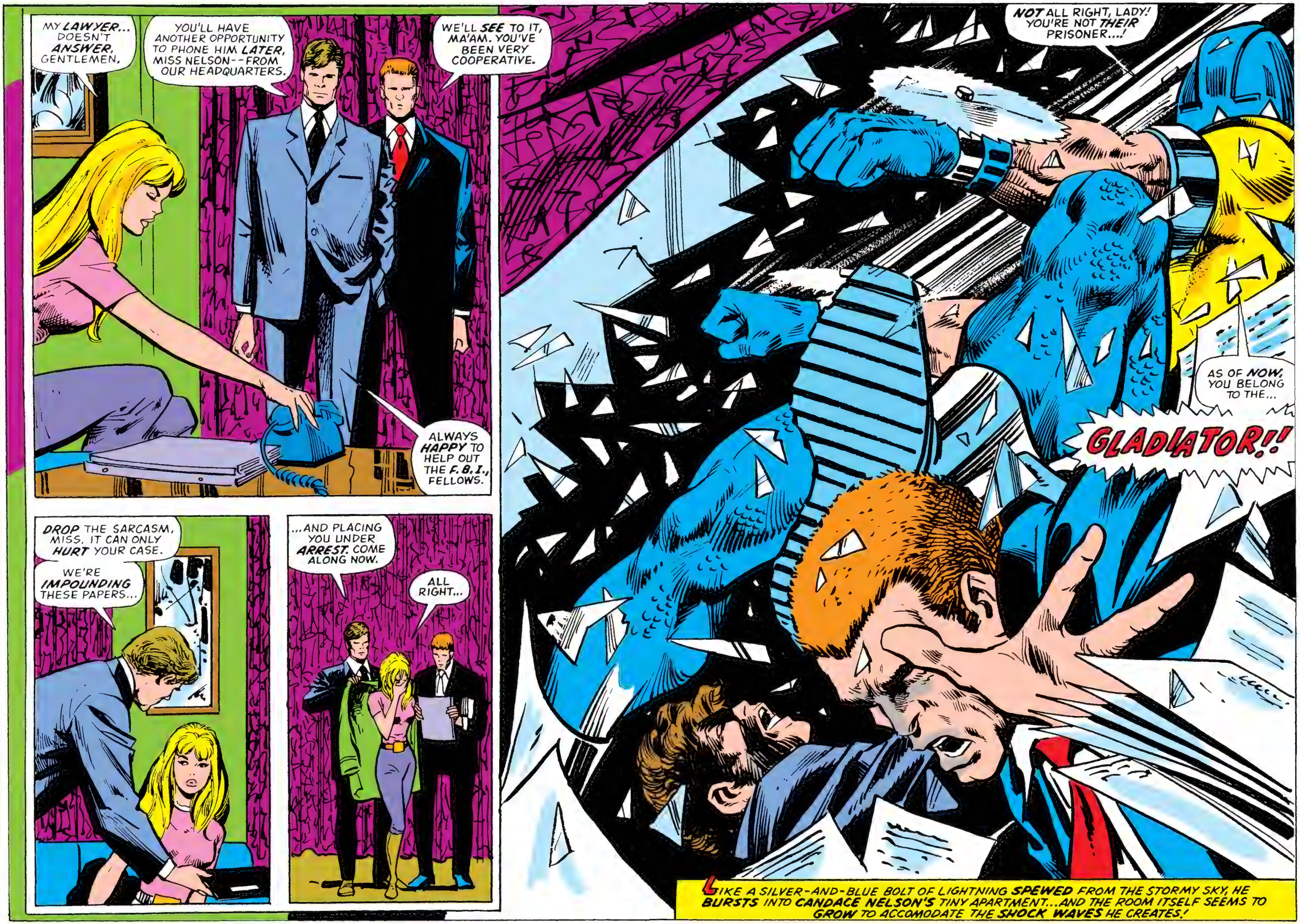

"YOU CAN'T TRUST ANYBODY ANYMORE," THE GENERAL SIGHED. "SOMEBODY ALWAYS WANTS TO DO THINGS DIFFERENTLY. WE CAN'T ALLOW IT. WE'VE GOT TO CRACK DOWN..."
HE DIDN'T... UNDERSTAND.

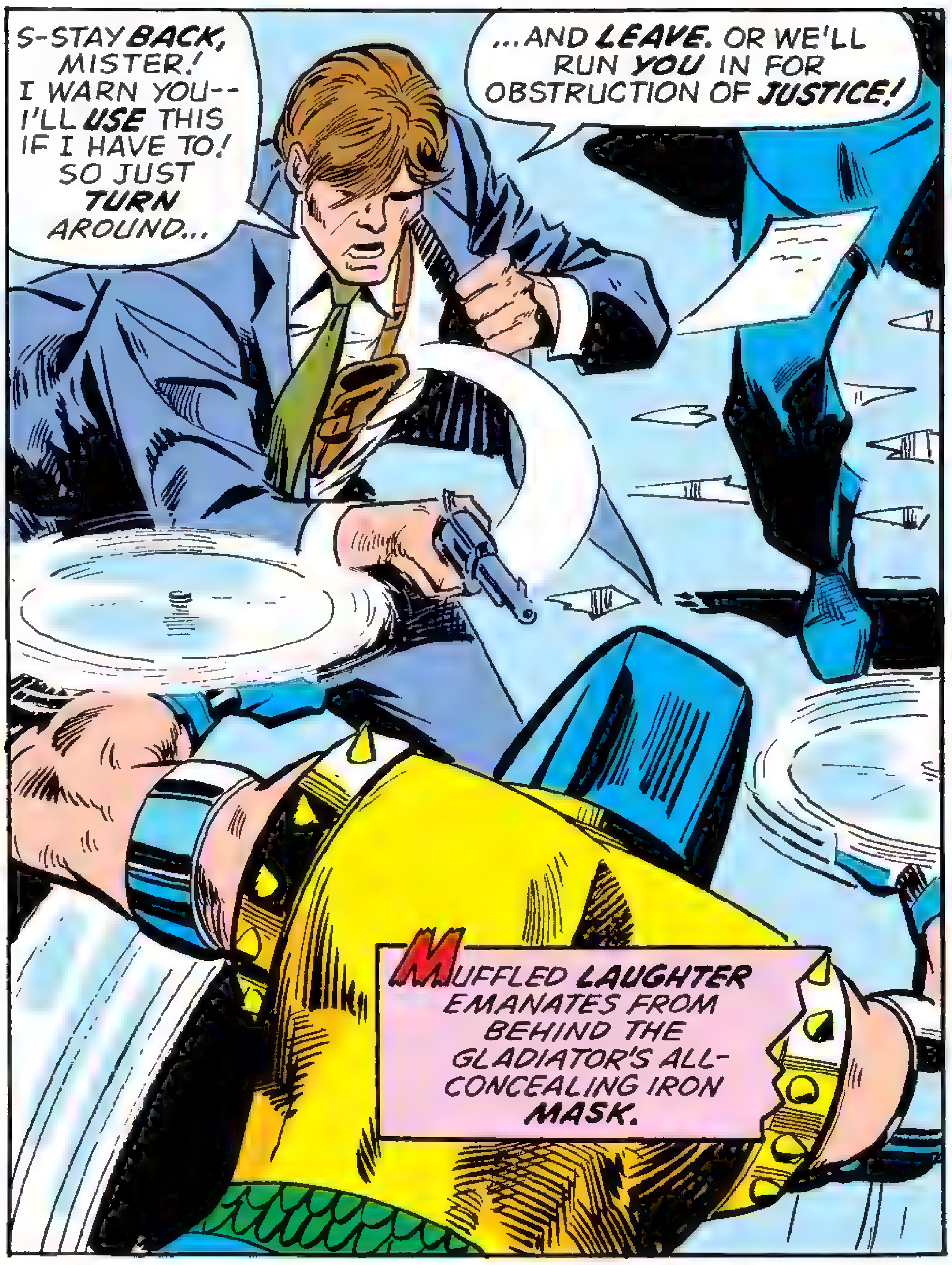

YOU'LL GET A MEDAL FOR THIS, MISTER. I'LL SEE TO THAT.
DO ME A FAVOR, GENERAL--DON'T BOTHER. PLEASE?

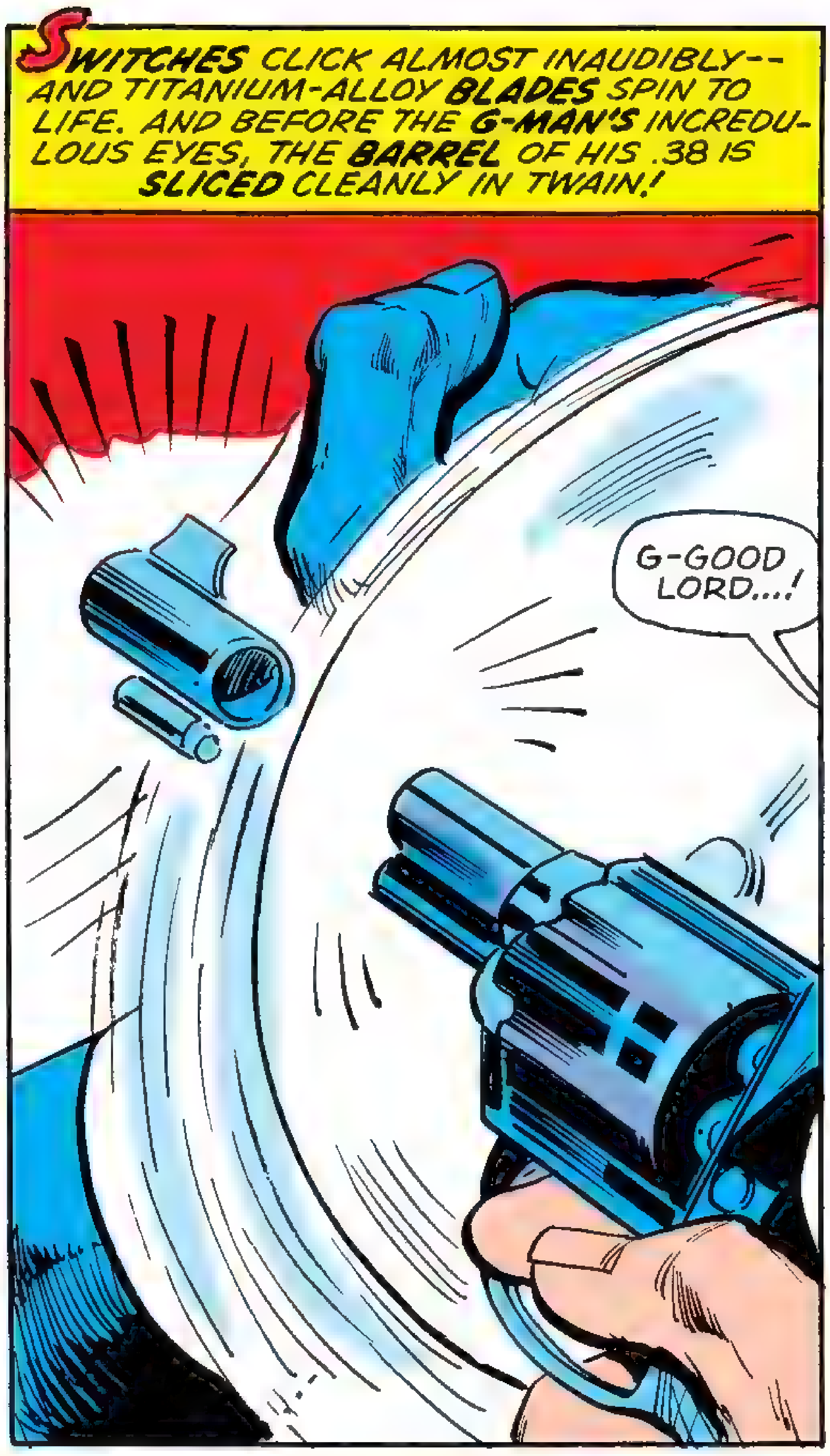

THE MANDRILL'S **HATE**, HIS LUST FOR **POWER**...WERE **SPAWNED** BY FEAR, REPRESSION, MISTRUST...
...BY THE **LOATHING** HE INSPIRED ONLY BECAUSE HE WAS **DIFFERENT**.
BUT WOULD THE GENERAL HAVE **BELIEVED** THAT?
NOPE. FORCE WAS **HIS** ONLY SOLUTION, JUST AS IT BECAME **MANDRILL'S**.
STILL...I SHOULD HAVE **TRIED** TO MAKE HIM UNDERSTAND. I DIDN'T HAVE TO GO **NUMB** THE WAY I DID.
BUT RIGHT THEN... I FELT AS IF ALL WE'D ACCOMPLISHED HAD BEEN A **WASTE**. THE OLD "WE HAVE MET THE **ENEMY** AND HE IS **US**" ROUTINE.
How good it is!
MUTUAL

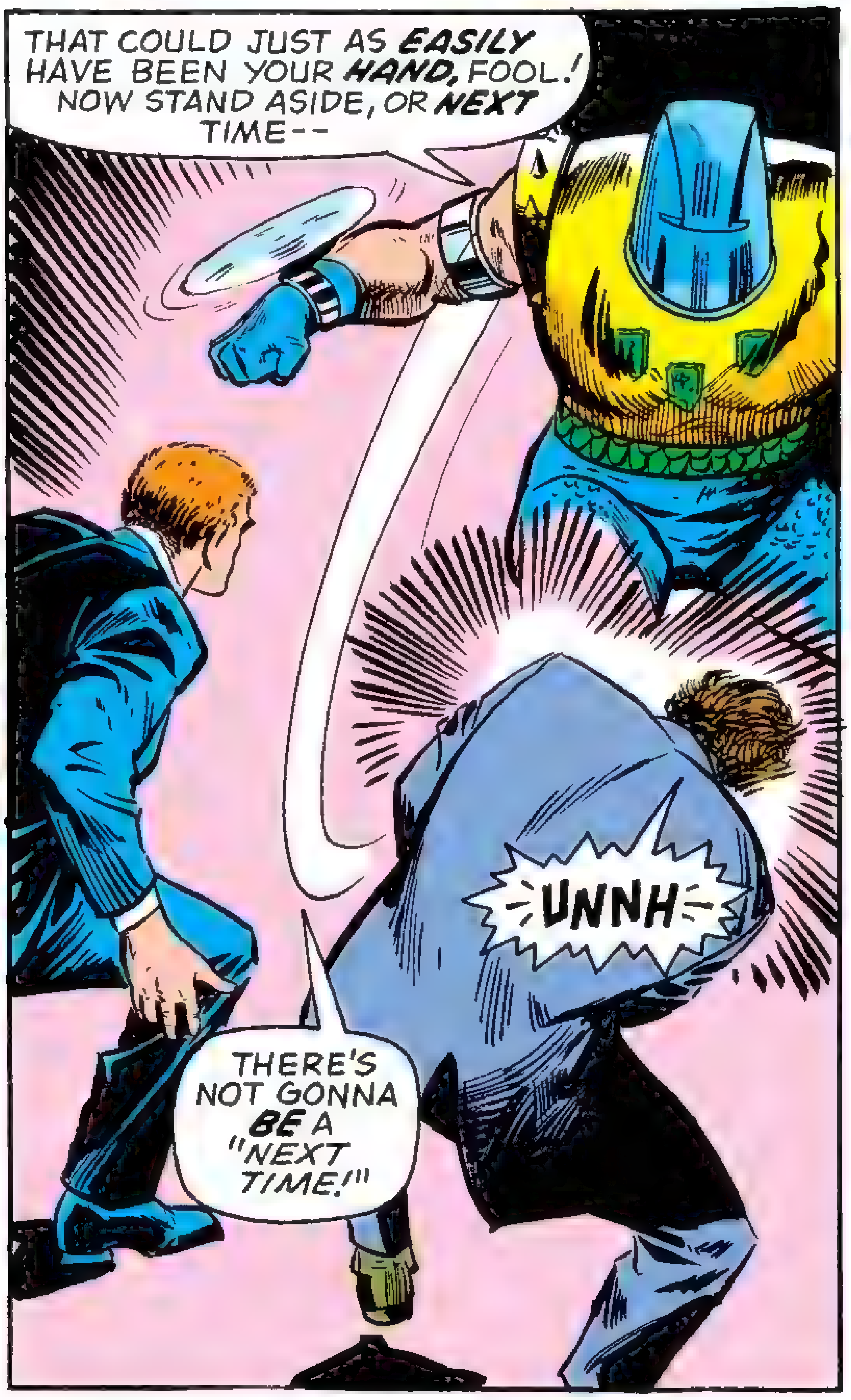

A ROAR OF ENGINES FROM ABOVE. RADAR SENSE DIRECTED UPWARD.
23
FLT No. 203 SAN FRANCISCO
PASSENGERS ONLY BEYOND THIS POINT
SAN FRANCISCO
ANOTHER MEMORY STIRRED:
GATES 23-29
JFK AIRPORT, DAYS AFTER THE WASHINGTON EPISODE...
MATT MURDOCK BIDS FAREWELL TO SAN FRANCISCO POLICE COMMISSIONER O'HARA... HIS NIECE SHANNA... AND ONE OTHER.
I'LL BE HEADING BACK OUT TO THE COAST EVENTUALLY, SIR, AFTER FOGGY NELSON AND I GET HIS DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE BACK IN ORDER HERE.
HOPE YOU'LL BE BACK TO STAY THIS TIME, COUNSELOR.
I CAN'T REALLY SAY, SIR! IT DEPENDS...ON A LOT OF THINGS.
BUT PRIMARILY UPON THE STATE OF THE RELATIONSHIP WITH THAT "ONE OTHER..."
...THE BLACK WIDOW!
I WISH THERE WERE MORE TIME. I FEEL AS IF THERE'S SO MUCH WE BOTH NEED TO SAY--AND HEAR.
NATASHA... I'VE TRIED TO FIND THE WORDS, BUT...
HUSH. WORDS DON'T MATTER.
TASHA....!
BUT SHE WAS GONE. ONLY THE NAGGING UNCERTAINTY REMAINED BEHIND.

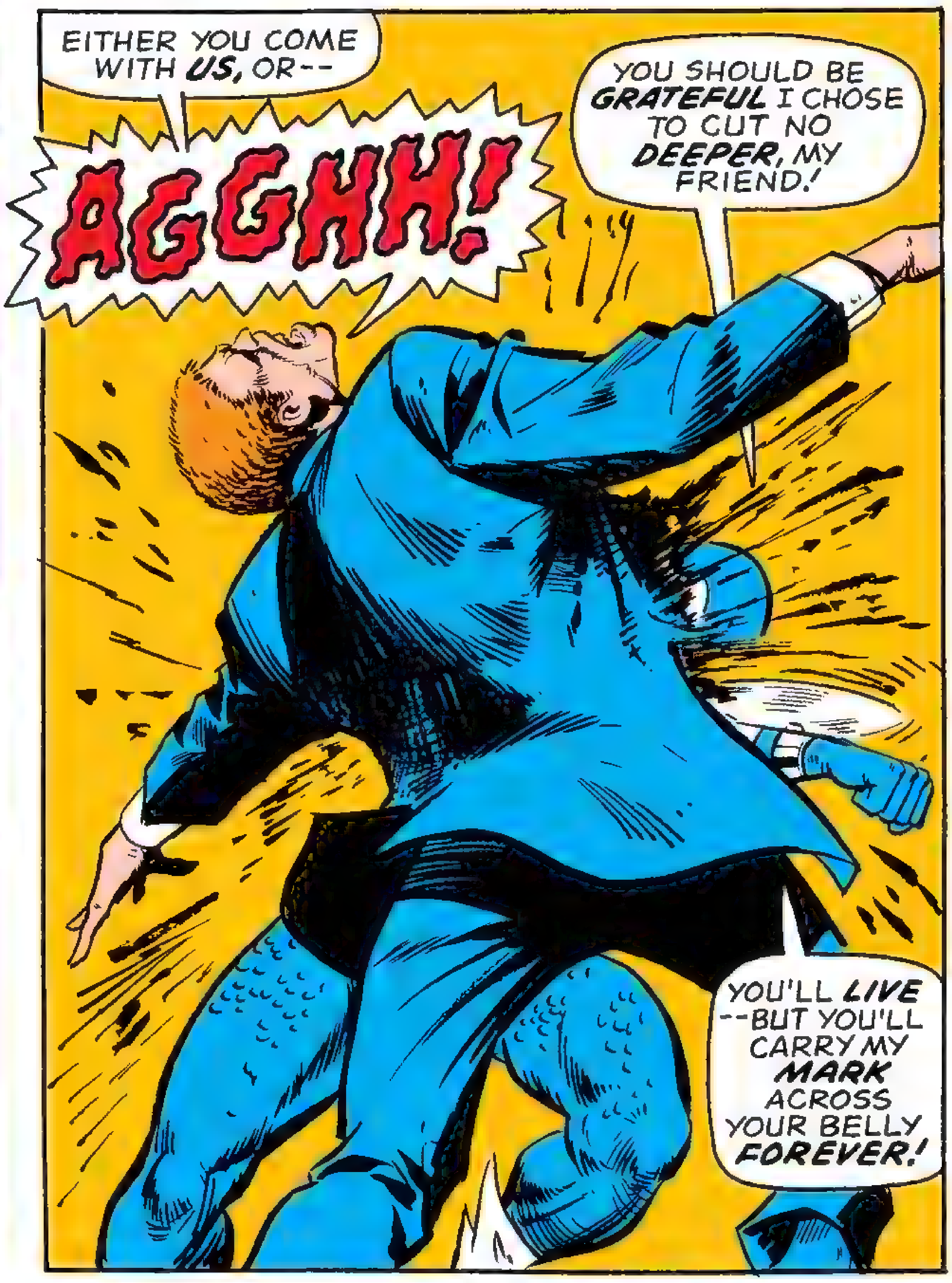

THE GNAWING DOUBT...AND THE SOUNDS AND SENSATIONS OF THE STORM AND THE CITY...
THE STACCATO OF RAIN ON NYLON UMBRELLAS... THE SQUEAKING OF RUBBER SOLES ON WET PAVEMENT...
THE SKID OF TIRES... THE SLOSHING OF FEET THROUGH PUDDLES... A YOUNG GIRL'S GIGGLE...
THERE'S LIFE DOWN THERE IN THOSE TEEMING STREETS...PEOPLE WITH THEIR OWN PROBLEMS, THEIR OWN UNCERTAINTIES AND JOYS.
SOMEHOW, THAT ALMOST SEEMS REASSURING...
...A REMINDER THAT IT ISN'T ALL HOPELESS, THAT MEN AND WOMEN CAN AND DO KNOW LOVE FOR ONE ANOTHER.
BUT HE CANNOT LINGER ON THAT. EVEN HOPE CAN QUICKLY TURN TO MELANCHOLIC LONGING.
SO HE MOVES ON...
N
...BACK TO HIS HOTEL AND THE SANCTUARY IT OFFERS FROM THE CROWDS AND THE WEATHER.
AND YET, NO SANCTUARY IS WHOLLY PRIVATE IN THESE DAYS OF INSTANTANEOUS COMMUNICATION...!
TELEPHONE--! WHO COULD IT BE AT THIS TIME OF NIGHT?
RRRINNG!
BUT AS HE LIFTS THE RECEIVER...
BLAST--THEY HUNG UP! IT MUST'VE BEEN RINGING FOR SOME TIME BEFORE I GOT BACK.
AND SOMEHOW, I CAN'T SHAKE THE FEELING...IT WAS IMPORTANT.
CLICK
BZZZZZ

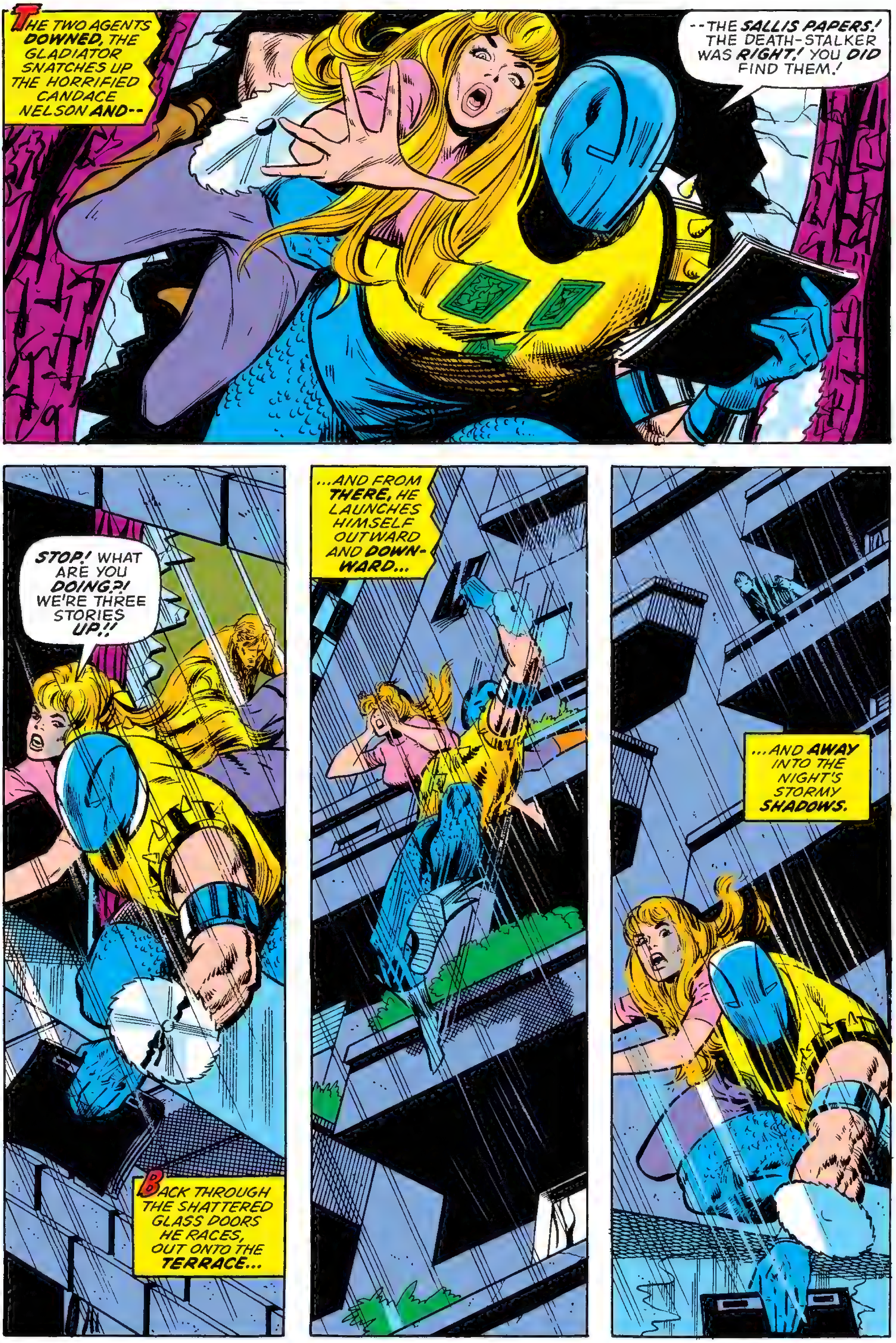

MY LAWYER... DOESN'T ANSWER, GENTLEMEN.
YOU'LL HAVE ANOTHER OPPORTUNITY TO PHONE HIM LATER, MISS NELSON--FROM OUR HEADQUARTERS.
WE'LL SEE TO IT, MA'AM. YOU'VE BEEN VERY COOPERATIVE.
ALWAYS HAPPY TO HELP OUT THE F.B.I., FELLOWS.
DROP THE SARCASM, MISS. IT CAN ONLY HURT YOUR CASE.
WE'RE IMPOUNDING THESE PAPERS...
...AND PLACING YOU UNDER ARREST. COME ALONG NOW.
ALL RIGHT...
NOT ALL RIGHT, LADY! YOU'RE NOT THEIR PRISONER...!
AS OF NOW, YOU BELONG TO THE...
GLADIATOR!!
LIKE A SILVER-AND-BLUE BOLT OF LIGHTNING SPEWED FROM THE STORMY SKY, HE BURSTS INTO CANDACE NELSON'S TINY APARTMENT...AND THE ROOM ITSELF SEEMS TO GROW TO ACCOMODATE THE SHOCK WAVES HE CREATES!

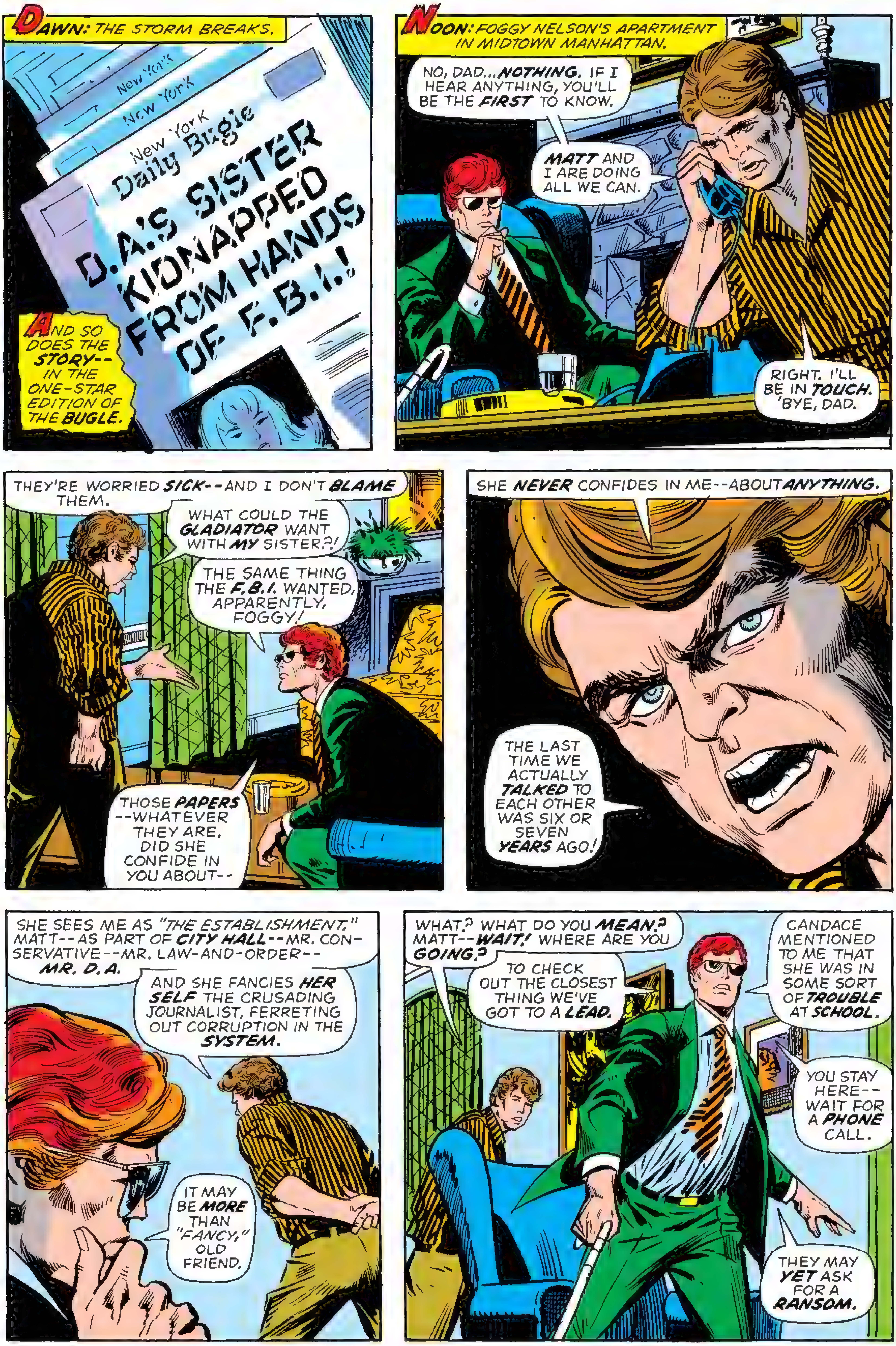

S-STAY BACK, MISTER! I WARN YOU-- I'LL USE THIS IF I HAVE TO! SO JUST TURN AROUND...
...AND LEAVE, OR WE'LL RUN YOU IN FOR OBSTRUCTION OF JUSTICE!
MUFFLED LAUGHTER EMANATES FROM BEHIND THE GLADIATOR'S ALL-CONCEALING IRON MASK.

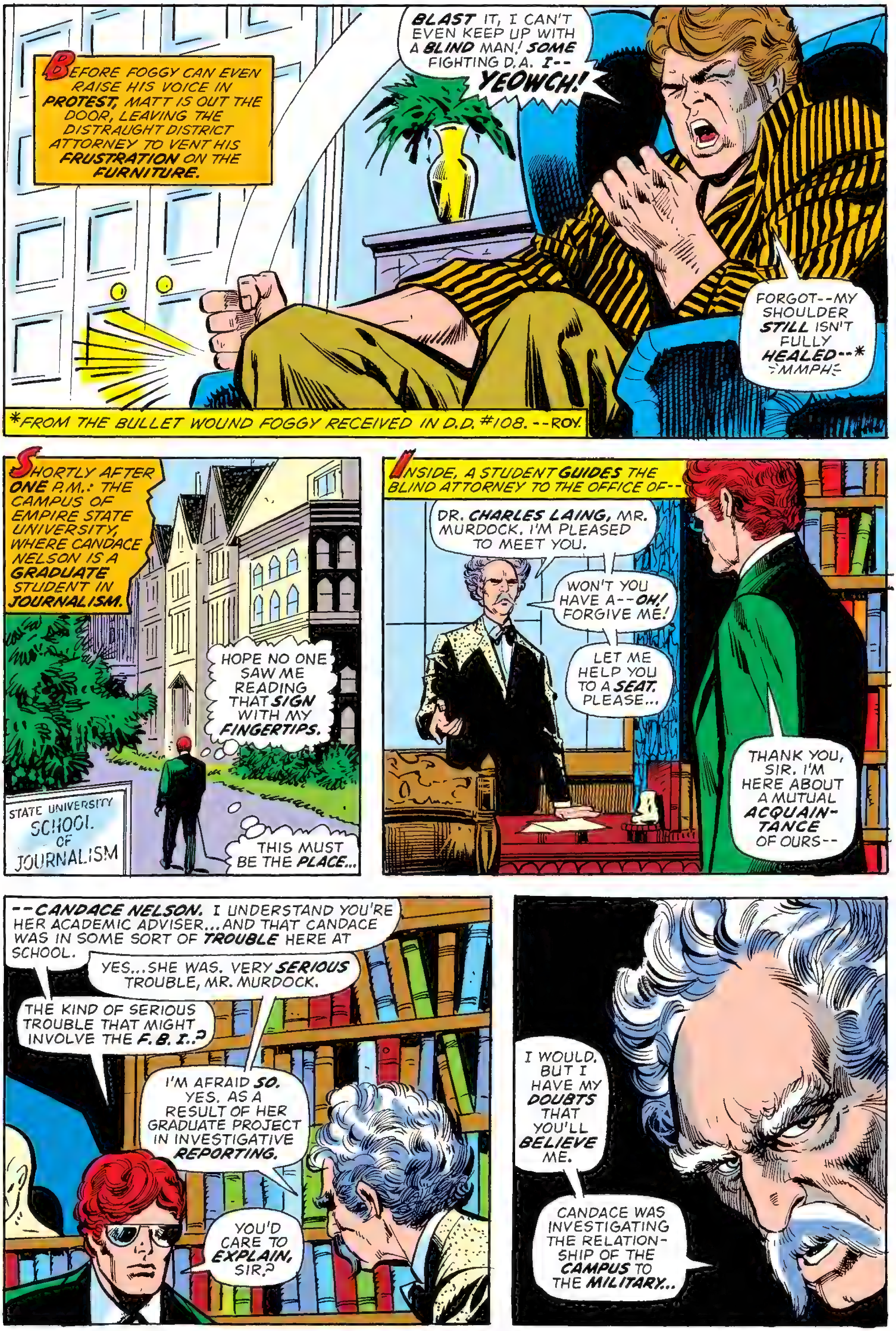

SWITCHES CLICK ALMOST INAUDIBLY-- AND TITANIUM-ALLOY BLADES SPIN TO LIFE. AND BEFORE THE G-MAN'S INCREDULOUS EYES, THE BARREL OF HIS .38 IS SLICED CLEANLY IN TWAIN!
G-GOOD LORD...!

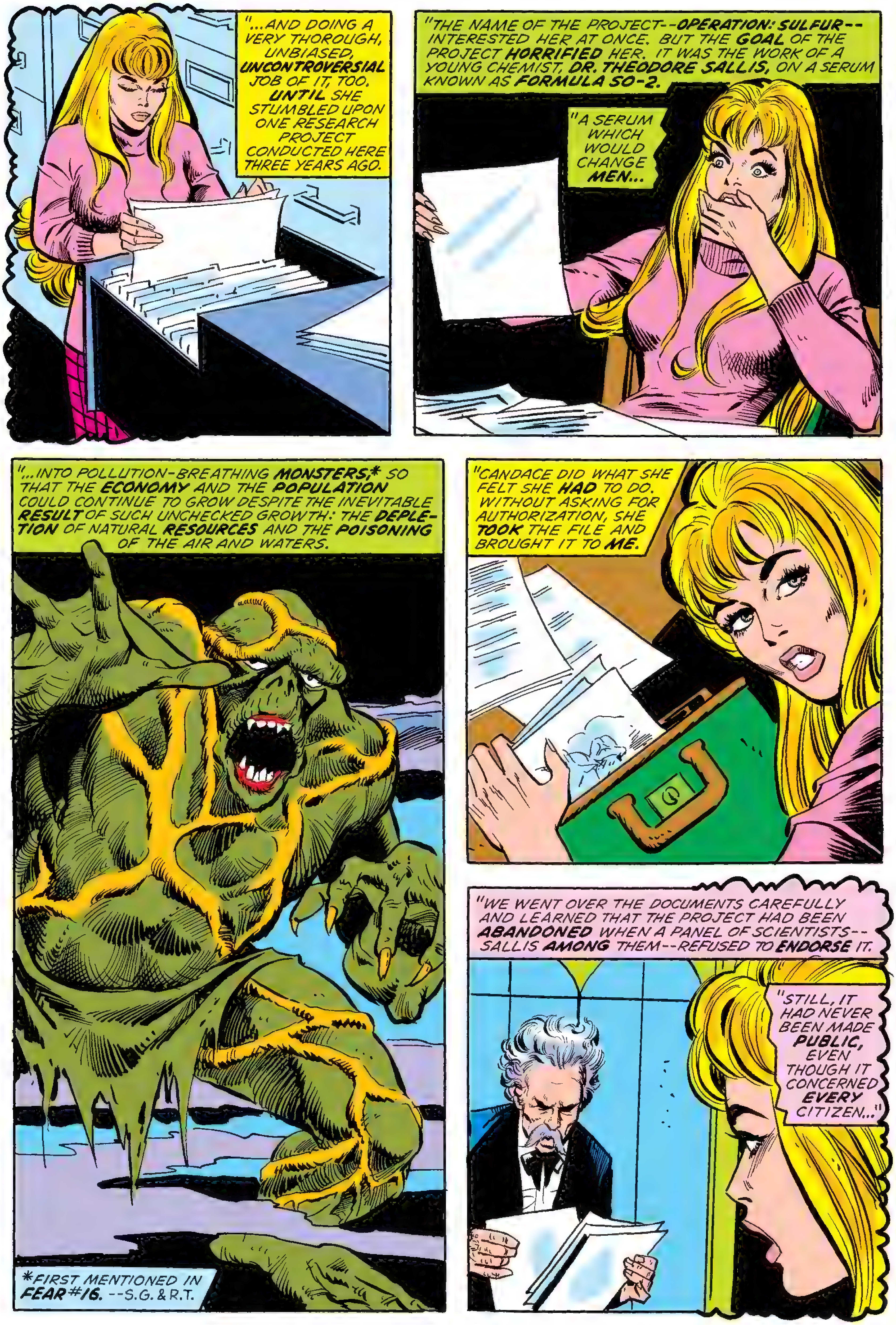

THAT COULD JUST AS EASILY HAVE BEEN YOUR HAND, FOOL! NOW STAND ASIDE, OR NEXT TIME--
UNNH
THERE'S NOT GONNA BE A "NEXT TIME!"

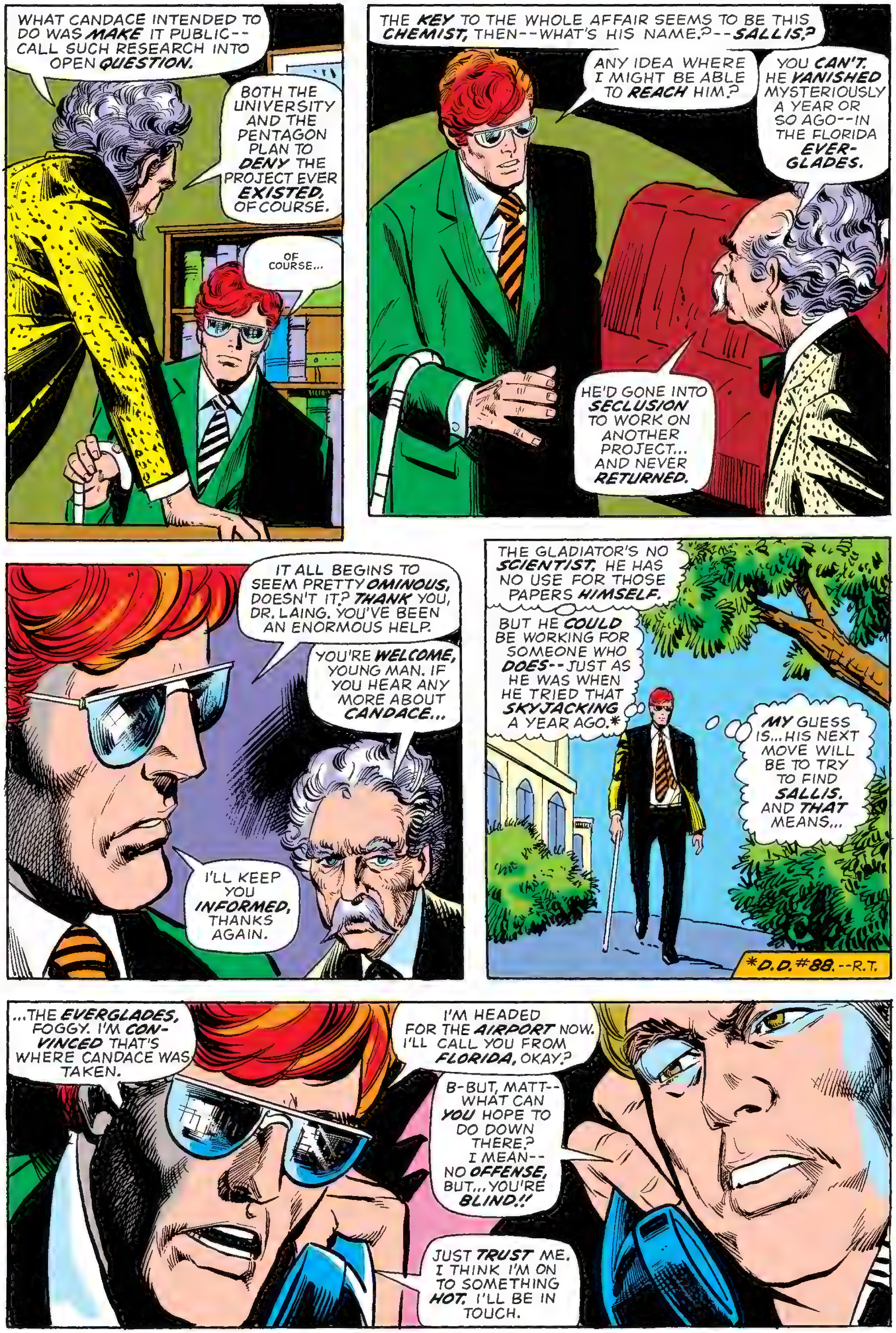

EITHER YOU COME WITH US, OR--
AGGHH!
YOU SHOULD BE GRATEFUL I CHOSE TO CUT NO DEEPER, MY FRIEND!
YOU'LL LIVE --BUT YOU'LL CARRY MY MARK ACROSS YOUR BELLY FOREVER!

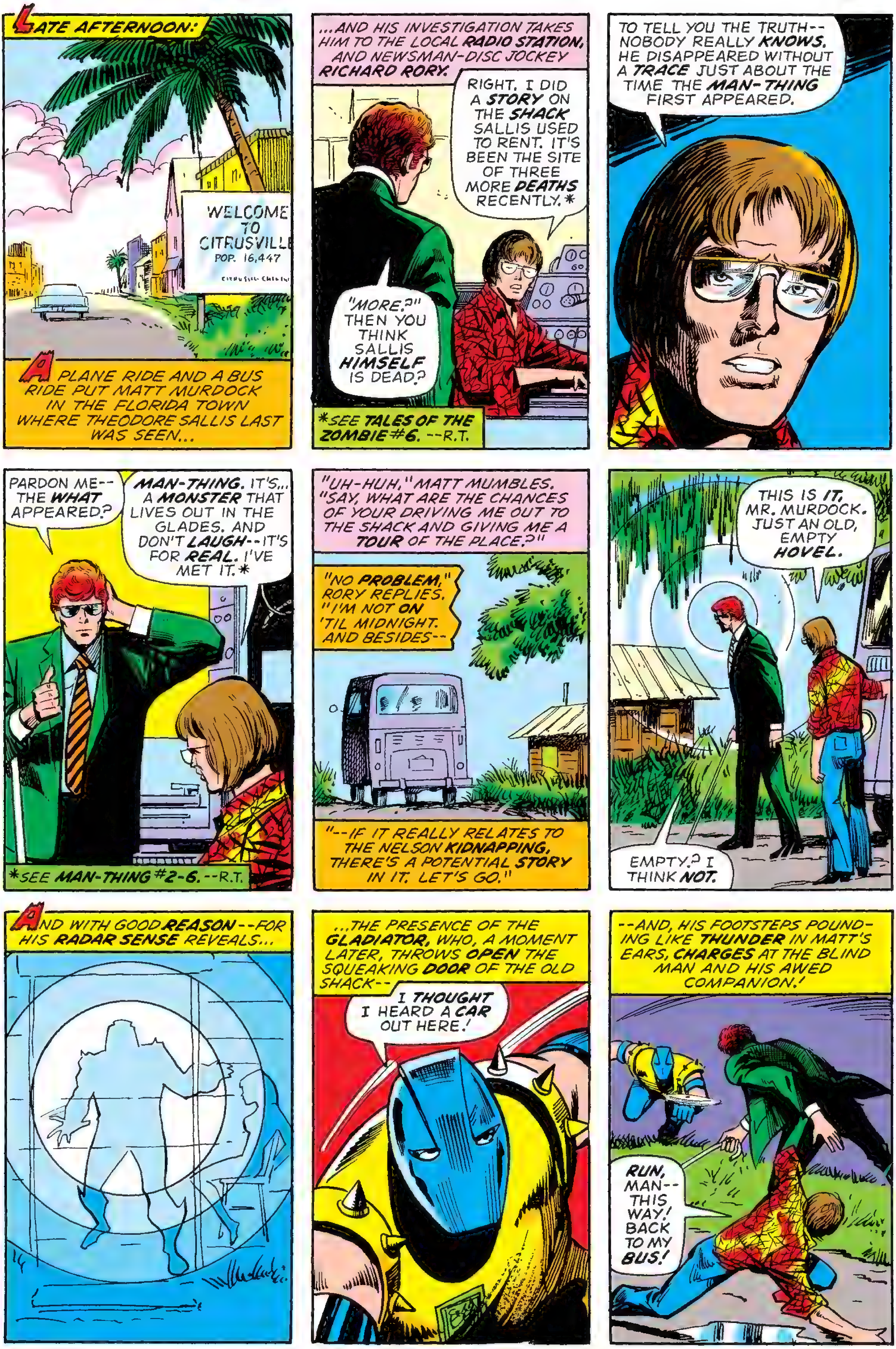

THE TWO AGENTS **DOWNED**, THE GLADIATOR SNATCHES UP THE HORRIFIED CANDACE NELSON **AND--**
--THE **SALLIS PAPERS!** THE DEATH-STALKER WAS **RIGHT!** YOU **DID** FIND THEM!
STOP! WHAT ARE YOU **DOING?!** WE'RE THREE STORIES **UP!!**
BACK THROUGH THE SHATTERED GLASS DOORS HE RACES, OUT ONTO THE **TERRACE...**
...AND FROM **THERE,** HE LAUNCHES HIMSELF OUTWARD AND **DOWNWARD...**
...AND **AWAY** INTO THE NIGHT'S STORMY **SHADOWS.**

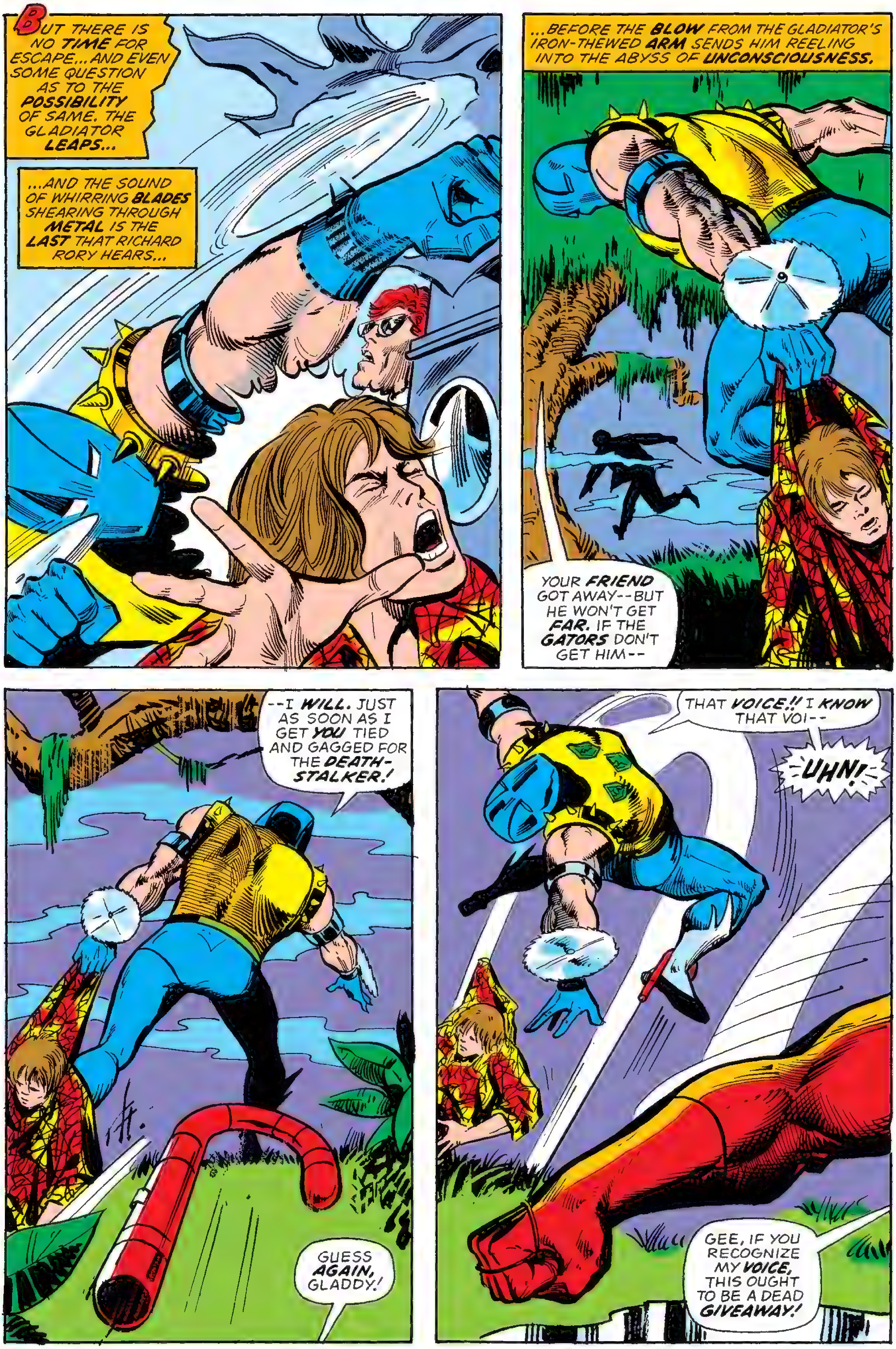

DAWN: THE STORM BREAKS.
New York
New York
New York
Daily Bugle
D.A.'S SISTER KIDNAPPED FROM HANDS OF F.B.I.!
AND SO DOES THE STORY-- IN THE ONE-STAR EDITION OF THE BUGLE.
NOON: FOGGY NELSON'S APARTMENT IN MIDTOWN MANHATTAN.
NO, DAD... NOTHING. IF I HEAR ANYTHING, YOU'LL BE THE FIRST TO KNOW.
MATT AND I ARE DOING ALL WE CAN.
RIGHT. I'LL BE IN TOUCH. 'BYE, DAD.
THEY'RE WORRIED SICK--AND I DON'T BLAME THEM.
WHAT COULD THE GLADIATOR WANT WITH MY SISTER?!
THE SAME THING THE F.B.I. WANTED, APPARENTLY, FOGGY!
THOSE PAPERS --WHATEVER THEY ARE. DID SHE CONFIDE IN YOU ABOUT--
SHE NEVER CONFIDES IN ME--ABOUT ANYTHING.
THE LAST TIME WE ACTUALLY TALKED TO EACH OTHER WAS SIX OR SEVEN YEARS AGO!
SHE SEES ME AS "THE ESTABLISHMENT," MATT--AS PART OF CITY HALL--MR. CONSERVATIVE--MR. LAW-AND-ORDER-- MR. D.A.
AND SHE FANCIES HERSELF THE CRUSADING JOURNALIST, FERRETING OUT CORRUPTION IN THE SYSTEM.
IT MAY BE MORE THAN "FANCY," OLD FRIEND.
CANDACE MENTIONED TO ME THAT SHE WAS IN SOME SORT OF TROUBLE AT SCHOOL.
WHAT? WHAT DO YOU MEAN? MATT--WAIT! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
TO CHECK OUT THE CLOSEST THING WE'VE GOT TO A LEAD.
YOU STAY HERE-- WAIT FOR A PHONE CALL.
THEY MAY YET ASK FOR A RANSOM.

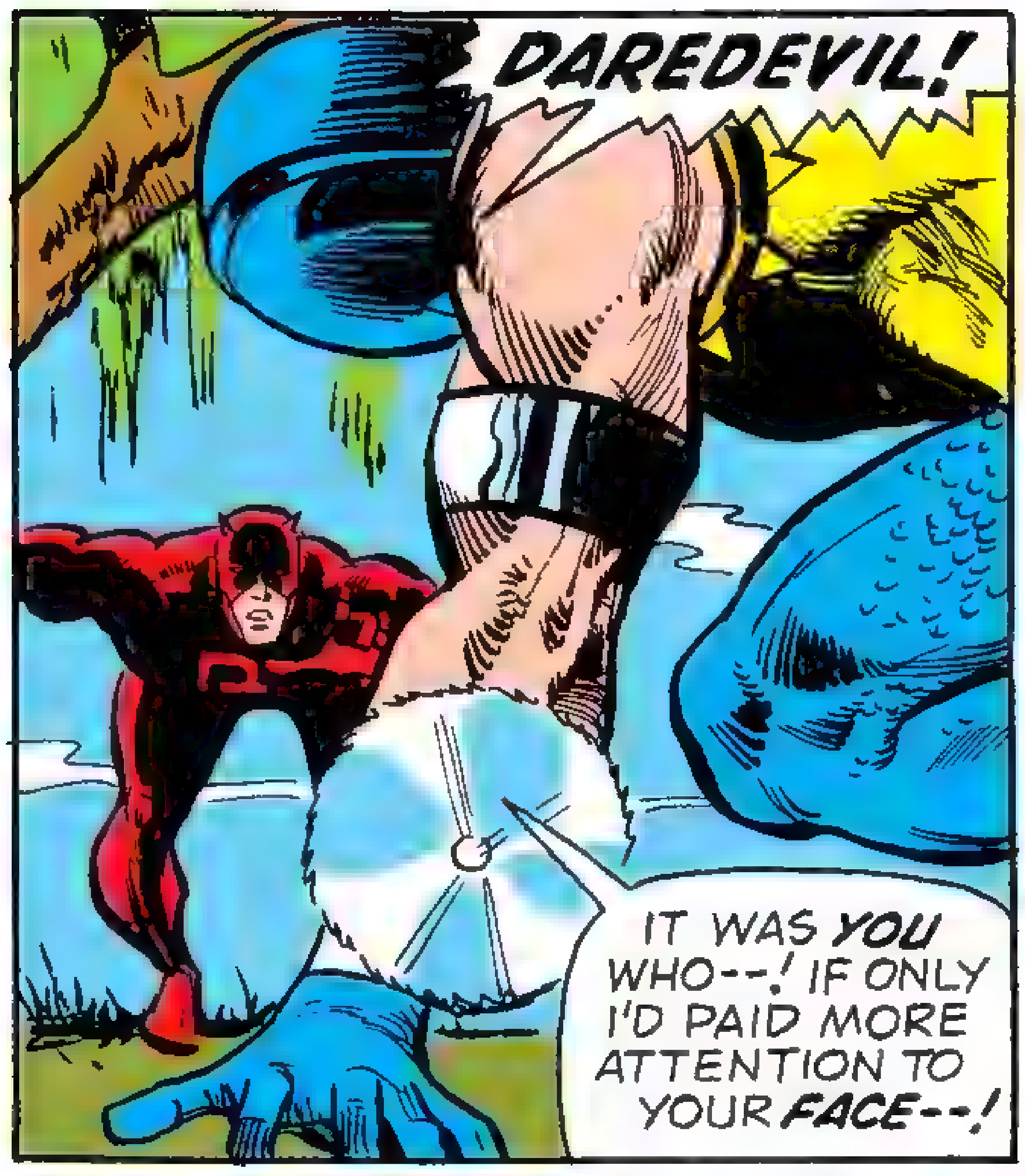

BEFORE FOGGY CAN EVEN RAISE HIS VOICE IN PROTEST, MATT IS OUT THE DOOR, LEAVING THE DISTRAUGHT DISTRICT ATTORNEY TO VENT HIS FRUSTRATION ON THE FURNITURE.
BLAST IT, I CAN'T EVEN KEEP UP WITH A BLIND MAN! SOME FIGHTING D.A. I-- YEOWCH!
FORGOT--MY SHOULDER STILL ISN'T FULLY HEALED--* MMPH
*FROM THE BULLET WOUND FOGGY RECEIVED IN D.D. #108. --ROY.
SHORTLY AFTER ONE P.M.: THE CAMPUS OF EMPIRE STATE UNIVERSITY, WHERE CANDACE NELSON IS A GRADUATE STUDENT IN JOURNALISM.
HOPE NO ONE SAW ME READING THAT SIGN WITH MY FINGERTIPS.
THIS MUST BE THE PLACE...
STATE UNIVERSITY SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM
INSIDE, A STUDENT GUIDES THE BLIND ATTORNEY TO THE OFFICE OF--
DR. CHARLES LAING, MR. MURDOCK. I'M PLEASED TO MEET YOU.
WON'T YOU HAVE A--OH! FORGIVE ME!
LET ME HELP YOU TO A SEAT, PLEASE...
THANK YOU, SIR. I'M HERE ABOUT A MUTUAL ACQUAINTANCE OF OURS--
--CANDACE NELSON. I UNDERSTAND YOU'RE HER ACADEMIC ADVISER...AND THAT CANDACE WAS IN SOME SORT OF TROUBLE HERE AT SCHOOL.
YES...SHE WAS. VERY SERIOUS TROUBLE, MR. MURDOCK.
THE KIND OF SERIOUS TROUBLE THAT MIGHT INVOLVE THE F.B.I.?
I'M AFRAID SO. YES. AS A RESULT OF HER GRADUATE PROJECT IN INVESTIGATIVE REPORTING.
YOU'D CARE TO EXPLAIN, SIR?
I WOULD. BUT I HAVE MY DOUBTS THAT YOU'LL BELIEVE ME.
CANDACE WAS INVESTIGATING THE RELATIONSHIP OF THE CAMPUS TO THE MILITARY...

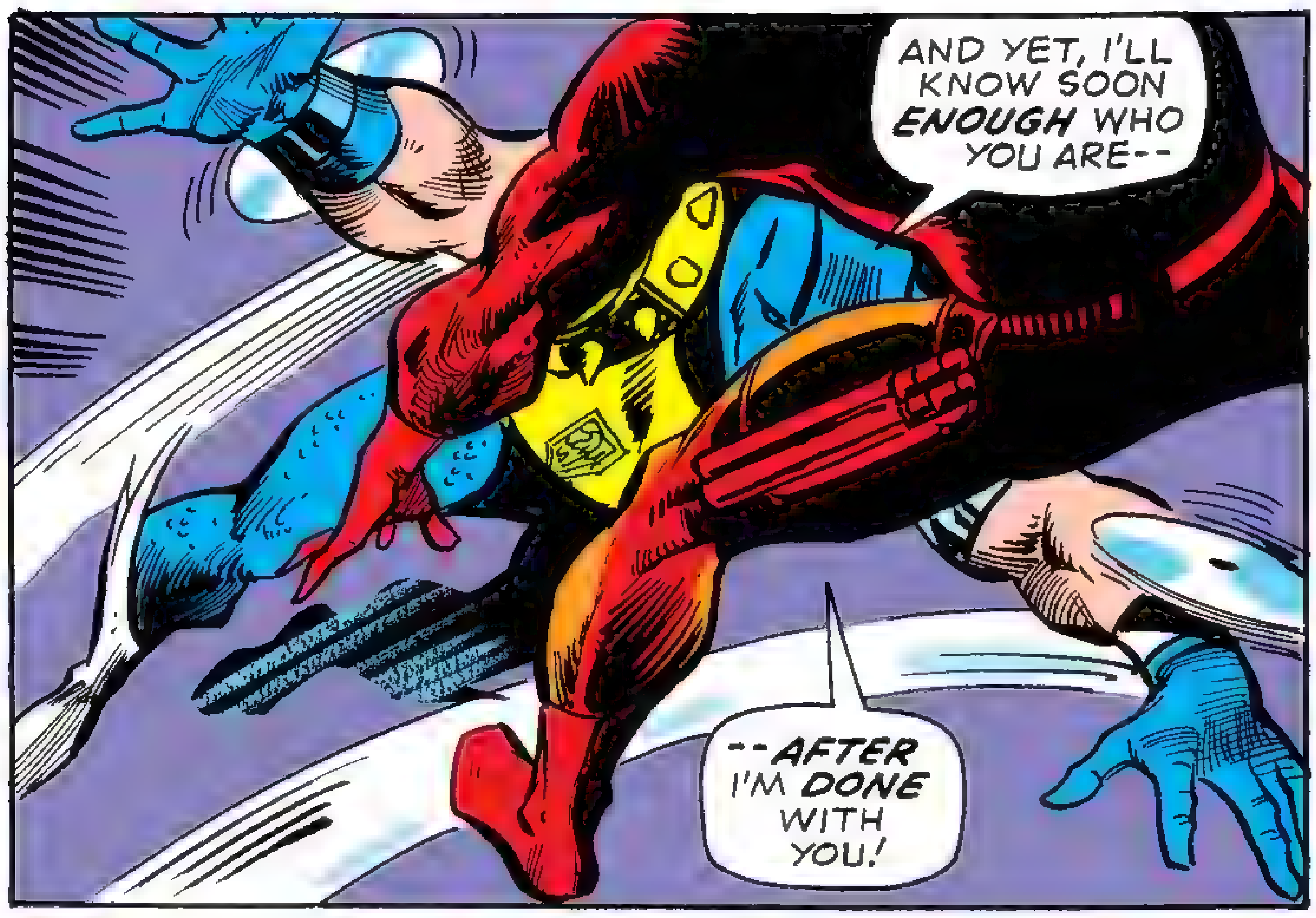

"...AND DOING A VERY THOROUGH, UNBIASED, **UNCONTROVERSIAL** JOB OF IT, TOO. **UNTIL** SHE STUMBLED UPON ONE RESEARCH PROJECT CONDUCTED HERE THREE YEARS AGO.
"THE NAME OF THE PROJECT--**OPERATION: SULFUR**--INTERESTED HER AT ONCE. BUT THE **GOAL** OF THE PROJECT **HORRIFIED** HER. IT WAS THE WORK OF A YOUNG CHEMIST, **DR. THEODORE SALLIS,** ON A SERUM KNOWN AS **FORMULA SO-2.**
"A SERUM WHICH WOULD CHANGE **MEN...**
"...INTO POLLUTION-BREATHING **MONSTERS,*** SO THAT THE **ECONOMY** AND THE **POPULATION** COULD CONTINUE TO GROW DESPITE THE INEVITABLE **RESULT** OF SUCH UNCHECKED GROWTH: THE **DEPLETION** OF NATURAL **RESOURCES** AND THE **POISONING** OF THE AIR AND WATERS.
*FIRST MENTIONED IN **FEAR #16.** --S.G.&R.T.
"CANDACE DID WHAT SHE FELT SHE **HAD** TO DO. WITHOUT ASKING FOR AUTHORIZATION, SHE **TOOK** THE FILE AND BROUGHT IT TO **ME.**
"WE WENT OVER THE DOCUMENTS CAREFULLY AND LEARNED THAT THE PROJECT HAD BEEN **ABANDONED** WHEN A PANEL OF SCIENTISTS--SALLIS **AMONG** THEM--REFUSED TO **ENDORSE** IT.
"STILL, IT HAD NEVER BEEN MADE **PUBLIC,** EVEN THOUGH IT CONCERNED **EVERY** CITIZEN..."

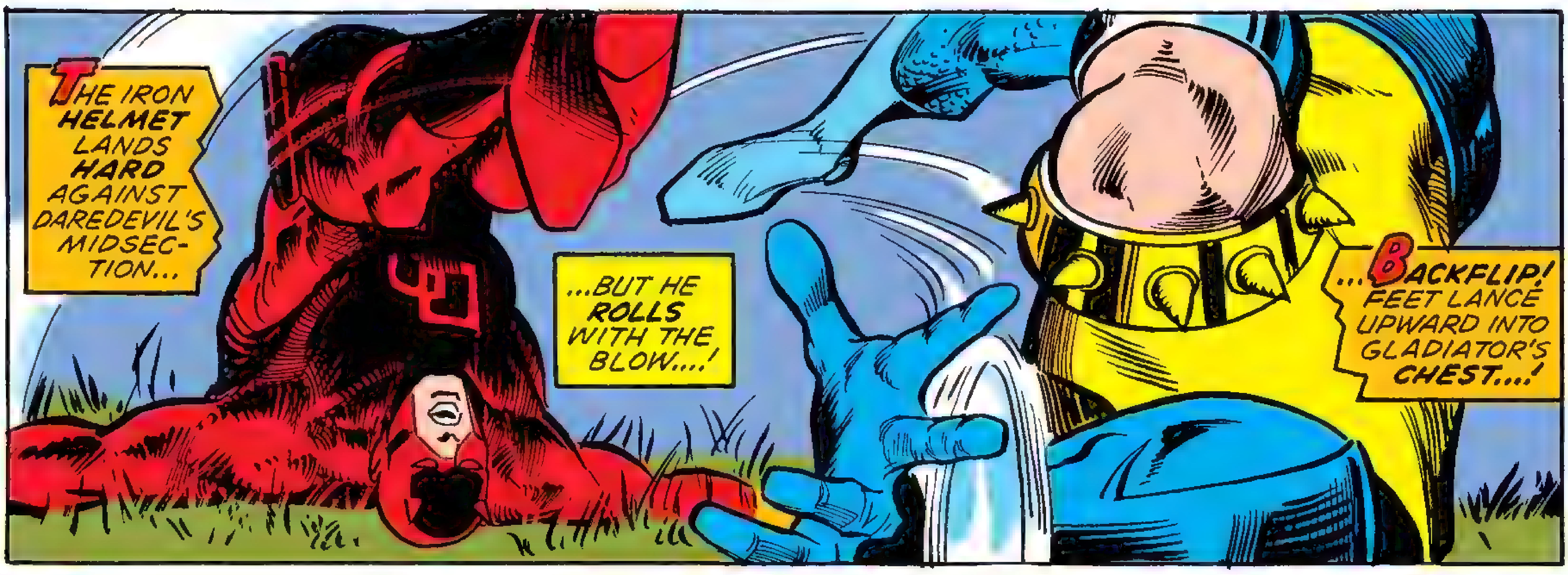

WHAT CANDACE INTENDED TO DO WAS **MAKE** IT PUBLIC--CALL SUCH RESEARCH INTO OPEN **QUESTION.**
BOTH THE UNIVERSITY AND THE PENTAGON PLAN TO **DENY** THE PROJECT EVER **EXISTED,** OF COURSE.
OF COURSE...
THE **KEY** TO THE WHOLE AFFAIR SEEMS TO BE THIS **CHEMIST,** THEN--WHAT'S HIS NAME?--**SALLIS?**
ANY IDEA WHERE I MIGHT BE ABLE TO **REACH** HIM?
YOU **CAN'T.** HE **VANISHED** MYSTERIOUSLY A YEAR OR SO AGO--IN THE FLORIDA **EVERGLADES.**
HE'D GONE INTO **SECLUSION** TO WORK ON ANOTHER PROJECT... AND NEVER **RETURNED.**
IT ALL BEGINS TO SEEM PRETTY **OMINOUS,** DOESN'T IT? **THANK** YOU, DR. LAING. YOU'VE BEEN AN ENORMOUS HELP.
YOU'RE **WELCOME,** YOUNG MAN. IF YOU HEAR ANY MORE ABOUT **CANDACE...**
I'LL KEEP YOU **INFORMED,** THANKS AGAIN.
THE GLADIATOR'S NO **SCIENTIST.** HE HAS NO USE FOR THOSE PAPERS **HIMSELF.**
BUT HE **COULD** BE WORKING FOR SOMEONE WHO **DOES**--JUST AS HE WAS WHEN HE TRIED THAT **SKYJACKING** A YEAR AGO.*
MY GUESS IS...HIS NEXT MOVE WILL BE TO TRY TO FIND **SALLIS.** AND **THAT** MEANS...
***D.D. #88.**--R.T.
...THE **EVERGLADES,** FOGGY. I'M **CONVINCED** THAT'S WHERE CANDACE WAS TAKEN.
I'M HEADED FOR THE **AIRPORT** NOW. I'LL CALL YOU FROM **FLORIDA,** OKAY?
B-BUT, MATT--WHAT CAN **YOU** HOPE TO DO DOWN THERE? I MEAN--NO **OFFENSE,** BUT...YOU'RE **BLIND!!**
JUST **TRUST** ME. I THINK I'M ON TO SOMETHING **HOT.** I'LL BE IN TOUCH.

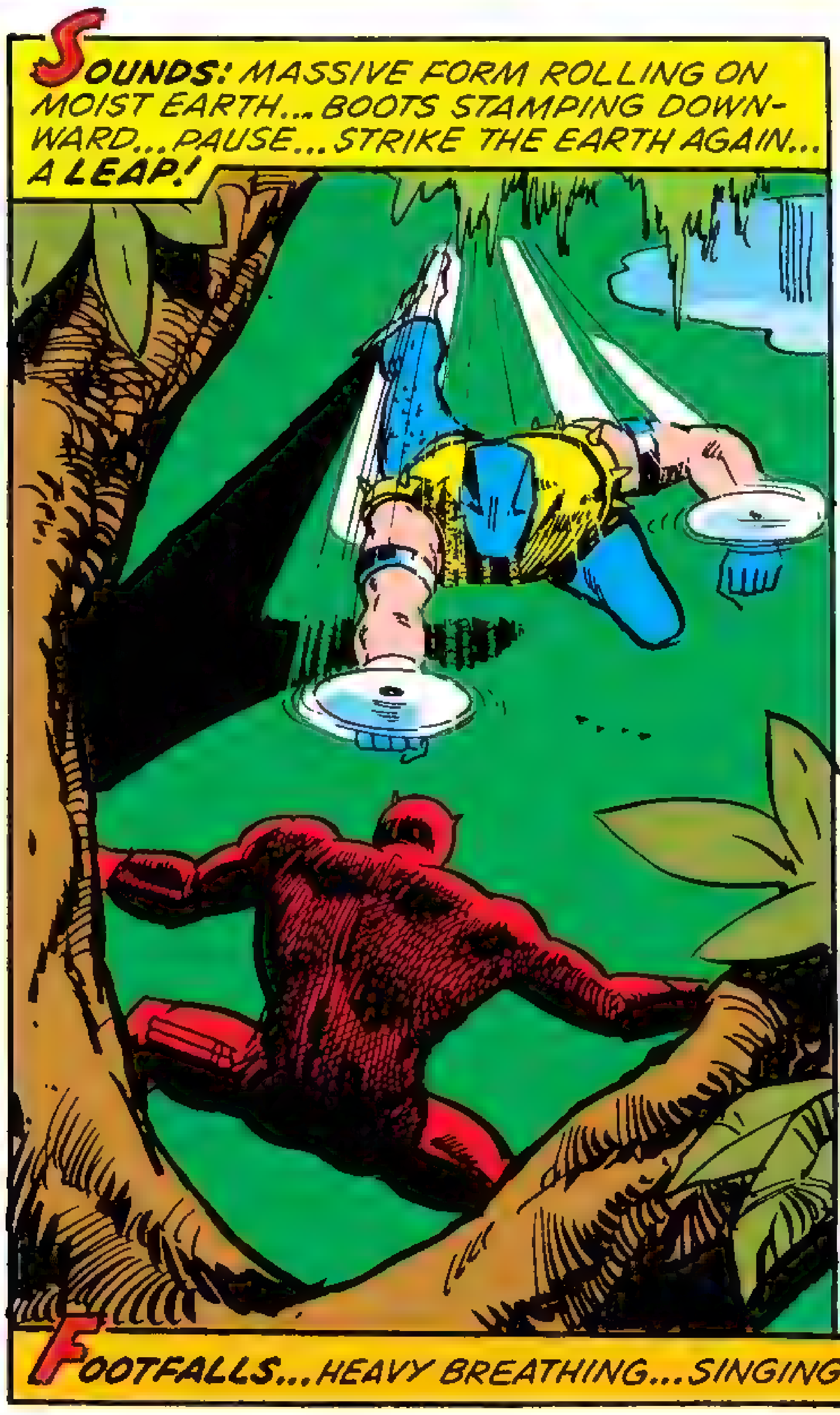

LATE AFTERNOON:
WELCOME TO CITRUSVILLE POP. 16,447
A PLANE RIDE AND A BUS RIDE PUT MATT MURDOCK IN THE FLORIDA TOWN WHERE THEODORE SALLIS LAST WAS SEEN...
...AND HIS INVESTIGATION TAKES HIM TO THE LOCAL RADIO STATION, AND NEWSMAN-DISC JOCKEY RICHARD RORY.
RIGHT. I DID A STORY ON THE SHACK SALLIS USED TO RENT. IT'S BEEN THE SITE OF THREE MORE DEATHS RECENTLY.*
"MORE?" THEN YOU THINK SALLIS HIMSELF IS DEAD?
*SEE TALES OF THE ZOMBIE #6. --R.T.
TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH--NOBODY REALLY KNOWS. HE DISAPPEARED WITHOUT A TRACE JUST ABOUT THE TIME THE MAN-THING FIRST APPEARED.
PARDON ME--THE WHAT APPEARED?
MAN-THING. IT'S... A MONSTER THAT LIVES OUT IN THE GLADES. AND DON'T LAUGH--IT'S FOR REAL. I'VE MET IT.*
*SEE MAN-THING #2-6. --R.T.
"UH-HUH," MATT MUMBLES. "SAY, WHAT ARE THE CHANCES OF YOUR DRIVING ME OUT TO THE SHACK AND GIVING ME A TOUR OF THE PLACE?"
"NO PROBLEM," RORY REPLIES. "I'M NOT ON 'TIL MIDNIGHT. AND BESIDES--
"--IF IT REALLY RELATES TO THE NELSON KIDNAPPING, THERE'S A POTENTIAL STORY IN IT. LET'S GO."
THIS IS IT, MR. MURDOCK. JUST AN OLD, EMPTY HOVEL.
EMPTY? I THINK NOT.
AND WITH GOOD REASON--FOR HIS RADAR SENSE REVEALS...
...THE PRESENCE OF THE GLADIATOR, WHO, A MOMENT LATER, THROWS OPEN THE SQUEAKING DOOR OF THE OLD SHACK--
I THOUGHT I HEARD A CAR OUT HERE!
--AND, HIS FOOTSTEPS POUNDING LIKE THUNDER IN MATT'S EARS, CHARGES AT THE BLIND MAN AND HIS AWED COMPANION!
RUN, MAN--THIS WAY! BACK TO MY BUS!

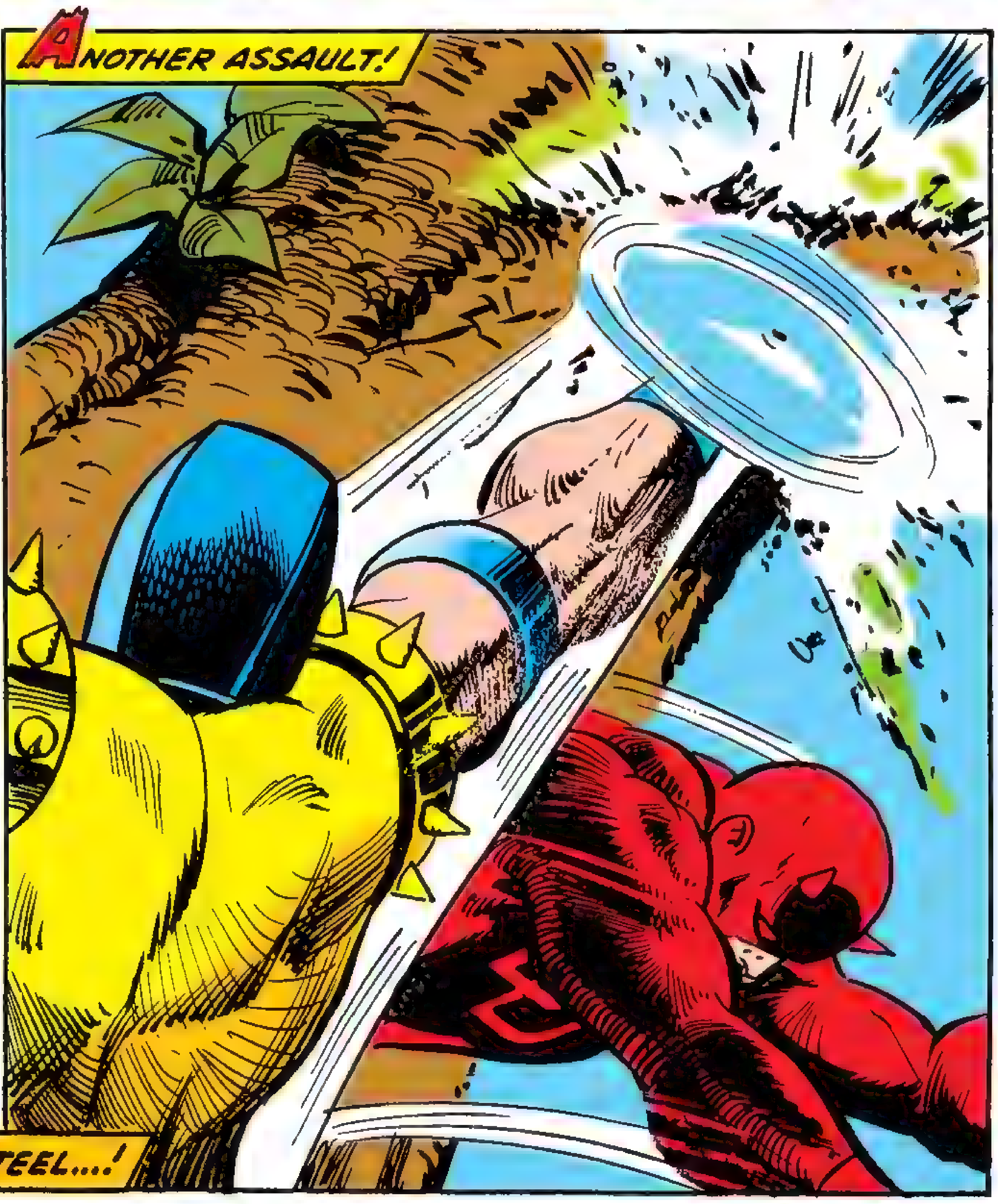

BUT THERE IS NO TIME FOR ESCAPE... AND EVEN SOME QUESTION AS TO THE POSSIBILITY OF SAME. THE GLADIATOR LEAPS...
...AND THE SOUND OF WHIRRING BLADES SHEARING THROUGH METAL IS THE LAST THAT RICHARD RORY HEARS...
...BEFORE THE BLOW FROM THE GLADIATOR'S IRON-THEWED ARM SENDS HIM REELING INTO THE ABYSS OF UNCONSCIOUSNESS.
YOUR FRIEND GOT AWAY--BUT HE WON'T GET FAR. IF THE GATORS DON'T GET HIM--
--I WILL. JUST AS SOON AS I GET YOU TIED AND GAGGED FOR THE DEATH-STALKER!
GUESS AGAIN, GLADDY!
THAT VOICE!! I KNOW THAT VOI--
UHN!
GEE, IF YOU RECOGNIZE MY VOICE, THIS OUGHT TO BE A DEAD GIVEAWAY!

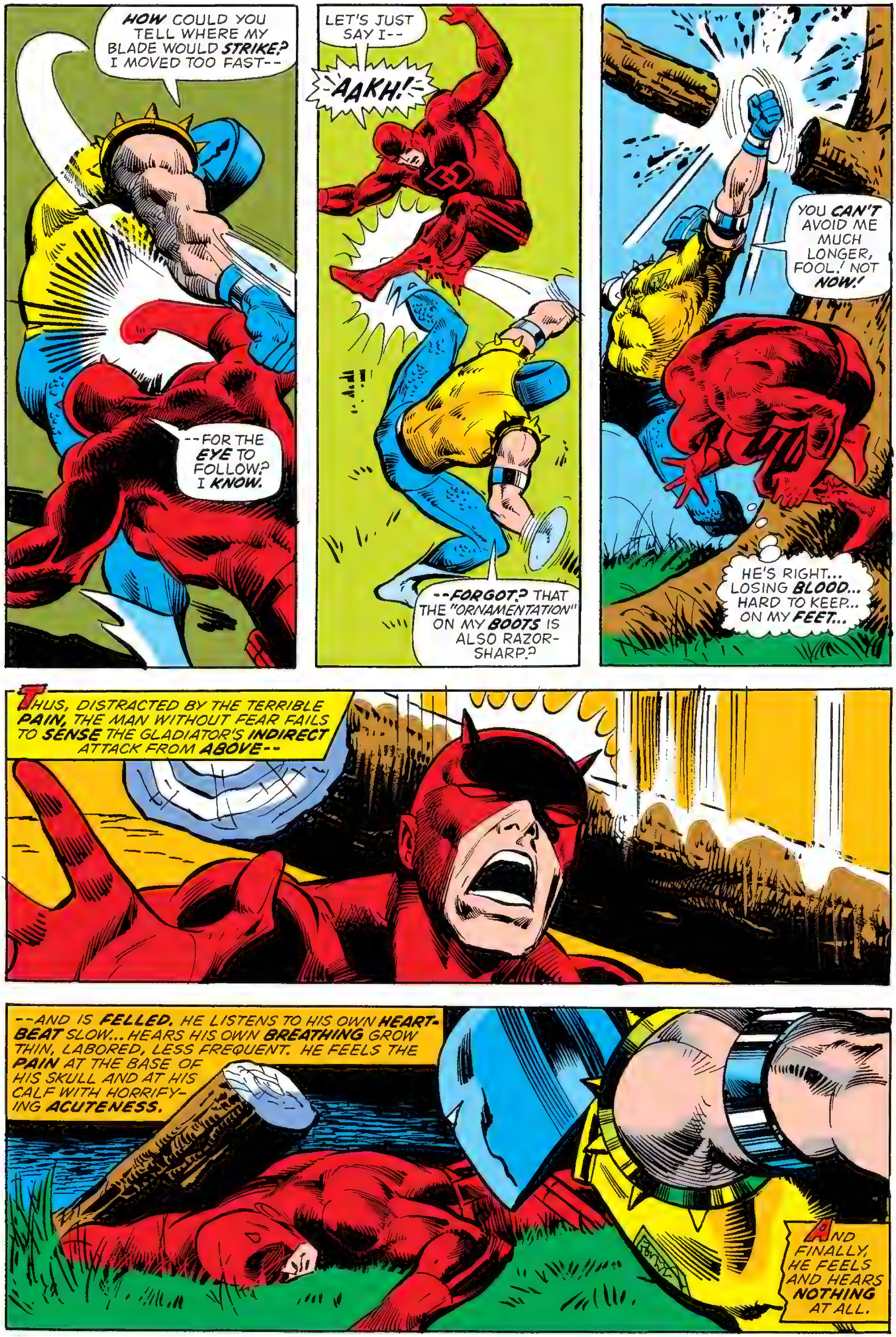

DAREDEVIL!
IT WAS YOU WHO--! IF ONLY I'D PAID MORE ATTENTION TO YOUR FACE--!

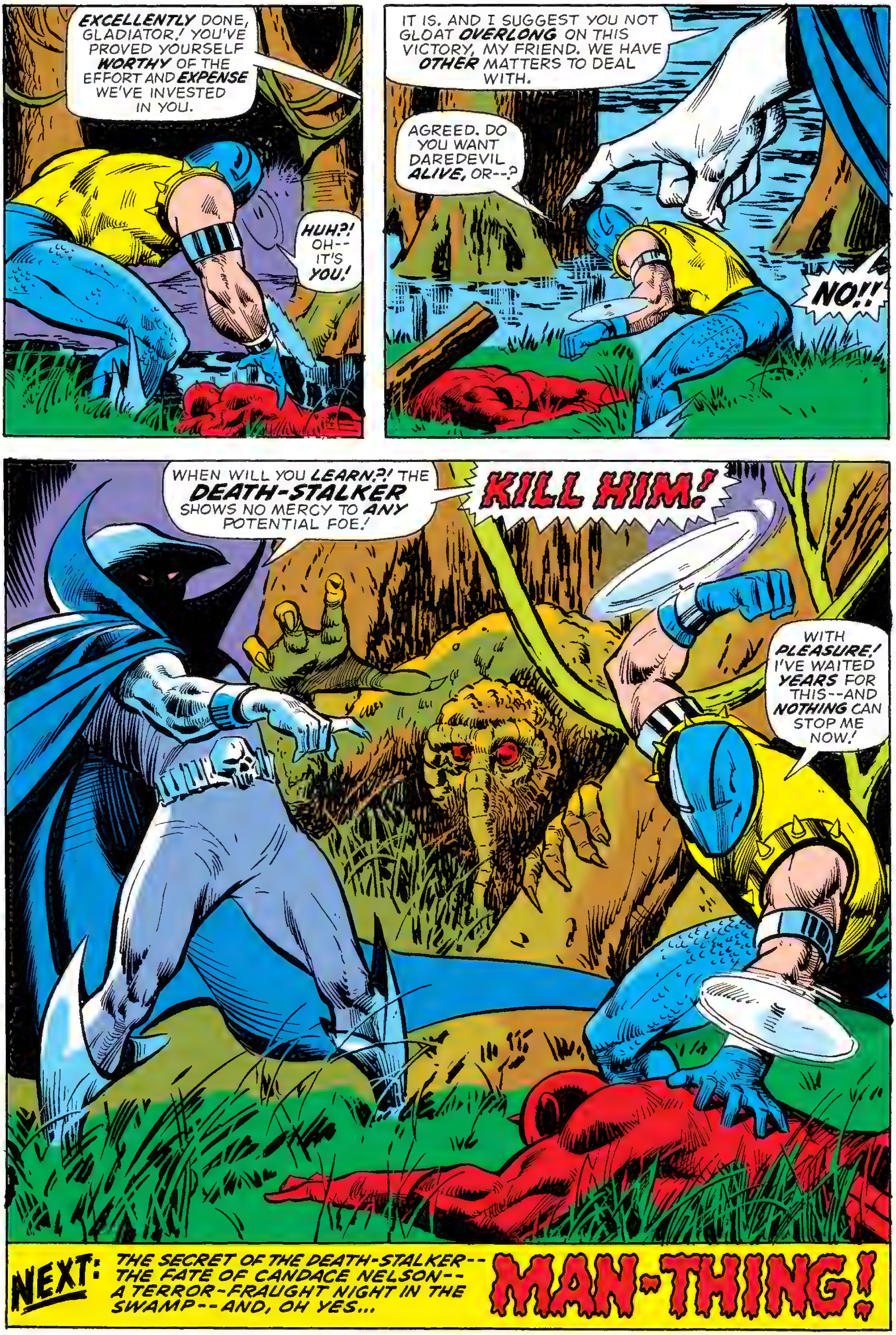

AND YET, I'LL KNOW SOON ENOUGH WHO YOU ARE--
--AFTER I'M DONE WITH YOU!


THE IRON HELMET LANDS HARD AGAINST DAREDEVIL'S MIDSECTION...
...BUT HE ROLLS WITH THE BLOW...!
...BACKFLIP! FEET LANCE UPWARD INTO GLADIATOR'S CHEST...!


SOUNDS: MASSIVE FORM ROLLING ON MOIST EARTH... BOOTS STAMPING DOWNWARD... PAUSE... STRIKE THE EARTH AGAIN... A LEAP!
FOOTFALLS... HEAVY BREATHING... SINGING STEEL...!


ANOTHER ASSAULT!


HOW COULD YOU TELL WHERE MY BLADE WOULD STRIKE? I MOVED TOO FAST--
--FOR THE EYE TO FOLLOW? I KNOW.
LET'S JUST SAY I--
AAKH!
--FORGOT? THAT THE "ORNAMENTATION" ON MY BOOTS IS ALSO RAZOR-SHARP?
YOU CAN'T AVOID ME MUCH LONGER, FOOL! NOT NOW!
HE'S RIGHT... LOSING BLOOD... HARD TO KEEP... ON MY FEET...
THUS, DISTRACTED BY THE TERRIBLE PAIN, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR FAILS TO SENSE THE GLADIATOR'S INDIRECT ATTACK FROM ABOVE--
--AND IS FELLED. HE LISTENS TO HIS OWN HEARTBEAT SLOW... HEARS HIS OWN BREATHING GROW THIN, LABORED, LESS FREQUENT. HE FEELS THE PAIN AT THE BASE OF HIS SKULL AND AT HIS CALF WITH HORRIFYING ACUTENESS.
AND FINALLY, HE FEELS AND HEARS NOTHING AT ALL.

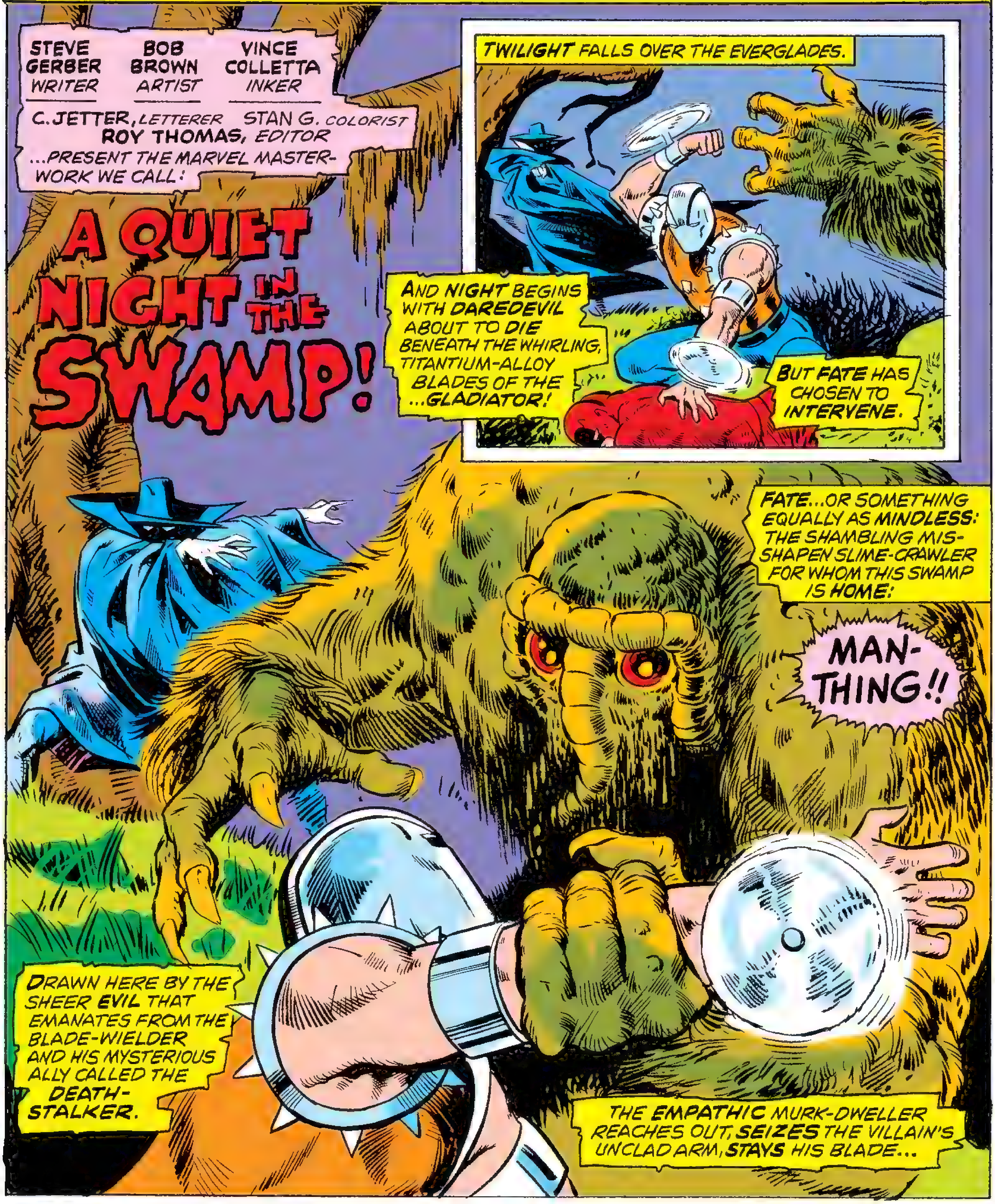

EXCELLENTLY DONE, GLADIATOR! YOU'VE PROVED YOURSELF WORTHY OF THE EFFORT AND EXPENSE WE'VE INVESTED IN YOU.
HUH?! OH-- IT'S YOU!
IT IS. AND I SUGGEST YOU NOT GLOAT OVERLONG ON THIS VICTORY, MY FRIEND. WE HAVE OTHER MATTERS TO DEAL WITH.
AGREED. DO YOU WANT DAREDEVIL ALIVE, OR--?
NO!!
WHEN WILL YOU LEARN?! THE DEATH-STALKER SHOWS NO MERCY TO ANY POTENTIAL FOE!
KILL HIM!
WITH PLEASURE! I'VE WAITED YEARS FOR THIS--AND NOTHING CAN STOP ME NOW!
NEXT: THE SECRET OF THE DEATH-STALKER-- THE FATE OF CANDACE NELSON-- A TERROR-FRAUGHT NIGHT IN THE SWAMP--AND, OH YES...
MAN-THING!

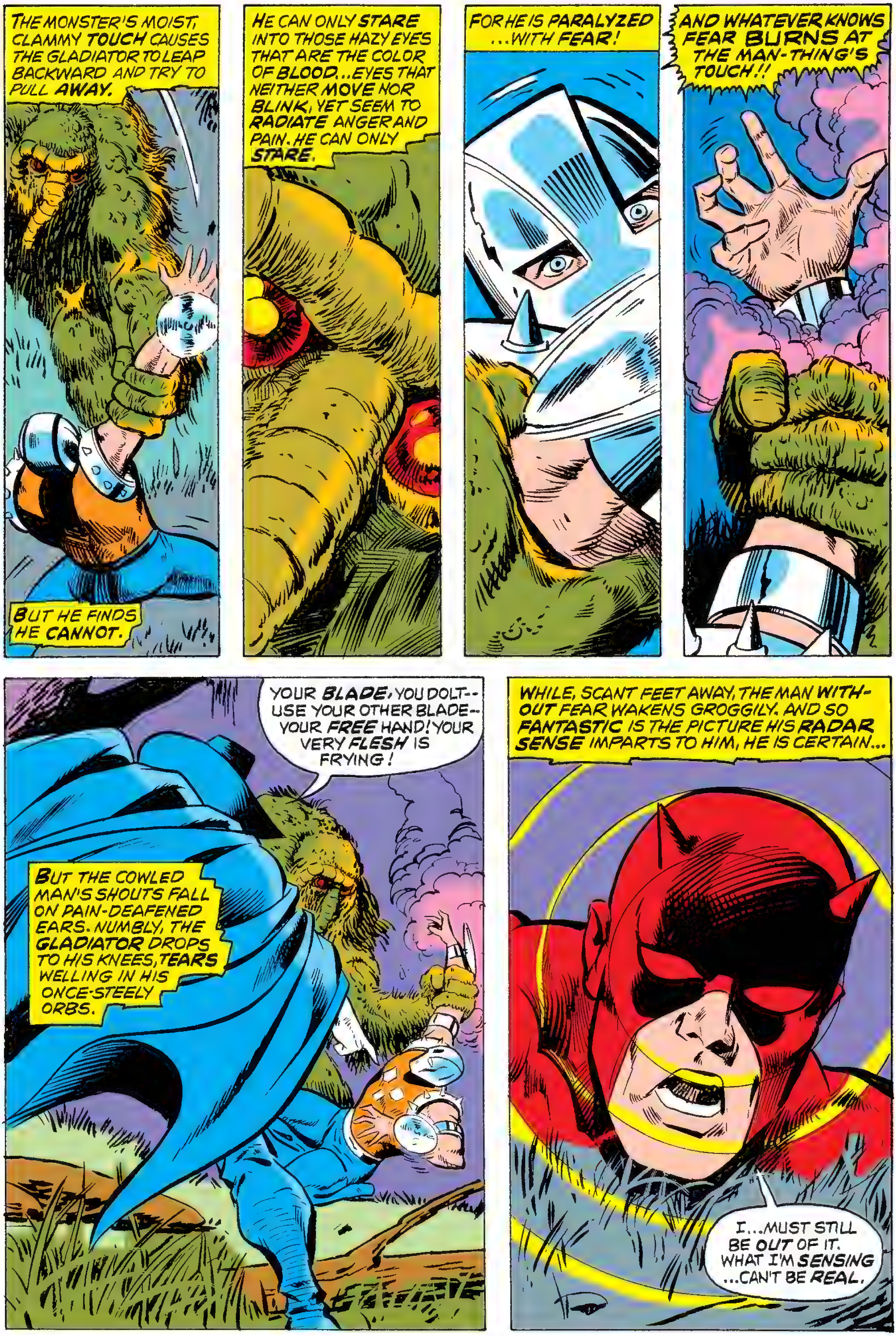
DAREDEVIL
MARVEL COMICS GROUP™
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
25¢
114
OCT
02459
DAREDEVIL®
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!
™
CO-STARRING: The DEADLY BLACK WIDOW!
THE MAN-THING STALKS THIS SWAMP!

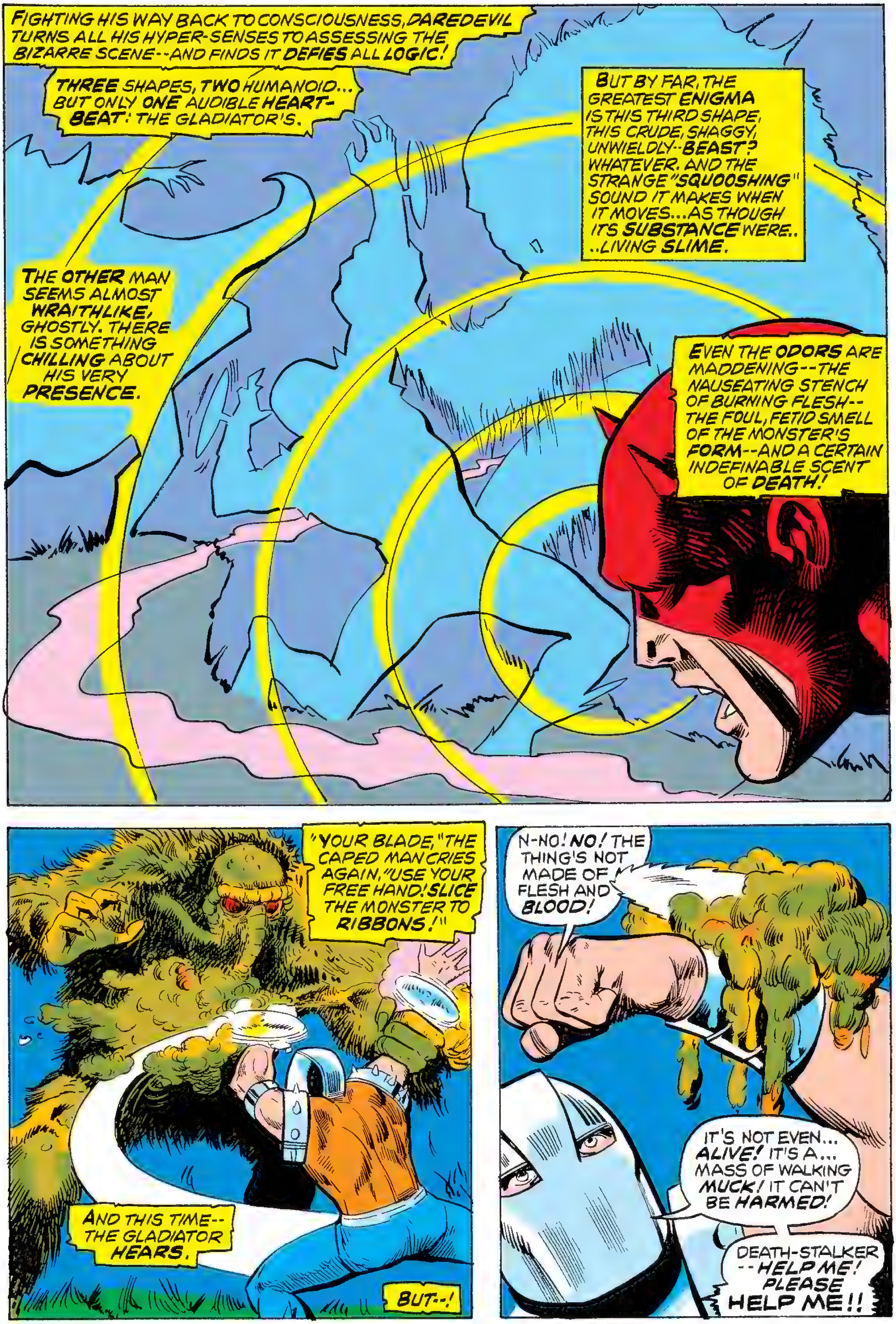
Stan Lee PRESENTS:

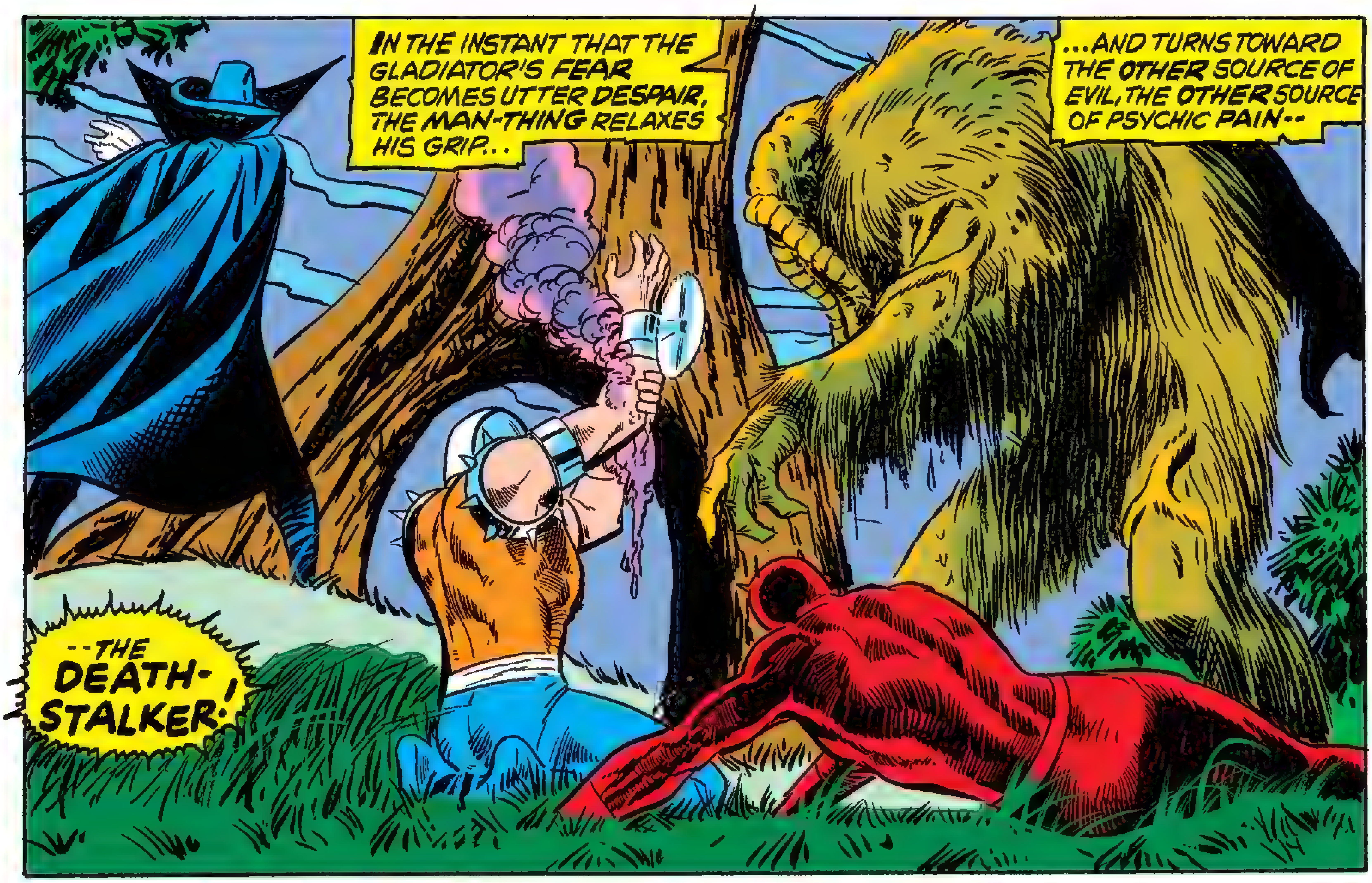
DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!™

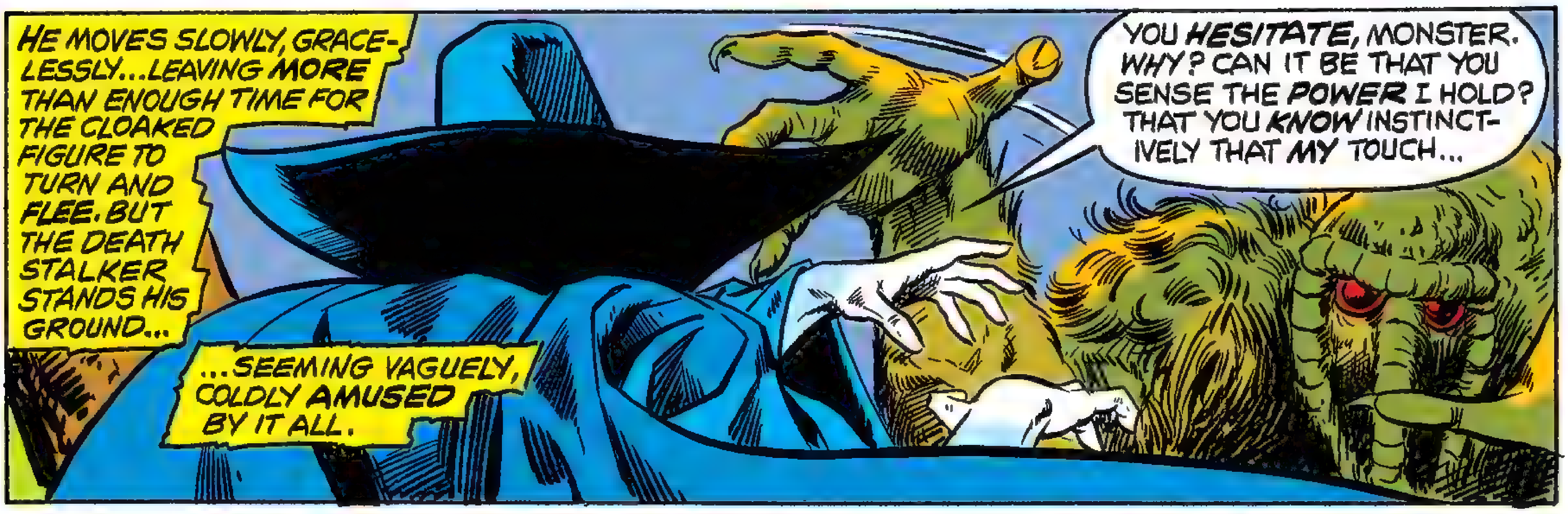
He dwells in eternal night— but the blackness is filled with sounds and scents, tastes and textures other men cannot perceive. For though attorney MATT MURDOCK is *blind,* his other four senses function with *superhuman sharpness*—his uncanny *radar sense* guides him over every obstacle! Armed only with his *billy club,* his fighting skill, and his courage, he stalks the streets by night, a relentless red-garbed foe of evil!

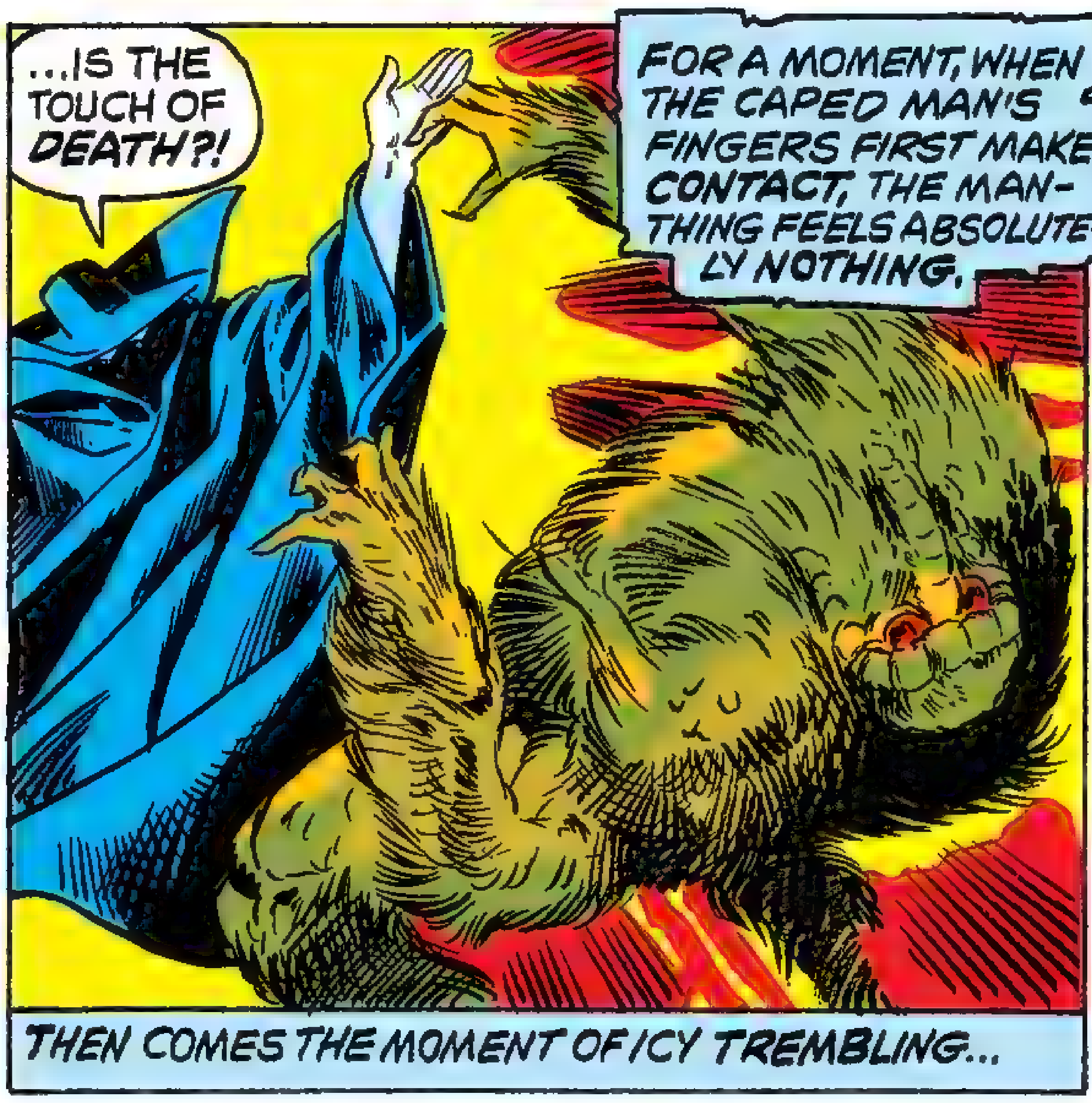

STEVE GERBER WRITER BOB BROWN ARTIST VINCE COLLETTA INKER
C. JETTER, LETTERER STAN G. COLORIST ROY THOMAS, EDITOR
...PRESENT THE MARVEL MASTERWORK WE CALL:
A QUIET NIGHT IN THE SWAMP!
TWILIGHT FALLS OVER THE EVERGLADES.
AND NIGHT BEGINS WITH DAREDEVIL ABOUT TO DIE BENEATH THE WHIRLING, TITANTIUM-ALLOY BLADES OF THE ...GLADIATOR!
BUT FATE HAS CHOSEN TO INTERVENE.
FATE...OR SOMETHING EQUALLY AS MINDLESS: THE SHAMBLING MIS-SHAPEN SLIME-CRAWLER FOR WHOM THIS SWAMP IS HOME:
MAN-THING!!
DRAWN HERE BY THE SHEER EVIL THAT EMANATES FROM THE BLADE-WIELDER AND HIS MYSTERIOUS ALLY CALLED THE DEATH-STALKER.
THE EMPATHIC MURK-DWELLER REACHES OUT, SEIZES THE VILLAIN'S UNCLAD ARM, STAYS HIS BLADE...

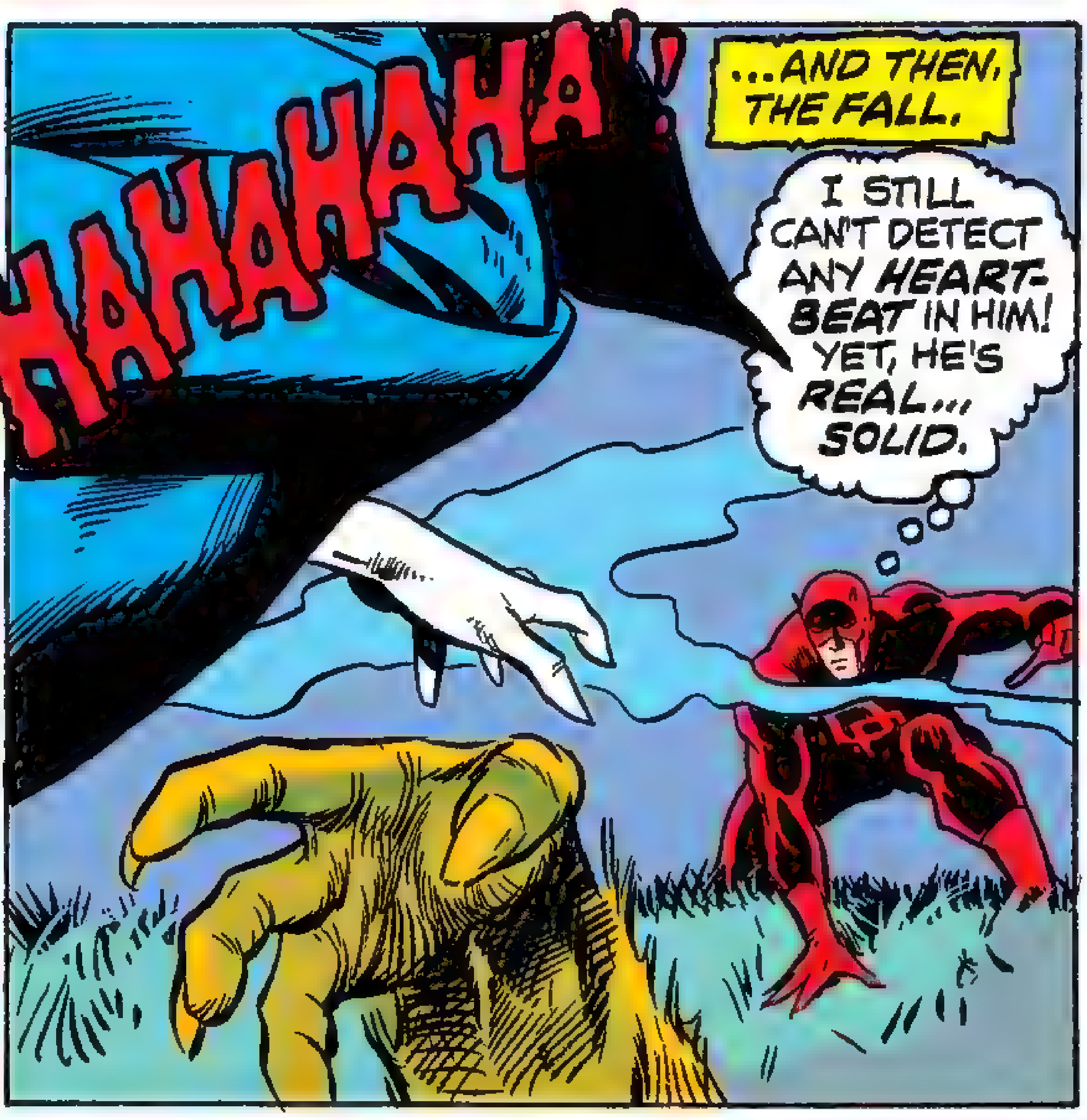

THE MONSTER'S MOIST, CLAMMY TOUCH CAUSES THE GLADIATOR TO LEAP BACKWARD AND TRY TO PULL AWAY.
BUT HE FINDS HE CANNOT.
HE CAN ONLY STARE INTO THOSE HAZY EYES THAT ARE THE COLOR OF BLOOD...EYES THAT NEITHER MOVE NOR BLINK, YET SEEM TO RADIATE ANGER AND PAIN. HE CAN ONLY STARE.
FOR HE IS PARALYZED ...WITH FEAR!
AND WHATEVER KNOWS FEAR BURNS AT THE MAN-THING'S TOUCH!!
YOUR BLADE, YOU DOLT--USE YOUR OTHER BLADE--YOUR FREE HAND! YOUR VERY FLESH IS FRYING!
BUT THE COWLED MAN'S SHOUTS FALL ON PAIN-DEAFENED EARS. NUMBLY, THE GLADIATOR DROPS TO HIS KNEES, TEARS WELLING IN HIS ONCE-STEELY ORBS.
WHILE, SCANT FEET AWAY, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR WAKENS GROGGILY. AND SO FANTASTIC IS THE PICTURE HIS RADAR SENSE IMPARTS TO HIM, HE IS CERTAIN...
I...MUST STILL BE OUT OF IT. WHAT I'M SENSING ...CAN'T BE REAL.

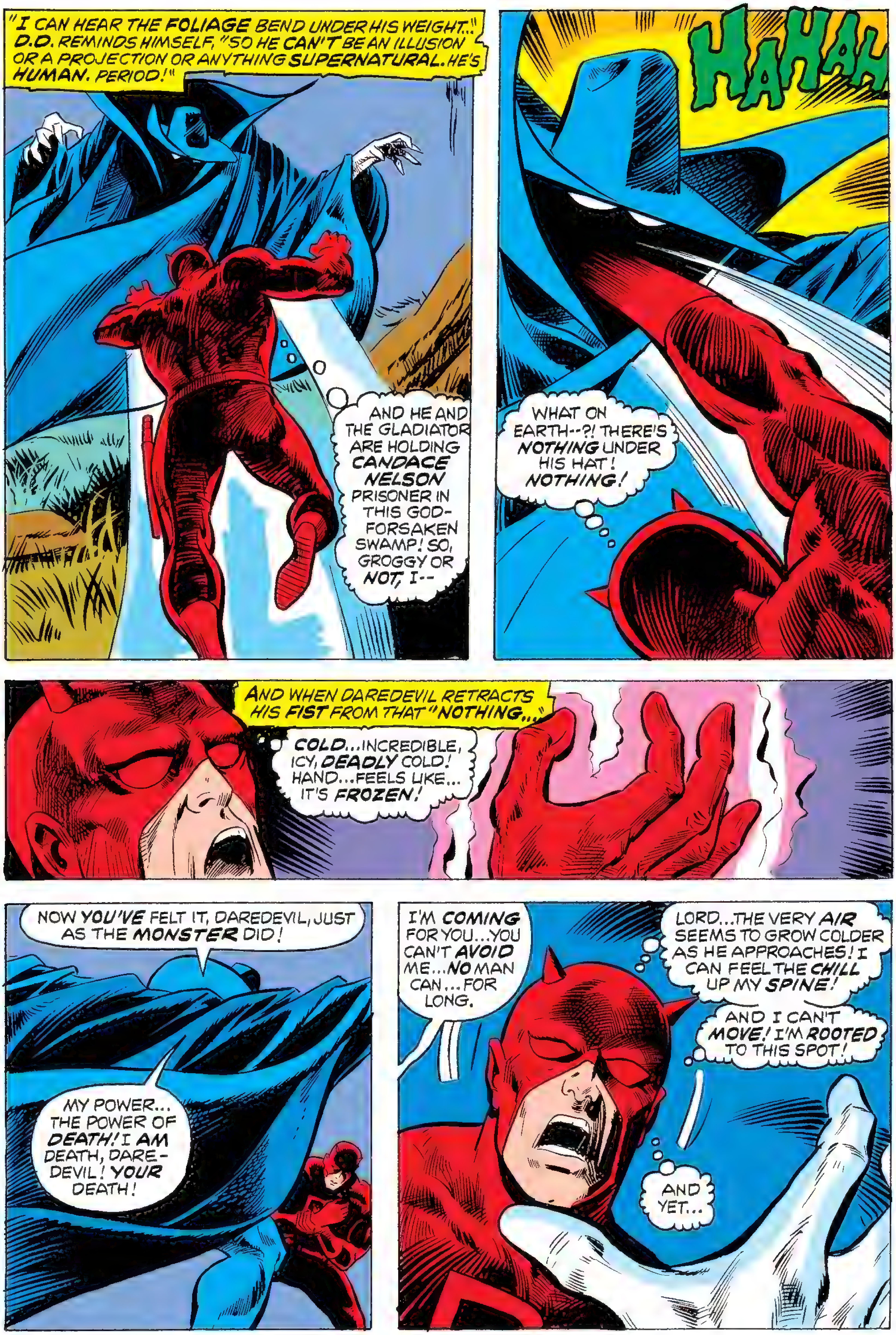

FIGHTING HIS WAY BACK TO CONSCIOUSNESS, DAREDEVIL TURNS ALL HIS HYPER-SENSES TO ASSESSING THE BIZARRE SCENE--AND FINDS IT DEFIES ALL LOGIC!
THREE SHAPES, TWO HUMANOID... BUT ONLY ONE AUDIBLE HEART-BEAT: THE GLADIATOR'S.
BUT BY FAR, THE GREATEST ENIGMA IS THIS THIRD SHAPE, THIS CRUDE, SHAGGY, UNWIELDLY--BEAST? WHATEVER. AND THE STRANGE "SQUOOSHING" SOUND IT MAKES WHEN IT MOVES...AS THOUGH ITS SUBSTANCE WERE.. ..LIVING SLIME.
THE OTHER MAN SEEMS ALMOST WRAITHLIKE, GHOSTLY. THERE IS SOMETHING CHILLING ABOUT HIS VERY PRESENCE.
EVEN THE ODORS ARE MADDENING--THE NAUSEATING STENCH OF BURNING FLESH--THE FOUL, FETID SMELL OF THE MONSTER'S FORM--AND A CERTAIN INDEFINABLE SCENT OF DEATH!
"YOUR BLADE," THE CAPED MAN CRIES AGAIN, "USE YOUR FREE HAND! SLICE THE MONSTER TO RIBBONS!"
AND THIS TIME--THE GLADIATOR HEARS.
BUT--!
N-NO! NO! THE THING'S NOT MADE OF FLESH AND BLOOD!
IT'S NOT EVEN... ALIVE! IT'S A... MASS OF WALKING MUCK! IT CAN'T BE HARMED!
DEATH-STALKER--HELP ME! PLEASE HELP ME!!

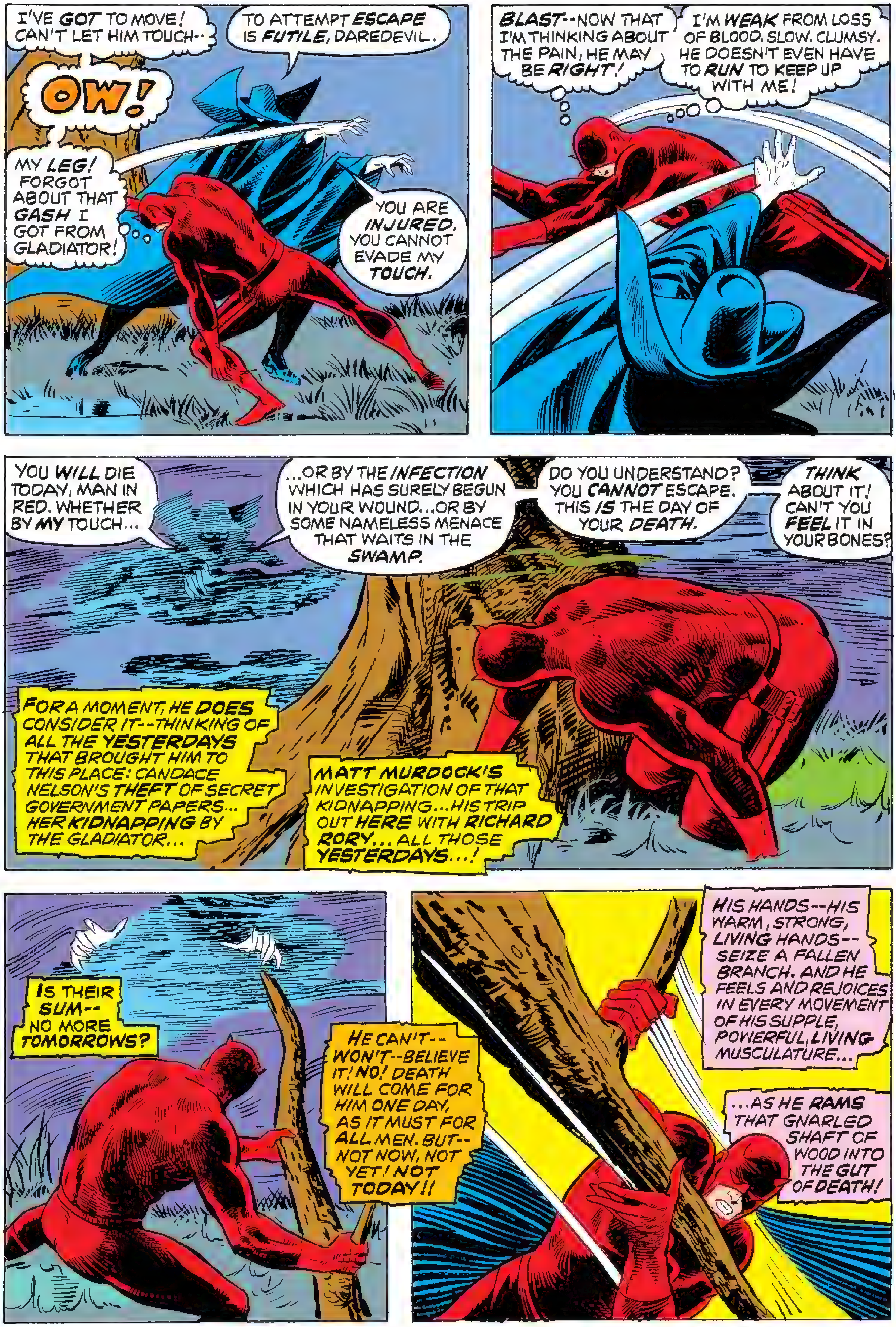

IN THE INSTANT THAT THE GLADIATOR'S FEAR BECOMES UTTER DESPAIR, THE MAN-THING RELAXES HIS GRIP...
...AND TURNS TOWARD THE OTHER SOURCE OF EVIL, THE OTHER SOURCE OF PSYCHIC PAIN--
--THE DEATH-STALKER!

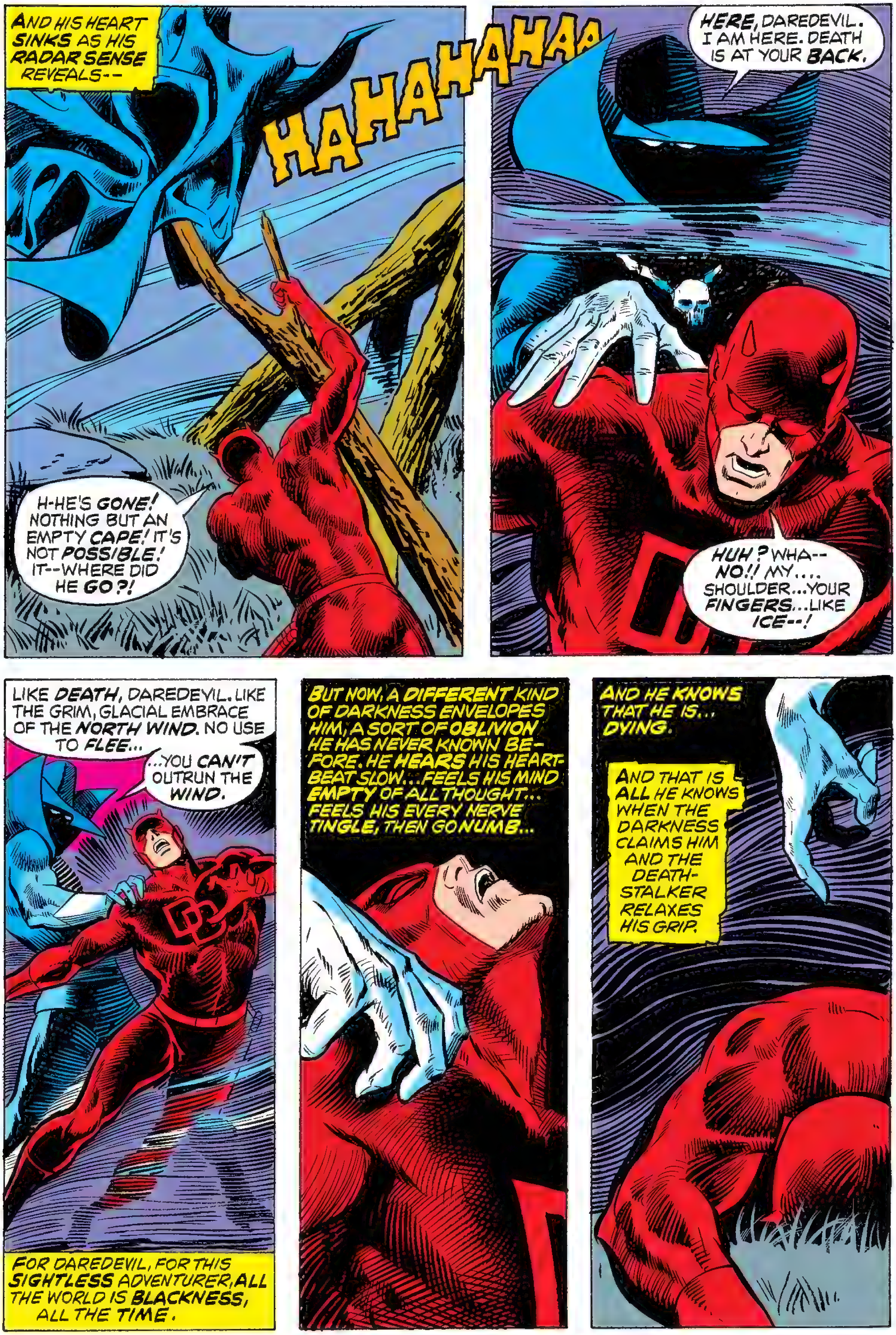

HE MOVES SLOWLY, GRACELESSLY...LEAVING MORE THAN ENOUGH TIME FOR THE CLOAKED FIGURE TO TURN AND FLEE. BUT THE DEATH STALKER STANDS HIS GROUND...
YOU HESITATE, MONSTER. WHY? CAN IT BE THAT YOU SENSE THE POWER I HOLD? THAT YOU KNOW INSTINCTIVELY THAT MY TOUCH...
...SEEMING VAGUELY, COLDLY AMUSED BY IT ALL.

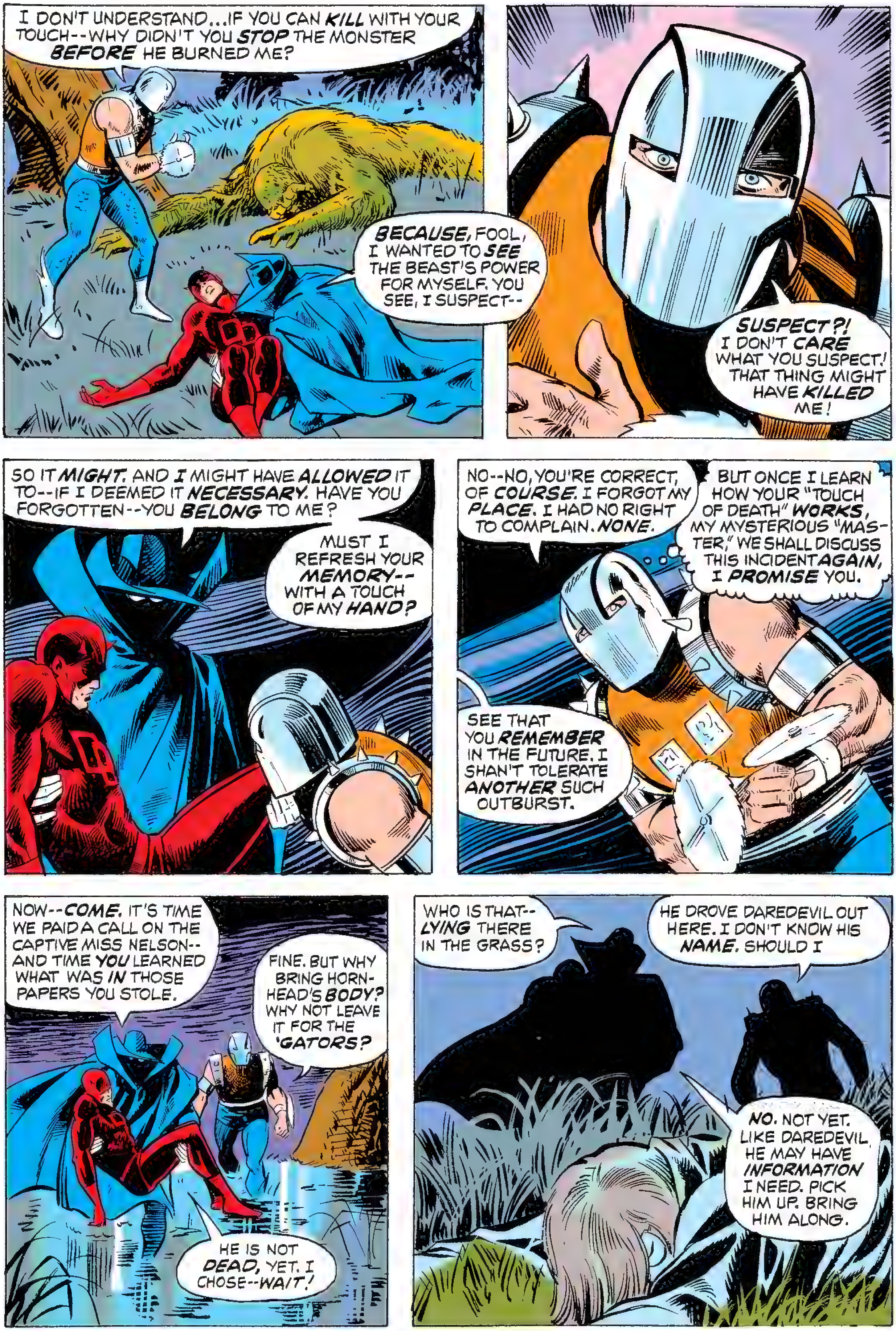

...IS THE TOUCH OF DEATH?!
FOR A MOMENT, WHEN THE CAPED MAN'S FINGERS FIRST MAKE CONTACT, THE MAN-THING FEELS ABSOLUTELY NOTHING.
THEN COMES THE MOMENT OF ICY TREMBLING...

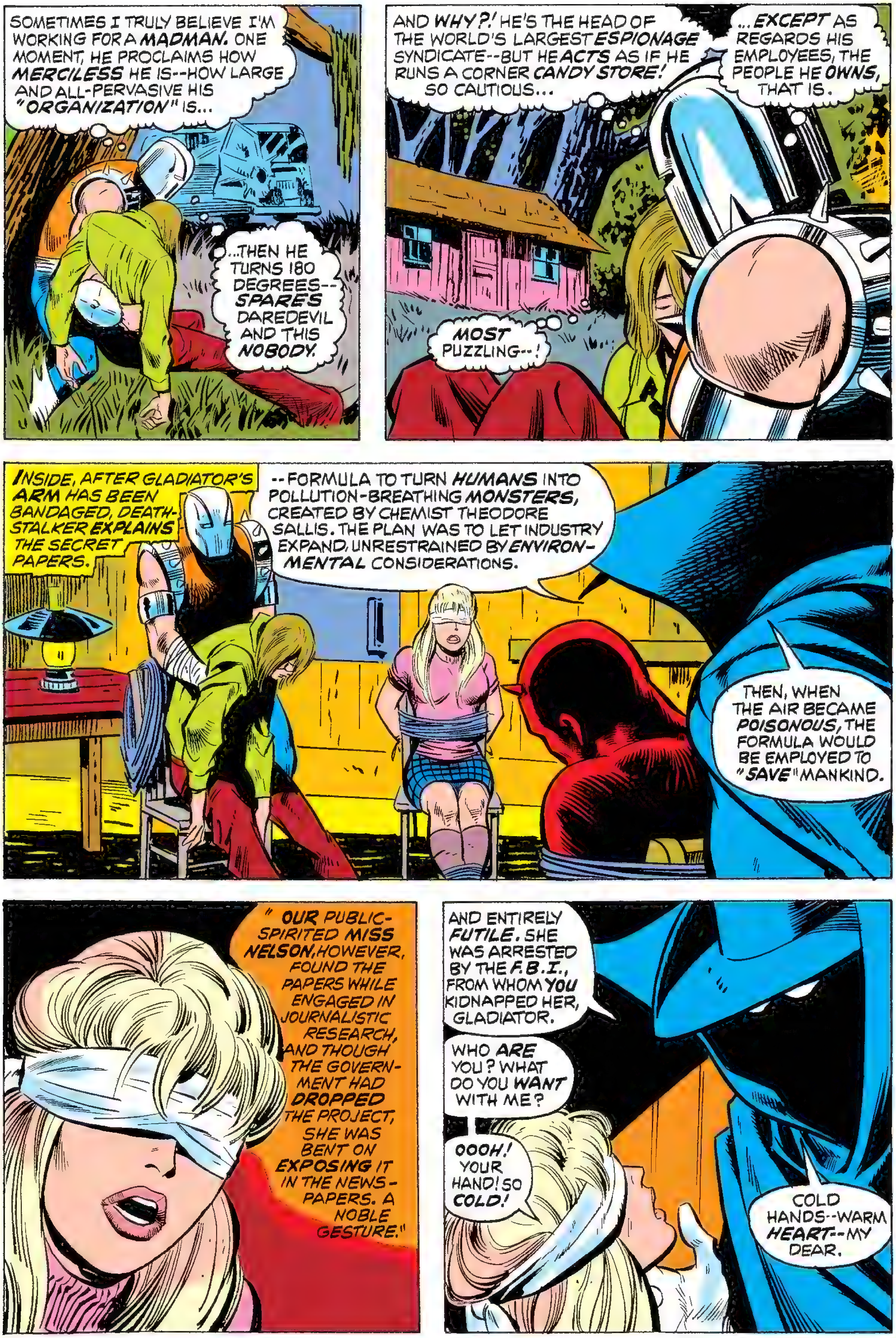

HAHAHAHAHA!
...AND THEN, THE FALL.
I STILL CAN'T DETECT ANY HEARTBEAT IN HIM! YET, HE'S REAL... SOLID.

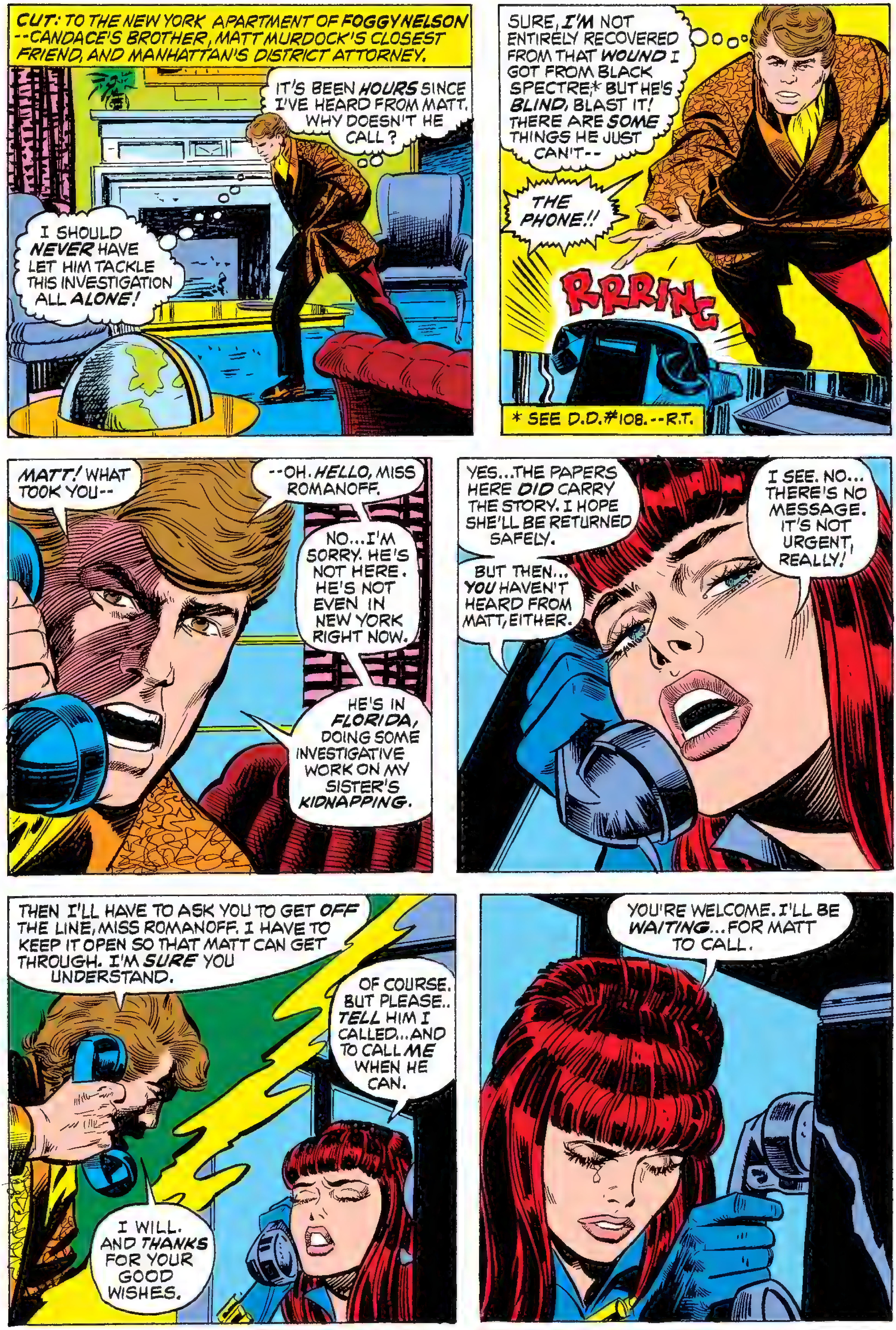

"I CAN HEAR THE FOLIAGE BEND UNDER HIS WEIGHT..." D.O. REMINDS HIMSELF, "SO HE CAN'T BE AN ILLUSION OR A PROJECTION OR ANYTHING SUPERNATURAL. HE'S HUMAN. PERIOD!"
AND HE AND THE GLADIATOR ARE HOLDING CANDACE NELSON PRISONER IN THIS GOD-FORSAKEN SWAMP! SO, GROGGY OR NOT, I--
HAHAH
WHAT ON EARTH--?! THERE'S NOTHING UNDER HIS HAT! NOTHING!
AND WHEN DAREDEVIL RETRACTS HIS FIST FROM THAT "NOTHING..."
COLD...INCREDIBLE, ICY, DEADLY COLD! HAND...FEELS LIKE... IT'S FROZEN!
NOW YOU'VE FELT IT, DAREDEVIL, JUST AS THE MONSTER DID!
MY POWER... THE POWER OF DEATH! I AM DEATH, DAREDEVIL! YOUR DEATH!
I'M COMING FOR YOU...YOU CAN'T AVOID ME...NO MAN CAN...FOR LONG.
LORD...THE VERY AIR SEEMS TO GROW COLDER AS HE APPROACHES! I CAN FEEL THE CHILL UP MY SPINE!
AND I CAN'T MOVE! I'M ROOTED TO THIS SPOT!
AND YET...

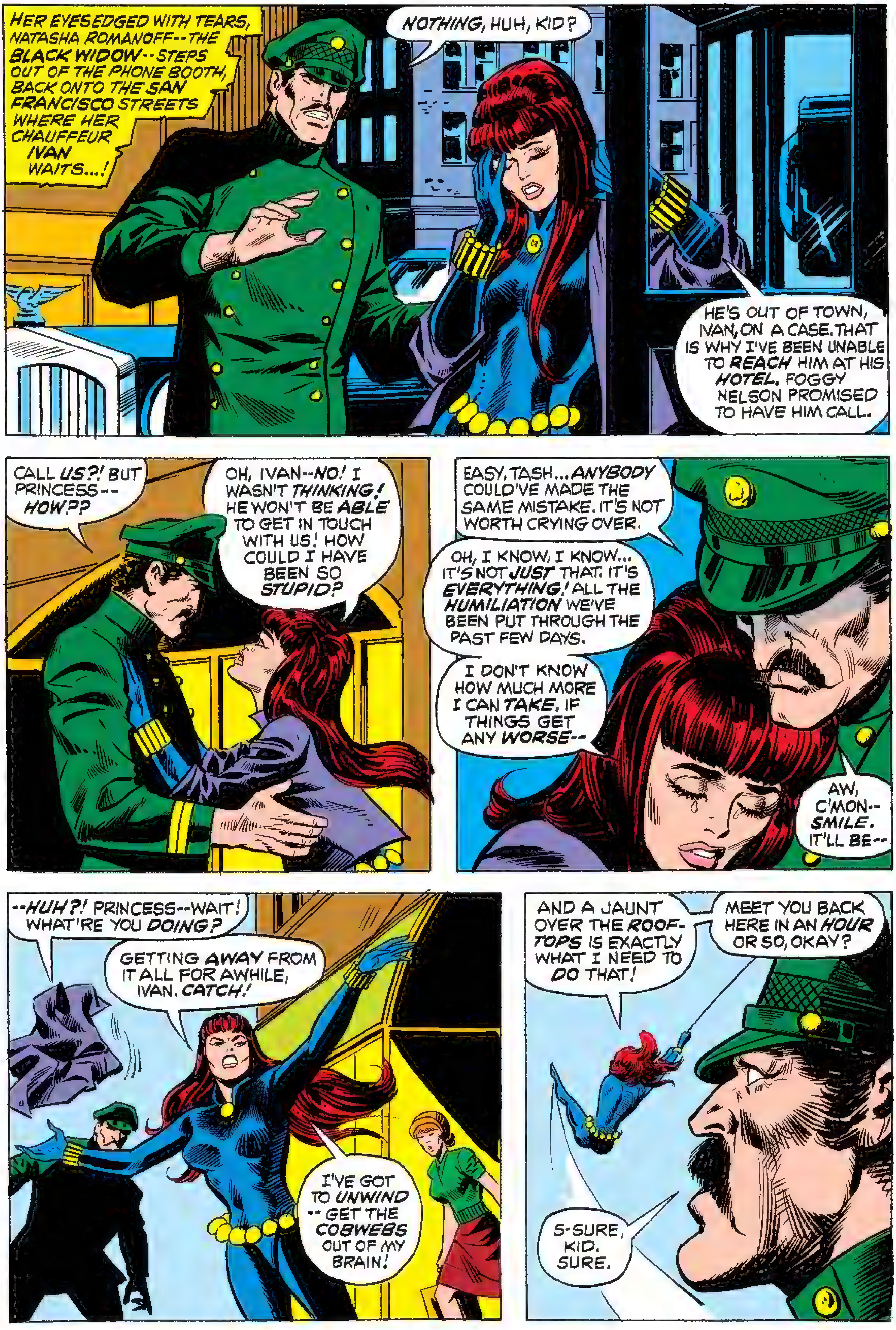

I'VE GOT TO MOVE! CAN'T LET HIM TOUCH--
TO ATTEMPT ESCAPE IS FUTILE, DAREDEVIL.
OW!
MY LEG! FORGOT ABOUT THAT GASH I GOT FROM GLADIATOR!
YOU ARE INJURED. YOU CANNOT EVADE MY TOUCH.
BLAST--NOW THAT I'M THINKING ABOUT THE PAIN, HE MAY BE RIGHT!
I'M WEAK FROM LOSS OF BLOOD. SLOW. CLUMSY. HE DOESN'T EVEN HAVE TO RUN TO KEEP UP WITH ME!
YOU WILL DIE TODAY, MAN IN RED. WHETHER BY MY TOUCH...
...OR BY THE INFECTION WHICH HAS SURELY BEGUN IN YOUR WOUND...OR BY SOME NAMELESS MENACE THAT WAITS IN THE SWAMP.
DO YOU UNDERSTAND? YOU CANNOT ESCAPE. THIS IS THE DAY OF YOUR DEATH.
THINK ABOUT IT! CAN'T YOU FEEL IT IN YOUR BONES?
FOR A MOMENT, HE DOES CONSIDER IT--THINKING OF ALL THE YESTERDAYS THAT BROUGHT HIM TO THIS PLACE: CANDACE NELSON'S THEFT OF SECRET GOVERNMENT PAPERS... HER KIDNAPPING BY THE GLADIATOR...
MATT MURDOCK'S INVESTIGATION OF THAT KIDNAPPING...HIS TRIP OUT HERE WITH RICHARD RORY... ALL THOSE YESTERDAYS...!
IS THEIR SUM-- NO MORE TOMORROWS?
HE CAN'T--WON'T--BELIEVE IT! NO! DEATH WILL COME FOR HIM ONE DAY, AS IT MUST FOR ALL MEN. BUT--NOT NOW, NOT YET! NOT TODAY!!
HIS HANDS--HIS WARM, STRONG, LIVING HANDS--SEIZE A FALLEN BRANCH. AND HE FEELS AND REJOICES IN EVERY MOVEMENT OF HIS SUPPLE, POWERFUL, LIVING MUSCULATURE...
...AS HE RAMS THAT GNARLED SHAFT OF WOOD INTO THE GUT OF DEATH!

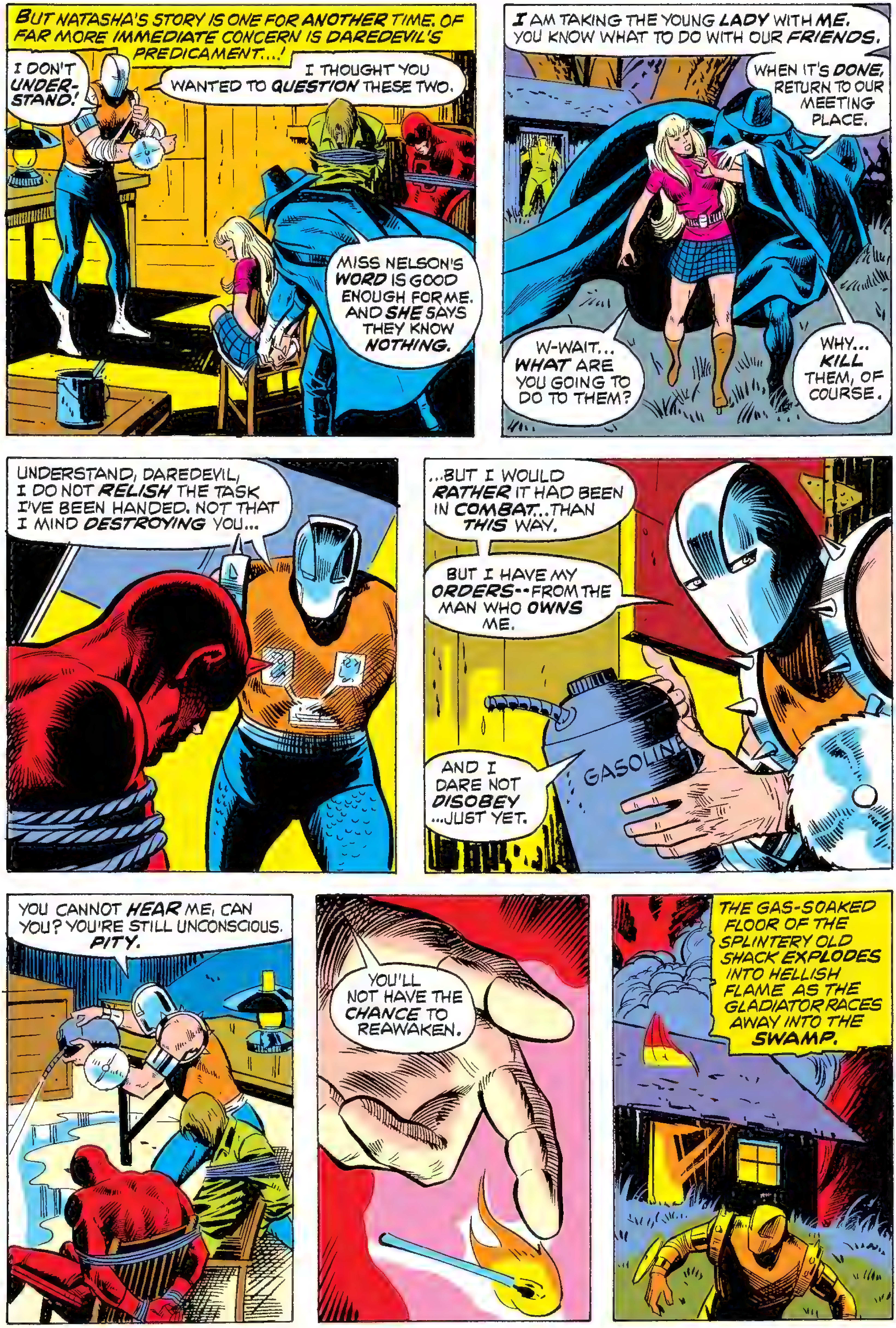

AND HIS HEART SINKS AS HIS RADAR SENSE REVEALS--
HAHAHAHAHAA
H-HE'S GONE! NOTHING BUT AN EMPTY CAPE! IT'S NOT POSSIBLE! IT--WHERE DID HE GO?!
HERE, DAREDEVIL. I AM HERE. DEATH IS AT YOUR BACK.
HUH? WHA-- NO!! MY.... SHOULDER...YOUR FINGERS...LIKE ICE--!
LIKE DEATH, DAREDEVIL. LIKE THE GRIM, GLACIAL EMBRACE OF THE NORTH WIND. NO USE TO FLEE...
...YOU CAN'T OUTRUN THE WIND.
FOR DAREDEVIL, FOR THIS SIGHTLESS ADVENTURER, ALL THE WORLD IS BLACKNESS, ALL THE TIME.
BUT NOW, A DIFFERENT KIND OF DARKNESS ENVELOPES HIM, A SORT OF OBLIVION HE HAS NEVER KNOWN BEFORE. HE HEARS HIS HEARTBEAT SLOW...FEELS HIS MIND EMPTY OF ALL THOUGHT...FEELS HIS EVERY NERVE TINGLE, THEN GO NUMB...
AND HE KNOWS THAT HE IS... DYING.
AND THAT IS ALL HE KNOWS WHEN THE DARKNESS CLAIMS HIM AND THE DEATH-STALKER RELAXES HIS GRIP.

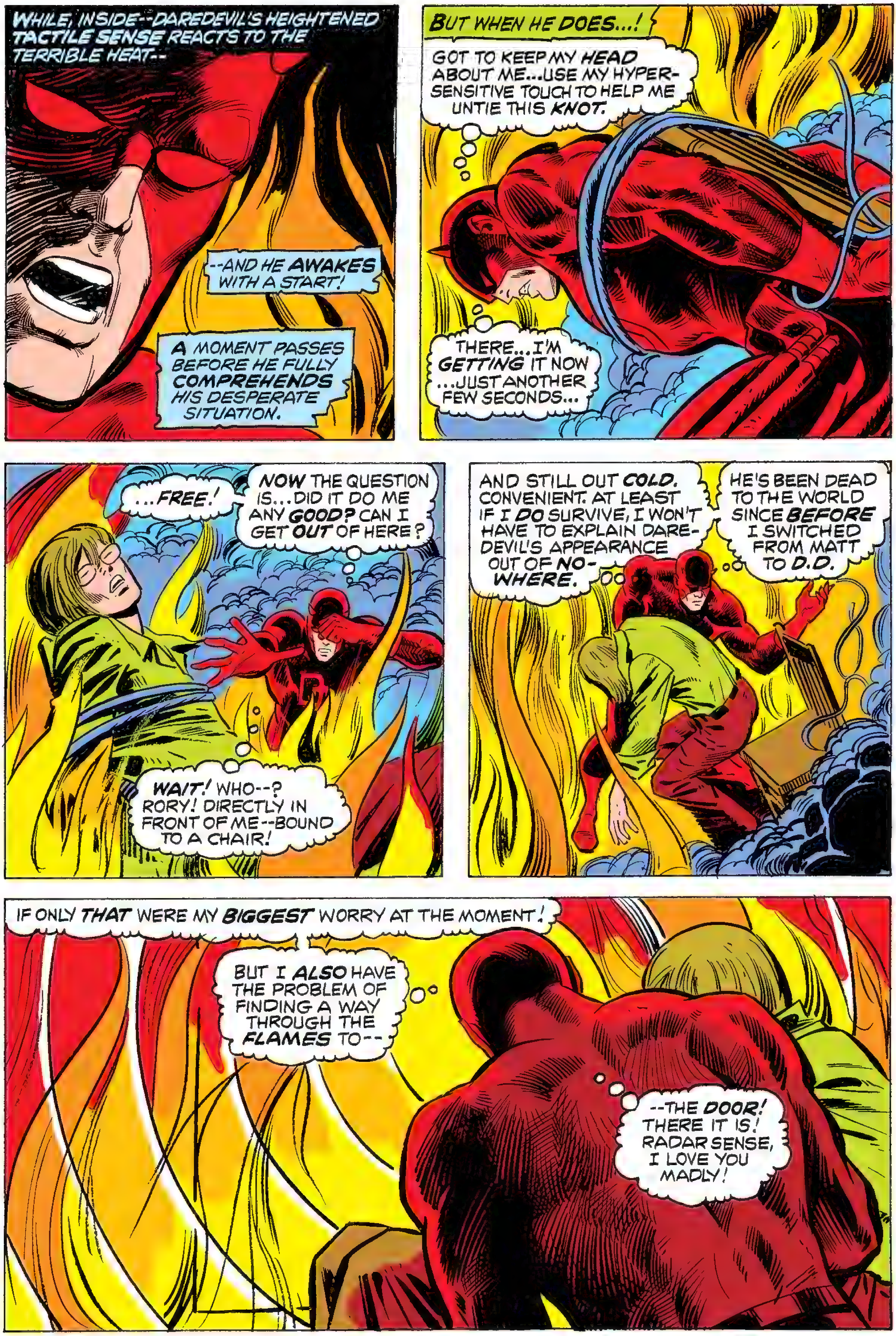

I DON'T UNDERSTAND... IF YOU CAN **KILL** WITH YOUR TOUCH--WHY DIDN'T YOU **STOP** THE MONSTER **BEFORE** HE BURNED ME?
BECAUSE, FOOL, I WANTED TO **SEE** THE BEAST'S POWER FOR MYSELF. YOU SEE, I SUSPECT--
SUSPECT?! I DON'T **CARE** WHAT YOU SUSPECT! THAT THING MIGHT HAVE **KILLED** ME!
SO IT **MIGHT**. AND **I** MIGHT HAVE **ALLOWED** IT TO--IF I DEEMED IT **NECESSARY**. HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN--YOU **BELONG** TO ME?
MUST I REFRESH YOUR **MEMORY**--WITH A TOUCH OF MY **HAND**?
NO--NO, YOU'RE CORRECT, OF **COURSE**. I FORGOT MY **PLACE**. I HAD NO RIGHT TO COMPLAIN. **NONE**.
BUT ONCE I LEARN HOW YOUR "TOUCH OF DEATH" **WORKS**, MY MYSTERIOUS "MASTER," WE SHALL DISCUSS THIS INCIDENT **AGAIN**, I **PROMISE** YOU.
SEE THAT YOU **REMEMBER** IN THE FUTURE. I SHAN'T TOLERATE **ANOTHER** SUCH OUTBURST.
NOW--**COME**. IT'S TIME WE PAID A CALL ON THE CAPTIVE MISS NELSON--AND TIME **YOU** LEARNED WHAT WAS **IN** THOSE PAPERS YOU STOLE.
FINE. BUT WHY BRING HORNHEAD'S **BODY**? WHY NOT LEAVE IT FOR THE '**GATORS**?
HE IS NOT **DEAD**, YET. I CHOSE--**WAIT**!
WHO IS THAT--**LYING** THERE IN THE GRASS?
HE DROVE DAREDEVIL OUT HERE. I DON'T KNOW HIS **NAME**. SHOULD I
NO. NOT YET. LIKE DAREDEVIL, HE MAY HAVE **INFORMATION** I NEED. PICK HIM UP. BRING HIM ALONG.

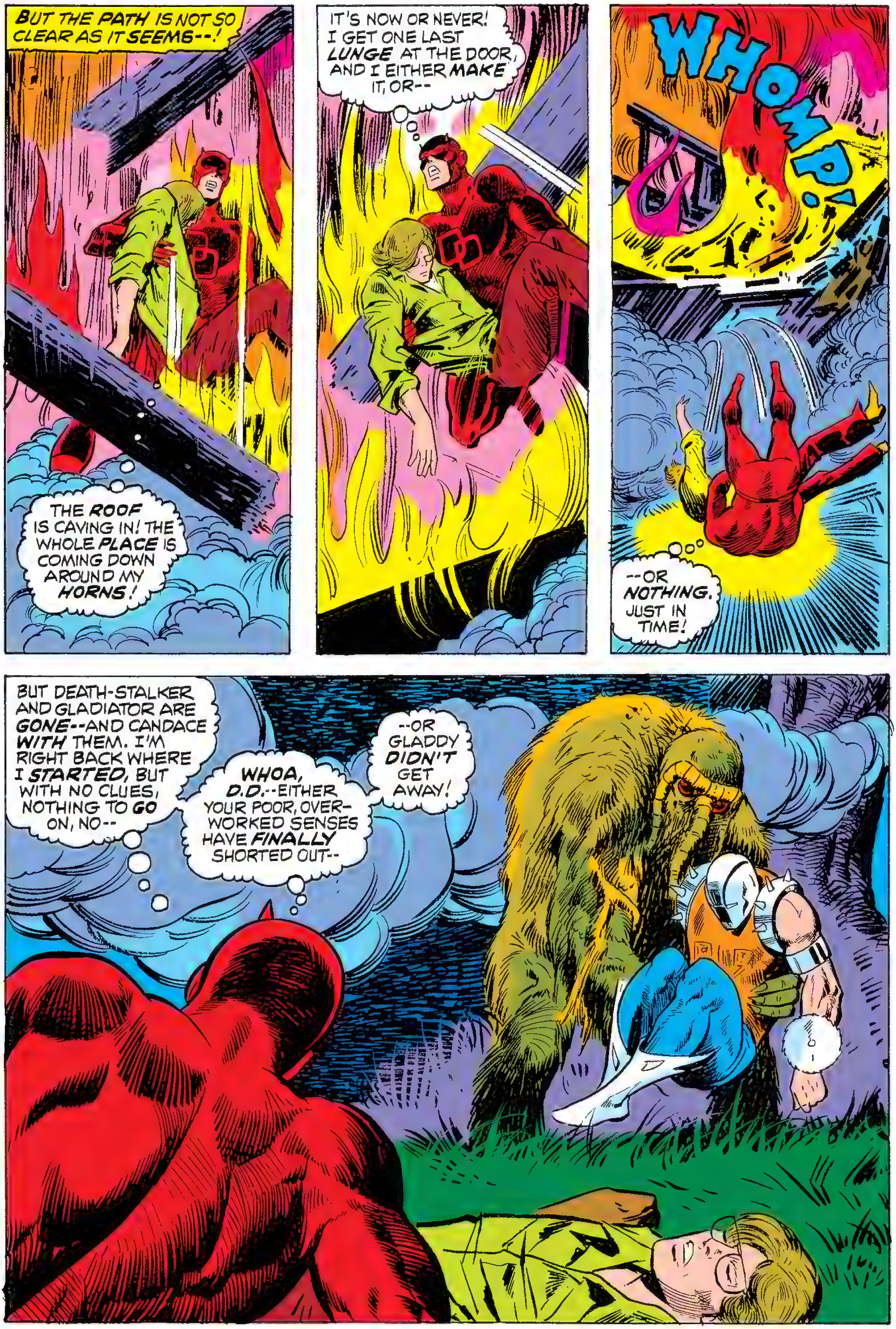

SOMETIMES I TRULY BELIEVE I'M WORKING FOR A **MADMAN.** ONE MOMENT, HE PROCLAIMS HOW **MERCILESS** HE IS--HOW LARGE AND ALL-PERVASIVE HIS "**ORGANIZATION**" IS...
...THEN HE TURNS 180 DEGREES--**SPARES** DAREDEVIL AND THIS **NOBODY.**
AND **WHY?!** HE'S THE HEAD OF THE WORLD'S LARGEST **ESPIONAGE** SYNDICATE--BUT HE **ACTS** AS IF HE RUNS A CORNER **CANDY STORE!** SO CAUTIOUS...
...**EXCEPT** AS REGARDS HIS EMPLOYEES, THE PEOPLE HE **OWNS**, THAT IS.
MOST PUZZLING--!
INSIDE, AFTER GLADIATOR'S ARM HAS BEEN BANDAGED, DEATH-STALKER EXPLAINS THE SECRET PAPERS.
--FORMULA TO TURN **HUMANS** INTO POLLUTION-BREATHING **MONSTERS**, CREATED BY CHEMIST THEODORE SALLIS. THE PLAN WAS TO LET INDUSTRY EXPAND, UNRESTRAINED BY **ENVIRONMENTAL** CONSIDERATIONS.
THEN, WHEN THE AIR BECAME **POISONOUS**, THE FORMULA WOULD BE EMPLOYED TO "**SAVE**" MANKIND.
"**OUR** PUBLIC-SPIRITED **MISS NELSON**, HOWEVER, FOUND THE PAPERS WHILE ENGAGED IN JOURNALISTIC RESEARCH, AND THOUGH THE GOVERNMENT HAD **DROPPED** THE PROJECT, SHE WAS BENT ON **EXPOSING** IT IN THE NEWSPAPERS. A NOBLE GESTURE."
AND ENTIRELY **FUTILE.** SHE WAS ARRESTED BY THE F.B.I., FROM WHOM **YOU** KIDNAPPED HER, GLADIATOR.
WHO **ARE** YOU? WHAT DO YOU **WANT** WITH ME?
OOOH! YOUR HAND! SO **COLD!**
COLD HANDS--WARM **HEART**--MY DEAR.

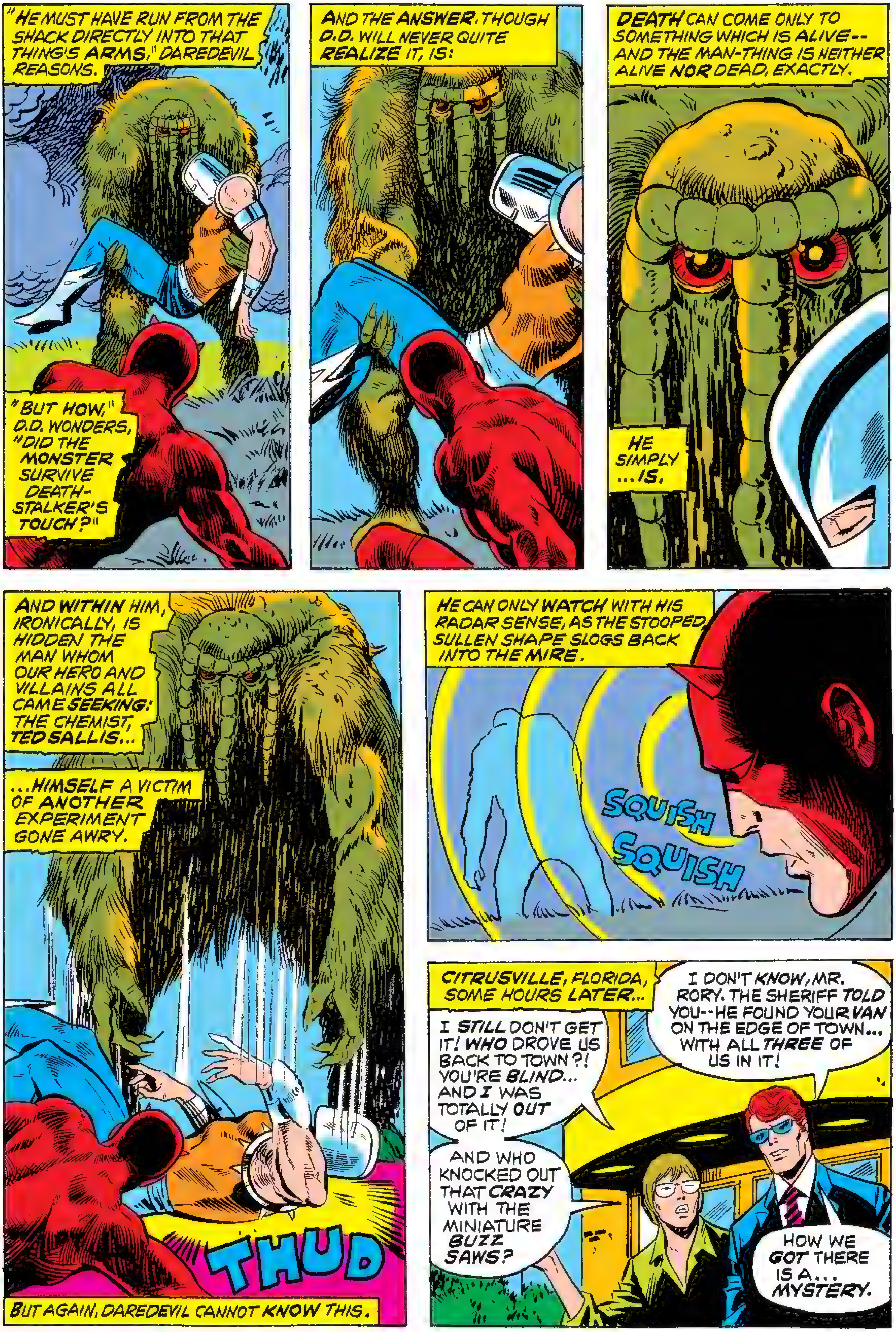

CUT: TO THE NEW YORK APARTMENT OF FOGGY NELSON --CANDACE'S BROTHER, MATT MURDOCK'S CLOSEST FRIEND, AND MANHATTAN'S DISTRICT ATTORNEY.
IT'S BEEN HOURS SINCE I'VE HEARD FROM MATT. WHY DOESN'T HE CALL?
I SHOULD NEVER HAVE LET HIM TACKLE THIS INVESTIGATION ALL ALONE!
SURE, I'M NOT ENTIRELY RECOVERED FROM THAT WOUND I GOT FROM BLACK SPECTRE* BUT HE'S BLIND, BLAST IT! THERE ARE SOME THINGS HE JUST CAN'T--
THE PHONE!!
RRRING
* SEE D.D. #108. --R.T.
MATT! WHAT TOOK YOU--
--OH. HELLO, MISS ROMANOFF.
NO...I'M SORRY. HE'S NOT HERE. HE'S NOT EVEN IN NEW YORK RIGHT NOW.
HE'S IN FLORIDA, DOING SOME INVESTIGATIVE WORK ON MY SISTER'S KIDNAPPING.
YES...THE PAPERS HERE DID CARRY THE STORY. I HOPE SHE'LL BE RETURNED SAFELY.
BUT THEN... YOU HAVEN'T HEARD FROM MATT, EITHER.
I SEE. NO... THERE'S NO MESSAGE. IT'S NOT URGENT, REALLY!
THEN I'LL HAVE TO ASK YOU TO GET OFF THE LINE, MISS ROMANOFF. I HAVE TO KEEP IT OPEN SO THAT MATT CAN GET THROUGH. I'M SURE YOU UNDERSTAND.
OF COURSE. BUT PLEASE.. TELL HIM I CALLED...AND TO CALL ME WHEN HE CAN.
I WILL. AND THANKS FOR YOUR GOOD WISHES.
YOU'RE WELCOME. I'LL BE WAITING...FOR MATT TO CALL.

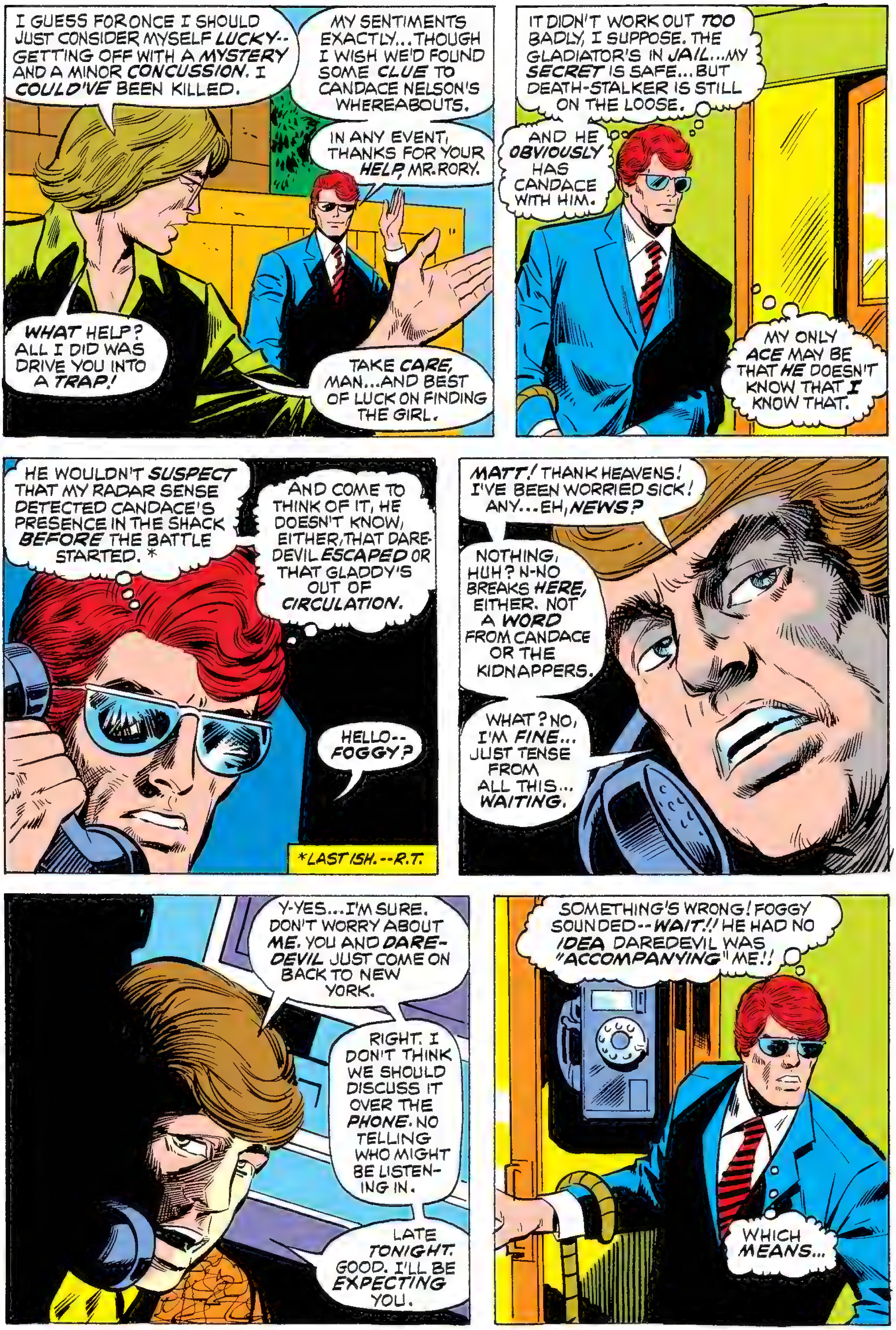

HER EYES EDGED WITH TEARS, NATASHA ROMANOFF--THE BLACK WIDOW--STEPS OUT OF THE PHONE BOOTH, BACK ONTO THE SAN FRANCISCO STREETS WHERE HER CHAUFFEUR IVAN WAITS...!
NOTHING, HUH, KID?
HE'S OUT OF TOWN, IVAN, ON A CASE. THAT IS WHY I'VE BEEN UNABLE TO REACH HIM AT HIS HOTEL. FOGGY NELSON PROMISED TO HAVE HIM CALL.
CALL US?! BUT PRINCESS--HOW??
OH, IVAN--NO! I WASN'T THINKING! HE WON'T BE ABLE TO GET IN TOUCH WITH US! HOW COULD I HAVE BEEN SO STUPID?
EASY, TASH... ANYBODY COULD'VE MADE THE SAME MISTAKE. IT'S NOT WORTH CRYING OVER.
OH, I KNOW, I KNOW... IT'S NOT JUST THAT. IT'S EVERYTHING! ALL THE HUMILIATION WE'VE BEEN PUT THROUGH THE PAST FEW DAYS.
I DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH MORE I CAN TAKE, IF THINGS GET ANY WORSE--
AW, C'MON--SMILE. IT'LL BE--
--HUH?! PRINCESS--WAIT! WHAT'RE YOU DOING?
GETTING AWAY FROM IT ALL FOR AWHILE, IVAN. CATCH!
I'VE GOT TO UNWIND--GET THE COBWEBS OUT OF MY BRAIN!
AND A JAUNT OVER THE ROOF-TOPS IS EXACTLY WHAT I NEED TO DO THAT!
MEET YOU BACK HERE IN AN HOUR OR SO, OKAY?
S-SURE, KID. SURE.

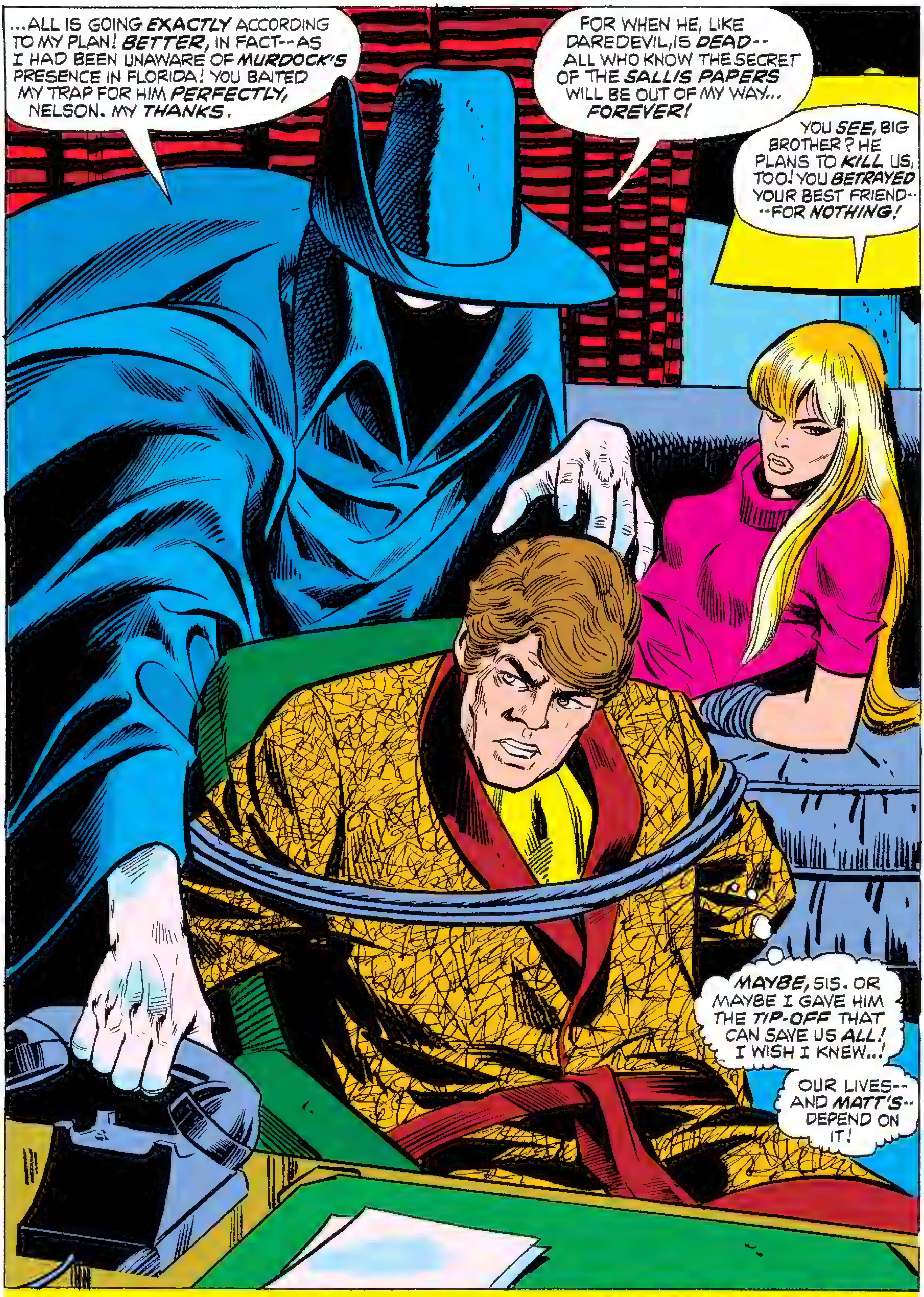

BUT NATASHA'S STORY IS ONE FOR ANOTHER TIME. OF FAR MORE IMMEDIATE CONCERN IS DAREDEVIL'S PREDICAMENT...!
I DON'T UNDERSTAND!
I THOUGHT YOU WANTED TO QUESTION THESE TWO.
MISS NELSON'S WORD IS GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME. AND SHE SAYS THEY KNOW NOTHING.
I AM TAKING THE YOUNG LADY WITH ME. YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH OUR FRIENDS.
WHEN IT'S DONE, RETURN TO OUR MEETING PLACE.
W-WAIT... WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO TO THEM?
WHY... KILL THEM, OF COURSE.
UNDERSTAND, DAREDEVIL, I DO NOT RELISH THE TASK I'VE BEEN HANDED. NOT THAT I MIND DESTROYING YOU...
...BUT I WOULD RATHER IT HAD BEEN IN COMBAT...THAN THIS WAY.
BUT I HAVE MY ORDERS--FROM THE MAN WHO OWNS ME.
AND I DARE NOT DISOBEY ...JUST YET.
GASOLINE
YOU CANNOT HEAR ME, CAN YOU? YOU'RE STILL UNCONSCIOUS. PITY.
YOU'LL NOT HAVE THE CHANCE TO REAWAKEN.
THE GAS-SOAKED FLOOR OF THE SPLINTERY OLD SHACK EXPLODES INTO HELLISH FLAME AS THE GLADIATOR RACES AWAY INTO THE SWAMP.


WHILE, INSIDE--DAREDEVIL'S HEIGHTENED TACTILE SENSE REACTS TO THE TERRIBLE HEAT--
--AND HE AWAKES WITH A START!
A MOMENT PASSES BEFORE HE FULLY COMPREHENDS HIS DESPERATE SITUATION.
BUT WHEN HE DOES...!
GOT TO KEEP MY HEAD ABOUT ME...USE MY HYPER-SENSITIVE TOUCH TO HELP ME UNTIE THIS KNOT.
THERE...I'M GETTING IT NOW ...JUST ANOTHER FEW SECONDS...
...FREE!
NOW THE QUESTION IS...DID IT DO ME ANY GOOD? CAN I GET OUT OF HERE?
WAIT! WHO--? RORY! DIRECTLY IN FRONT OF ME--BOUND TO A CHAIR!
AND STILL OUT COLD. CONVENIENT, AT LEAST IF I DO SURVIVE, I WON'T HAVE TO EXPLAIN DAREDEVIL'S APPEARANCE OUT OF NOWHERE.
HE'S BEEN DEAD TO THE WORLD SINCE BEFORE I SWITCHED FROM MATT TO D.D.
IF ONLY THAT WERE MY BIGGEST WORRY AT THE MOMENT!
BUT I ALSO HAVE THE PROBLEM OF FINDING A WAY THROUGH THE FLAMES TO--
--THE DOOR! THERE IT IS! RADAR SENSE, I LOVE YOU MADLY!


BUT THE PATH IS NOT SO CLEAR AS IT SEEMS--!
THE ROOF IS CAVING IN! THE WHOLE PLACE IS COMING DOWN AROUND MY HORNS!
IT'S NOW OR NEVER! I GET ONE LAST LUNGE AT THE DOOR, AND I EITHER MAKE IT, OR--
WHOMP!
--OR NOTHING. JUST IN TIME!
BUT DEATH-STALKER AND GLADIATOR ARE GONE--AND CANDACE WITH THEM. I'M RIGHT BACK WHERE I STARTED, BUT WITH NO CLUES, NOTHING TO GO ON, NO--
WHOA, D.D.--EITHER YOUR POOR, OVER-WORKED SENSES HAVE FINALLY SHORTED OUT--
--OR GLADDY DIDN'T GET AWAY!


"HE MUST HAVE RUN FROM THE SHACK DIRECTLY INTO THAT THING'S ARMS," DAREDEVIL REASONS.
"BUT HOW," D.D. WONDERS, "DID THE MONSTER SURVIVE DEATH-STALKER'S TOUCH?"
AND THE ANSWER, THOUGH D.D. WILL NEVER QUITE REALIZE IT, IS:
DEATH CAN COME ONLY TO SOMETHING WHICH IS ALIVE-- AND THE MAN-THING IS NEITHER ALIVE NOR DEAD, EXACTLY.
HE SIMPLY ...IS.
AND WITHIN HIM, IRONICALLY, IS HIDDEN THE MAN WHOM OUR HERO AND VILLAINS ALL CAME SEEKING: THE CHEMIST, TED SALLIS...
...HIMSELF A VICTIM OF ANOTHER EXPERIMENT GONE AWRY.
THUD
BUT AGAIN, DAREDEVIL CANNOT KNOW THIS.
HE CAN ONLY WATCH WITH HIS RADAR SENSE, AS THE STOOPED, SULLEN SHAPE SLOGS BACK INTO THE MIRE.
SQUISH
SQUISH
CITRUSVILLE, FLORIDA, SOME HOURS LATER...
I STILL DON'T GET IT! WHO DROVE US BACK TO TOWN?! YOU'RE BLIND... AND I WAS TOTALLY OUT OF IT!
I DON'T KNOW, MR. RORY. THE SHERIFF TOLD YOU--HE FOUND YOUR VAN ON THE EDGE OF TOWN... WITH ALL THREE OF US IN IT!
AND WHO KNOCKED OUT THAT CRAZY WITH THE MINIATURE BUZZ SAWS?
HOW WE GOT THERE IS A... MYSTERY.


I GUESS FOR ONCE I SHOULD JUST CONSIDER MYSELF *LUCKY*-- GETTING OFF WITH A *MYSTERY* AND A MINOR *CONCUSSION*. I *COULD'VE* BEEN KILLED.
MY SENTIMENTS EXACTLY... THOUGH I WISH WE'D FOUND SOME *CLUE* TO CANDACE NELSON'S WHEREABOUTS.
IN ANY EVENT, THANKS FOR YOUR *HELP*, MR. RORY.
WHAT HELP? ALL I DID WAS DRIVE YOU INTO A *TRAP!*
TAKE *CARE*, MAN... AND BEST OF LUCK ON FINDING THE GIRL.
IT DIDN'T WORK OUT *TOO* BADLY, I SUPPOSE. THE GLADIATOR'S IN *JAIL*... MY *SECRET* IS SAFE... BUT DEATH-STALKER IS STILL ON THE LOOSE.
AND HE *OBVIOUSLY* HAS CANDACE WITH HIM.
MY ONLY *ACE* MAY BE THAT *HE* DOESN'T KNOW THAT *I* KNOW THAT.
HE WOULDN'T *SUSPECT* THAT MY RADAR SENSE DETECTED CANDACE'S PRESENCE IN THE SHACK *BEFORE* THE BATTLE STARTED. *
AND COME TO THINK OF IT, HE DOESN'T KNOW, EITHER, THAT DAREDEVIL *ESCAPED* OR THAT GLADDY'S OUT OF *CIRCULATION*.
HELLO-- *FOGGY?*
*LAST ISH. --R.T.
MATT! THANK HEAVENS! I'VE BEEN WORRIED SICK! ANY... EH, *NEWS?*
NOTHING, HUH? N-NO BREAKS *HERE*, EITHER. NOT A *WORD* FROM CANDACE OR THE KIDNAPPERS.
WHAT? NO, I'M *FINE*... JUST TENSE FROM ALL THIS... *WAITING*.
Y-YES... I'M SURE. DON'T WORRY ABOUT *ME*. YOU AND *DAREDEVIL* JUST COME ON BACK TO NEW YORK.
RIGHT. I DON'T THINK WE SHOULD DISCUSS IT OVER THE *PHONE*. NO TELLING WHO MIGHT BE LISTENING IN.
LATE *TONIGHT*. GOOD. I'LL BE *EXPECTING* YOU.
SOMETHING'S WRONG! FOGGY SOUNDED-- *WAIT!!* HE HAD NO *IDEA* DAREDEVIL WAS *"ACCOMPANYING"* ME!!
WHICH *MEANS...*


...ALL IS GOING *EXACTLY* ACCORDING TO MY PLAN! *BETTER*, IN FACT--AS I HAD BEEN UNAWARE OF *MURDOCK'S* PRESENCE IN FLORIDA! YOU BAITED MY TRAP FOR HIM *PERFECTLY*, NELSON. MY *THANKS*.
FOR WHEN HE, LIKE DAREDEVIL, IS *DEAD*--ALL WHO KNOW THE SECRET OF THE *SALLIS PAPERS* WILL BE OUT OF MY WAY... *FOREVER!*
YOU *SEE*, BIG BROTHER? HE PLANS TO *KILL* US, TOO! YOU *BETRAYED* YOUR BEST FRIEND----FOR *NOTHING!*
MAYBE, SIS. OR MAYBE I GAVE HIM THE *TIP-OFF* THAT CAN SAVE US *ALL!* I WISH I KNEW..!
OUR LIVES--AND *MATT'S*--DEPEND ON IT!

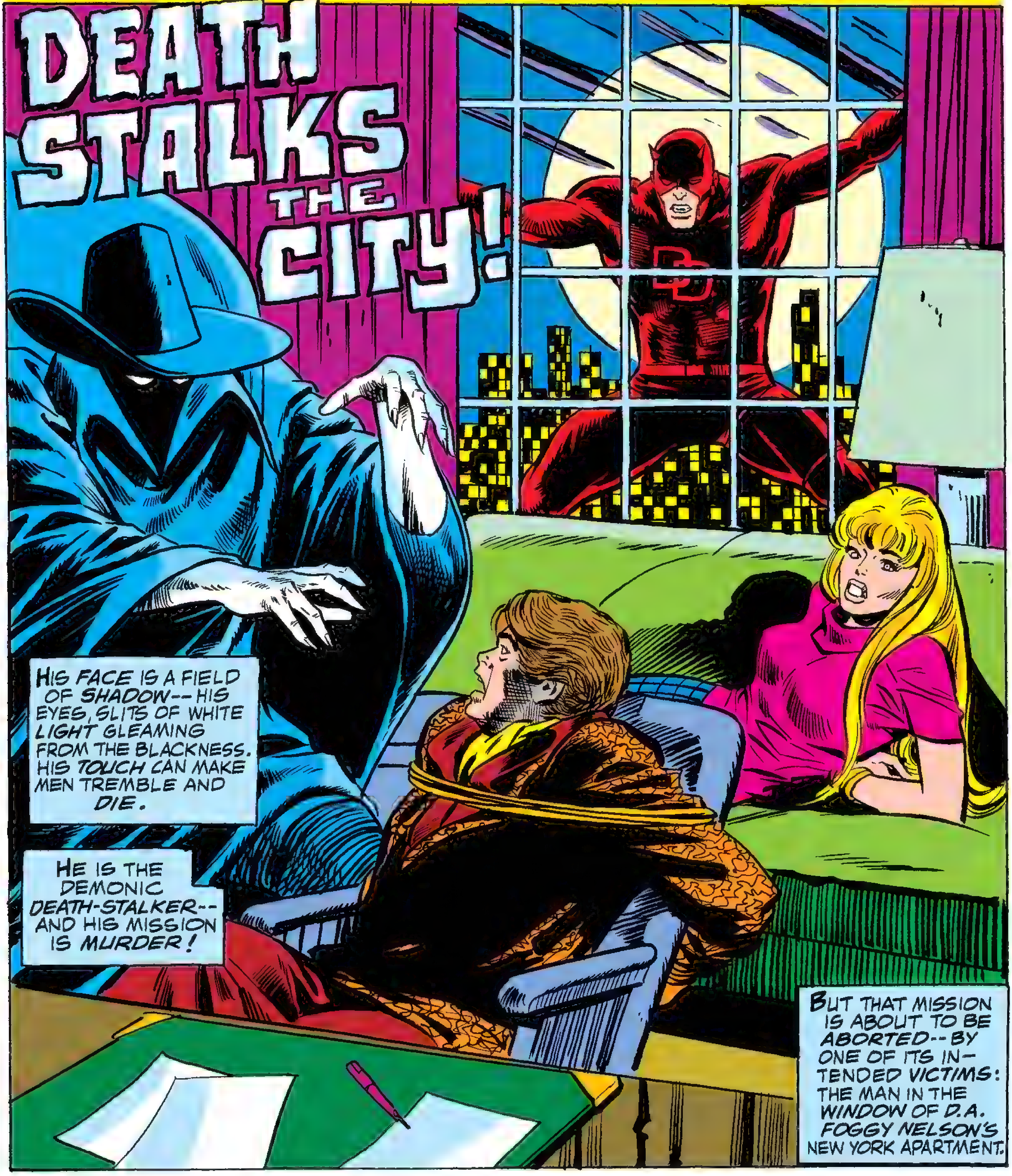
NEXT: THE FINAL, CLIMACTIC BATTLE WITH THE DEMONIC DEATH-STALKER! A PERSONAL CRISIS UNLIKE ANY MATT MURDOCK HAS FACED BEFORE! MYSTERY! ACTION! SURPRISES! IN THE TALE WE CALL-- **"AND DEATH SHALL NAME THE LAWLESS!"**

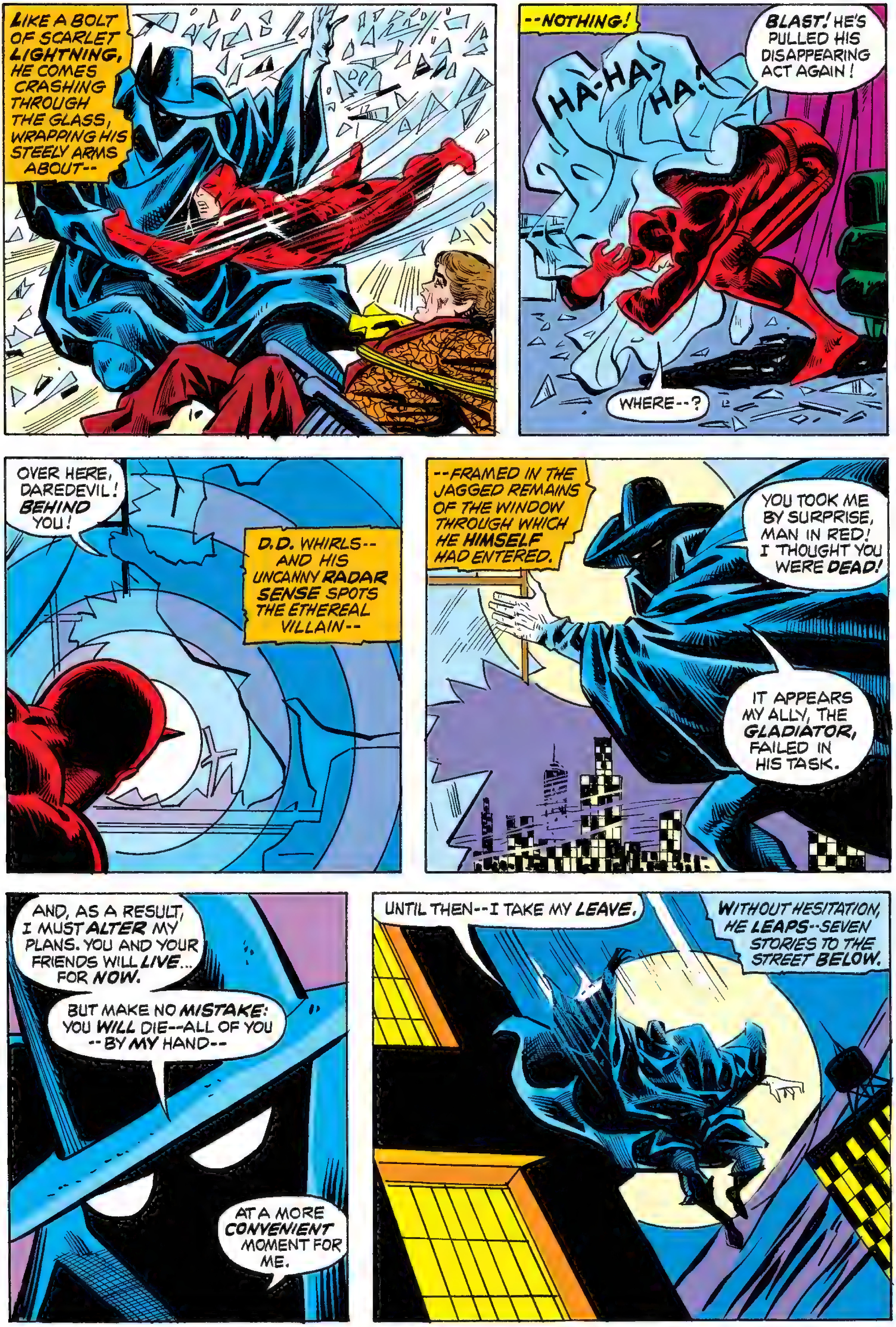
DAREDEVIL
MARVEL COMICS GROUP™
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE CA AUTHORITY
25¢
CC
115
NOV
02459
DAREDEVIL®
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!
™
™
CO-STARRING: The DEADLY BLACK WIDOW!
DEATH-STALKER AHEAD OF ME-- GUNFIRE FROM BELOW!
LOOKS LIKE THIS IS THE DEATH-TRAP I DON'T ESCAPE!!
NIGHT OF THE DEATH-STALKER!

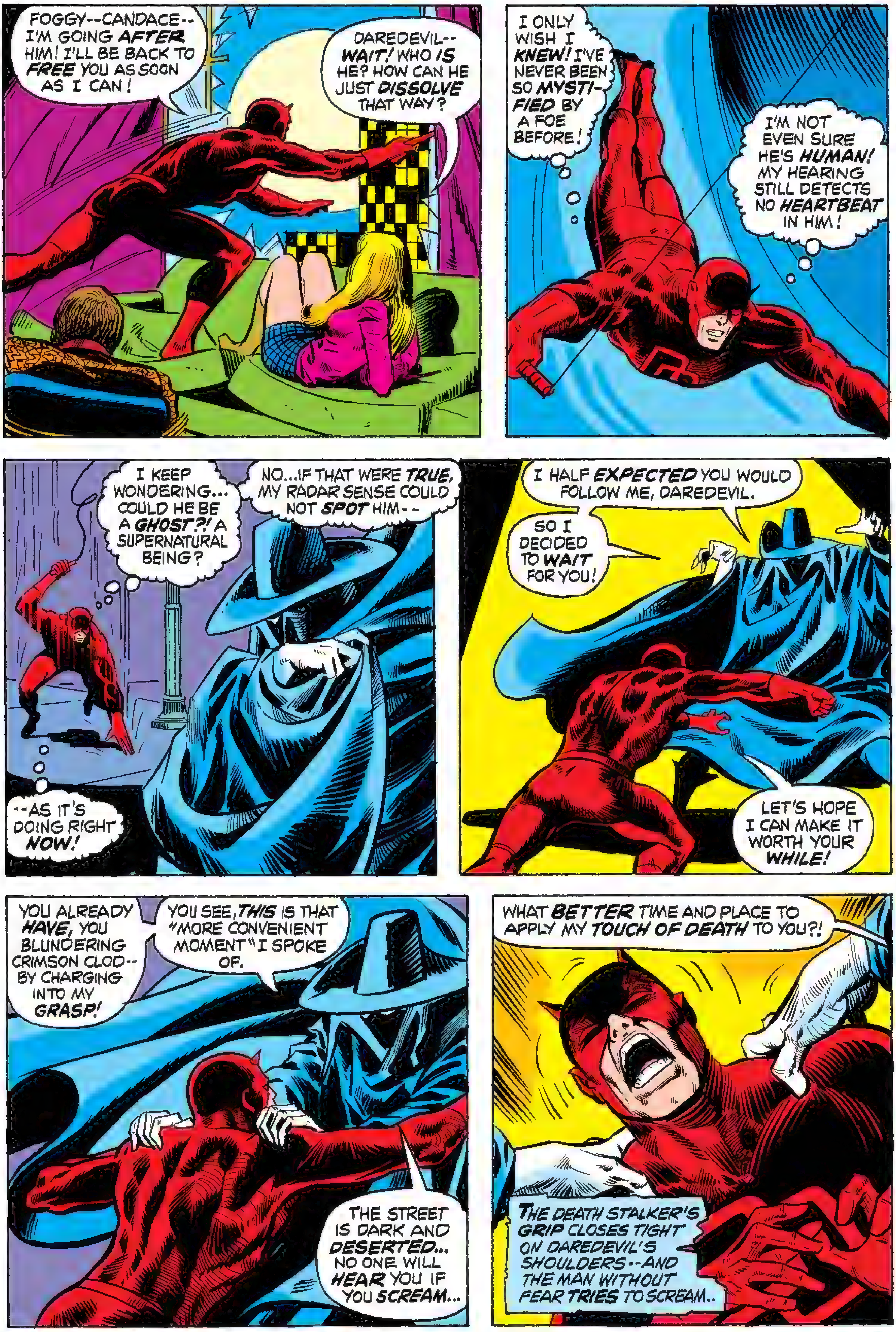
He dwells in eternal night— but the blackness is filled with sounds and scents, tastes and textures other men cannot perceive. For though attorney MATT MURDOCK is *blind,* his other four senses function with *superhuman sharpness*—his uncanny *radar sense* guides him over every obstacle! Armed only with his *billy club,* his fighting skill, and his courage, he stalks the streets by night, a relentless red-garbed foe of evil!

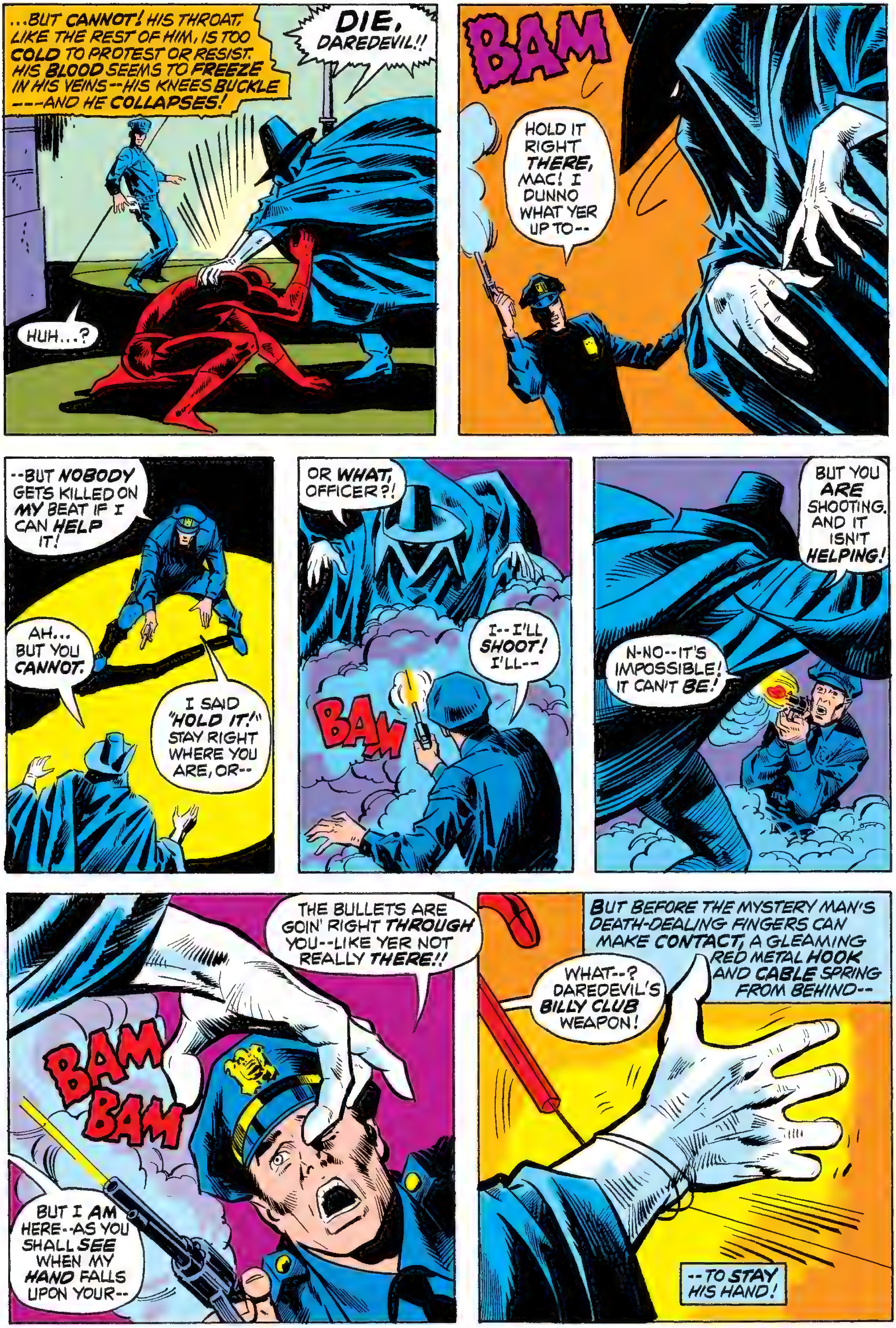
Stan Lee PRESENTS: **DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!**

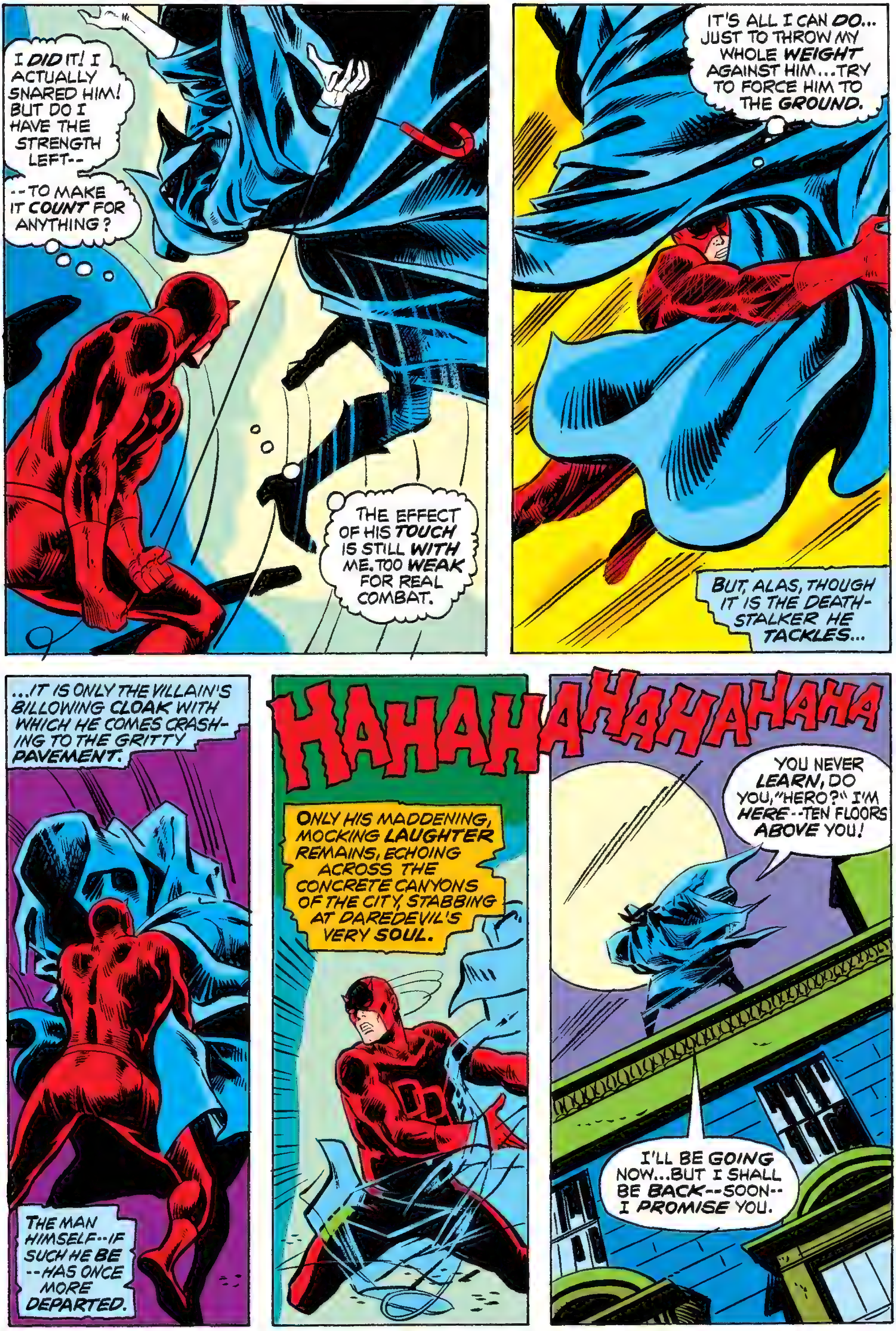
Steve Gerber *WRITER* | **Bob Brown** *ARTIST* | **Vince Colletta** *INKER* | *CHARLOTTE JETTER, LETTERER* *PETRA GOLDBERG, COLORIST* | **Roy Thomas** *EDITOR*

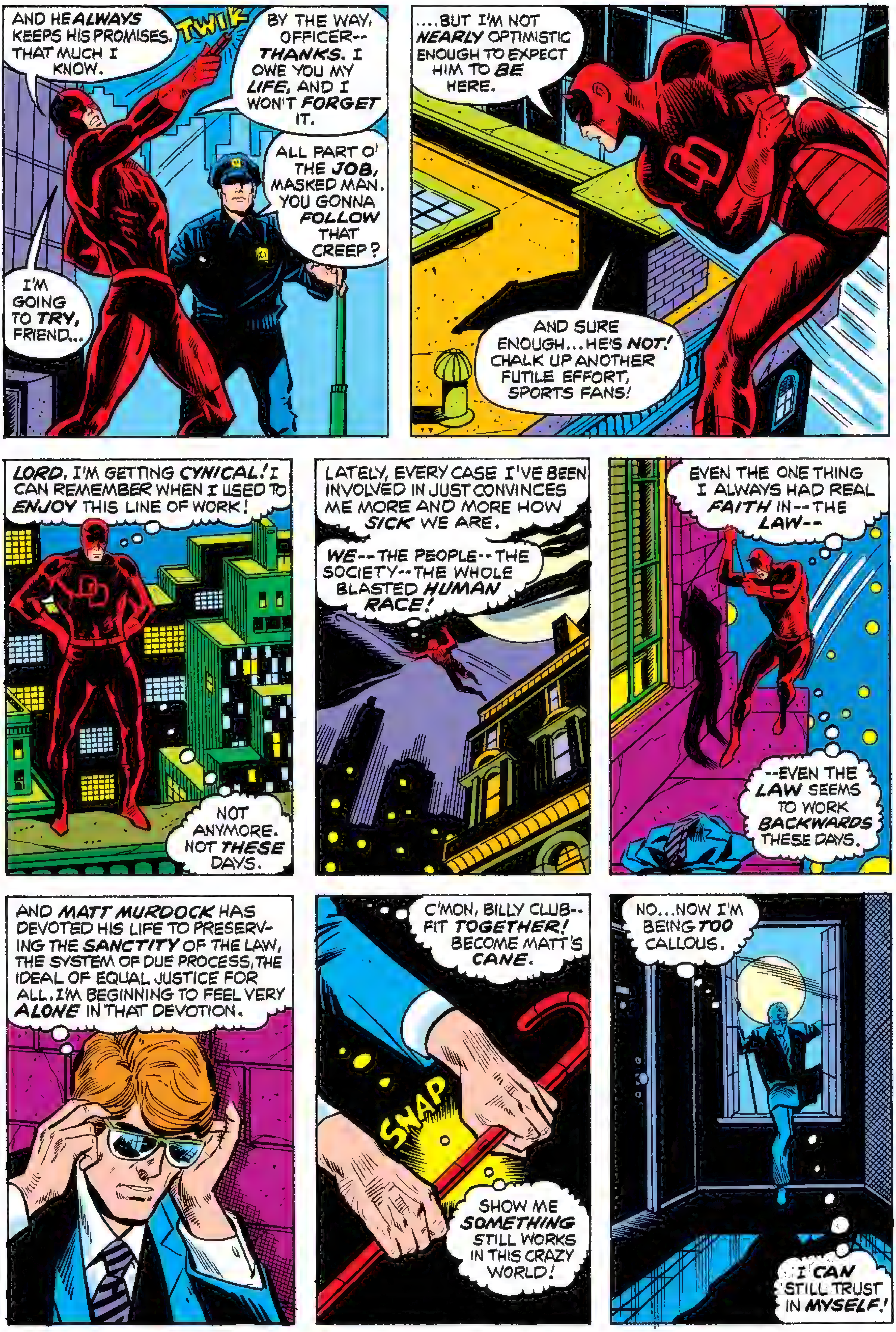

DEATH STALKS THE CITY!
HIS FACE IS A FIELD OF SHADOW-- HIS EYES, SLITS OF WHITE LIGHT GLEAMING FROM THE BLACKNESS. HIS TOUCH CAN MAKE MEN TREMBLE AND DIE.
HE IS THE DEMONIC DEATH-STALKER-- AND HIS MISSION IS MURDER!
BUT THAT MISSION IS ABOUT TO BE ABORTED-- BY ONE OF ITS INTENDED VICTIMS: THE MAN IN THE WINDOW OF D.A. FOGGY NELSON'S NEW YORK APARTMENT.

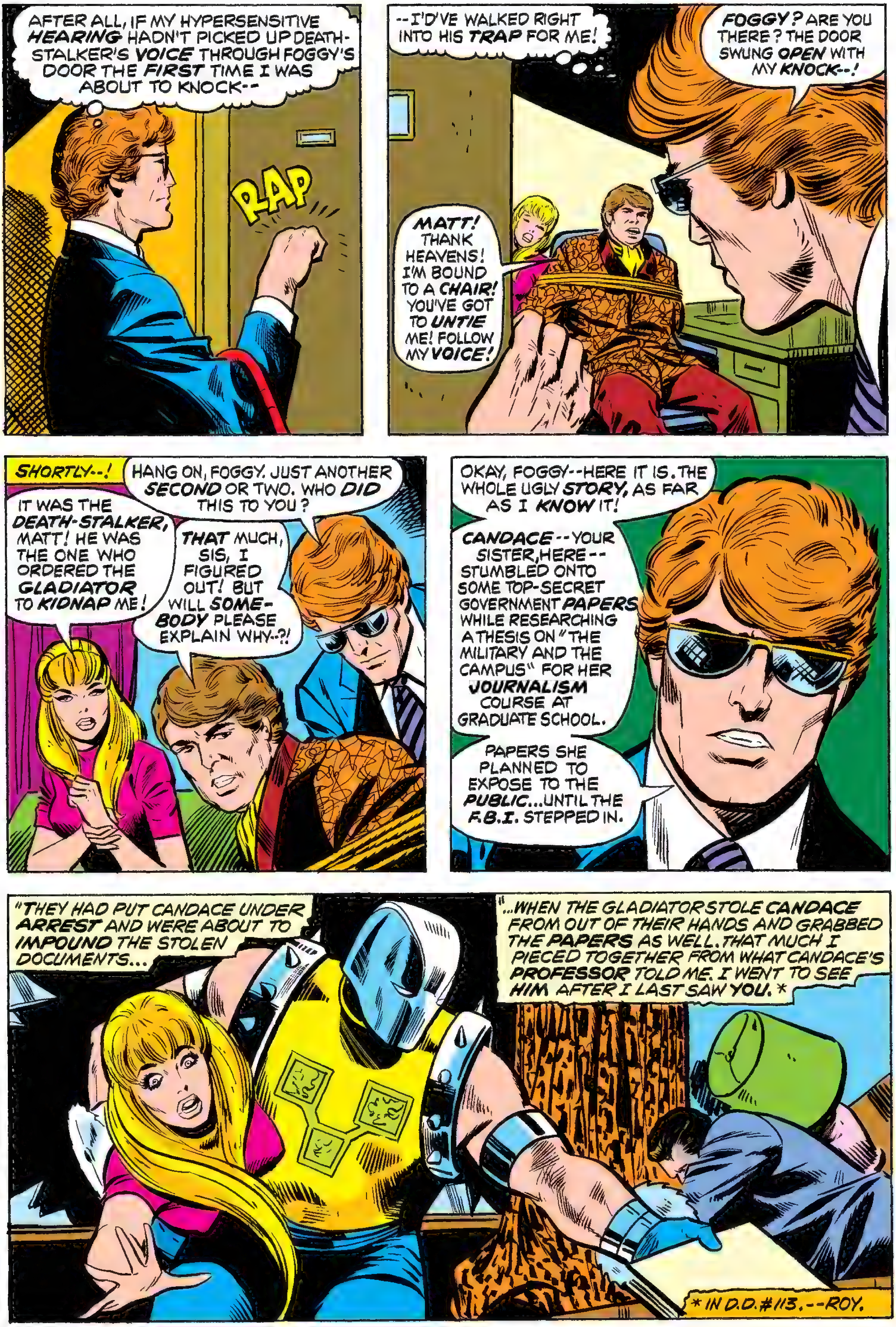

LIKE A BOLT OF SCARLET LIGHTNING, HE COMES CRASHING THROUGH THE GLASS, WRAPPING HIS STEELY ARMS ABOUT--
--NOTHING!
HA-HA-HA!
BLAST! HE'S PULLED HIS DISAPPEARING ACT AGAIN!
WHERE--?
OVER HERE, DAREDEVIL! BEHIND YOU!
D.D. WHIRLS--AND HIS UNCANNY RADAR SENSE SPOTS THE ETHEREAL VILLAIN--
--FRAMED IN THE JAGGED REMAINS OF THE WINDOW THROUGH WHICH HE HIMSELF HAD ENTERED.
YOU TOOK ME BY SURPRISE, MAN IN RED! I THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD!
IT APPEARS MY ALLY, THE GLADIATOR, FAILED IN HIS TASK.
AND, AS A RESULT, I MUST ALTER MY PLANS. YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS WILL LIVE... FOR NOW.
BUT MAKE NO MISTAKE: YOU WILL DIE--ALL OF YOU--BY MY HAND--
AT A MORE CONVENIENT MOMENT FOR ME.
UNTIL THEN--I TAKE MY LEAVE.
WITHOUT HESITATION, HE LEAPS--SEVEN STORIES TO THE STREET BELOW.

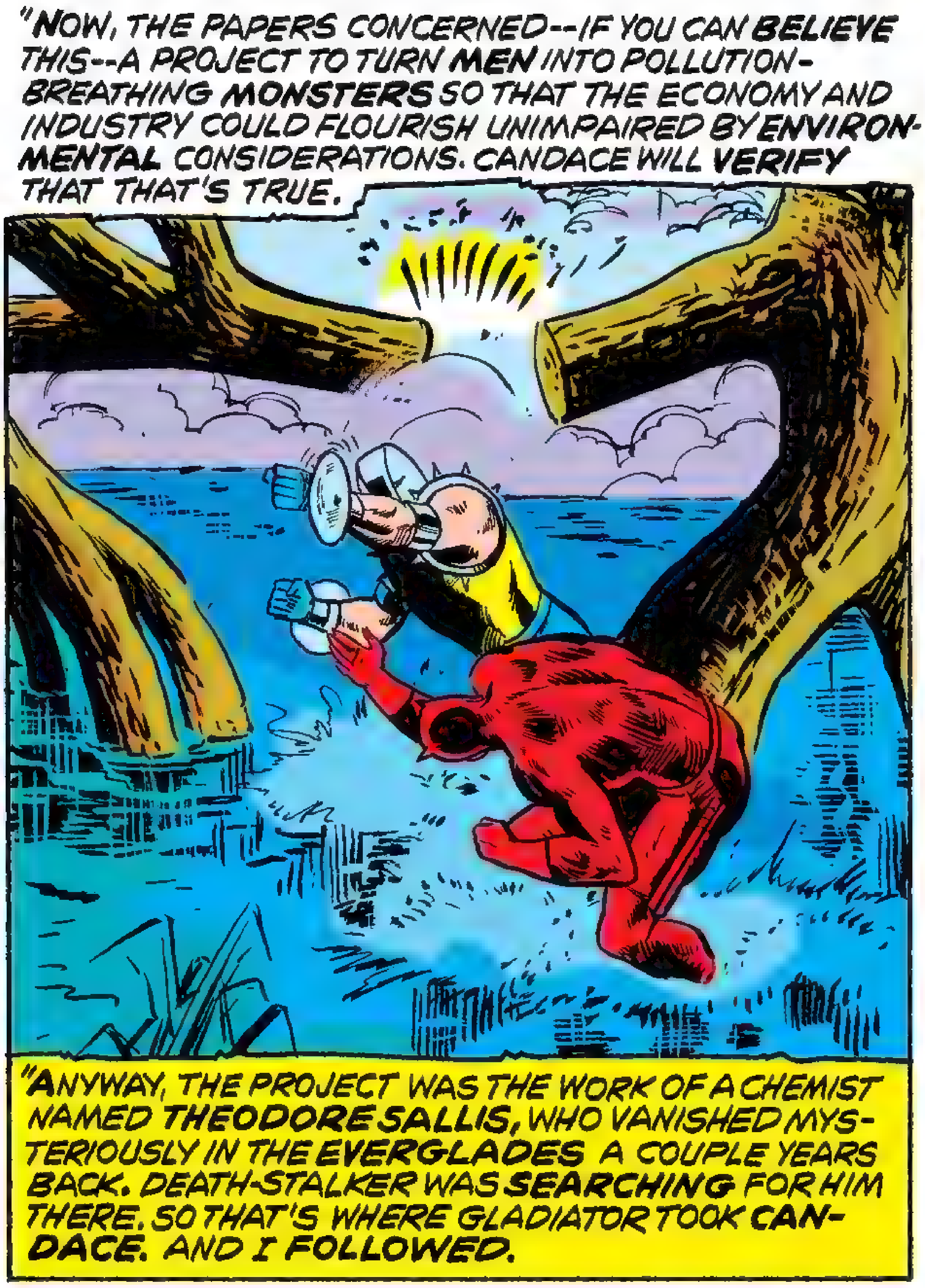

FOGGY--CANDACE-- I'M GOING **AFTER** HIM! I'LL BE BACK TO **FREE** YOU AS SOON AS I CAN!
DAREDEVIL-- **WAIT!** WHO **IS** HE? HOW CAN HE JUST **DISSOLVE** THAT WAY?
I ONLY WISH I **KNEW!** I'VE NEVER BEEN SO **MYSTIFIED** BY A FOE BEFORE!
I'M NOT EVEN SURE HE'S **HUMAN!** MY HEARING STILL DETECTS NO **HEARTBEAT** IN HIM!
I KEEP WONDERING... COULD HE BE A **GHOST?!** A SUPERNATURAL BEING?
NO...IF THAT WERE **TRUE**, MY RADAR SENSE COULD NOT **SPOT** HIM--
--AS IT'S DOING RIGHT **NOW!**
I HALF **EXPECTED** YOU WOULD FOLLOW ME, DAREDEVIL.
SO I DECIDED TO **WAIT** FOR YOU!
LET'S HOPE I CAN MAKE IT WORTH YOUR **WHILE!**
YOU ALREADY **HAVE**, YOU BLUNDERING CRIMSON CLOD-- BY CHARGING INTO MY **GRASP!**
YOU SEE, **THIS** IS THAT "MORE CONVENIENT MOMENT" I SPOKE OF.
THE STREET IS DARK AND **DESERTED...** NO ONE WILL **HEAR** YOU IF YOU **SCREAM...**
WHAT **BETTER** TIME AND PLACE TO APPLY MY **TOUCH OF DEATH** TO YOU?!
*THE DEATH STALKER'S **GRIP** CLOSES TIGHT ON DAREDEVIL'S SHOULDERS--AND THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR **TRIES** TO SCREAM..*

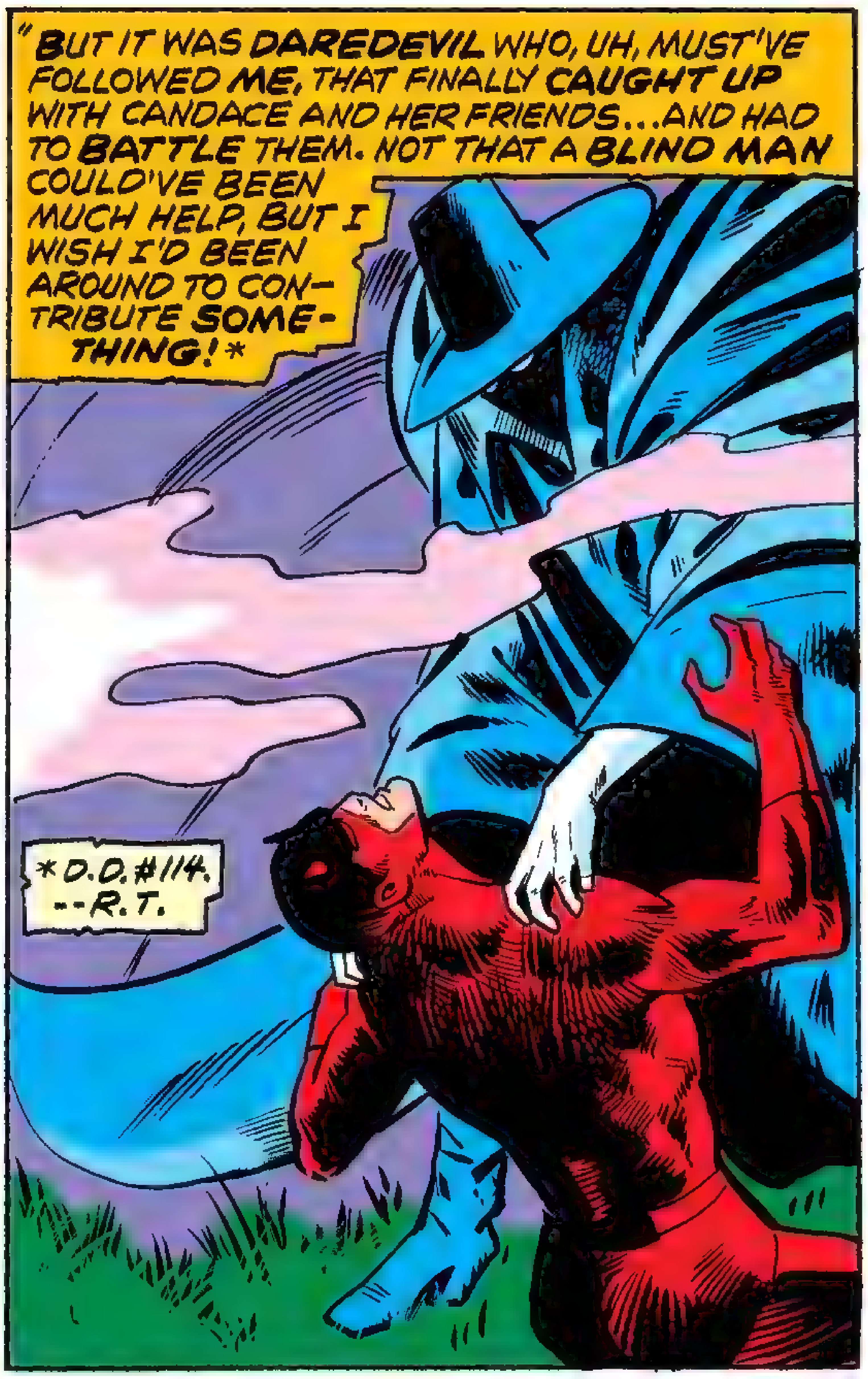

...BUT CANNOT! HIS THROAT, LIKE THE REST OF HIM, IS TOO COLD TO PROTEST OR RESIST. HIS BLOOD SEEMS TO FREEZE IN HIS VEINS--HIS KNEES BUCKLE ---AND HE COLLAPSES!
DIE, DAREDEVIL!!
HUH...?
BAM
HOLD IT RIGHT THERE, MAC! I DUNNO WHAT YER UP TO--
--BUT NOBODY GETS KILLED ON MY BEAT IF I CAN HELP IT!
AH... BUT YOU CANNOT.
I SAID "HOLD IT!" STAY RIGHT WHERE YOU ARE, OR--
OR WHAT, OFFICER?!
I--I'LL SHOOT! I'LL--
BAM
BUT YOU ARE SHOOTING, AND IT ISN'T HELPING!
N-NO--IT'S IMPOSSIBLE! IT CAN'T BE!
THE BULLETS ARE GOIN' RIGHT THROUGH YOU--LIKE YER NOT REALLY THERE!!
BAM BAM
BUT I AM HERE--AS YOU SHALL SEE WHEN MY HAND FALLS UPON YOUR--
BUT BEFORE THE MYSTERY MAN'S DEATH-DEALING FINGERS CAN MAKE CONTACT, A GLEAMING RED METAL HOOK AND CABLE SPRING FROM BEHIND--
WHAT--? DAREDEVIL'S BILLY CLUB WEAPON!
--TO STAY HIS HAND!

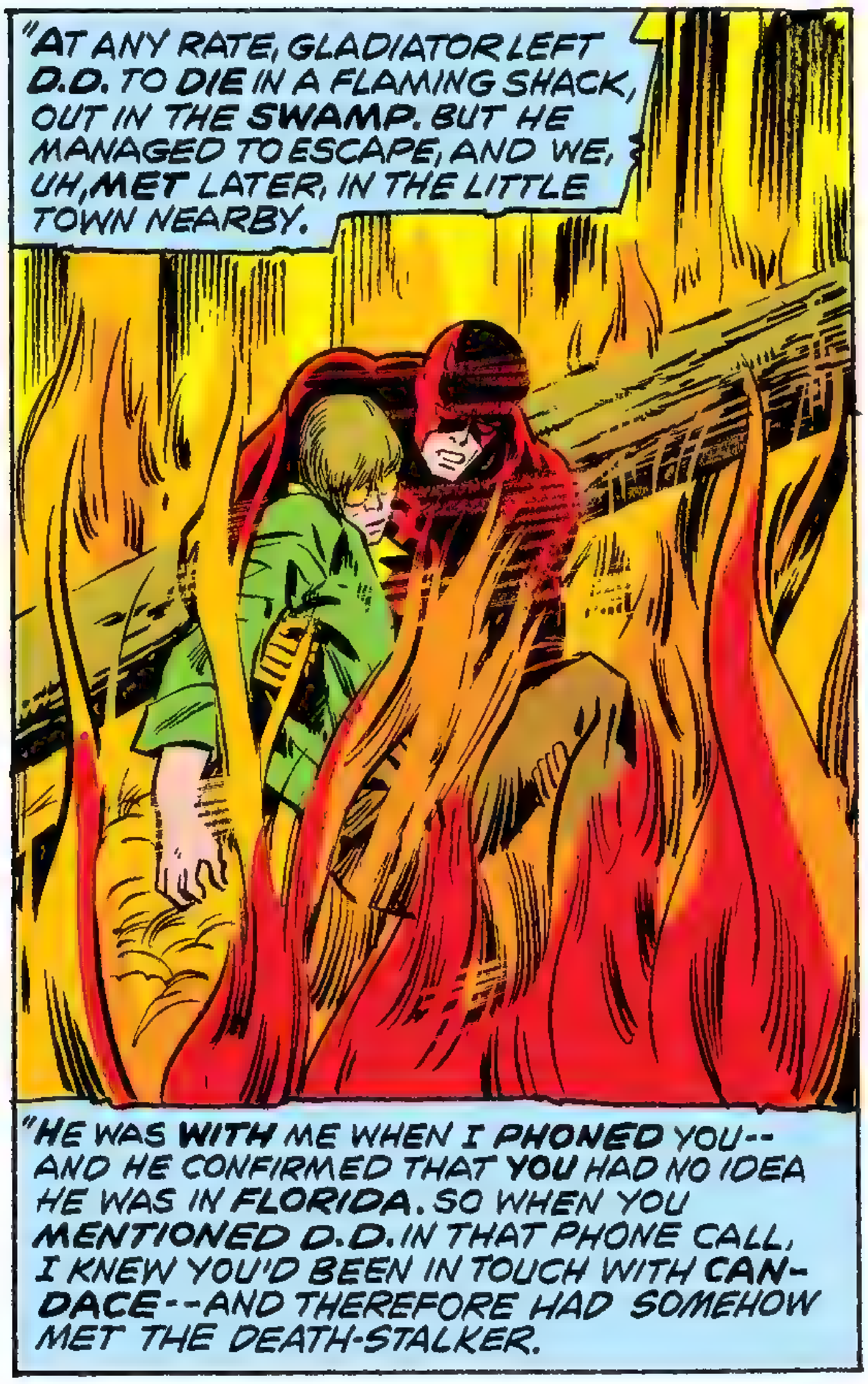

I DID IT! I ACTUALLY SNARED HIM! BUT DO I HAVE THE STRENGTH LEFT--
--TO MAKE IT COUNT FOR ANYTHING?
THE EFFECT OF HIS TOUCH IS STILL WITH ME. TOO WEAK FOR REAL COMBAT.
IT'S ALL I CAN DO... JUST TO THROW MY WHOLE WEIGHT AGAINST HIM...TRY TO FORCE HIM TO THE GROUND.
BUT, ALAS, THOUGH IT IS THE DEATH-STALKER HE TACKLES...
...IT IS ONLY THE VILLAIN'S BILLOWING CLOAK WITH WHICH HE COMES CRASHING TO THE GRITTY PAVEMENT.
THE MAN HIMSELF--IF SUCH HE BE--HAS ONCE MORE DEPARTED.
HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA
ONLY HIS MADDENING, MOCKING LAUGHTER REMAINS, ECHOING ACROSS THE CONCRETE CANYONS OF THE CITY, STABBING AT DAREDEVIL'S VERY SOUL.
YOU NEVER LEARN, DO YOU, "HERO?" I'M HERE--TEN FLOORS ABOVE YOU!
I'LL BE GOING NOW...BUT I SHALL BE BACK--SOON--I PROMISE YOU.

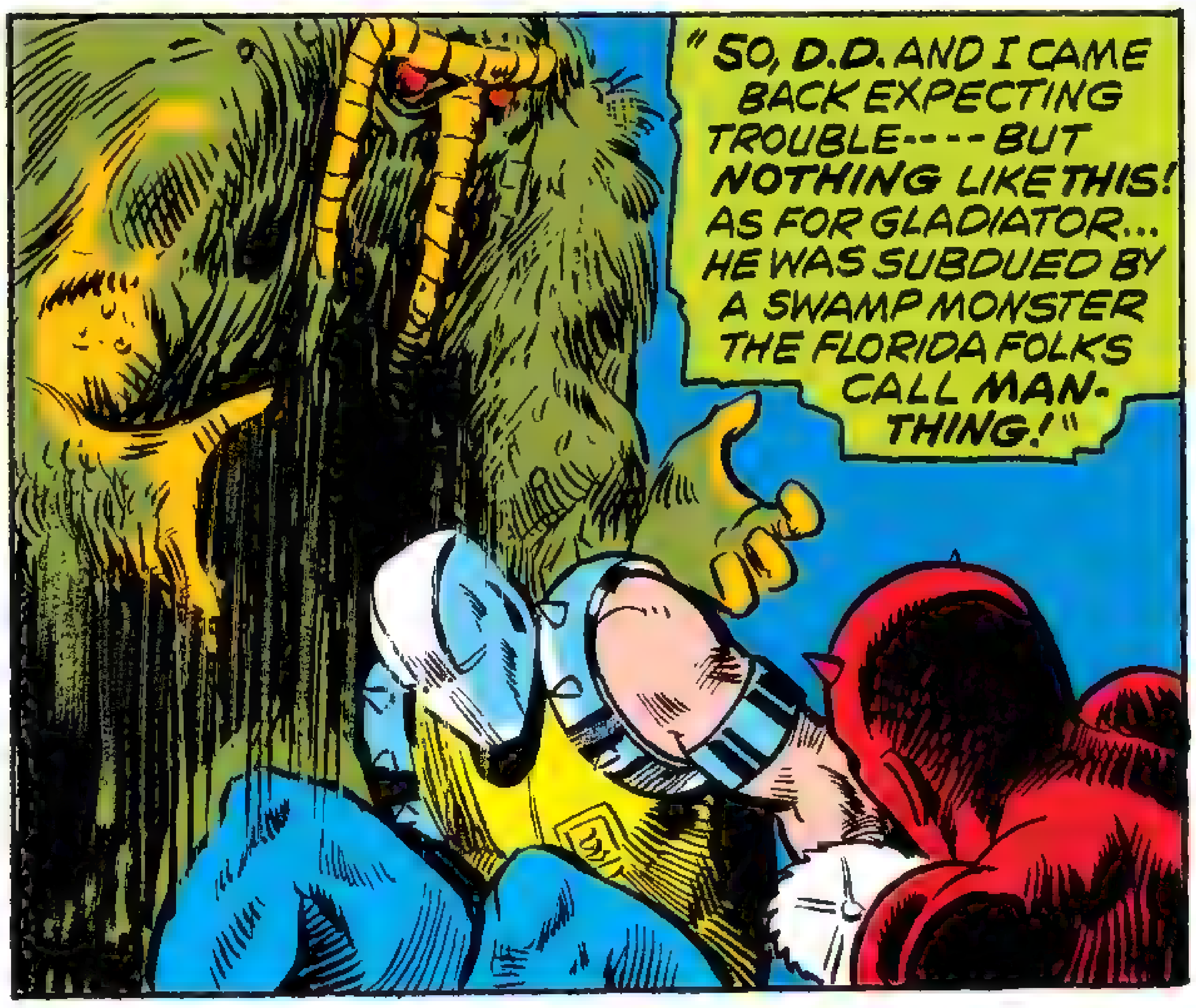

AND HE ALWAYS KEEPS HIS PROMISES. THAT MUCH I KNOW.
TWIK
BY THE WAY, OFFICER-- THANKS. I OWE YOU MY LIFE, AND I WON'T FORGET IT.
ALL PART O' THE JOB, MASKED MAN. YOU GONNA FOLLOW THAT CREEP?
I'M GOING TO TRY, FRIEND...
....BUT I'M NOT NEARLY OPTIMISTIC ENOUGH TO EXPECT HIM TO BE HERE.
AND SURE ENOUGH...HE'S NOT! CHALK UP ANOTHER FUTILE EFFORT, SPORTS FANS!
LORD, I'M GETTING CYNICAL! I CAN REMEMBER WHEN I USED TO ENJOY THIS LINE OF WORK!
NOT ANYMORE. NOT THESE DAYS.
LATELY, EVERY CASE I'VE BEEN INVOLVED IN JUST CONVINCES ME MORE AND MORE HOW SICK WE ARE.
WE--THE PEOPLE--THE SOCIETY--THE WHOLE BLASTED HUMAN RACE!
EVEN THE ONE THING I ALWAYS HAD REAL FAITH IN--THE LAW--
--EVEN THE LAW SEEMS TO WORK BACKWARDS THESE DAYS.
AND MATT MURDOCK HAS DEVOTED HIS LIFE TO PRESERVING THE SANCTITY OF THE LAW, THE SYSTEM OF DUE PROCESS, THE IDEAL OF EQUAL JUSTICE FOR ALL. I'M BEGINNING TO FEEL VERY ALONE IN THAT DEVOTION.
C'MON, BILLY CLUB-- FIT TOGETHER! BECOME MATT'S CANE.
SNAP
SHOW ME SOMETHING STILL WORKS IN THIS CRAZY WORLD!
NO...NOW I'M BEING TOO CALLOUS.
I CAN STILL TRUST IN MYSELF!

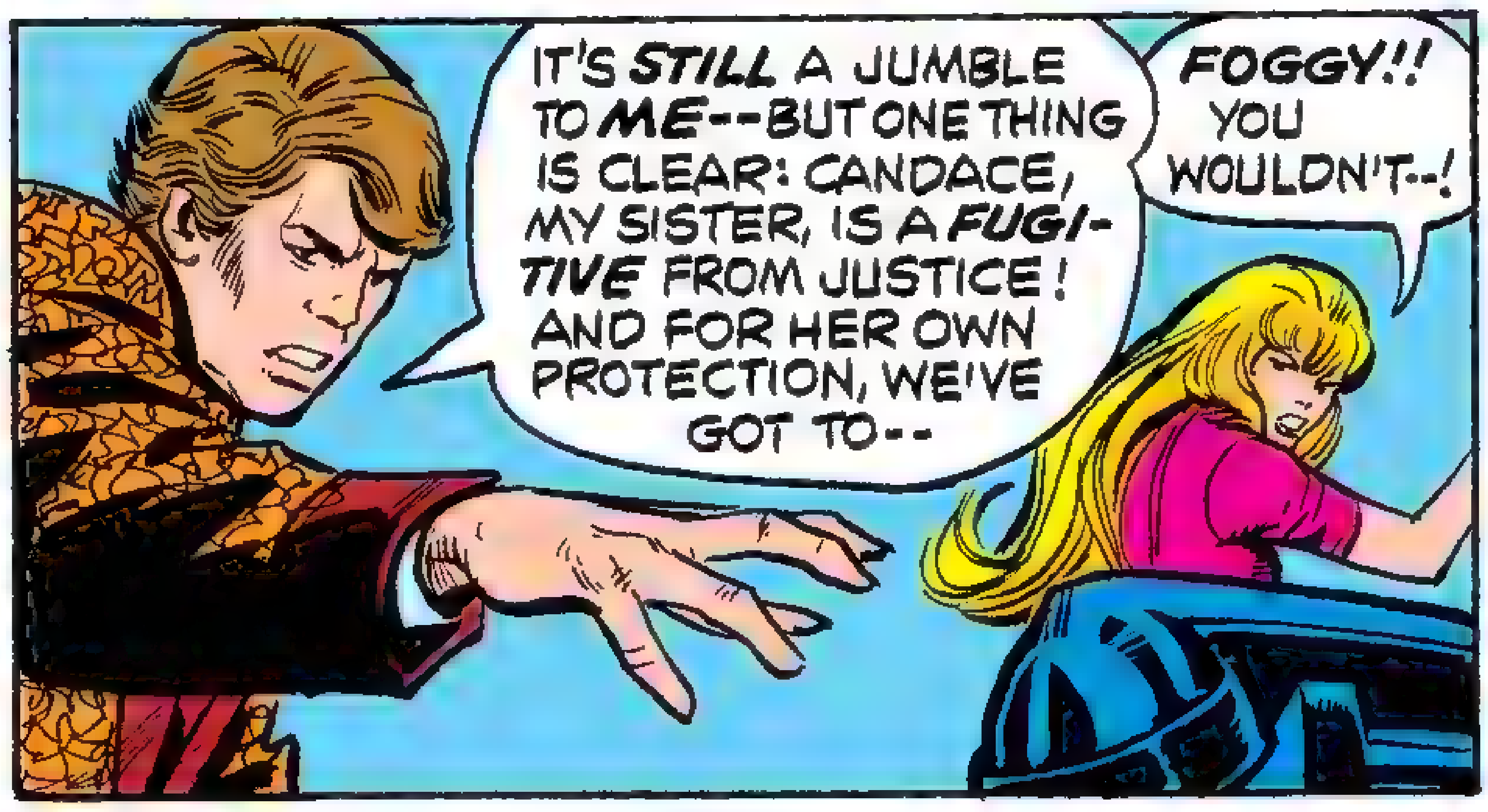

AFTER ALL, IF MY HYPERSENSITIVE HEARING HADN'T PICKED UP DEATH-STALKER'S VOICE THROUGH FOGGY'S DOOR THE FIRST TIME I WAS ABOUT TO KNOCK--
RAP
--I'D'VE WALKED RIGHT INTO HIS TRAP FOR ME!
FOGGY? ARE YOU THERE? THE DOOR SWUNG OPEN WITH MY KNOCK--!
MATT! THANK HEAVENS! I'M BOUND TO A CHAIR! YOU'VE GOT TO UNTIE ME! FOLLOW MY VOICE!
SHORTLY--!
HANG ON, FOGGY. JUST ANOTHER SECOND OR TWO. WHO DID THIS TO YOU?
IT WAS THE DEATH-STALKER, MATT! HE WAS THE ONE WHO ORDERED THE GLADIATOR TO KIDNAP ME!
THAT MUCH, SIS, I FIGURED OUT! BUT WILL SOMEBODY PLEASE EXPLAIN WHY--?!
OKAY, FOGGY--HERE IT IS. THE WHOLE UGLY STORY, AS FAR AS I KNOW IT!
CANDACE--YOUR SISTER, HERE--STUMBLED ONTO SOME TOP-SECRET GOVERNMENT PAPERS WHILE RESEARCHING A THESIS ON "THE MILITARY AND THE CAMPUS" FOR HER JOURNALISM COURSE AT GRADUATE SCHOOL.
PAPERS SHE PLANNED TO EXPOSE TO THE PUBLIC...UNTIL THE F.B.I. STEPPED IN.
"THEY HAD PUT CANDACE UNDER ARREST AND WERE ABOUT TO IMPOUND THE STOLEN DOCUMENTS...
"...WHEN THE GLADIATOR STOLE CANDACE FROM OUT OF THEIR HANDS AND GRABBED THE PAPERS AS WELL. THAT MUCH I PIECED TOGETHER FROM WHAT CANDACE'S PROFESSOR TOLD ME. I WENT TO SEE HIM AFTER I LAST SAW YOU.*
* IN D.D. #113.--ROY.

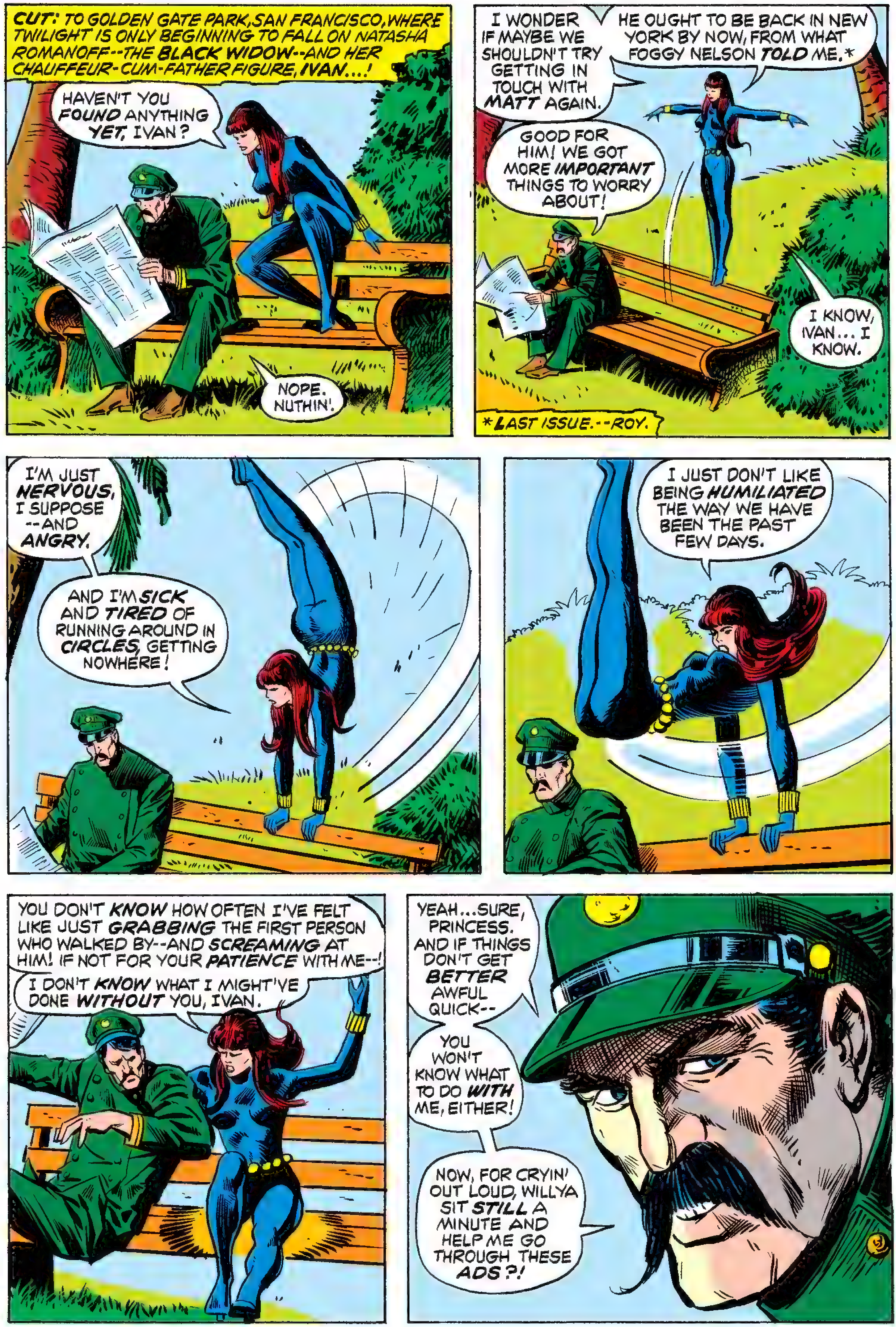

"NOW, THE PAPERS CONCERNED--IF YOU CAN BELIEVE THIS--A PROJECT TO TURN MEN INTO POLLUTION-BREATHING MONSTERS SO THAT THE ECONOMY AND INDUSTRY COULD FLOURISH UNIMPAIRED BY ENVIRONMENTAL CONSIDERATIONS. CANDACE WILL VERIFY THAT THAT'S TRUE.
"ANYWAY, THE PROJECT WAS THE WORK OF A CHEMIST NAMED THEODORE SALLIS, WHO VANISHED MYSTERIOUSLY IN THE EVERGLADES A COUPLE YEARS BACK. DEATH-STALKER WAS SEARCHING FOR HIM THERE. SO THAT'S WHERE GLADIATOR TOOK CANDACE. AND I FOLLOWED.

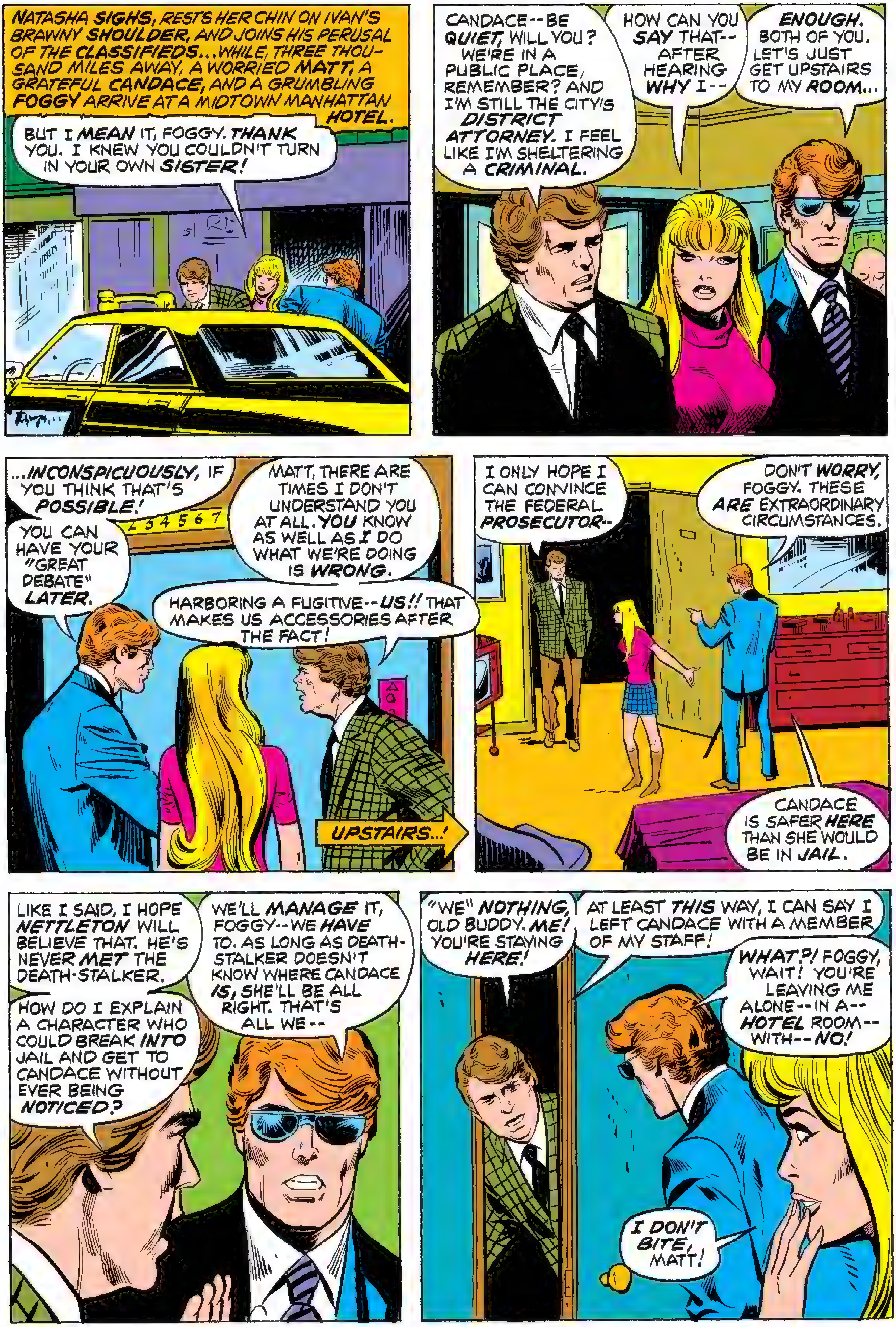

"BUT IT WAS DAREDEVIL WHO, UH, MUST'VE FOLLOWED ME, THAT FINALLY CAUGHT UP WITH CANDACE AND HER FRIENDS... AND HAD TO BATTLE THEM. NOT THAT A BLIND MAN COULD'VE BEEN MUCH HELP, BUT I WISH I'D BEEN AROUND TO CONTRIBUTE SOMETHING!*
*D.D. #114. --R.T.

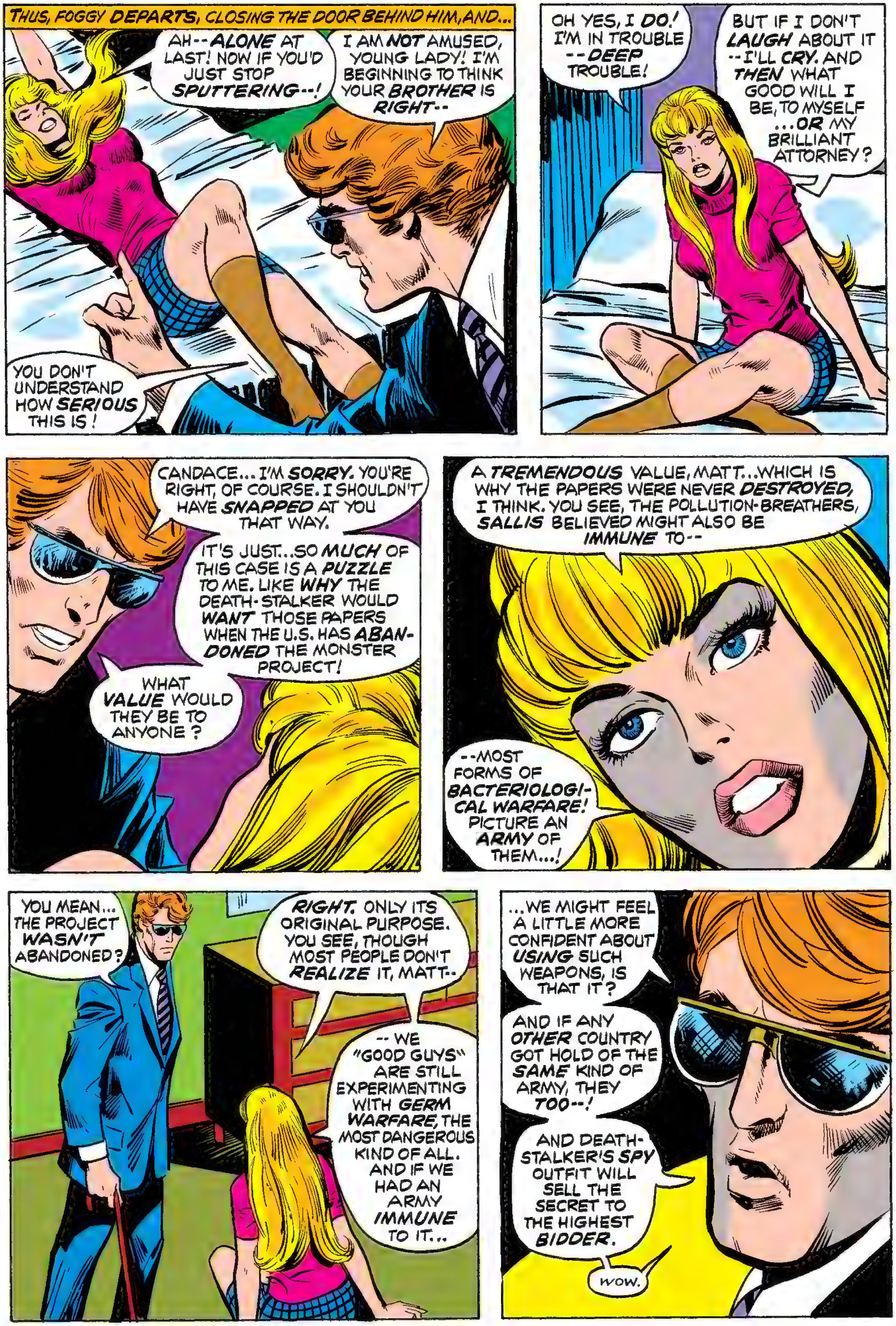

"AT ANY RATE, GLADIATOR LEFT D.D. TO DIE IN A FLAMING SHACK, OUT IN THE SWAMP. BUT HE MANAGED TO ESCAPE, AND WE, UH, MET LATER, IN THE LITTLE TOWN NEARBY.
"HE WAS WITH ME WHEN I PHONED YOU--AND HE CONFIRMED THAT YOU HAD NO IDEA HE WAS IN FLORIDA. SO WHEN YOU MENTIONED D.D. IN THAT PHONE CALL, I KNEW YOU'D BEEN IN TOUCH WITH CANDACE--AND THEREFORE HAD SOMEHOW MET THE DEATH-STALKER.

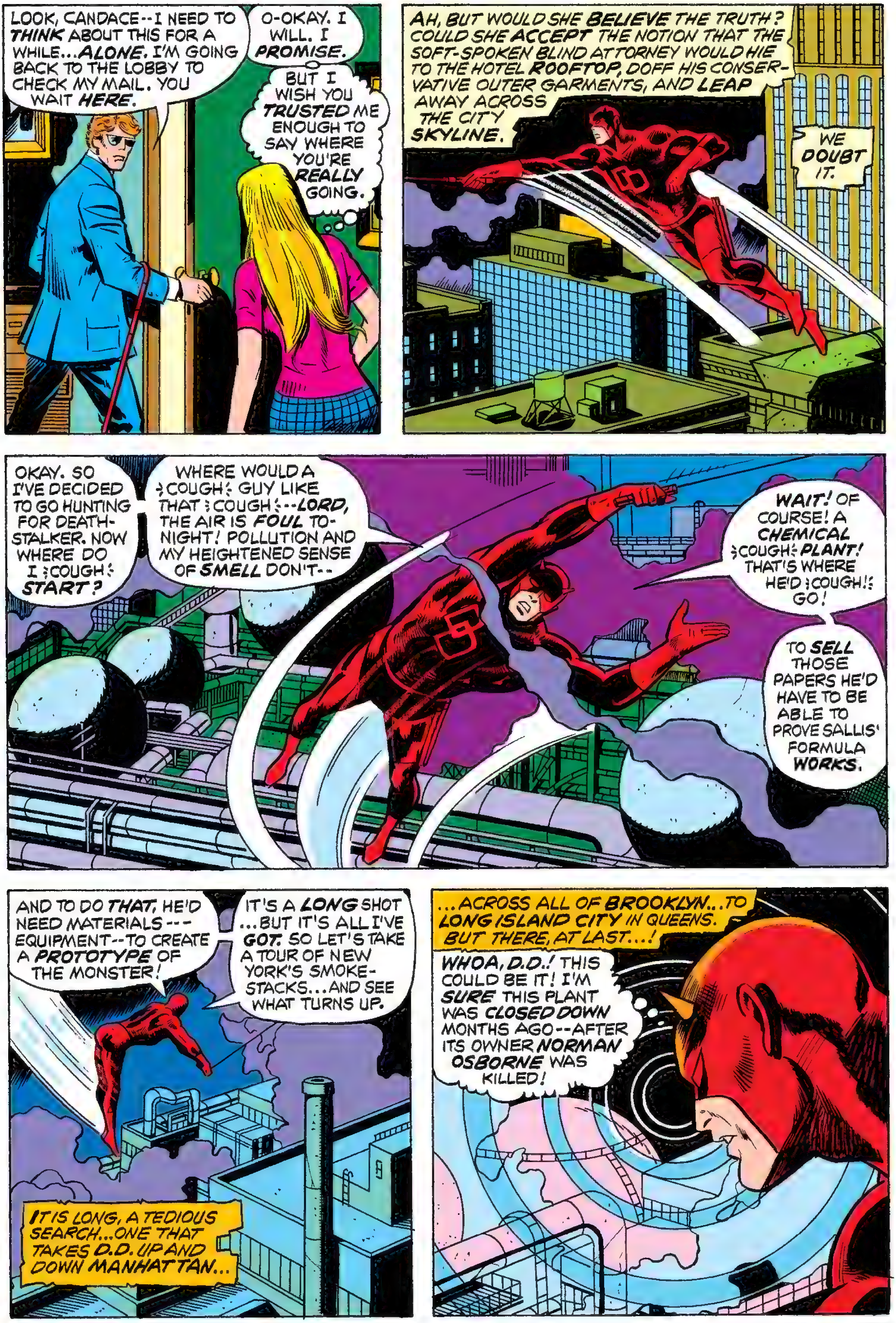

"SO, D.D. AND I CAME BACK EXPECTING TROUBLE----BUT NOTHING LIKE THIS! AS FOR GLADIATOR... HE WAS SUBDUED BY A SWAMP MONSTER THE FLORIDA FOLKS CALL MAN-THING!"

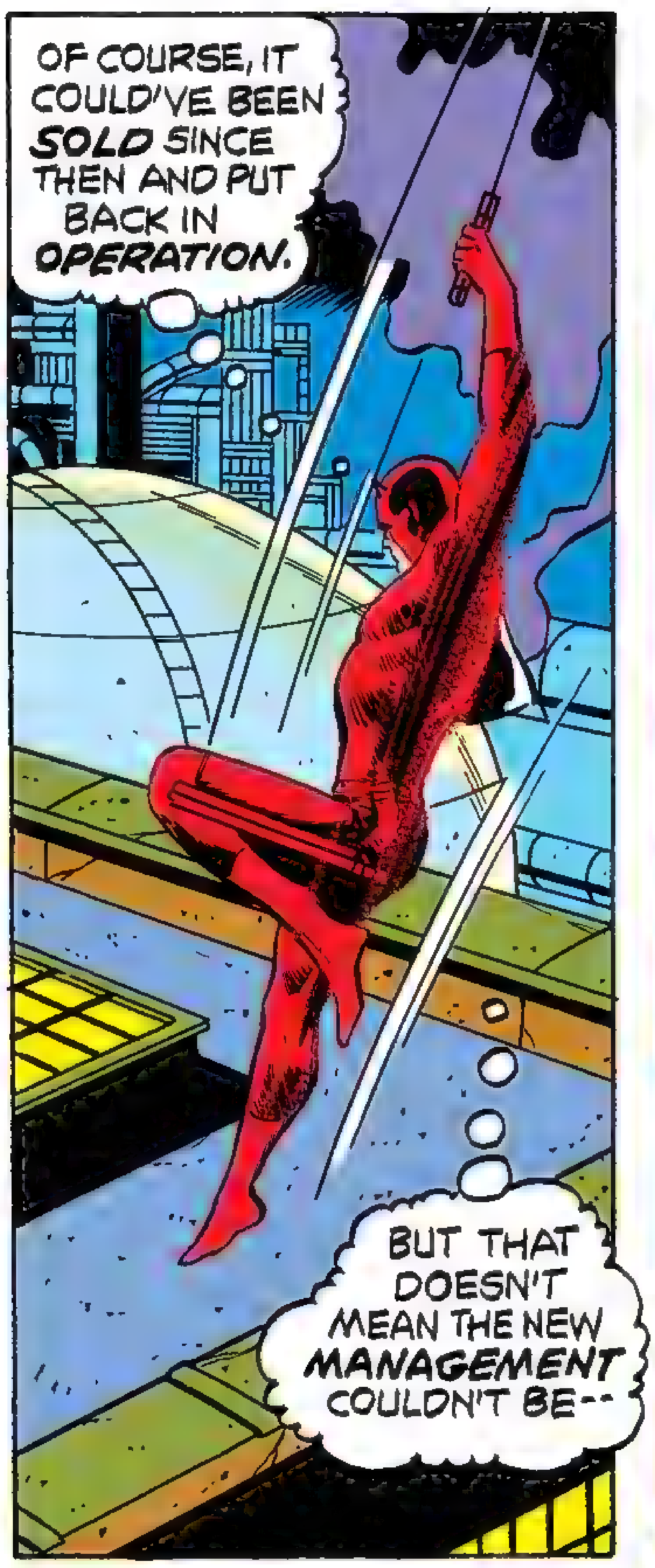

IT'S STILL A JUMBLE TO ME--BUT ONE THING IS CLEAR: CANDACE, MY SISTER, IS A FUGITIVE FROM JUSTICE! AND FOR HER OWN PROTECTION, WE'VE GOT TO--
FOGGY!! YOU WOULDN'T--!

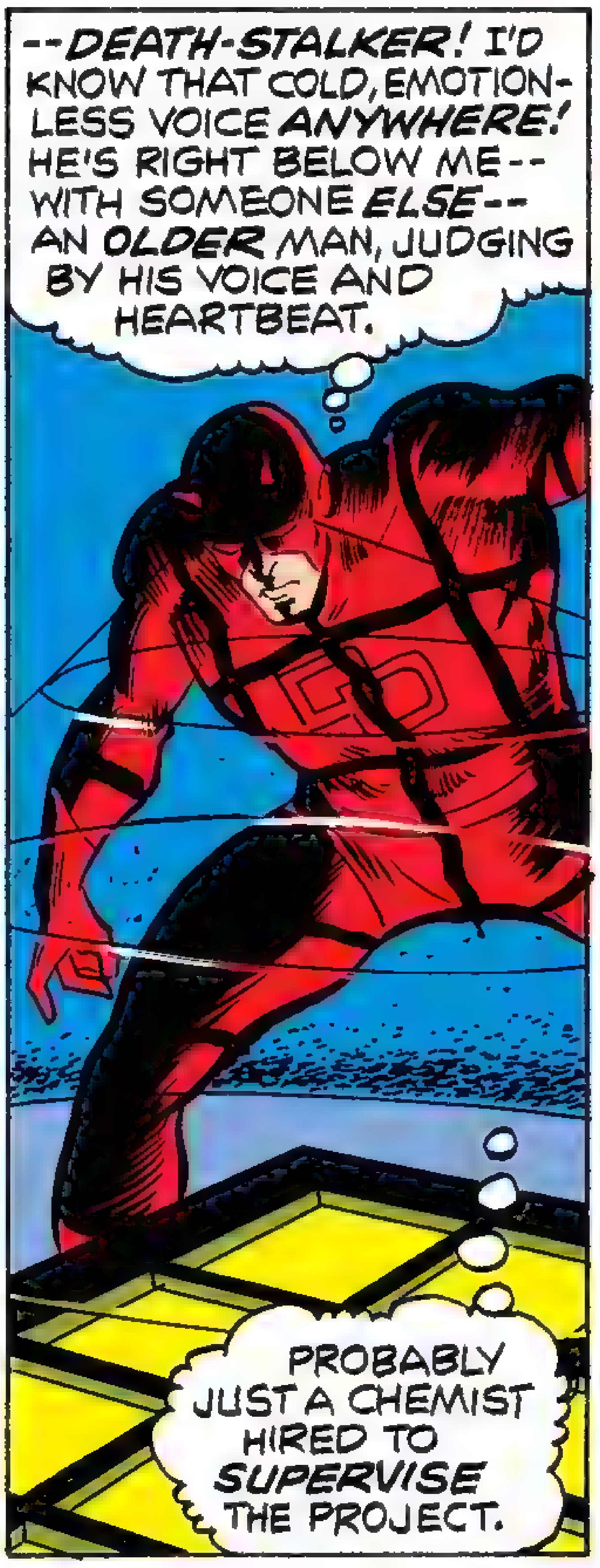

CUT: TO GOLDEN GATE PARK, SAN FRANCISCO, WHERE TWILIGHT IS ONLY BEGINNING TO FALL ON NATASHA ROMANOFF--THE BLACK WIDOW--AND HER CHAUFFEUR-CUM-FATHER FIGURE, IVAN...!
HAVEN'T YOU FOUND ANYTHING YET, IVAN?
NOPE. NUTHIN'.
I WONDER IF MAYBE WE SHOULDN'T TRY GETTING IN TOUCH WITH MATT AGAIN.
HE OUGHT TO BE BACK IN NEW YORK BY NOW, FROM WHAT FOGGY NELSON TOLD ME.*
GOOD FOR HIM! WE GOT MORE IMPORTANT THINGS TO WORRY ABOUT!
I KNOW, IVAN... I KNOW.
*LAST ISSUE.--ROY.
I'M JUST NERVOUS, I SUPPOSE --AND ANGRY.
AND I'M SICK AND TIRED OF RUNNING AROUND IN CIRCLES, GETTING NOWHERE!
I JUST DON'T LIKE BEING HUMILIATED THE WAY WE HAVE BEEN THE PAST FEW DAYS.
YOU DON'T KNOW HOW OFTEN I'VE FELT LIKE JUST GRABBING THE FIRST PERSON WHO WALKED BY--AND SCREAMING AT HIM! IF NOT FOR YOUR PATIENCE WITH ME--!
I DON'T KNOW WHAT I MIGHT'VE DONE WITHOUT YOU, IVAN.
YEAH...SURE, PRINCESS. AND IF THINGS DON'T GET BETTER AWFUL QUICK--
YOU WON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH ME, EITHER!
NOW, FOR CRYIN' OUT LOUD, WILLYA SIT STILL A MINUTE AND HELP ME GO THROUGH THESE ADS?!

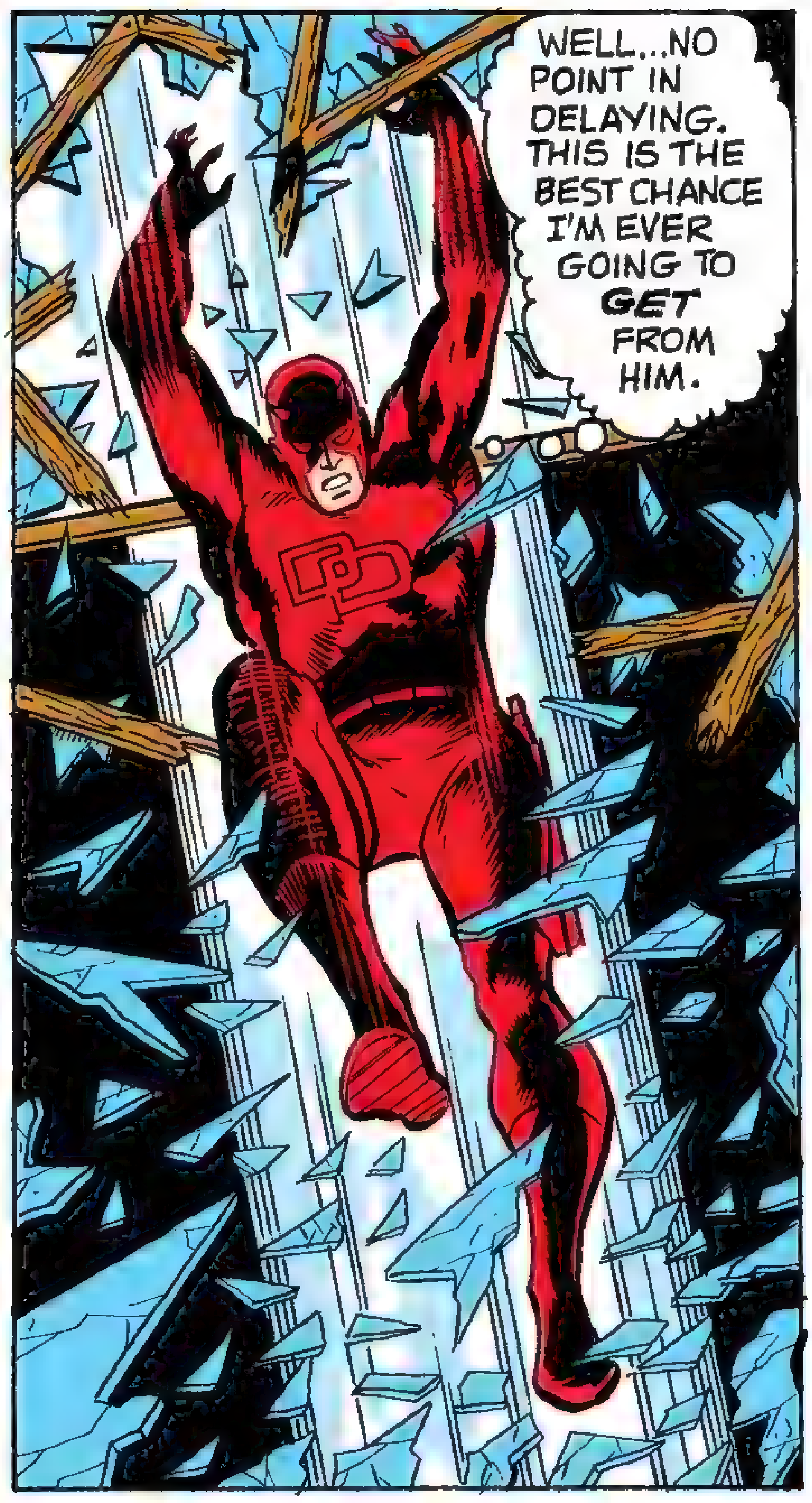

NATASHA SIGHS, RESTS HER CHIN ON IVAN'S BRAWNY SHOULDER, AND JOINS HIS PERUSAL OF THE CLASSIFIEDS... WHILE, THREE THOUSAND MILES AWAY, A WORRIED MATT, A GRATEFUL CANDACE, AND A GRUMBLING FOGGY ARRIVE AT A MIDTOWN MANHATTAN HOTEL.
BUT I MEAN IT, FOGGY. THANK YOU. I KNEW YOU COULDN'T TURN IN YOUR OWN SISTER!
CANDACE--BE QUIET, WILL YOU? WE'RE IN A PUBLIC PLACE, REMEMBER? AND I'M STILL THE CITY'S DISTRICT ATTORNEY. I FEEL LIKE I'M SHELTERING A CRIMINAL.
HOW CAN YOU SAY THAT-- AFTER HEARING WHY I--
ENOUGH. BOTH OF YOU. LET'S JUST GET UPSTAIRS TO MY ROOM...
...INCONSPICUOUSLY, IF YOU THINK THAT'S POSSIBLE!
YOU CAN HAVE YOUR "GREAT DEBATE" LATER.
MATT, THERE ARE TIMES I DON'T UNDERSTAND YOU AT ALL. YOU KNOW AS WELL AS I DO WHAT WE'RE DOING IS WRONG.
HARBORING A FUGITIVE--US!! THAT MAKES US ACCESSORIES AFTER THE FACT!
UPSTAIRS...!
I ONLY HOPE I CAN CONVINCE THE FEDERAL PROSECUTOR--
DON'T WORRY, FOGGY. THESE ARE EXTRAORDINARY CIRCUMSTANCES.
CANDACE IS SAFER HERE THAN SHE WOULD BE IN JAIL.
LIKE I SAID, I HOPE NETTLETON WILL BELIEVE THAT. HE'S NEVER MET THE DEATH-STALKER.
HOW DO I EXPLAIN A CHARACTER WHO COULD BREAK INTO JAIL AND GET TO CANDACE WITHOUT EVER BEING NOTICED?
WE'LL MANAGE IT, FOGGY--WE HAVE TO. AS LONG AS DEATH-STALKER DOESN'T KNOW WHERE CANDACE IS, SHE'LL BE ALL RIGHT. THAT'S ALL WE--
"WE" NOTHING, OLD BUDDY. ME! YOU'RE STAYING HERE!
AT LEAST THIS WAY, I CAN SAY I LEFT CANDACE WITH A MEMBER OF MY STAFF!
WHAT?! FOGGY, WAIT! YOU'RE LEAVING ME ALONE--IN A--HOTEL ROOM--WITH--NO!
I DON'T BITE, MATT!

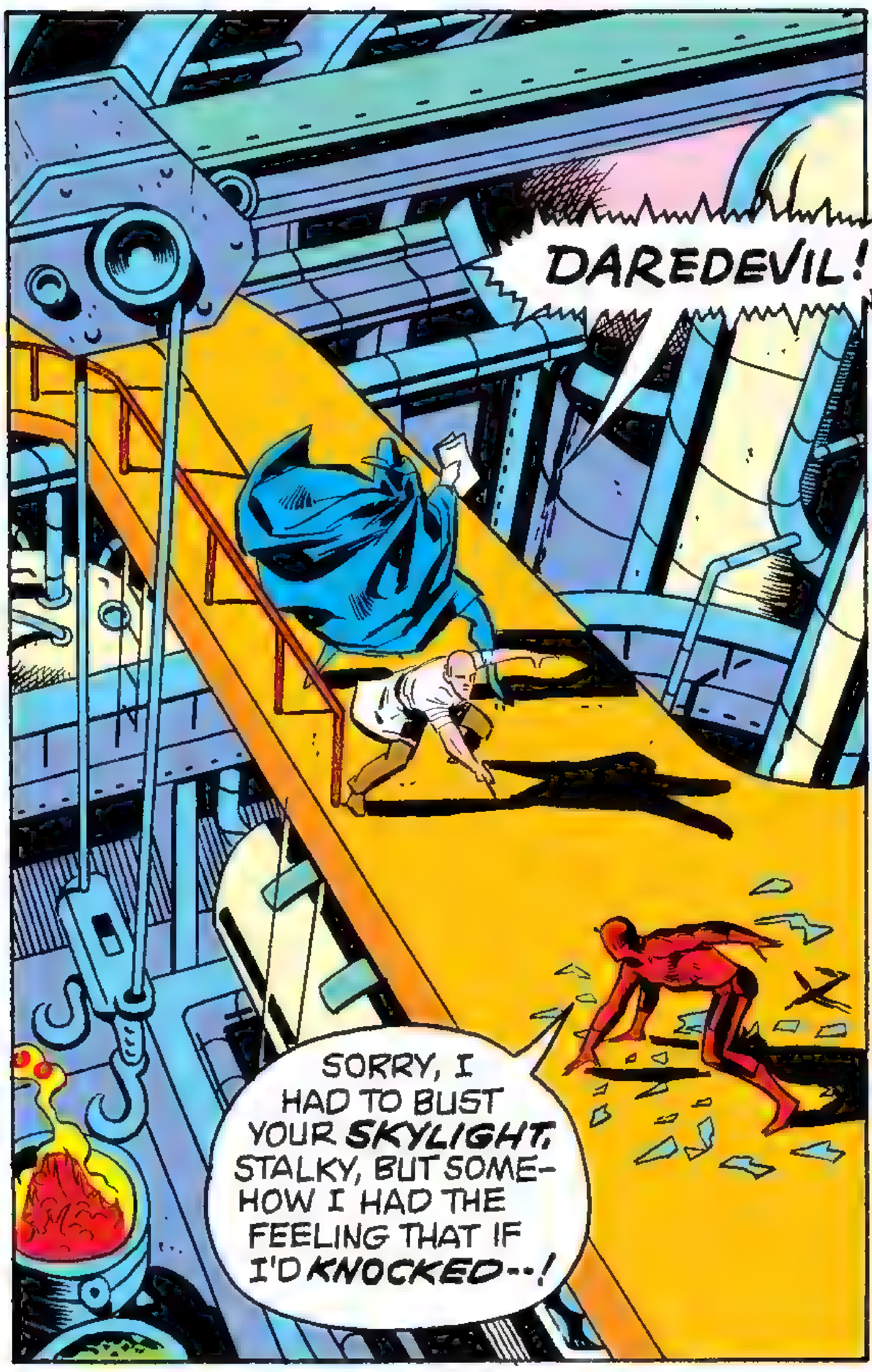

THUS, FOGGY DEPARTS, CLOSING THE DOOR BEHIND HIM, AND...
AH--ALONE AT LAST! NOW IF YOU'D JUST STOP SPUTTERING--!
I AM NOT AMUSED, YOUNG LADY! I'M BEGINNING TO THINK YOUR BROTHER IS RIGHT--
YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND HOW SERIOUS THIS IS!
OH YES, I DO! I'M IN TROUBLE --DEEP TROUBLE!
BUT IF I DON'T LAUGH ABOUT IT --I'LL CRY. AND THEN WHAT GOOD WILL I BE, TO MYSELF ...OR MY BRILLIANT ATTORNEY?
CANDACE... I'M SORRY. YOU'RE RIGHT, OF COURSE. I SHOULDN'T HAVE SNAPPED AT YOU THAT WAY.
IT'S JUST...SO MUCH OF THIS CASE IS A PUZZLE TO ME. LIKE WHY THE DEATH-STALKER WOULD WANT THOSE PAPERS WHEN THE U.S. HAS ABANDONED THE MONSTER PROJECT!
WHAT VALUE WOULD THEY BE TO ANYONE?
A TREMENDOUS VALUE, MATT...WHICH IS WHY THE PAPERS WERE NEVER DESTROYED, I THINK. YOU SEE, THE POLLUTION-BREATHERS, SALLIS BELIEVED MIGHT ALSO BE IMMUNE TO--
--MOST FORMS OF BACTERIOLOGICAL WARFARE! PICTURE AN ARMY OF THEM...!
YOU MEAN... THE PROJECT WASN'T ABANDONED?
RIGHT. ONLY ITS ORIGINAL PURPOSE. YOU SEE, THOUGH MOST PEOPLE DON'T REALIZE IT, MATT..
-- WE "GOOD GUYS" ARE STILL EXPERIMENTING WITH GERM WARFARE, THE MOST DANGEROUS KIND OF ALL. AND IF WE HAD AN ARMY IMMUNE TO IT...
...WE MIGHT FEEL A LITTLE MORE CONFIDENT ABOUT USING SUCH WEAPONS, IS THAT IT?
AND IF ANY OTHER COUNTRY GOT HOLD OF THE SAME KIND OF ARMY, THEY TOO--!
AND DEATH-STALKER'S SPY OUTFIT WILL SELL THE SECRET TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER.
WOW.

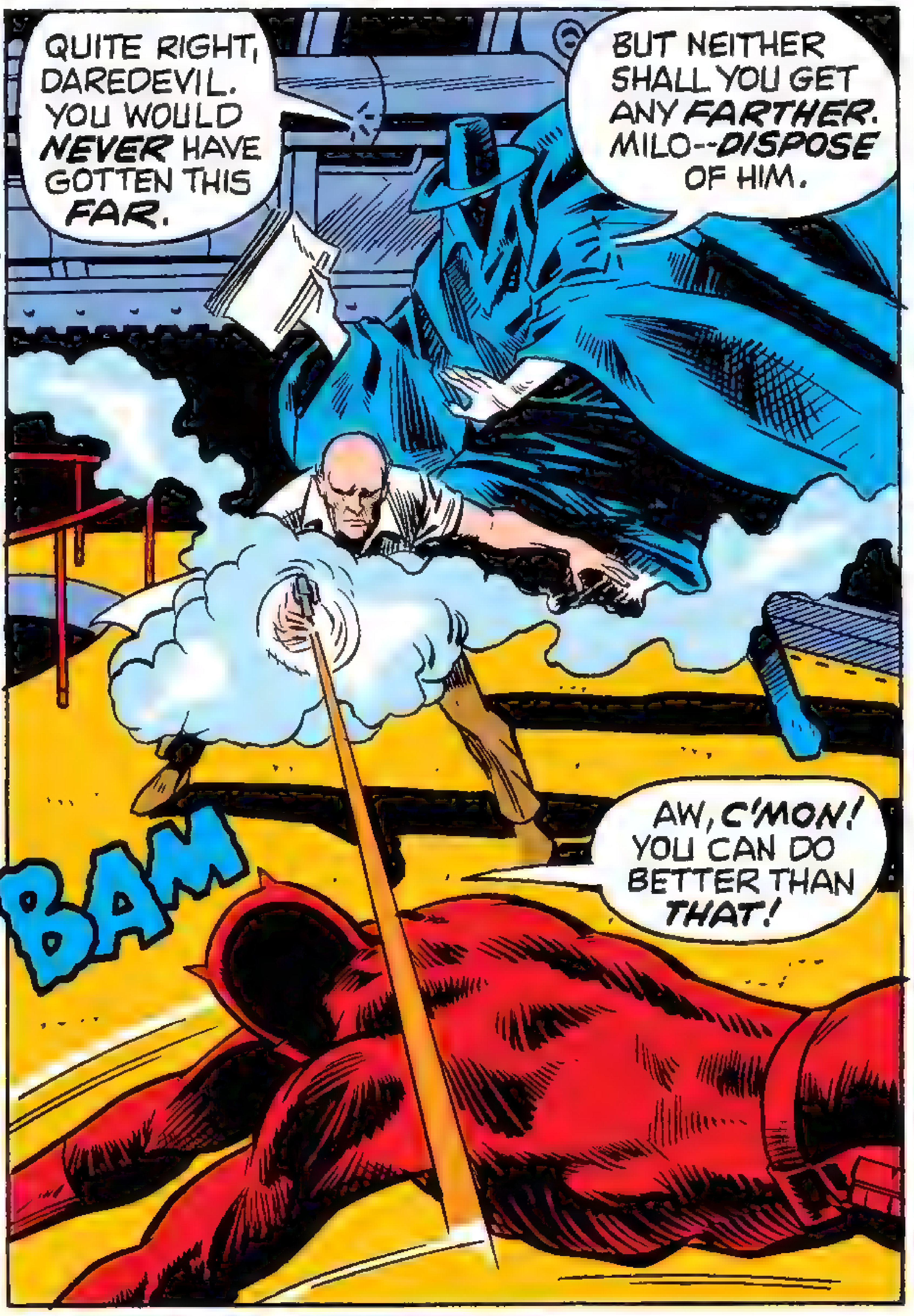

LOOK, CANDACE--I NEED TO **THINK** ABOUT THIS FOR A WHILE...**ALONE.** I'M GOING BACK TO THE LOBBY TO CHECK MY MAIL. YOU WAIT **HERE.**
O-OKAY. I WILL. I **PROMISE.**
BUT I WISH YOU **TRUSTED** ME ENOUGH TO SAY WHERE YOU'RE **REALLY** GOING.
AH, BUT WOULD SHE **BELIEVE** THE TRUTH? COULD SHE **ACCEPT** THE NOTION THAT THE SOFT-SPOKEN BLIND ATTORNEY WOULD HIE TO THE HOTEL **ROOFTOP,** DOFF HIS CONSERVATIVE OUTER GARMENTS, AND **LEAP** AWAY ACROSS THE CITY **SKYLINE.**
WE **DOUBT** IT.
OKAY. SO I'VE DECIDED TO GO HUNTING FOR DEATH-STALKER. NOW WHERE DO I ⸗COUGH⸗ **START?**
WHERE WOULD A ⸗COUGH⸗ GUY LIKE THAT ⸗COUGH⸗--**LORD,** THE AIR IS **FOUL** TONIGHT! POLLUTION AND MY HEIGHTENED SENSE OF **SMELL** DON'T--
WAIT! OF COURSE! A **CHEMICAL** ⸗COUGH⸗ **PLANT!** THAT'S WHERE HE'D ⸗COUGH!⸗ GO!
TO **SELL** THOSE PAPERS HE'D HAVE TO BE ABLE TO PROVE SALLIS' FORMULA **WORKS.**
AND TO DO **THAT,** HE'D NEED MATERIALS---EQUIPMENT--TO CREATE A **PROTOTYPE** OF THE MONSTER!
IT'S A **LONG** SHOT...BUT IT'S ALL I'VE **GOT.** SO LET'S TAKE A TOUR OF NEW YORK'S SMOKE-STACKS...AND SEE WHAT TURNS UP.
IT IS LONG, A TEDIOUS SEARCH...ONE THAT TAKES **D.D.** UP AND DOWN **MANHATTAN...**
...ACROSS ALL OF **BROOKLYN...**TO **LONG ISLAND CITY** IN QUEENS. BUT THERE, AT LAST...!
WHOA, D.D.! THIS COULD BE IT! I'M **SURE** THIS PLANT WAS **CLOSED DOWN** MONTHS AGO--AFTER ITS OWNER **NORMAN OSBORNE** WAS KILLED!

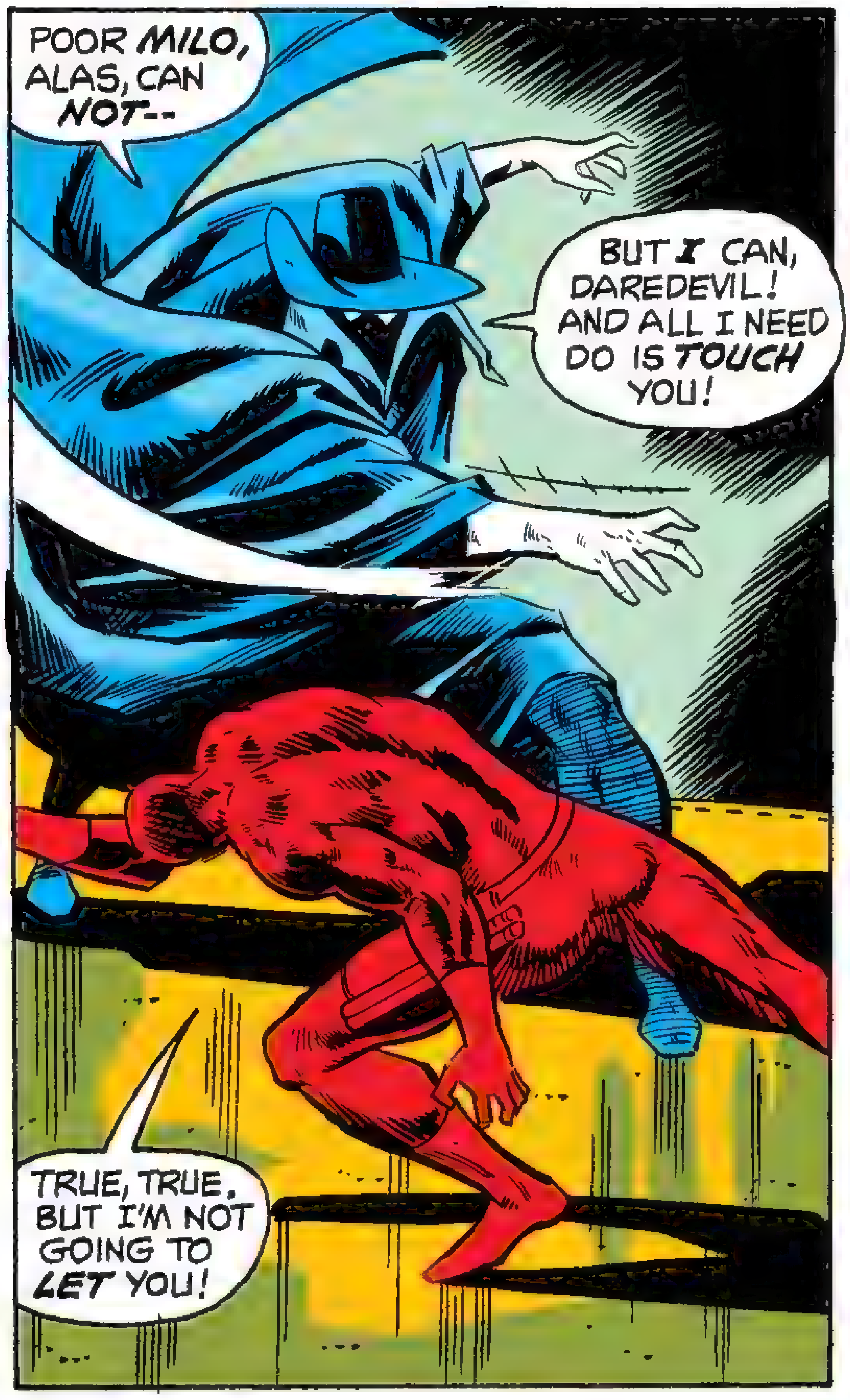

OF COURSE, IT COULD'VE BEEN **SOLD** SINCE THEN AND PUT BACK IN **OPERATION.**
BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN THE NEW **MANAGEMENT** COULDN'T BE--

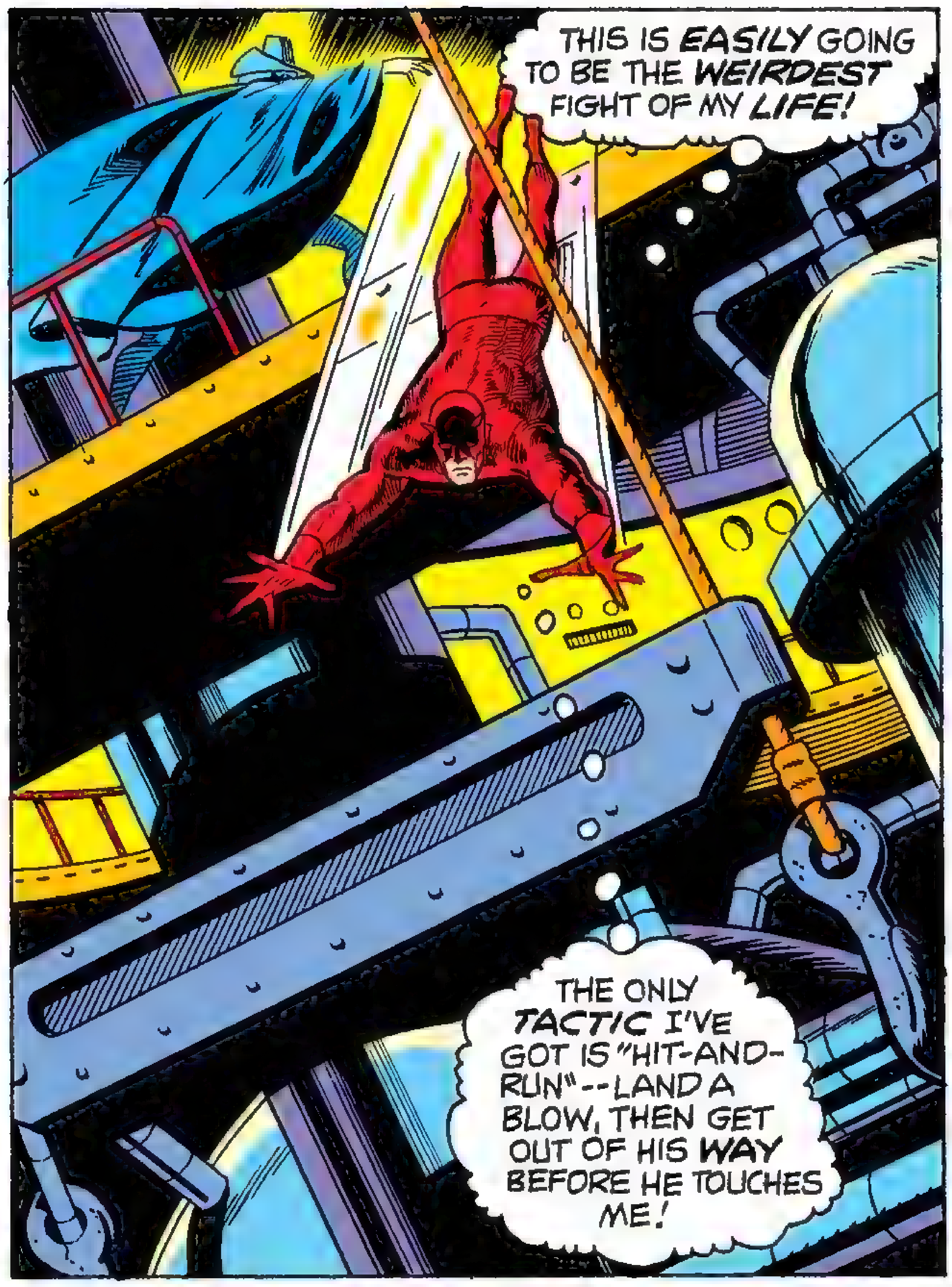

--**DEATH-STALKER!** I'D KNOW THAT COLD, EMOTIONLESS VOICE **ANYWHERE!** HE'S RIGHT BELOW ME--WITH SOMEONE **ELSE**--AN **OLDER** MAN, JUDGING BY HIS VOICE AND HEARTBEAT.
PROBABLY JUST A CHEMIST HIRED TO **SUPERVISE** THE PROJECT.

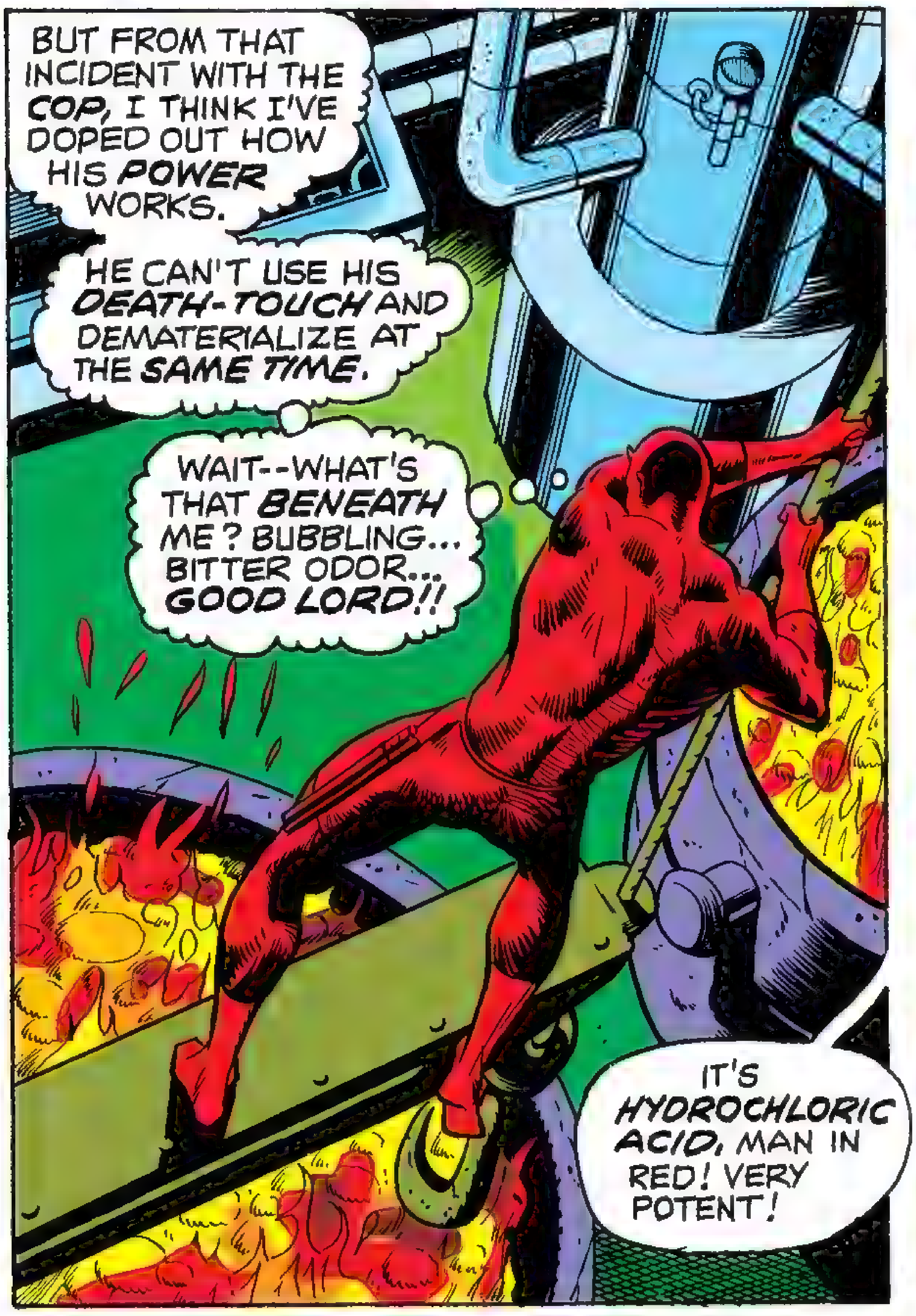

WELL...NO POINT IN DELAYING. THIS IS THE BEST CHANCE I'M EVER GOING TO **GET** FROM HIM.

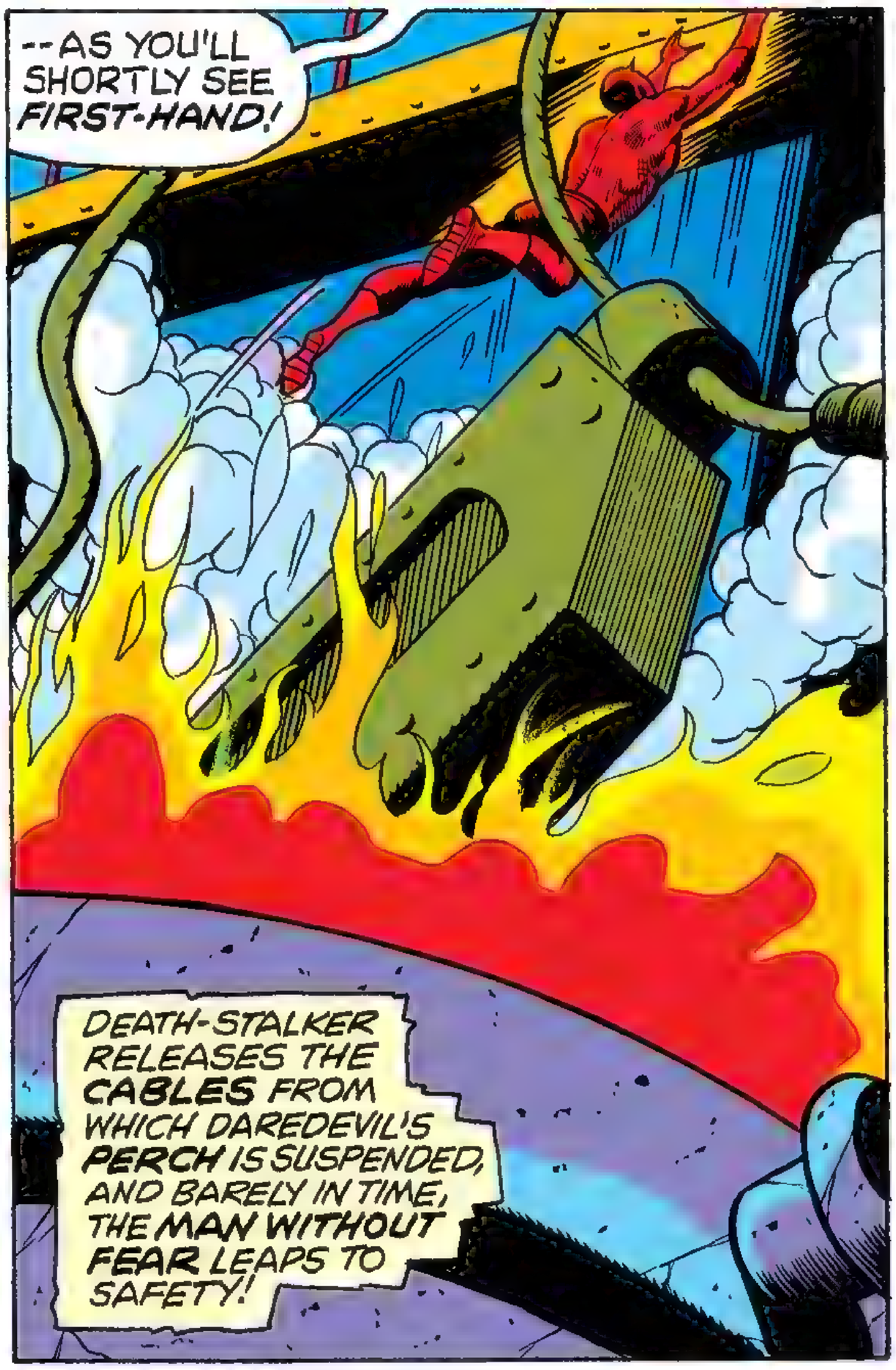

DAREDEVIL!
SORRY, I HAD TO BUST YOUR **SKYLIGHT,** STALKY, BUT SOMEHOW I HAD THE FEELING THAT IF I'D **KNOCKED**--!

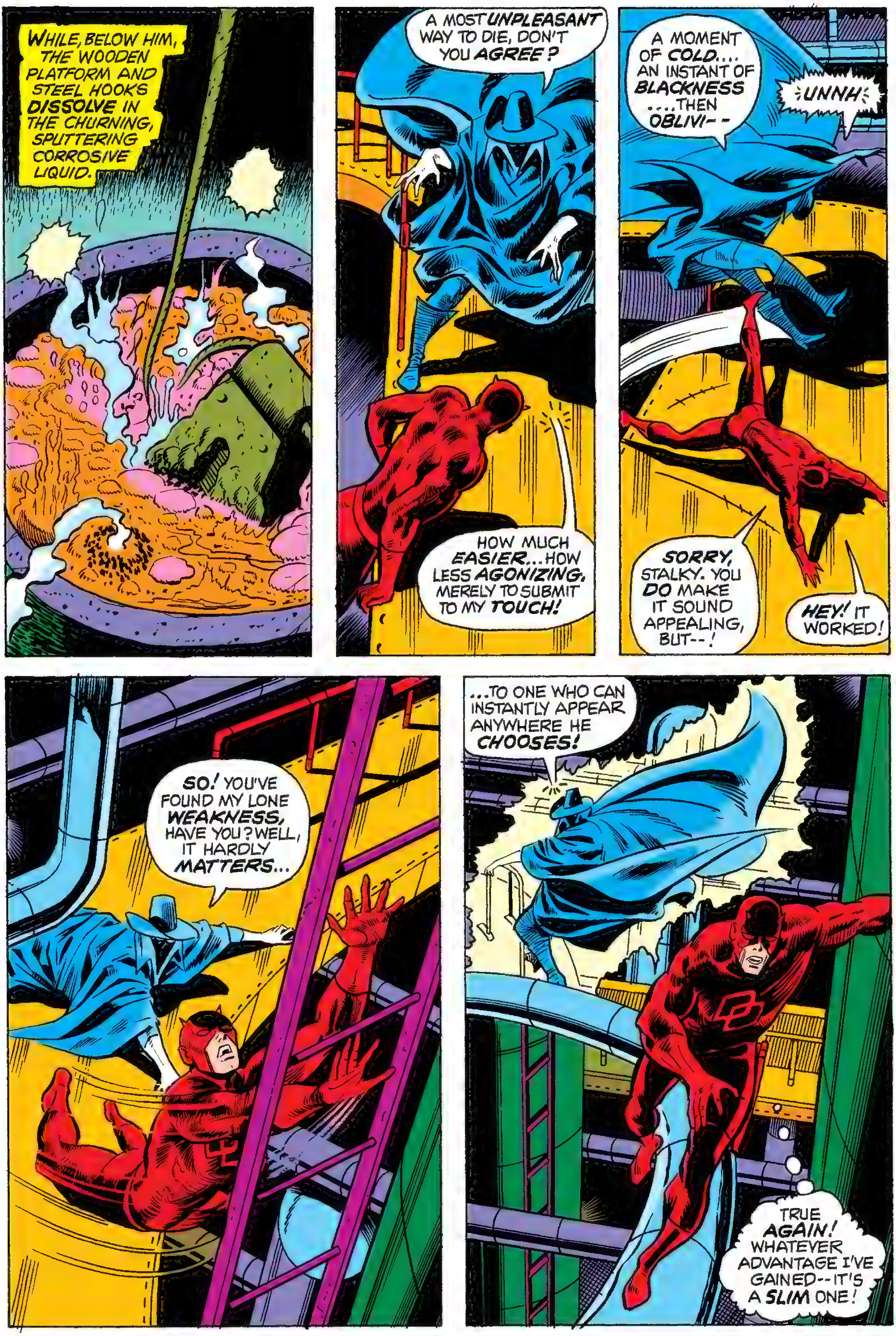

QUITE RIGHT, DAREDEVIL. YOU WOULD **NEVER** HAVE GOTTEN THIS **FAR.**
BUT NEITHER SHALL YOU GET ANY **FARTHER.** MILO--**DISPOSE** OF HIM.
BAM
AW, **C'MON!** YOU CAN DO BETTER THAN **THAT!**

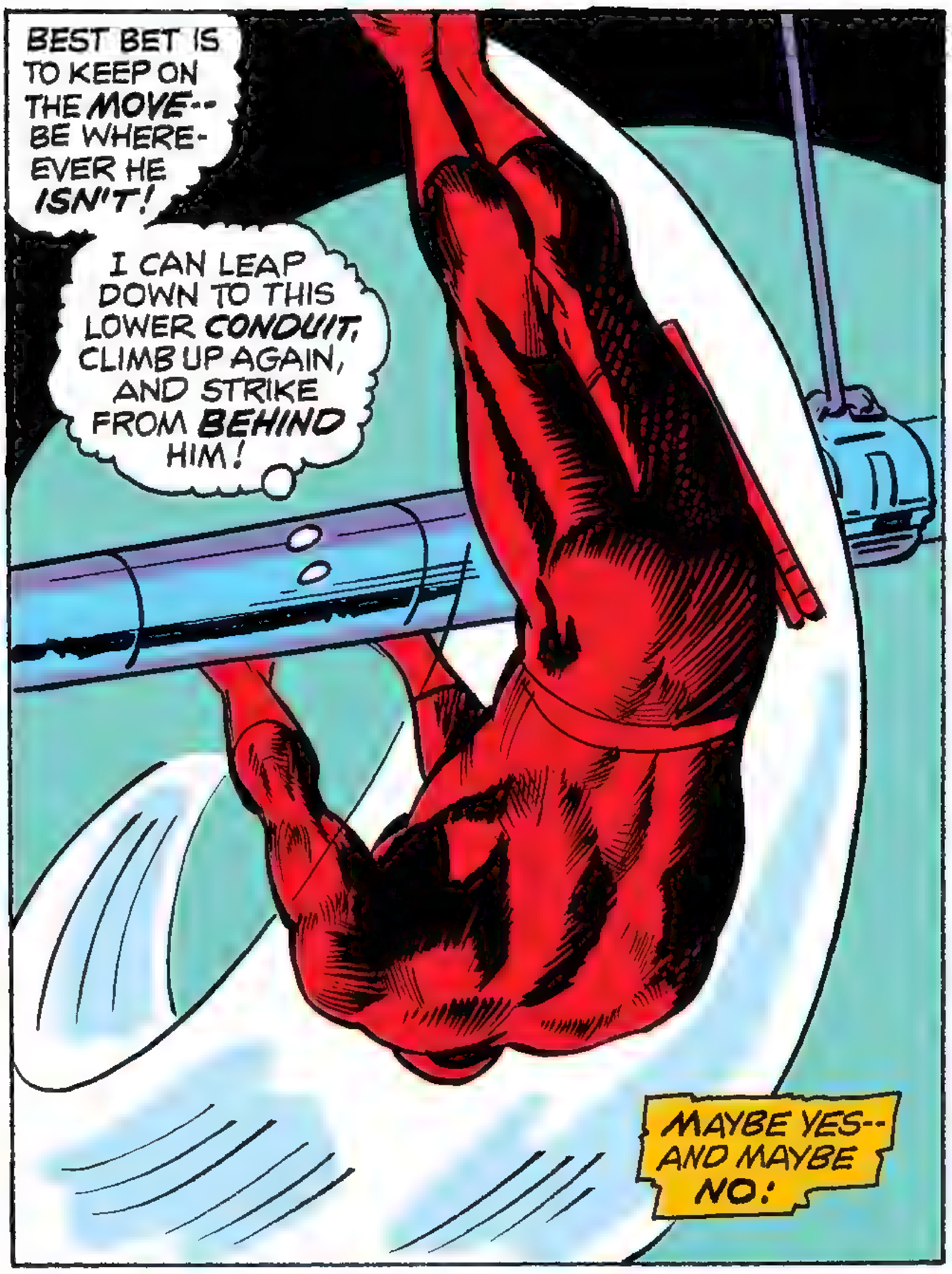

POOR *MILO*, ALAS, CAN *NOT*--
BUT *I* CAN, DAREDEVIL! AND ALL I NEED DO IS *TOUCH* YOU!
TRUE, TRUE, BUT I'M NOT GOING TO *LET* YOU!

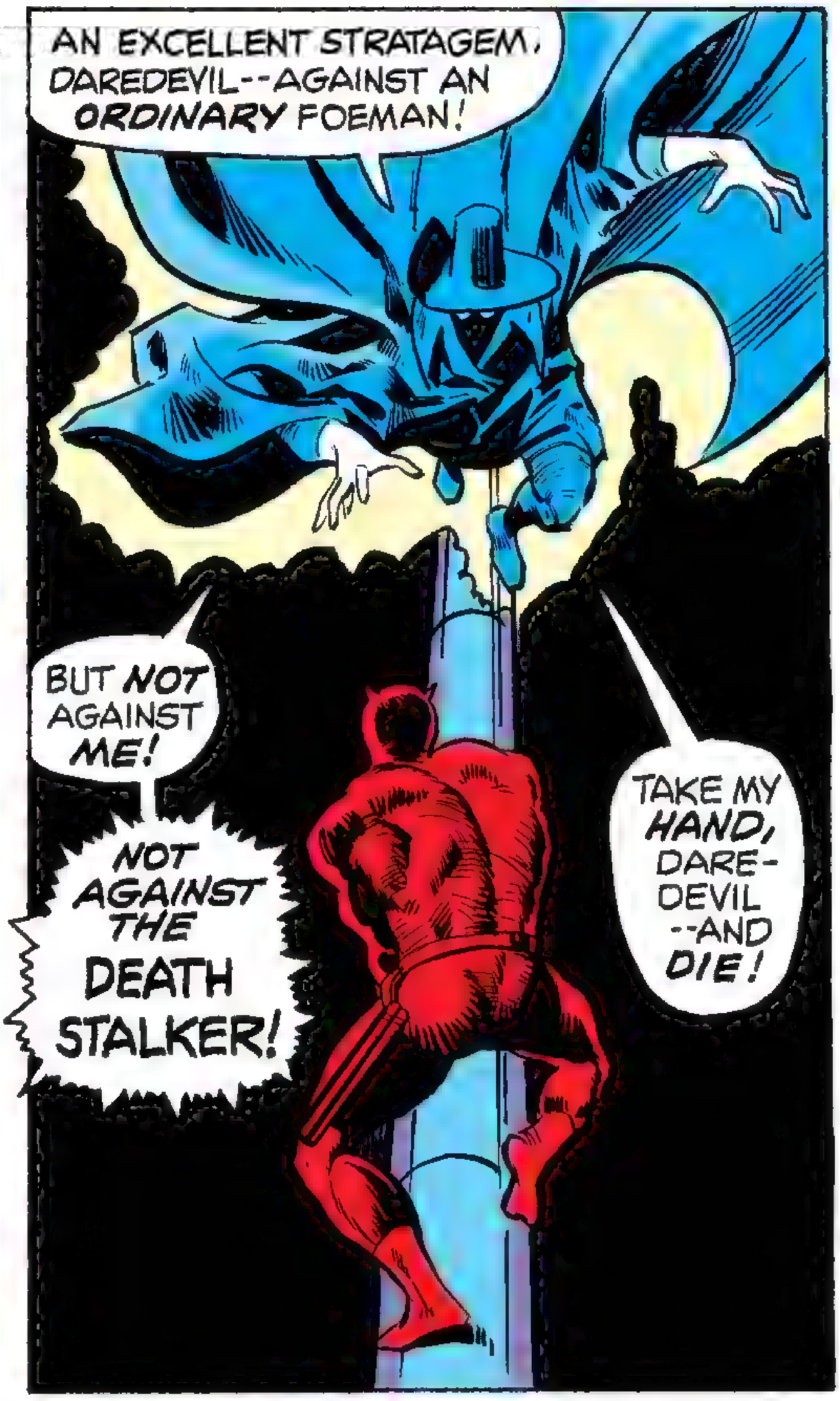

THIS IS *EASILY* GOING TO BE THE *WEIRDEST* FIGHT OF MY *LIFE*!
THE ONLY *TACTIC* I'VE GOT IS "HIT-AND-RUN"--LAND A BLOW, THEN GET OUT OF HIS *WAY* BEFORE HE TOUCHES ME!

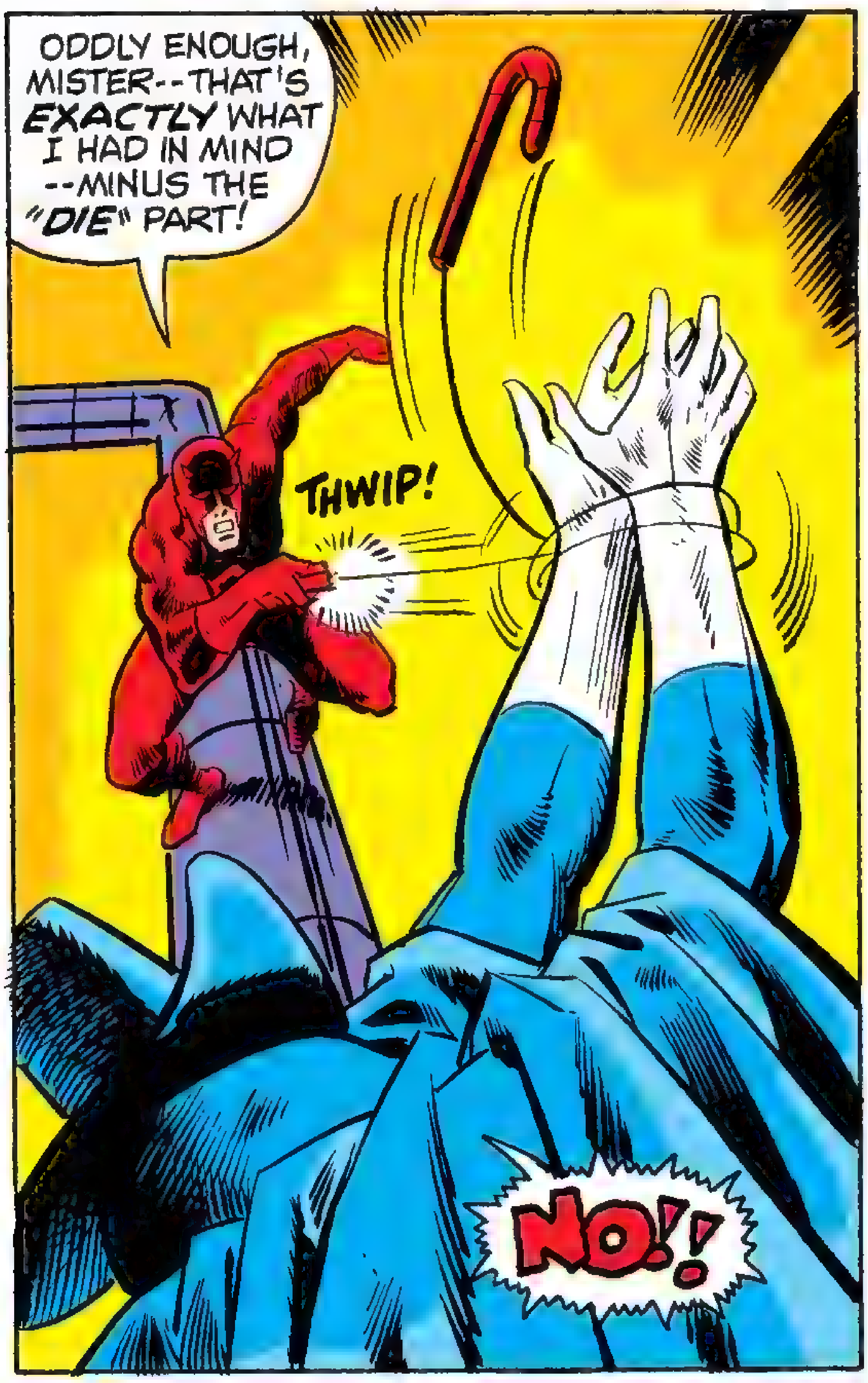

BUT FROM THAT INCIDENT WITH THE *COP*, I THINK I'VE DOPED OUT HOW HIS *POWER* WORKS.
HE CAN'T USE HIS *DEATH-TOUCH* AND DEMATERIALIZE AT THE *SAME TIME*.
WAIT--WHAT'S THAT *BENEATH* ME? BUBBLING... BITTER ODOR... *GOOD LORD*!!
IT'S *HYDROCHLORIC ACID*, MAN IN RED! VERY POTENT!

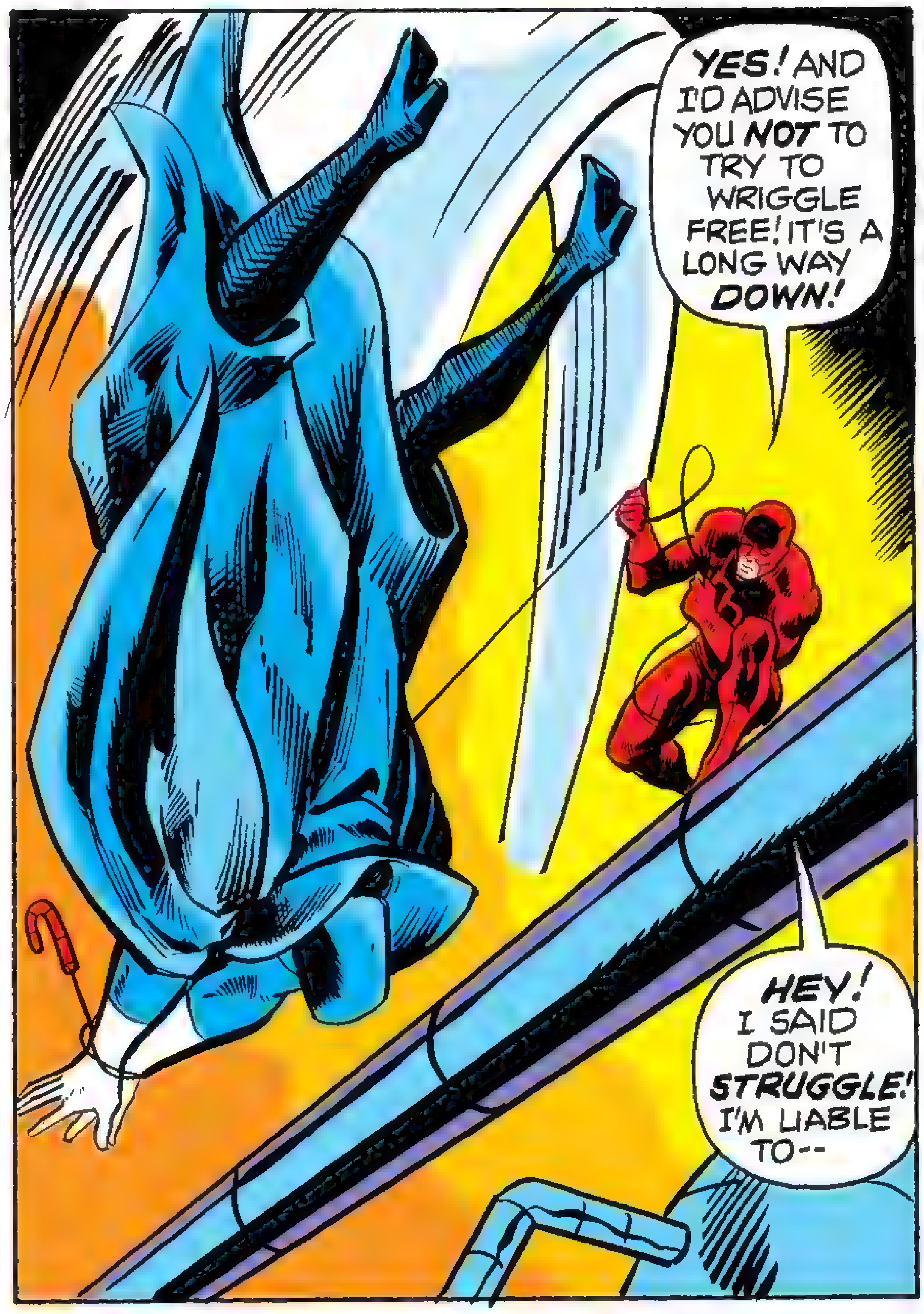

--AS YOU'LL SHORTLY SEE *FIRST-HAND*!
DEATH-STALKER RELEASES THE ***CABLES*** *FROM WHICH DAREDEVIL'S* ***PERCH*** *IS SUSPENDED, AND BARELY IN TIME, THE* ***MAN WITHOUT FEAR*** *LEAPS TO SAFETY!*

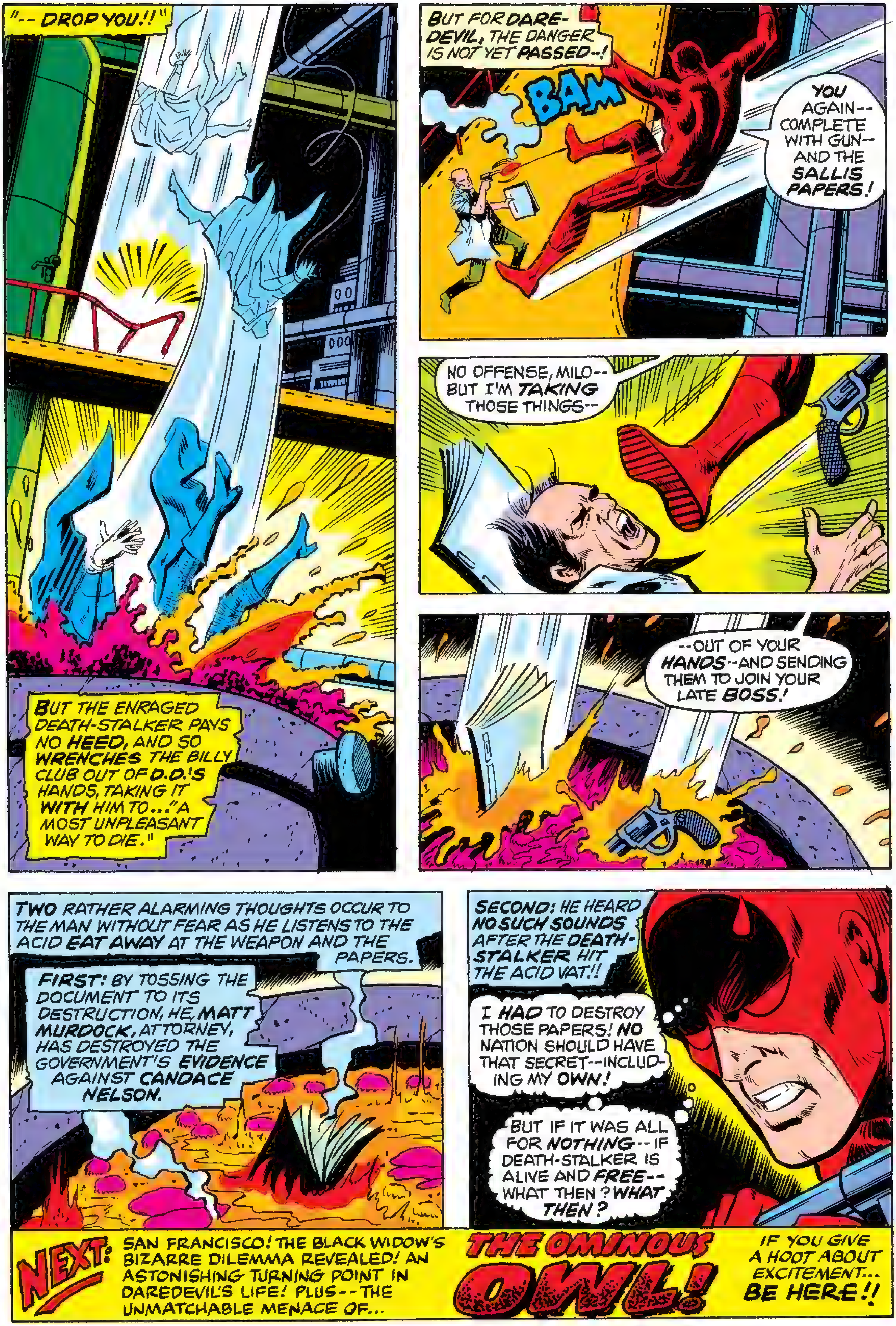

WHILE, BELOW HIM, THE WOODEN PLATFORM AND STEEL HOOKS DISSOLVE IN THE CHURNING, SPUTTERING CORROSIVE LIQUID.
A MOST UNPLEASANT WAY TO DIE, DON'T YOU AGREE?
HOW MUCH EASIER...HOW LESS AGONIZING, MERELY TO SUBMIT TO MY TOUCH!
A MOMENT OF COLD.... AN INSTANT OF BLACKNESS ....THEN OBLIVI--
UNNH
SORRY, STALKY. YOU DO MAKE IT SOUND APPEALING, BUT--!
HEY! IT WORKED!
SO! YOU'VE FOUND MY LONE WEAKNESS, HAVE YOU? WELL, IT HARDLY MATTERS...
...TO ONE WHO CAN INSTANTLY APPEAR ANYWHERE HE CHOOSES!
TRUE AGAIN! WHATEVER ADVANTAGE I'VE GAINED--IT'S A SLIM ONE!


BEST BET IS TO KEEP ON THE *MOVE*-- BE WHEREEVER HE *ISN'T!*
I CAN LEAP DOWN TO THIS LOWER *CONDUIT*, CLIMB UP AGAIN, AND STRIKE FROM *BEHIND* HIM!
MAYBE YES-- AND MAYBE *NO:*


AN EXCELLENT STRATAGEM, DAREDEVIL--AGAINST AN *ORDINARY* FOEMAN!
BUT *NOT* AGAINST *ME!*
NOT AGAINST THE DEATH STALKER!
TAKE MY *HAND,* DAREDEVIL --AND *DIE!*


ODDLY ENOUGH, MISTER--THAT'S *EXACTLY* WHAT I HAD IN MIND --MINUS THE "*DIE*" PART!
THWIP!
NO!!

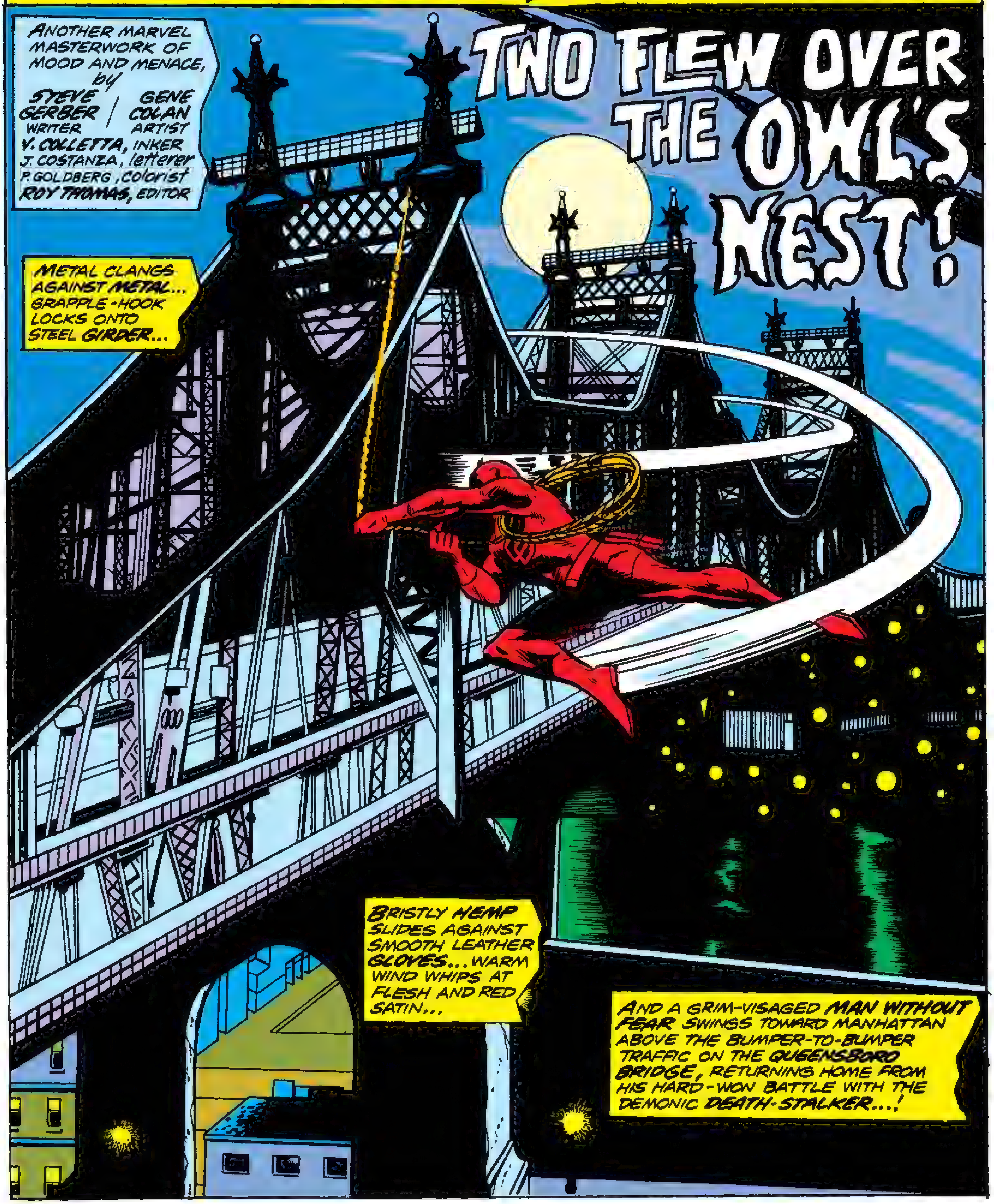

YES! AND I'D ADVISE YOU *NOT* TO TRY TO WRIGGLE FREE! IT'S A LONG WAY *DOWN!*
HEY! I SAID DON'T *STRUGGLE!* I'M LIABLE TO--

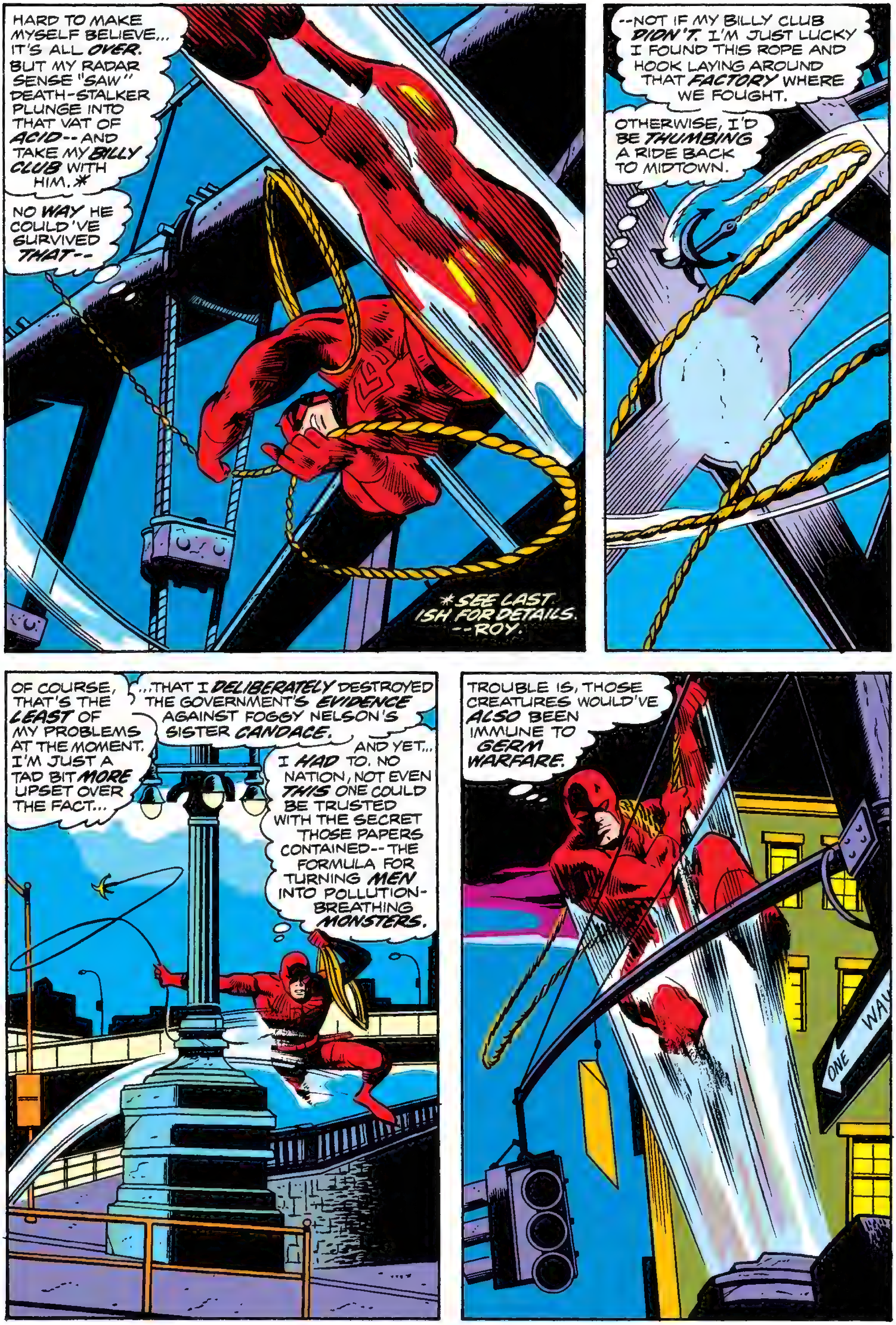

"-- DROP YOU!!"
BUT THE ENRAGED DEATH-STALKER PAYS NO HEED, AND SO WRENCHES THE BILLY CLUB OUT OF D.D.'S HANDS, TAKING IT WITH HIM TO..."A MOST UNPLEASANT WAY TO DIE."
BUT FOR DAREDEVIL, THE DANGER IS NOT YET PASSED--!
BAM
YOU AGAIN-- COMPLETE WITH GUN-- AND THE SALLIS PAPERS!
NO OFFENSE, MILO-- BUT I'M TAKING THOSE THINGS--
--OUT OF YOUR HANDS--AND SENDING THEM TO JOIN YOUR LATE BOSS!
TWO RATHER ALARMING THOUGHTS OCCUR TO THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR AS HE LISTENS TO THE ACID EAT AWAY AT THE WEAPON AND THE PAPERS.
FIRST: BY TOSSING THE DOCUMENT TO ITS DESTRUCTION, HE, MATT MURDOCK, ATTORNEY, HAS DESTROYED THE GOVERNMENT'S EVIDENCE AGAINST CANDACE NELSON.
SECOND: HE HEARD NO SUCH SOUNDS AFTER THE DEATH-STALKER HIT THE ACID VAT!!
I HAD TO DESTROY THOSE PAPERS! NO NATION SHOULD HAVE THAT SECRET--INCLUDING MY OWN!
BUT IF IT WAS ALL FOR NOTHING-- IF DEATH-STALKER IS ALIVE AND FREE-- WHAT THEN ? WHAT THEN ?
NEXT:
SAN FRANCISCO! THE BLACK WIDOW'S BIZARRE DILEMMA REVEALED! AN ASTONISHING TURNING POINT IN DAREDEVIL'S LIFE! PLUS--THE UNMATCHABLE MENACE OF...
THE OMINOUS OWL!
IF YOU GIVE A HOOT ABOUT EXCITEMENT... BE HERE!!

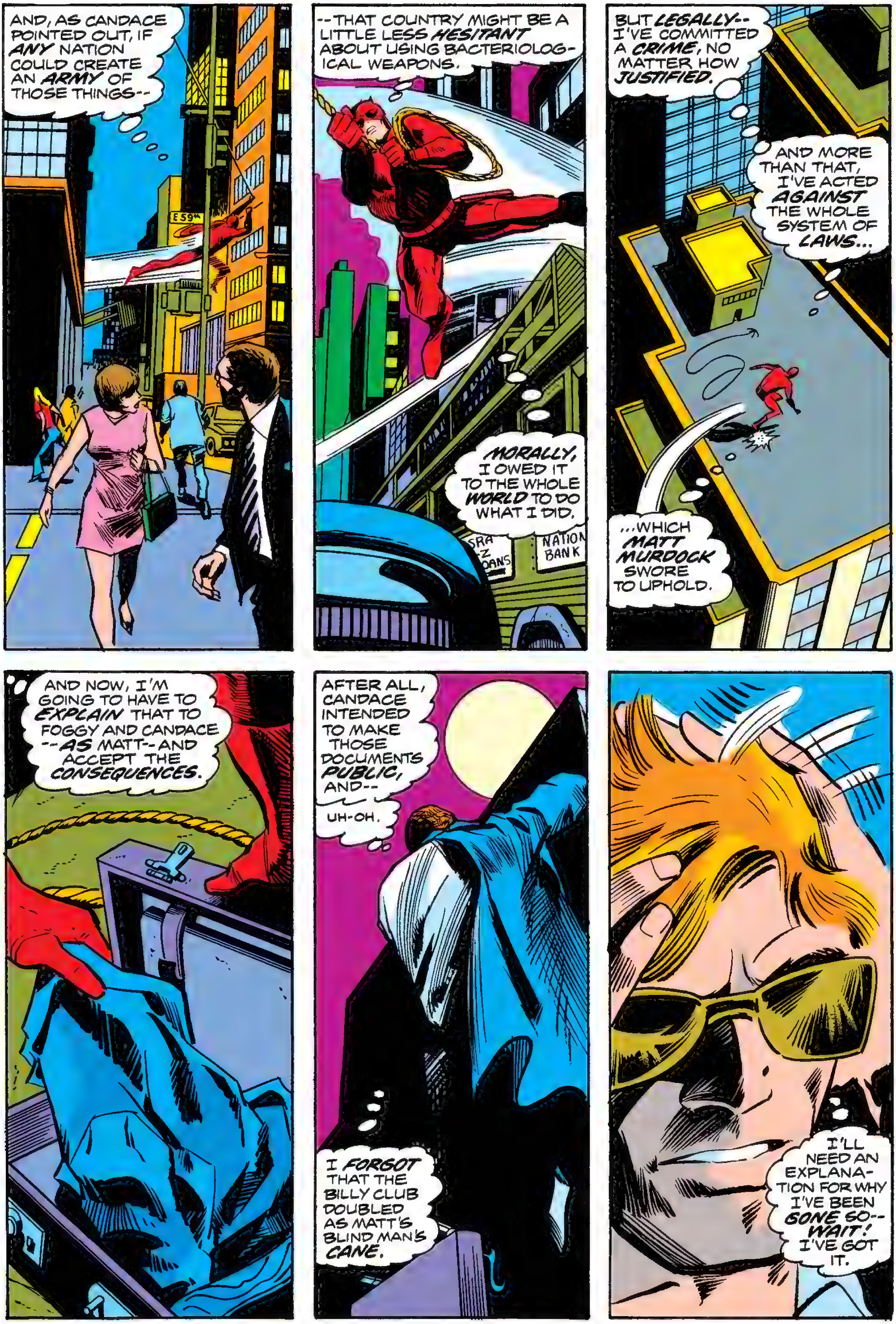
DAREDEVIL
MARVEL COMICS GROUP™
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
25¢
116 DEC 02459
DAREDEVIL
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!
™
™
CO-STARRING The DEADLY BLACK WIDOW!
TWO FLEW OVER THE OWL'S NEST..
--BUT ONLY ONE SHALL SURVIVE!
ONE OF DD's GREATEST GRIMMEST SUPER-FOES RETURNS--TO WREAK HIS REVENGE!

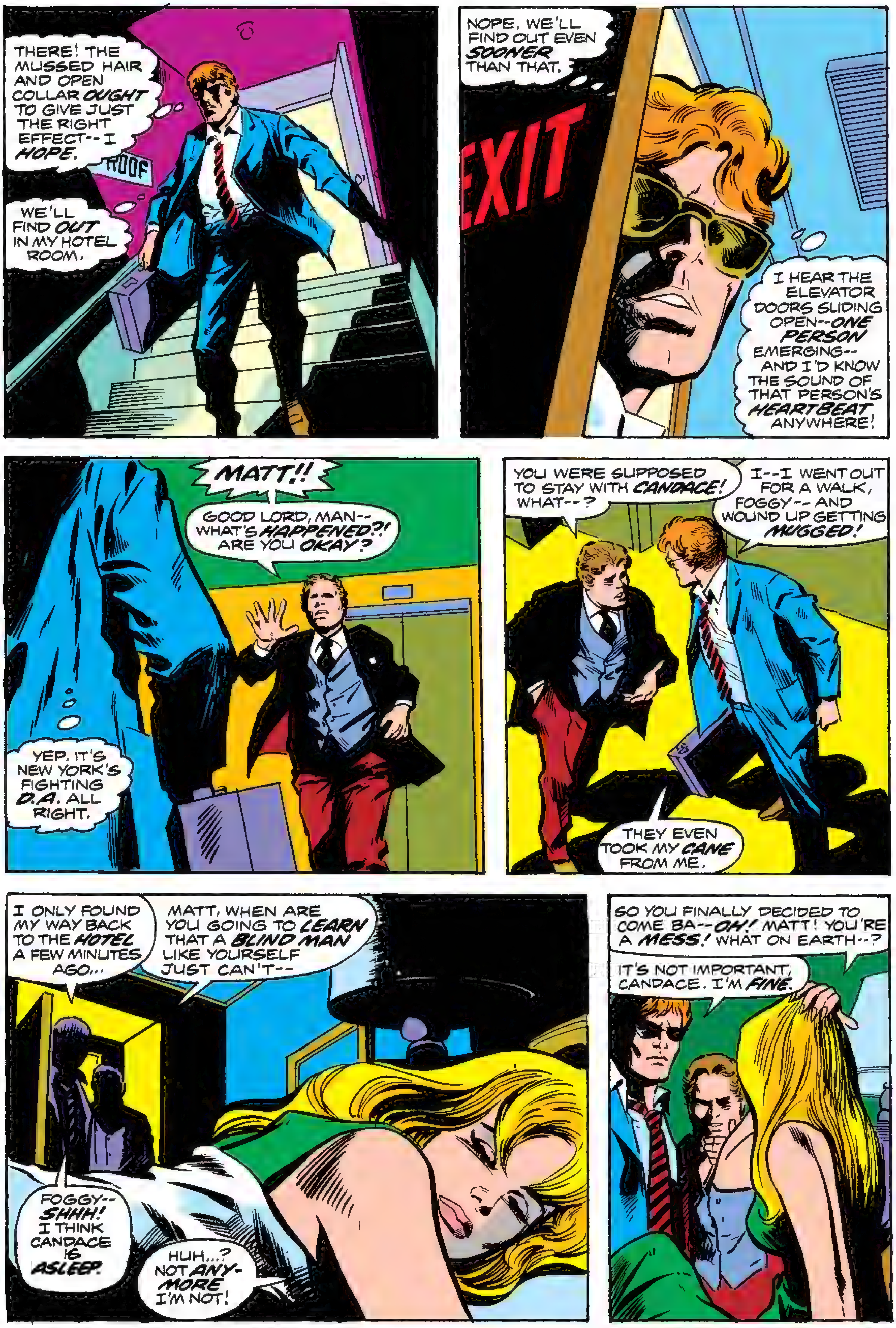
He dwells in eternal night— but the blackness is filled with sounds and scents, tastes and textures other men cannot perceive. For though attorney MATT MURDOCK is *blind,* his other four senses function with *superhuman sharpness*—his uncanny *radar sense* guides him over every obstacle! Armed only with his *billy club,* his fighting skill, and his courage, he stalks the streets by night, a relentless red-garbed foe of evil!

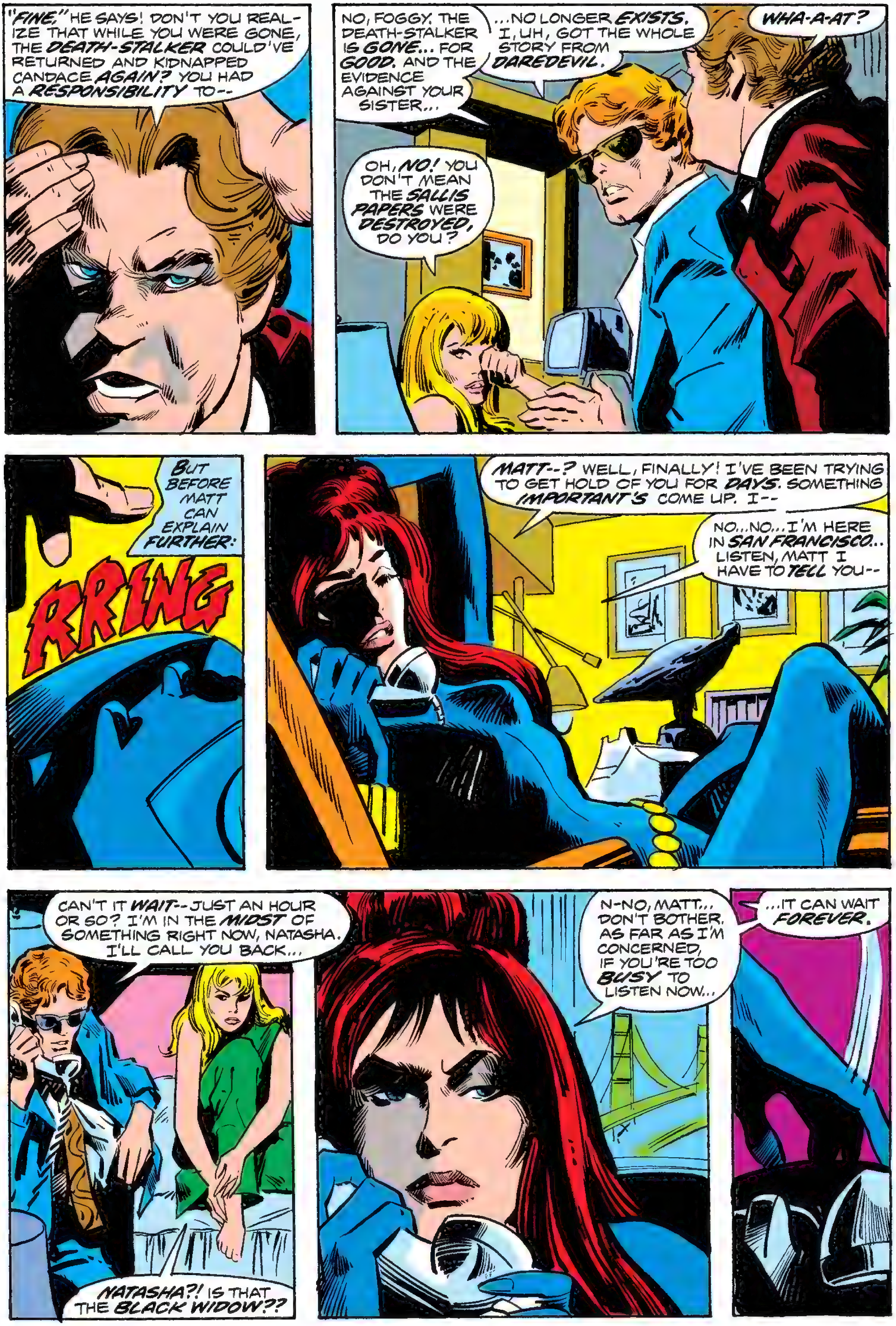
Stan Lee PRESENTS: DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!™

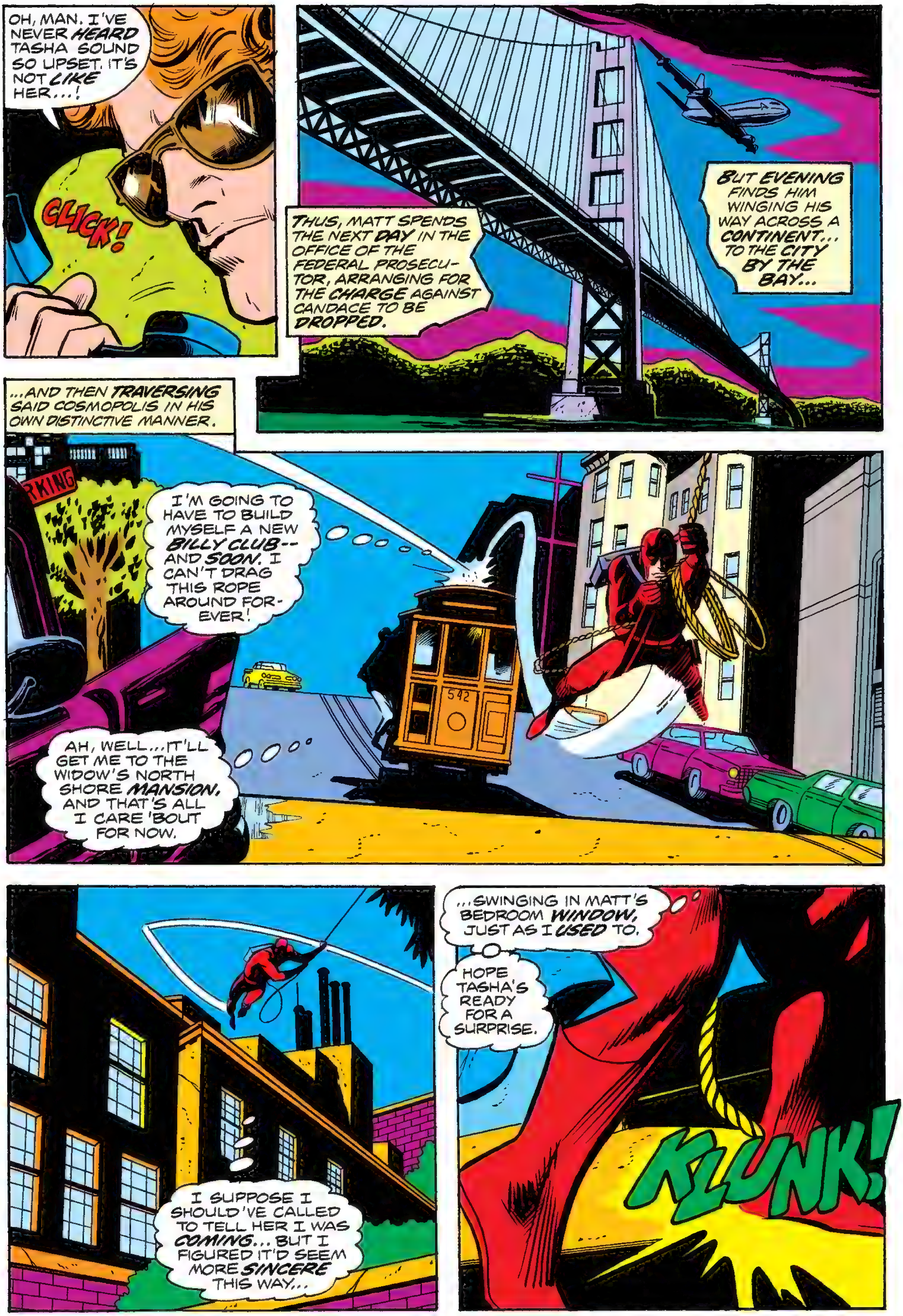

TWO FLEW OVER THE OWL'S NEST!
ANOTHER MARVEL MASTERWORK OF MOOD AND MENACE, by STEVE GERBER WRITER / GENE COLAN ARTIST
V. COLLETTA, INKER
J. COSTANZA, letterer
P. GOLDBERG, colorist
ROY THOMAS, EDITOR
METAL CLANGS AGAINST METAL... GRAPPLE-HOOK LOCKS ONTO STEEL GIRDER...
BRISTLY HEMP SLIDES AGAINST SMOOTH LEATHER GLOVES... WARM WIND WHIPS AT FLESH AND RED SATIN...
AND A GRIM-VISAGED MAN WITHOUT FEAR SWINGS TOWARD MANHATTAN ABOVE THE BUMPER-TO-BUMPER TRAFFIC ON THE QUEENSBORO BRIDGE, RETURNING HOME FROM HIS HARD-WON BATTLE WITH THE DEMONIC DEATH-STALKER...!

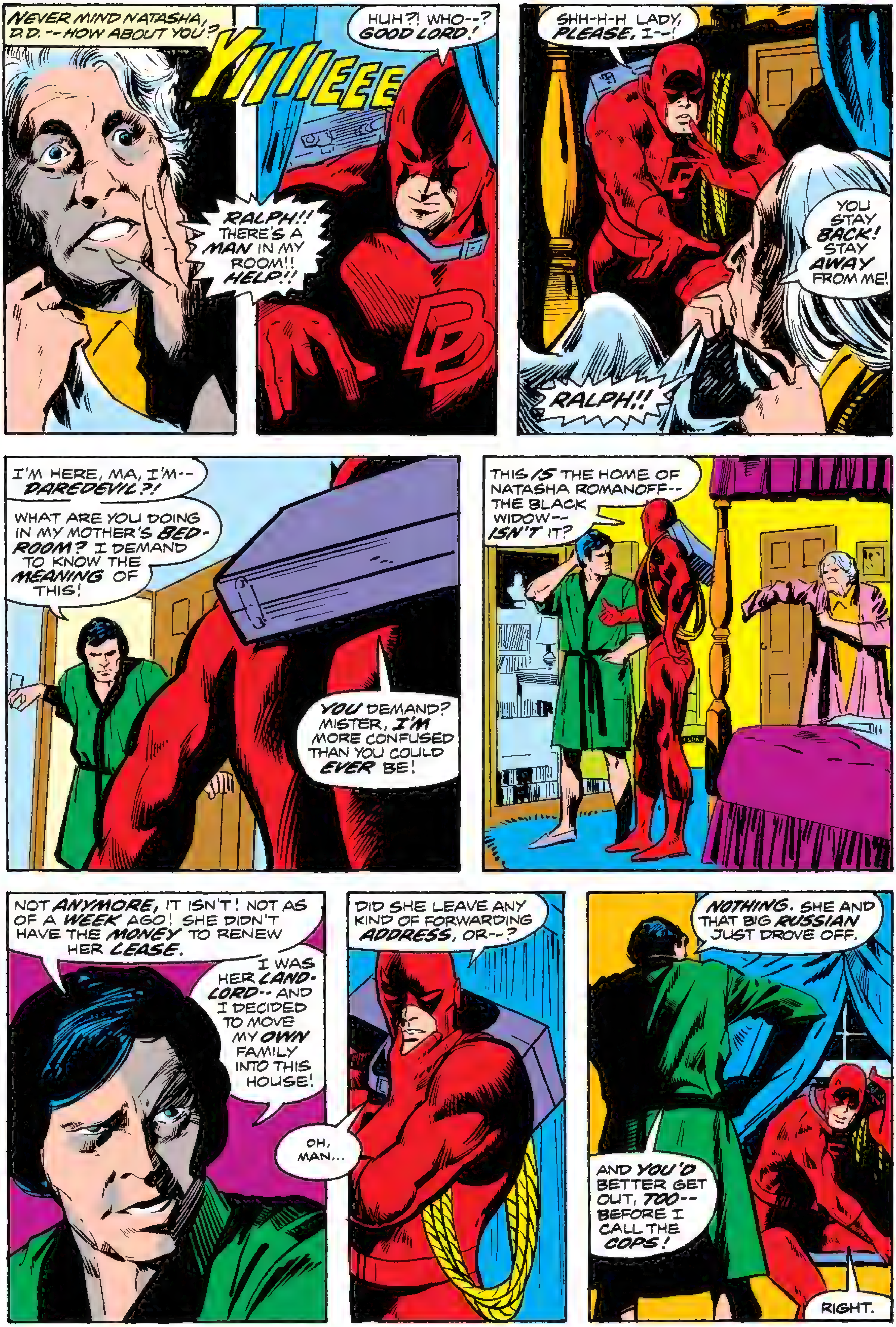

HARD TO MAKE MYSELF BELIEVE... IT'S ALL *OVER.* BUT MY RADAR SENSE "SAW" DEATH-STALKER PLUNGE INTO THAT VAT OF *ACID*--AND TAKE MY *BILLY CLUB* WITH HIM.*
NO *WAY* HE COULD'VE SURVIVED *THAT*--
*SEE LAST ISH FOR DETAILS. --ROY.
--NOT IF MY BILLY CLUB *DIDN'T.* I'M JUST LUCKY I FOUND THIS ROPE AND HOOK LAYING AROUND THAT *FACTORY* WHERE WE FOUGHT.
OTHERWISE, I'D BE *THUMBING* A RIDE BACK TO MIDTOWN.
OF COURSE, THAT'S THE *LEAST* OF MY PROBLEMS AT THE MOMENT. I'M JUST A TAD BIT *MORE* UPSET OVER THE FACT...
...THAT I *DELIBERATELY* DESTROYED THE GOVERNMENT'S *EVIDENCE* AGAINST FOGGY NELSON'S SISTER *CANDACE.*
AND YET... I *HAD* TO. NO NATION, NOT EVEN *THIS* ONE COULD BE TRUSTED WITH THE SECRET THOSE PAPERS CONTAINED-- THE FORMULA FOR TURNING *MEN* INTO POLLUTION-BREATHING *MONSTERS.*
TROUBLE IS, THOSE CREATURES WOULD'VE *ALSO* BEEN IMMUNE TO *GERM WARFARE.*
ONE WAY

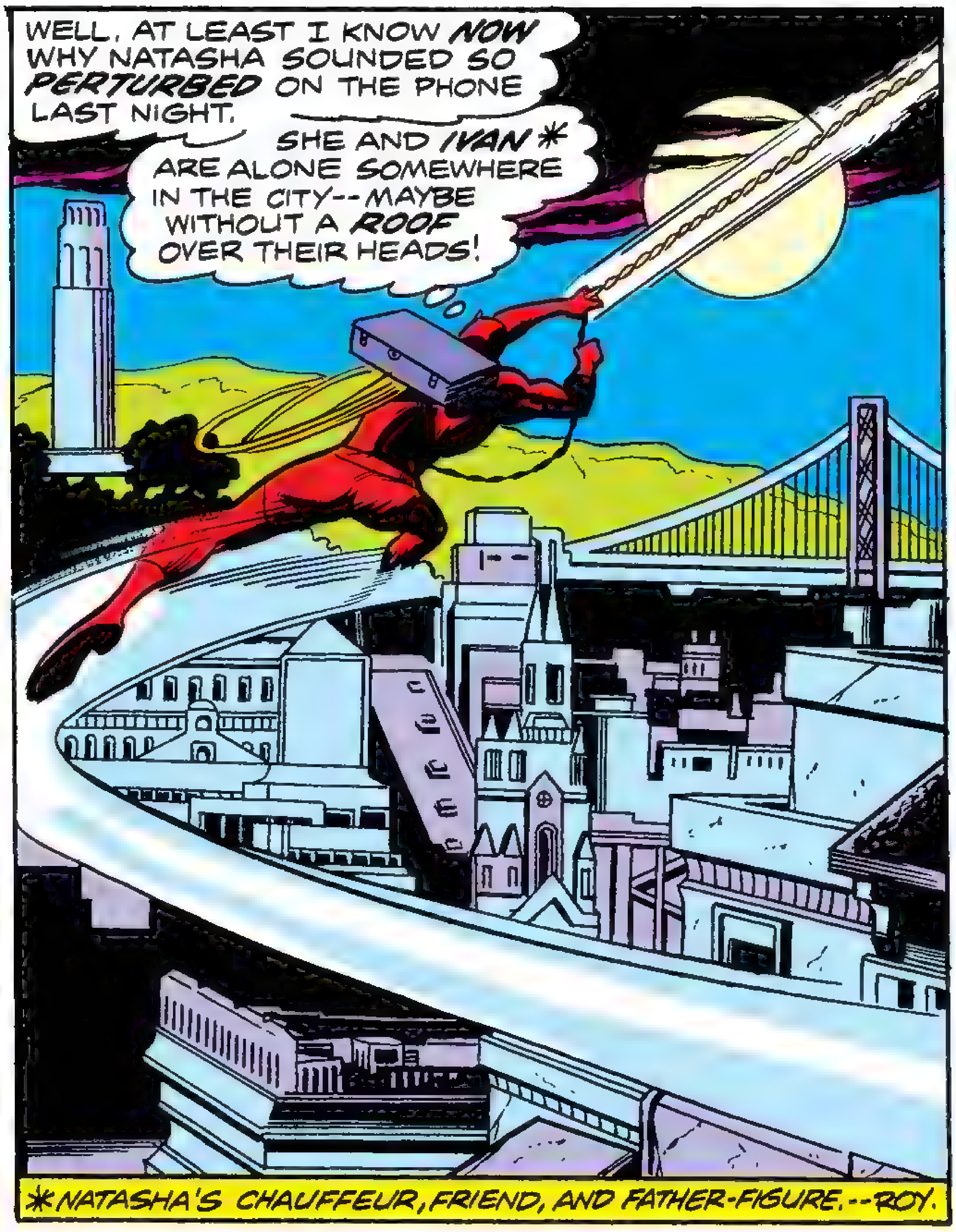

AND, AS CANDACE POINTED OUT, IF *ANY* NATION COULD CREATE AN *ARMY* OF THOSE THINGS--
E 59th
--THAT COUNTRY MIGHT BE A LITTLE LESS *HESITANT* ABOUT USING BACTERIOLOGICAL WEAPONS.
MORALLY, I OWED IT TO THE WHOLE *WORLD* TO DO WHAT I DID.
NATION BANK
BUT *LEGALLY*-- I'VE COMMITTED A *CRIME*, NO MATTER HOW *JUSTIFIED*.
AND MORE THAN THAT, I'VE ACTED *AGAINST* THE WHOLE SYSTEM OF *LAWS*...
...WHICH *MATT MURDOCK* SWORE TO UPHOLD.
AND NOW, I'M GOING TO HAVE TO *EXPLAIN* THAT TO FOGGY AND CANDACE --*AS* MATT-- AND ACCEPT THE *CONSEQUENCES*.
AFTER ALL, CANDACE INTENDED TO MAKE THOSE DOCUMENTS *PUBLIC*, AND--
UH-OH.
I *FORGOT* THAT THE BILLY CLUB DOUBLED AS MATT'S BLIND MAN'S *CANE*.
I'LL NEED AN EXPLANATION FOR WHY I'VE BEEN *GONE SO*-- *WAIT!* I'VE GOT IT.

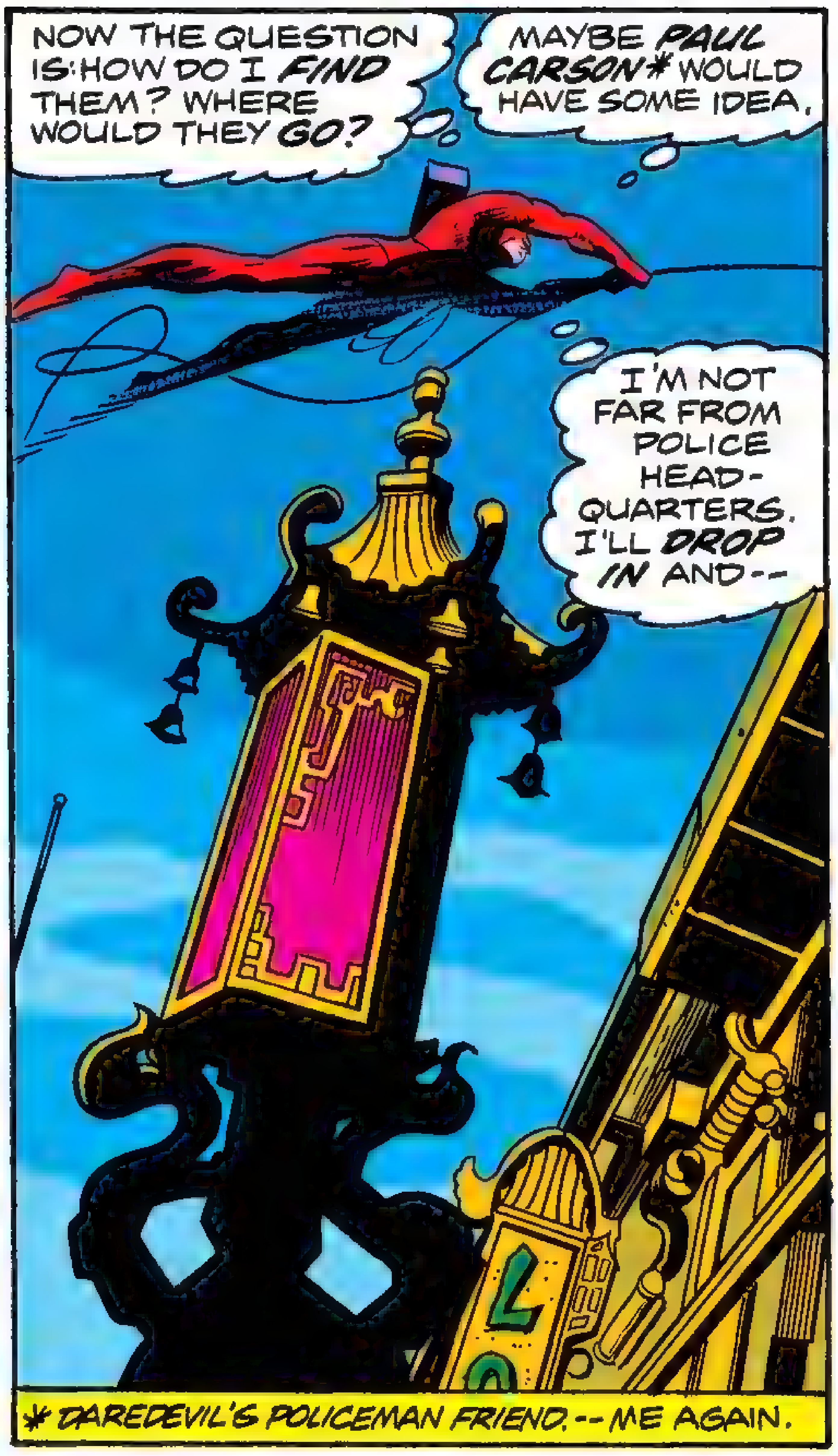

THERE! THE MUSSED HAIR AND OPEN COLLAR *OUGHT* TO GIVE JUST THE RIGHT EFFECT-- I *HOPE*.
ROOF
WE'LL FIND *OUT* IN MY HOTEL ROOM.
NOPE. WE'LL FIND OUT EVEN *SOONER* THAN THAT.
EXIT
I HEAR THE ELEVATOR DOORS SLIDING OPEN--*ONE PERSON* EMERGING-- AND I'D KNOW THE SOUND OF THAT PERSON'S *HEARTBEAT* ANYWHERE!
MATT!!
GOOD LORD, MAN-- WHAT'S *HAPPENED?!* ARE YOU *OKAY?*
YEP. IT'S NEW YORK'S FIGHTING *D.A.* ALL RIGHT.
YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO STAY WITH *CANDACE!* WHAT--?
I--I WENT OUT FOR A WALK, FOGGY-- AND WOUND UP GETTING *MUGGED!*
THEY EVEN TOOK MY *CANE* FROM ME.
I ONLY FOUND MY WAY BACK TO THE *HOTEL* A FEW MINUTES AGO...
MATT, WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO *LEARN* THAT A *BLIND MAN* LIKE YOURSELF JUST CAN'T--
FOGGY-- *SHHH!* I THINK CANDACE IS *ASLEEP.*
HUH...? NOT *ANY-MORE* I'M NOT!
SO YOU FINALLY DECIDED TO COME BA--*OH!* MATT! YOU'RE A *MESS!* WHAT ON EARTH--?
IT'S NOT IMPORTANT, CANDACE. I'M *FINE.*

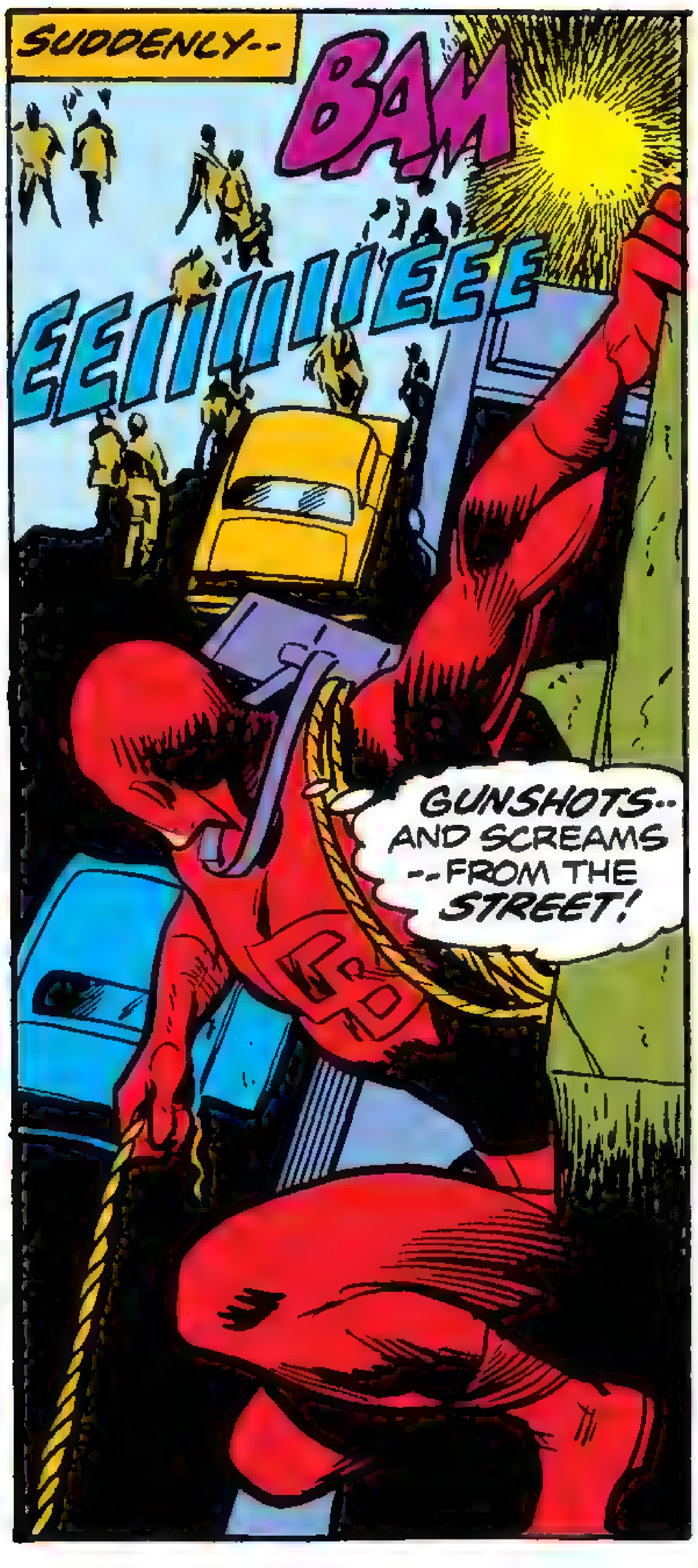

"FINE," HE SAYS! DON'T YOU REALIZE THAT WHILE YOU WERE GONE, THE DEATH-STALKER COULD'VE RETURNED AND KIDNAPPED CANDACE AGAIN? YOU HAD A RESPONSIBILITY TO--
NO, FOGGY. THE DEATH-STALKER IS GONE... FOR GOOD. AND THE EVIDENCE AGAINST YOUR SISTER...
...NO LONGER EXISTS. I, UH, GOT THE WHOLE STORY FROM DAREDEVIL.
WHA-A-AT?
OH, NO! YOU DON'T MEAN THE SALLIS PAPERS WERE DESTROYED, DO YOU?
BUT BEFORE MATT CAN EXPLAIN FURTHER:
RRING
MATT--? WELL, FINALLY! I'VE BEEN TRYING TO GET HOLD OF YOU FOR DAYS. SOMETHING IMPORTANT'S COME UP. I--
NO...NO...I'M HERE IN SAN FRANCISCO... LISTEN, MATT I HAVE TO TELL YOU--
CAN'T IT WAIT--JUST AN HOUR OR SO? I'M IN THE MIDST OF SOMETHING RIGHT NOW, NATASHA. I'LL CALL YOU BACK...
NATASHA?! IS THAT THE BLACK WIDOW??
N-NO, MATT... DON'T BOTHER. AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED, IF YOU'RE TOO BUSY TO LISTEN NOW...
...IT CAN WAIT FOREVER.

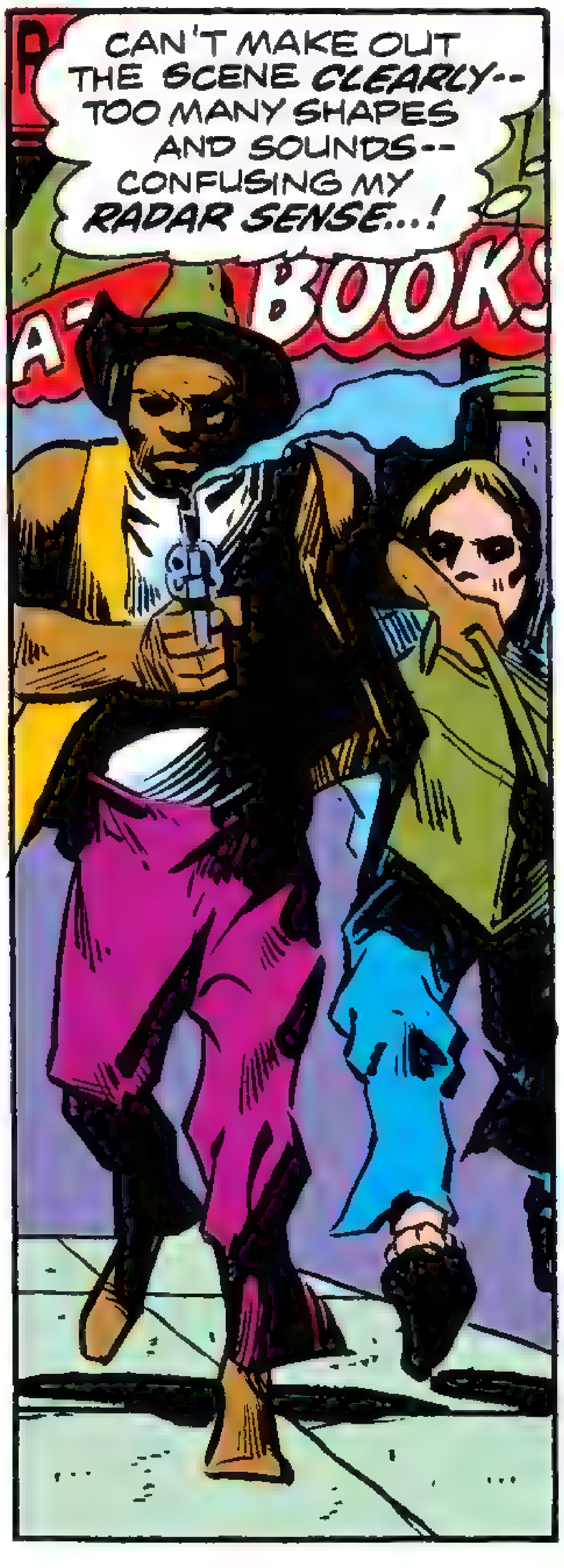

OH, MAN. I'VE NEVER HEARD TASHA SOUND SO UPSET. IT'S NOT LIKE HER...!
CLICK!
THUS, MATT SPENDS THE NEXT DAY IN THE OFFICE OF THE FEDERAL PROSECUTOR, ARRANGING FOR THE CHARGE AGAINST CANDACE TO BE DROPPED.
BUT EVENING FINDS HIM WINGING HIS WAY ACROSS A CONTINENT... TO THE CITY BY THE BAY...
...AND THEN TRAVERSING SAID COSMOPOLIS IN HIS OWN DISTINCTIVE MANNER.
RKING
I'M GOING TO HAVE TO BUILD MYSELF A NEW BILLY CLUB-- AND SOON. I CAN'T DRAG THIS ROPE AROUND FOREVER!
542
AH, WELL... IT'LL GET ME TO THE WIDOW'S NORTH SHORE MANSION, AND THAT'S ALL I CARE 'BOUT FOR NOW.
I SUPPOSE I SHOULD'VE CALLED TO TELL HER I WAS COMING... BUT I FIGURED IT'D SEEM MORE SINCERE THIS WAY...
...SWINGING IN MATT'S BEDROOM WINDOW, JUST AS I USED TO.
HOPE TASHA'S READY FOR A SURPRISE.
KLUNK!

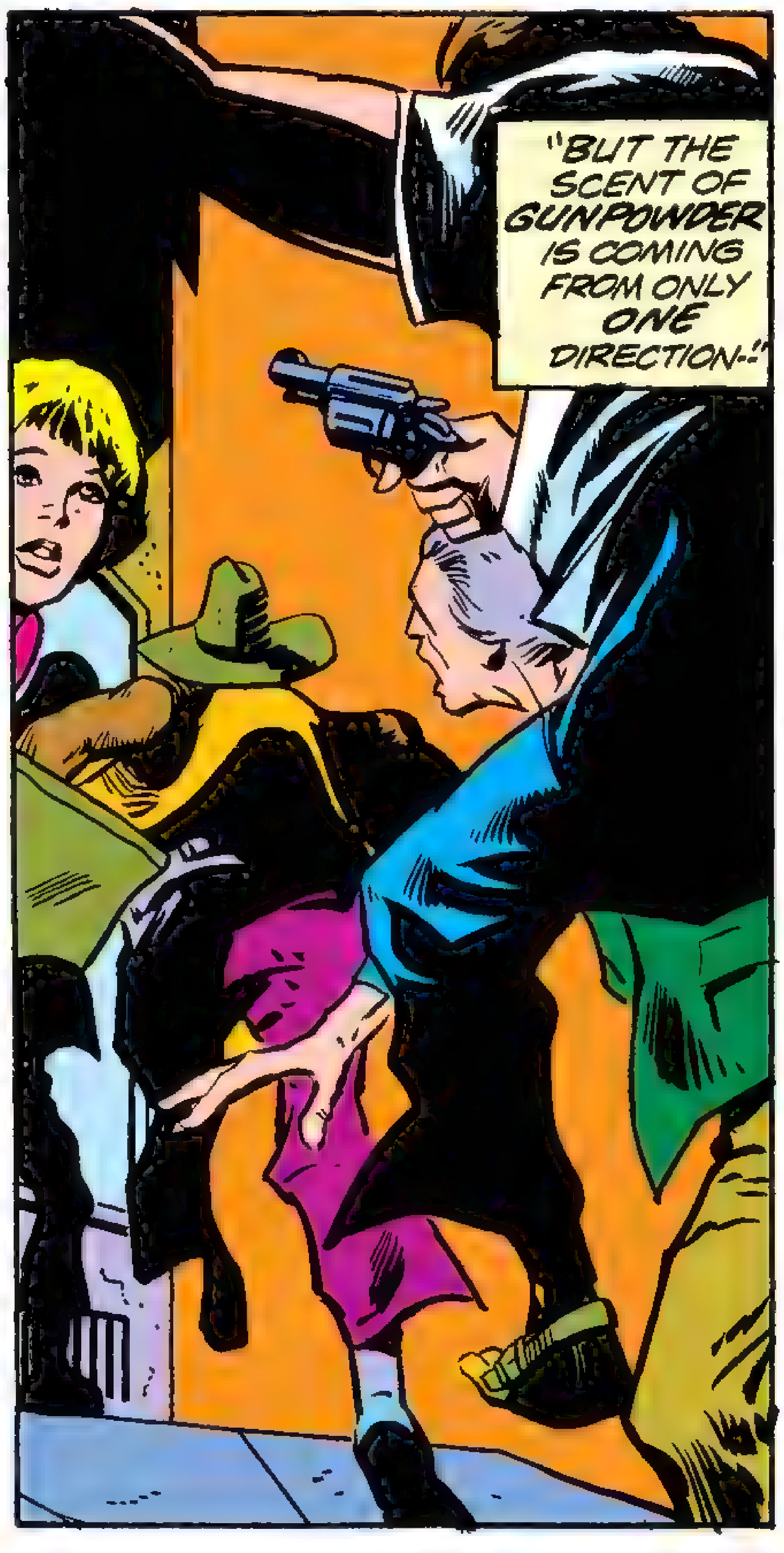

NEVER MIND NATASHA, D.D. -- HOW ABOUT YOU?
YIIIIEEEE
HUH?! WHO--? GOOD LORD!
RALPH!! THERE'S A MAN IN MY ROOM!! HELP!!
SHH-H-H LADY, PLEASE, I--!
YOU STAY BACK! STAY AWAY FROM ME!
RALPH!!
I'M HERE, MA, I'M-- DAREDEVIL?!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN MY MOTHER'S BEDROOM? I DEMAND TO KNOW THE MEANING OF THIS!
YOU DEMAND? MISTER, I'M MORE CONFUSED THAN YOU COULD EVER BE!
THIS IS THE HOME OF NATASHA ROMANOFF-- THE BLACK WIDOW-- ISN'T IT?
NOT ANYMORE, IT ISN'T! NOT AS OF A WEEK AGO! SHE DIDN'T HAVE THE MONEY TO RENEW HER LEASE.
I WAS HER LANDLORD-- AND I DECIDED TO MOVE MY OWN FAMILY INTO THIS HOUSE!
DID SHE LEAVE ANY KIND OF FORWARDING ADDRESS, OR--?
OH, MAN...
NOTHING. SHE AND THAT BIG RUSSIAN JUST DROVE OFF.
AND YOU'D BETTER GET OUT, TOO-- BEFORE I CALL THE COPS!
RIGHT.

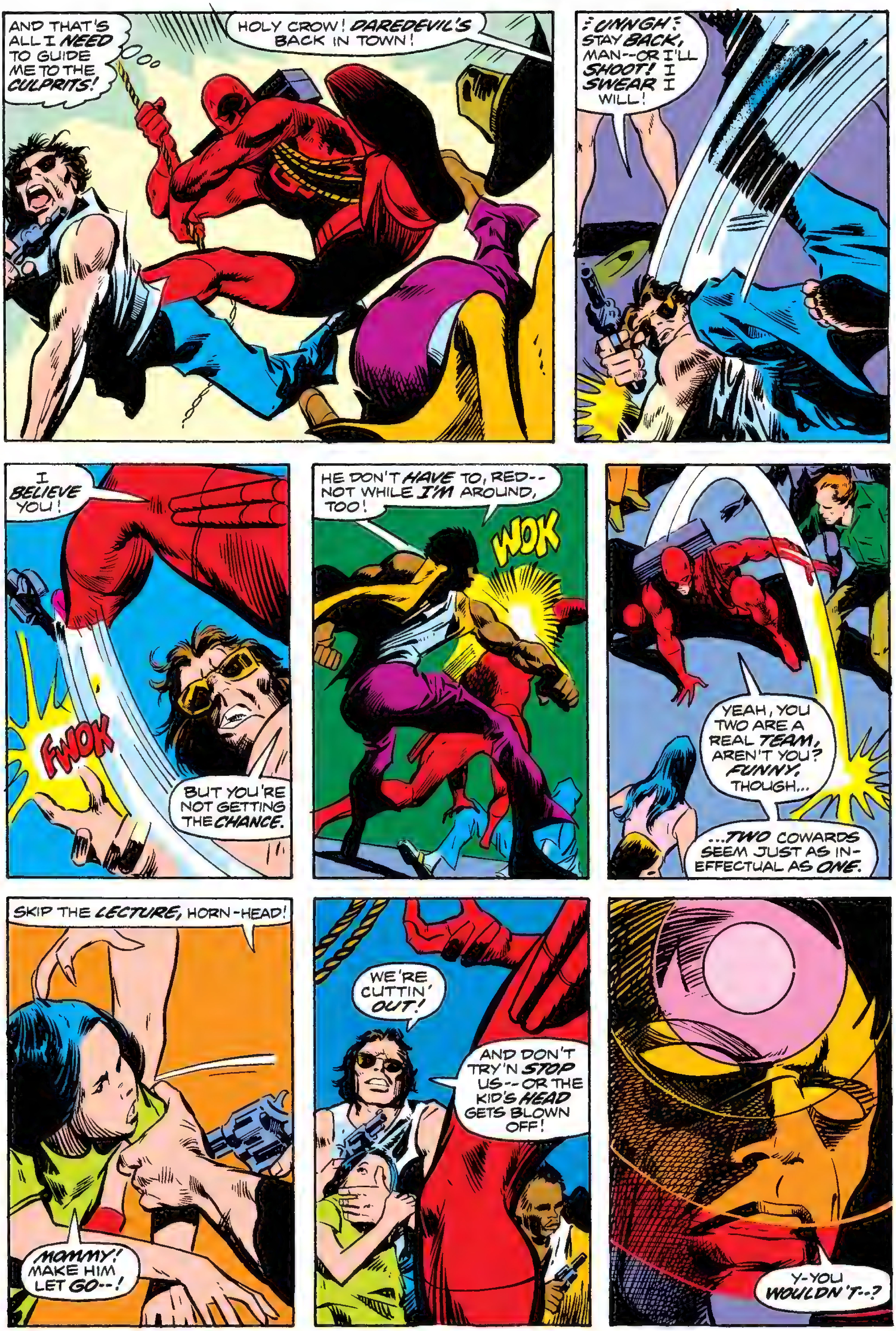

WELL, AT LEAST I KNOW NOW WHY NATASHA SOUNDED SO PERTURBED ON THE PHONE LAST NIGHT.
SHE AND IVAN* ARE ALONE SOMEWHERE IN THE CITY--MAYBE WITHOUT A ROOF OVER THEIR HEADS!
*NATASHA'S CHAUFFEUR, FRIEND, AND FATHER-FIGURE.--ROY.

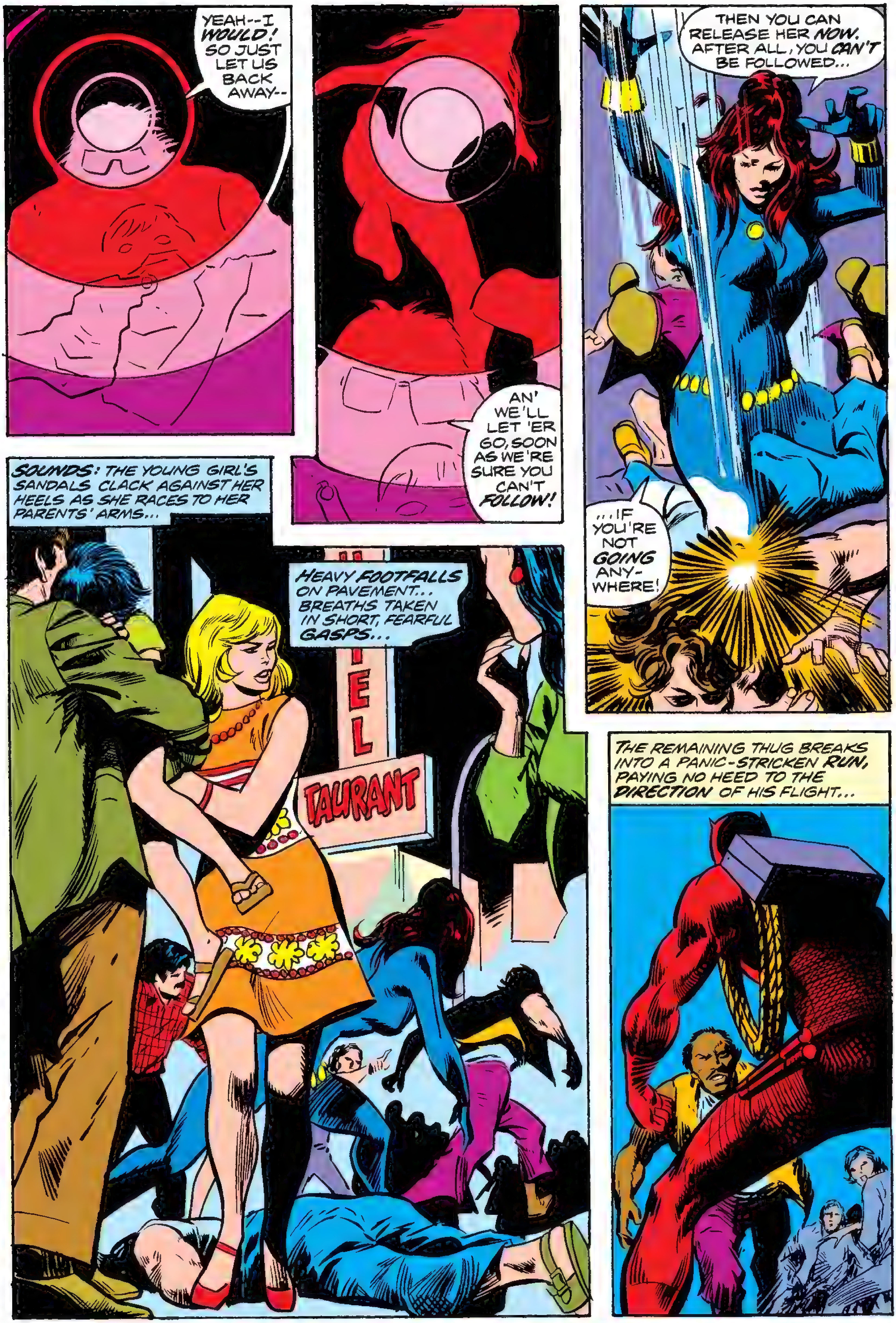

NOW THE QUESTION IS: HOW DO I FIND THEM? WHERE WOULD THEY GO?
MAYBE PAUL CARSON* WOULD HAVE SOME IDEA.
I'M NOT FAR FROM POLICE HEAD-QUARTERS. I'LL DROP IN AND--
*DAREDEVIL'S POLICEMAN FRIEND.--ME AGAIN.

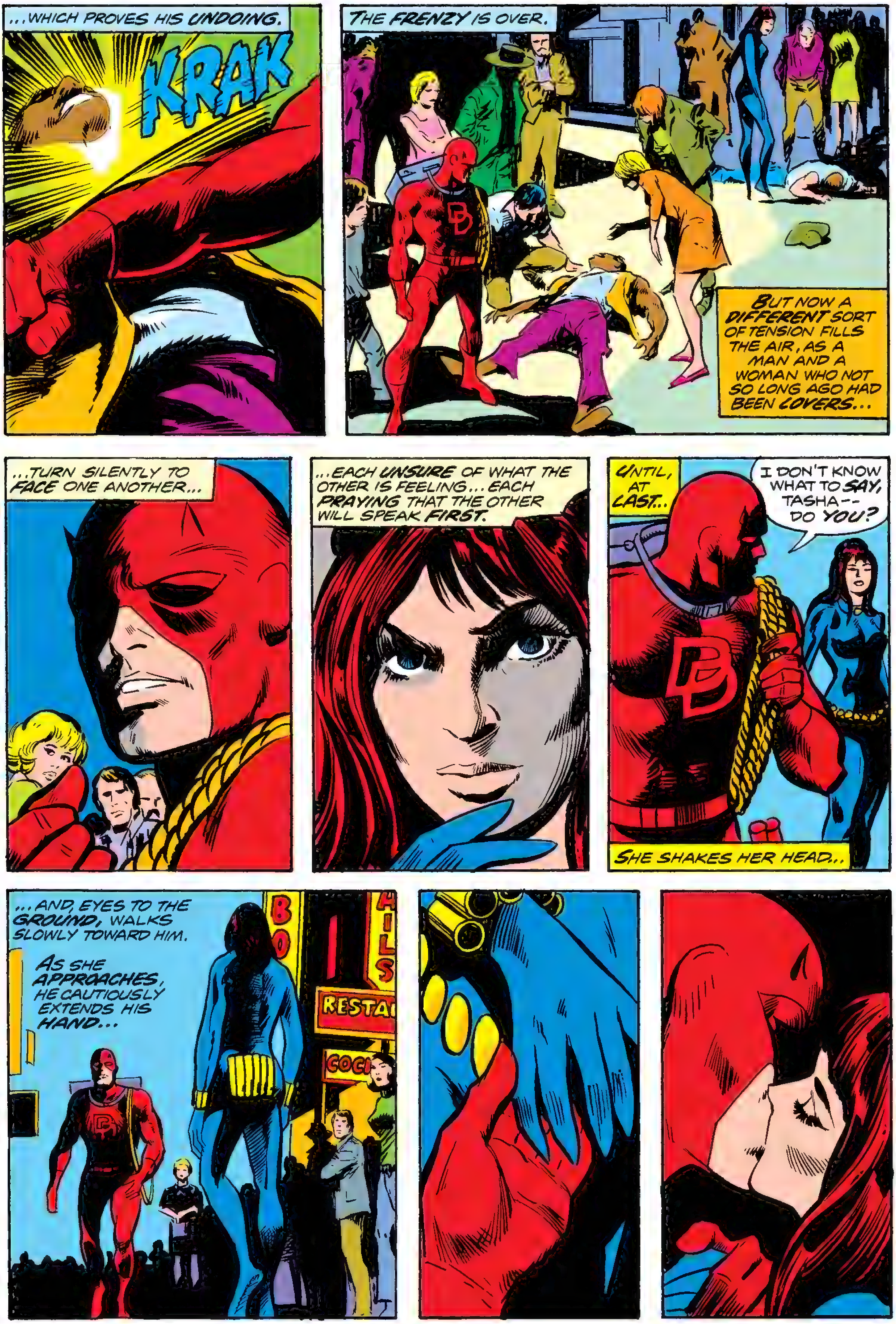

SUDDENLY--
BAM
EEIIIIIIEEE
GUNSHOTS--AND SCREAMS--FROM THE STREET!

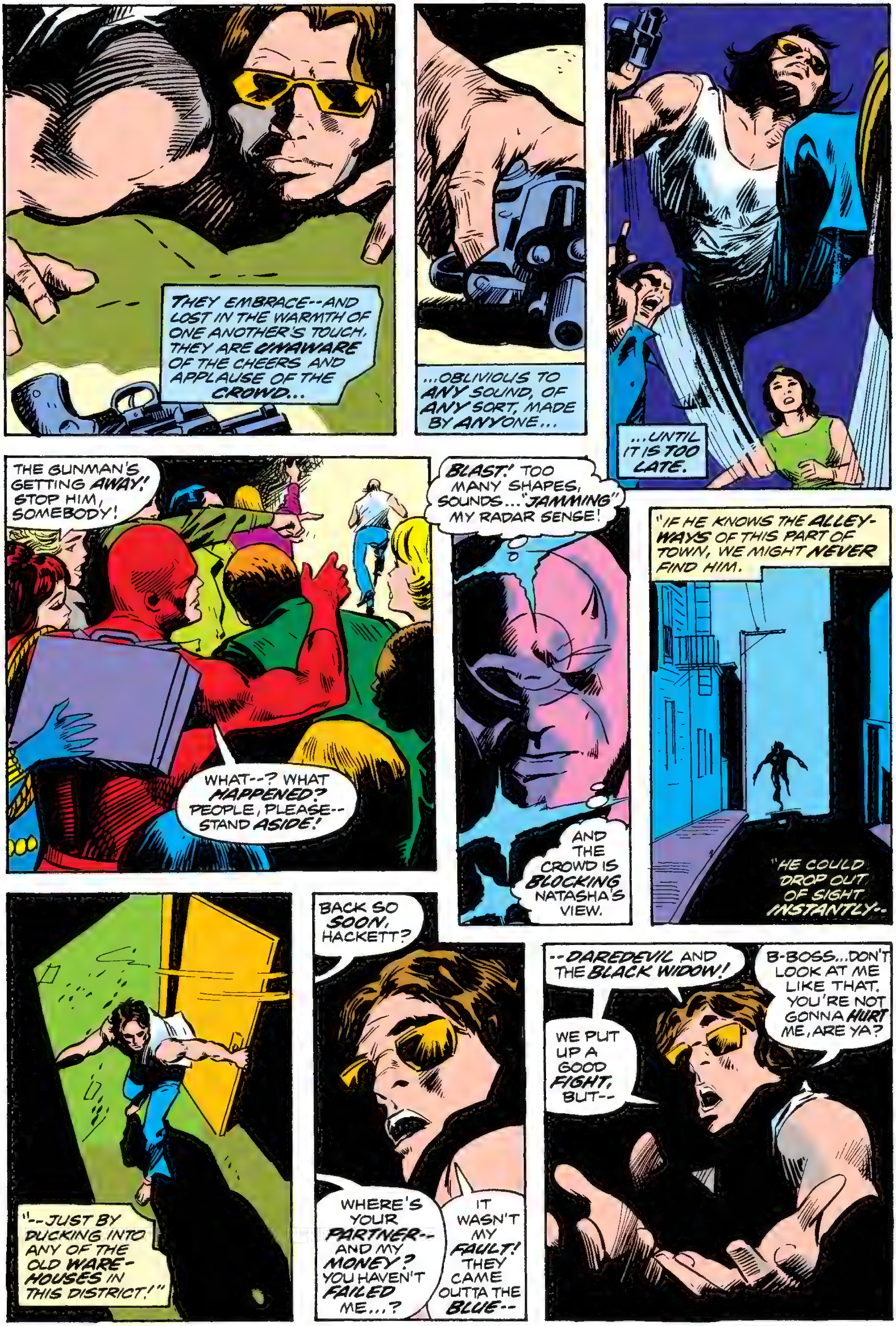

CAN'T MAKE OUT THE SCENE CLEARLY--TOO MANY SHAPES AND SOUNDS--CONFUSING MY RADAR SENSE...!
BOOKS

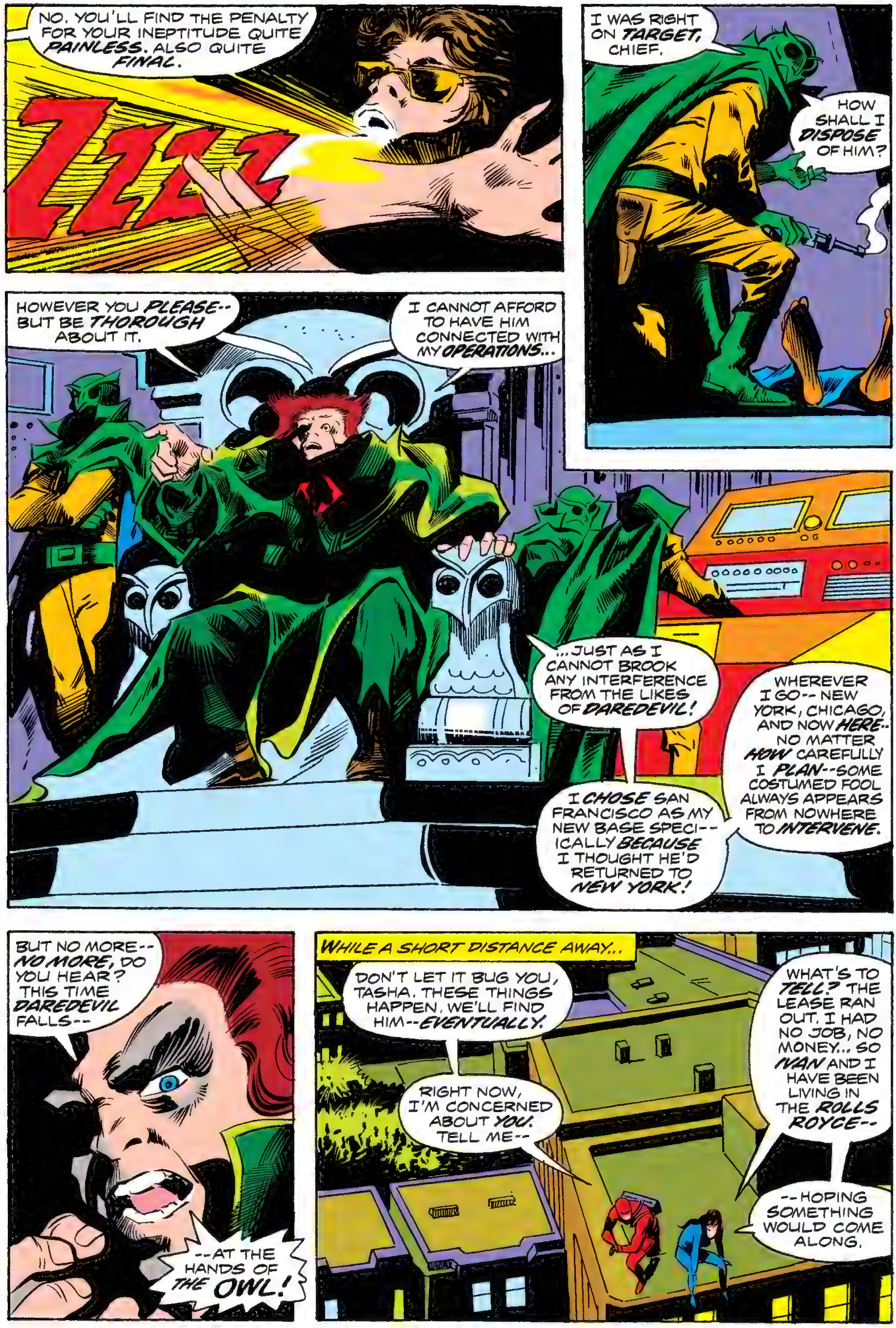

"BUT THE SCENT OF GUNPOWDER IS COMING FROM ONLY ONE DIRECTION--!"

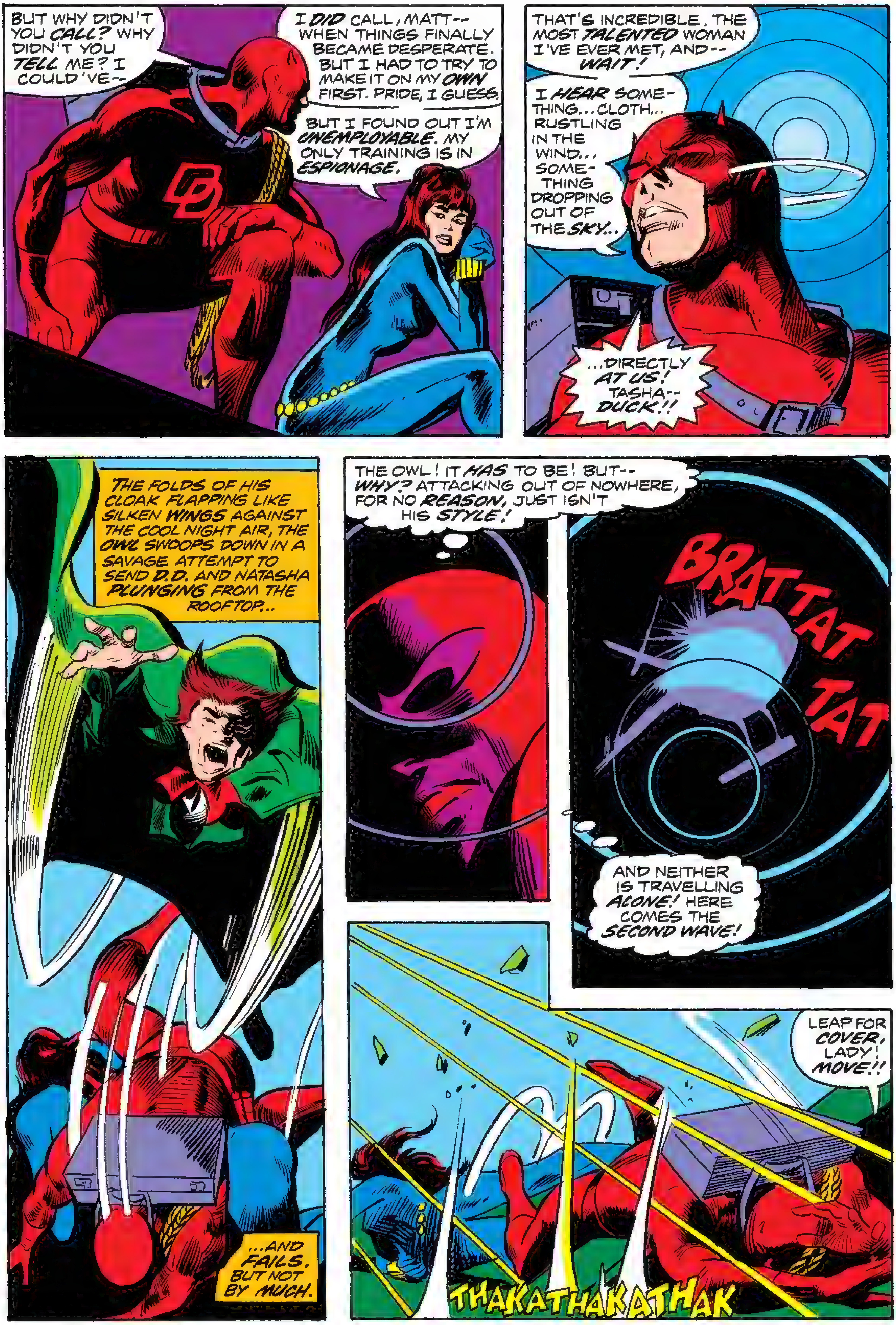

AND THAT'S ALL I *NEED* TO GUIDE ME TO THE *CULPRITS!*
HOLY CROW! *DAREDEVIL'S* BACK IN TOWN!
UNNGH! STAY *BACK,* MAN--OR I'LL *SHOOT!* I *SWEAR* I WILL!
I *BELIEVE* YOU!
FWOK
BUT YOU'RE NOT GETTING THE *CHANCE.*
HE DON'T *HAVE* TO, RED--NOT WHILE *I'M* AROUND, TOO!
WOK
YEAH, YOU TWO ARE A REAL *TEAM,* AREN'T YOU? *FUNNY,* THOUGH...
...*TWO* COWARDS SEEM JUST AS INEFFECTUAL AS *ONE.*
SKIP THE *LECTURE,* HORN-HEAD!
MOMMY! MAKE HIM LET *GO*--!
WE'RE CUTTIN' *OUT!*
AND DON'T TRY'N *STOP* US--OR THE KID'S *HEAD* GETS BLOWN OFF!
Y-YOU *WOULDN'T*--?

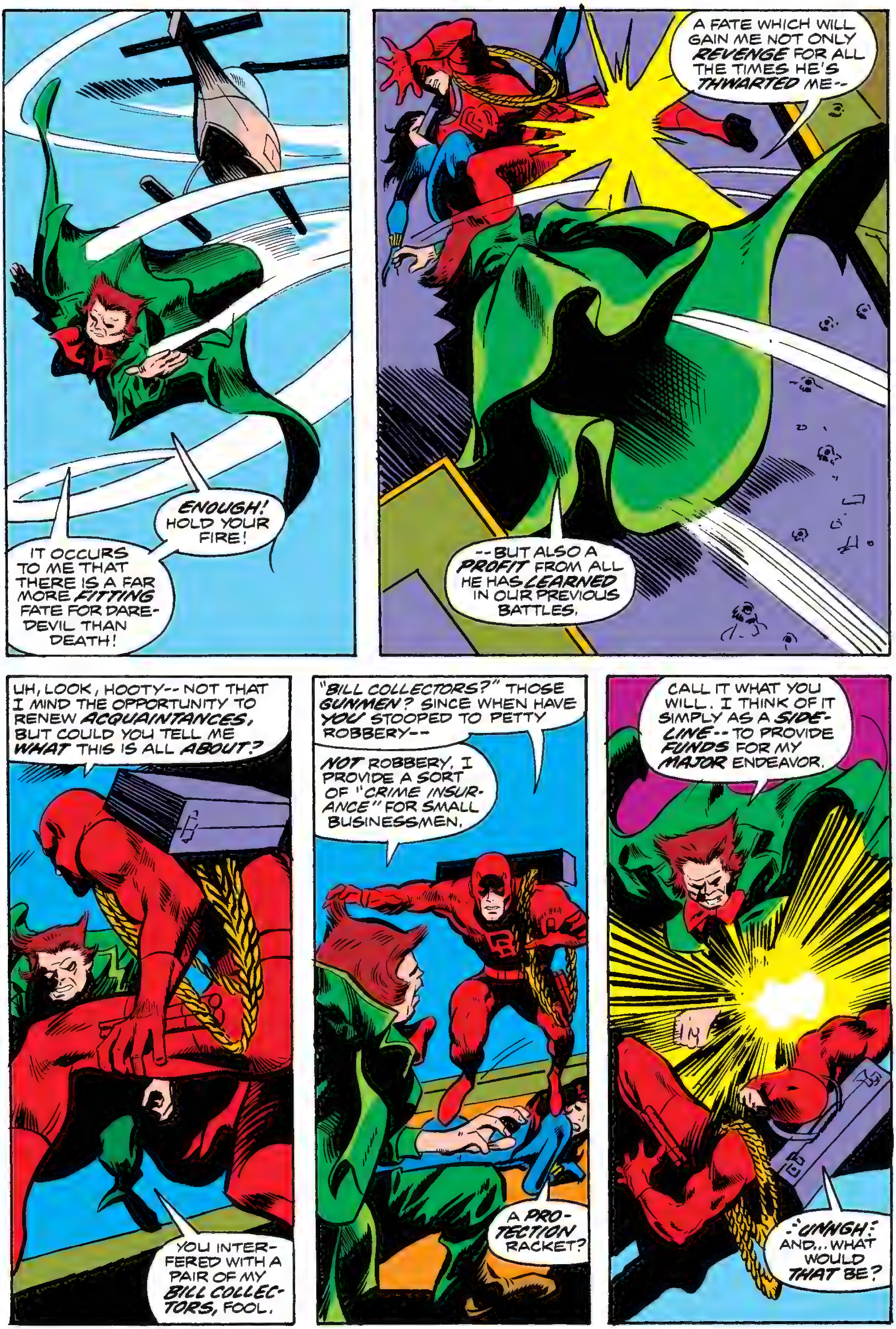

YEAH--I *WOULD!* SO JUST LET US BACK AWAY--
AN' WE'LL LET 'ER GO, SOON AS WE'RE SURE YOU CAN'T *FOLLOW!*
THEN YOU CAN RELEASE HER *NOW.* AFTER ALL, YOU *CAN'T* BE FOLLOWED...
...IF YOU'RE NOT *GOING* ANYWHERE!
SOUNDS: THE YOUNG GIRL'S SANDALS CLACK AGAINST HER HEELS AS SHE RACES TO HER PARENTS' ARMS...
HEAVY *FOOTFALLS* ON PAVEMENT... BREATHS TAKEN IN SHORT, FEARFUL *GASPS...*
TAURANT
THE REMAINING THUG BREAKS INTO A PANIC-STRICKEN *RUN,* PAYING NO HEED TO THE *DIRECTION* OF HIS FLIGHT...

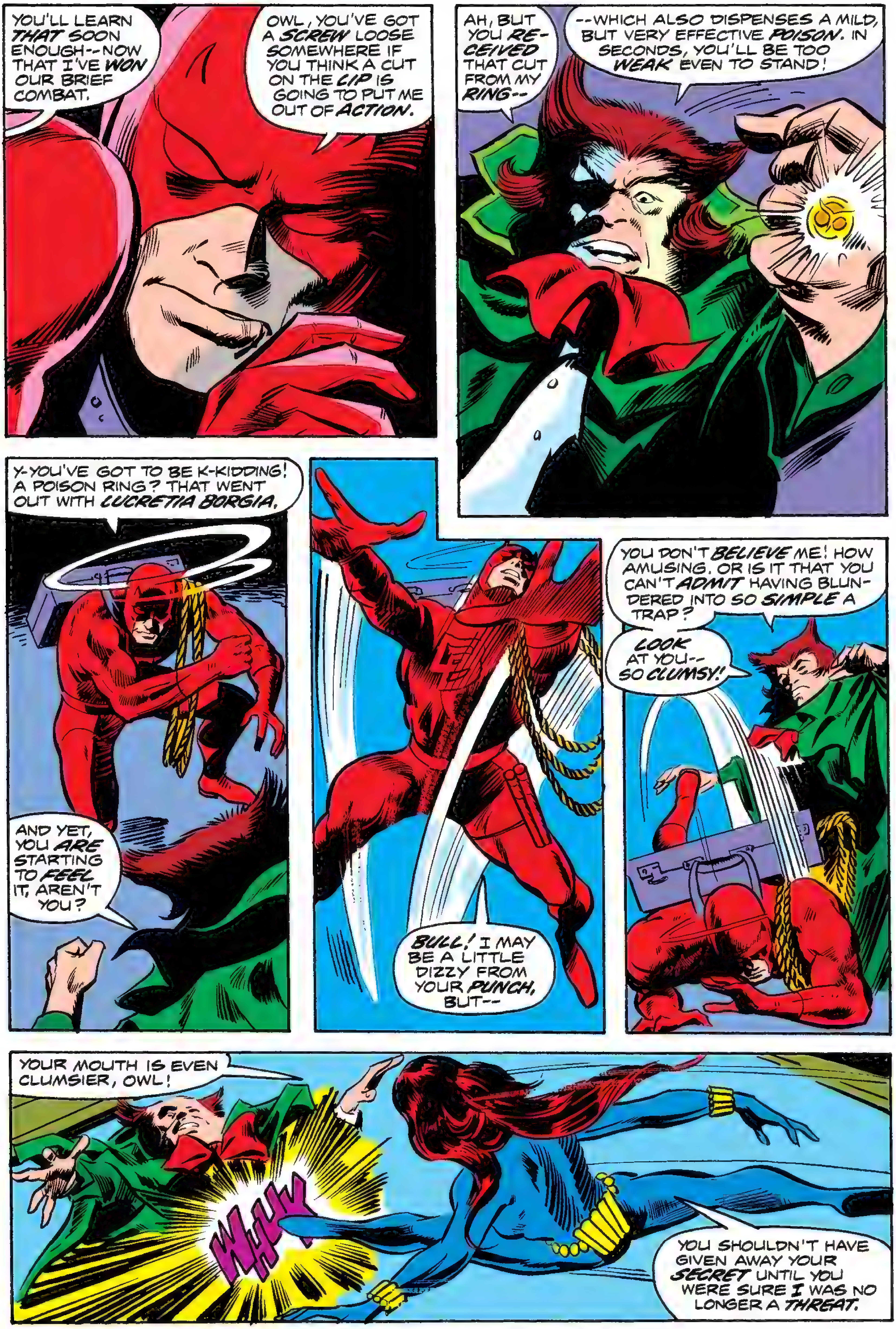

...WHICH PROVES HIS UNDOING.
KRAK
THE FRENZY IS OVER.
BUT NOW A DIFFERENT SORT OF TENSION FILLS THE AIR, AS A MAN AND A WOMAN WHO NOT SO LONG AGO HAD BEEN LOVERS...
...TURN SILENTLY TO FACE ONE ANOTHER...
...EACH UNSURE OF WHAT THE OTHER IS FEELING... EACH PRAYING THAT THE OTHER WILL SPEAK FIRST.
UNTIL, AT LAST...
I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY, TASHA-- DO YOU?
SHE SHAKES HER HEAD...
...AND, EYES TO THE GROUND, WALKS SLOWLY TOWARD HIM.
AS SHE APPROACHES, HE CAUTIOUSLY EXTENDS HIS HAND...
BO
AILS
RESTA
COC

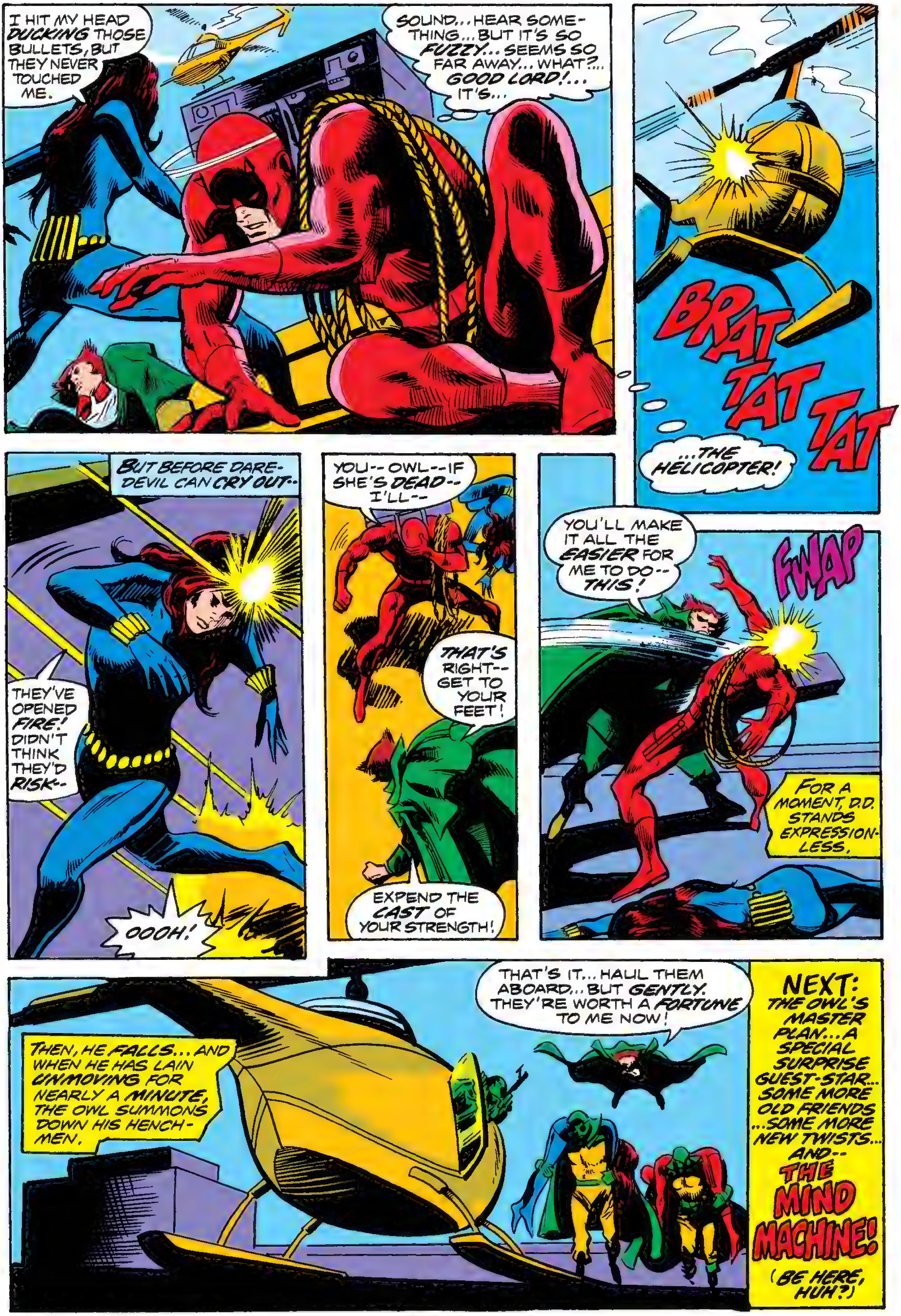

THEY EMBRACE--AND LOST IN THE WARMTH OF ONE ANOTHER'S TOUCH, THEY ARE UNAWARE OF THE CHEERS AND APPLAUSE OF THE CROWD...
...OBLIVIOUS TO ANY SOUND, OF ANY SORT, MADE BY ANYONE...
...UNTIL IT IS TOO LATE.
THE GUNMAN'S GETTING AWAY! STOP HIM, SOMEBODY!
WHAT--? WHAT HAPPENED? PEOPLE, PLEASE--STAND ASIDE!
BLAST! TOO MANY SHAPES, SOUNDS... "JAMMING" MY RADAR SENSE!
AND THE CROWD IS BLOCKING NATASHA'S VIEW.
"IF HE KNOWS THE ALLEY-WAYS OF THIS PART OF TOWN, WE MIGHT NEVER FIND HIM.
"HE COULD DROP OUT OF SIGHT INSTANTLY--
"--JUST BY DUCKING INTO ANY OF THE OLD WARE-HOUSES IN THIS DISTRICT!"
BACK SO SOON, HACKETT?
WHERE'S YOUR PARTNER--AND MY MONEY? YOU HAVEN'T FAILED ME...?
IT WASN'T MY FAULT! THEY CAME OUTTA THE BLUE--
--DAREDEVIL AND THE BLACK WIDOW!
WE PUT UP A GOOD FIGHT, BUT--
B-BOSS...DON'T LOOK AT ME LIKE THAT. YOU'RE NOT GONNA HURT ME, ARE YA?


NO, YOU'LL FIND THE PENALTY FOR YOUR INEPTITUDE QUITE *PAINLESS*. ALSO QUITE *FINAL*.
ZZZZ
I WAS RIGHT ON *TARGET*, CHIEF.
HOW SHALL I *DISPOSE* OF HIM?
HOWEVER YOU *PLEASE*-- BUT BE *THOROUGH* ABOUT IT.
I CANNOT AFFORD TO HAVE HIM CONNECTED WITH MY *OPERATIONS*...
...JUST AS I CANNOT BROOK ANY INTERFERENCE FROM THE LIKES OF *DAREDEVIL*!
I *CHOSE* SAN FRANCISCO AS MY NEW BASE SPECI-- ICALLY *BECAUSE* I THOUGHT HE'D RETURNED TO *NEW YORK*!
WHEREVER I GO-- NEW YORK, CHICAGO, AND NOW *HERE*.. NO MATTER *HOW* CAREFULLY I *PLAN*--SOME COSTUMED FOOL ALWAYS APPEARS FROM NOWHERE TO *INTERVENE*.
BUT NO MORE-- *NO MORE*, DO YOU HEAR? THIS TIME *DAREDEVIL* FALLS--
--AT THE HANDS OF *THE OWL*!
WHILE A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY...
DON'T LET IT BUG YOU, TASHA. THESE THINGS HAPPEN. WE'LL FIND HIM--*EVENTUALLY*.
RIGHT NOW, I'M CONCERNED ABOUT *YOU*. TELL ME--
WHAT'S TO *TELL*? THE LEASE RAN OUT. I HAD NO JOB, NO MONEY... SO *IVAN* AND I HAVE BEEN LIVING IN THE *ROLLS ROYCE*--
--HOPING SOMETHING WOULD COME ALONG.


BUT WHY DIDN'T YOU *CALL?* WHY DIDN'T YOU *TELL* ME? I COULD'VE--
I *DID* CALL, MATT-- WHEN THINGS FINALLY BECAME DESPERATE. BUT I HAD TO TRY TO MAKE IT ON MY *OWN* FIRST. PRIDE, I GUESS.
BUT I FOUND OUT I'M *UNEMPLOYABLE*. MY ONLY TRAINING IS IN *ESPIONAGE*.
THAT'S INCREDIBLE. THE MOST *TALENTED* WOMAN I'VE EVER MET, AND-- *WAIT!*
I *HEAR* SOMETHING... CLOTH... RUSTLING IN THE WIND... SOMETHING DROPPING OUT OF THE *SKY*...
...DIRECTLY *AT US!* TASHA-- *DUCK!!*
THE FOLDS OF HIS CLOAK FLAPPING LIKE SILKEN *WINGS* AGAINST THE COOL NIGHT AIR, THE *OWL* SWOOPS DOWN IN A SAVAGE ATTEMPT TO SEND *D.D.* AND NATASHA *PLUNGING* FROM THE ROOFTOP...
...AND *FAILS*, BUT NOT BY *MUCH*.
THE OWL! IT *HAS* TO BE! BUT-- *WHY?* ATTACKING OUT OF NOWHERE, FOR NO *REASON*, JUST ISN'T HIS *STYLE*!
BRATTAT TAT
AND NEITHER IS TRAVELLING *ALONE!* HERE COMES THE *SECOND WAVE!*
LEAP FOR *COVER*, LADY! *MOVE!!*
THAKATHAKATHAK


ENOUGH! HOLD YOUR FIRE!
IT OCCURS TO ME THAT THERE IS A FAR MORE FITTING FATE FOR DAREDEVIL THAN DEATH!
A FATE WHICH WILL GAIN ME NOT ONLY REVENGE FOR ALL THE TIMES HE'S THWARTED ME--
--BUT ALSO A PROFIT FROM ALL HE HAS LEARNED IN OUR PREVIOUS BATTLES.
UH, LOOK, HOOTY-- NOT THAT I MIND THE OPPORTUNITY TO RENEW ACQUAINTANCES, BUT COULD YOU TELL ME WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT?
YOU INTERFERED WITH A PAIR OF MY BILL COLLECTORS, FOOL.
"BILL COLLECTORS?" THOSE GUNMEN? SINCE WHEN HAVE YOU STOOPED TO PETTY ROBBERY--
NOT ROBBERY, I PROVIDE A SORT OF "CRIME INSURANCE" FOR SMALL BUSINESSMEN.
A PROTECTION RACKET?
CALL IT WHAT YOU WILL. I THINK OF IT SIMPLY AS A SIDELINE-- TO PROVIDE FUNDS FOR MY MAJOR ENDEAVOR.
:UNNGH: AND... WHAT WOULD THAT BE?


YOU'LL LEARN THAT SOON ENOUGH--NOW THAT I'VE WON OUR BRIEF COMBAT.
OWL, YOU'VE GOT A SCREW LOOSE SOMEWHERE IF YOU THINK A CUT ON THE LIP IS GOING TO PUT ME OUT OF ACTION.
AH, BUT YOU RECEIVED THAT CUT FROM MY RING--
--WHICH ALSO DISPENSES A MILD, BUT VERY EFFECTIVE POISON. IN SECONDS, YOU'LL BE TOO WEAK EVEN TO STAND!
Y-YOU'VE GOT TO BE K-KIDDING! A POISON RING? THAT WENT OUT WITH LUCRETIA BORGIA.
AND YET, YOU ARE STARTING TO FEEL IT, AREN'T YOU?
BULL! I MAY BE A LITTLE DIZZY FROM YOUR PUNCH, BUT--
YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME! HOW AMUSING. OR IS IT THAT YOU CAN'T ADMIT HAVING BLUNDERED INTO SO SIMPLE A TRAP?
LOOK AT YOU-- SO CLUMSY!
YOUR MOUTH IS EVEN CLUMSIER, OWL!
WHUK
YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE GIVEN AWAY YOUR SECRET UNTIL YOU WERE SURE I WAS NO LONGER A THREAT.

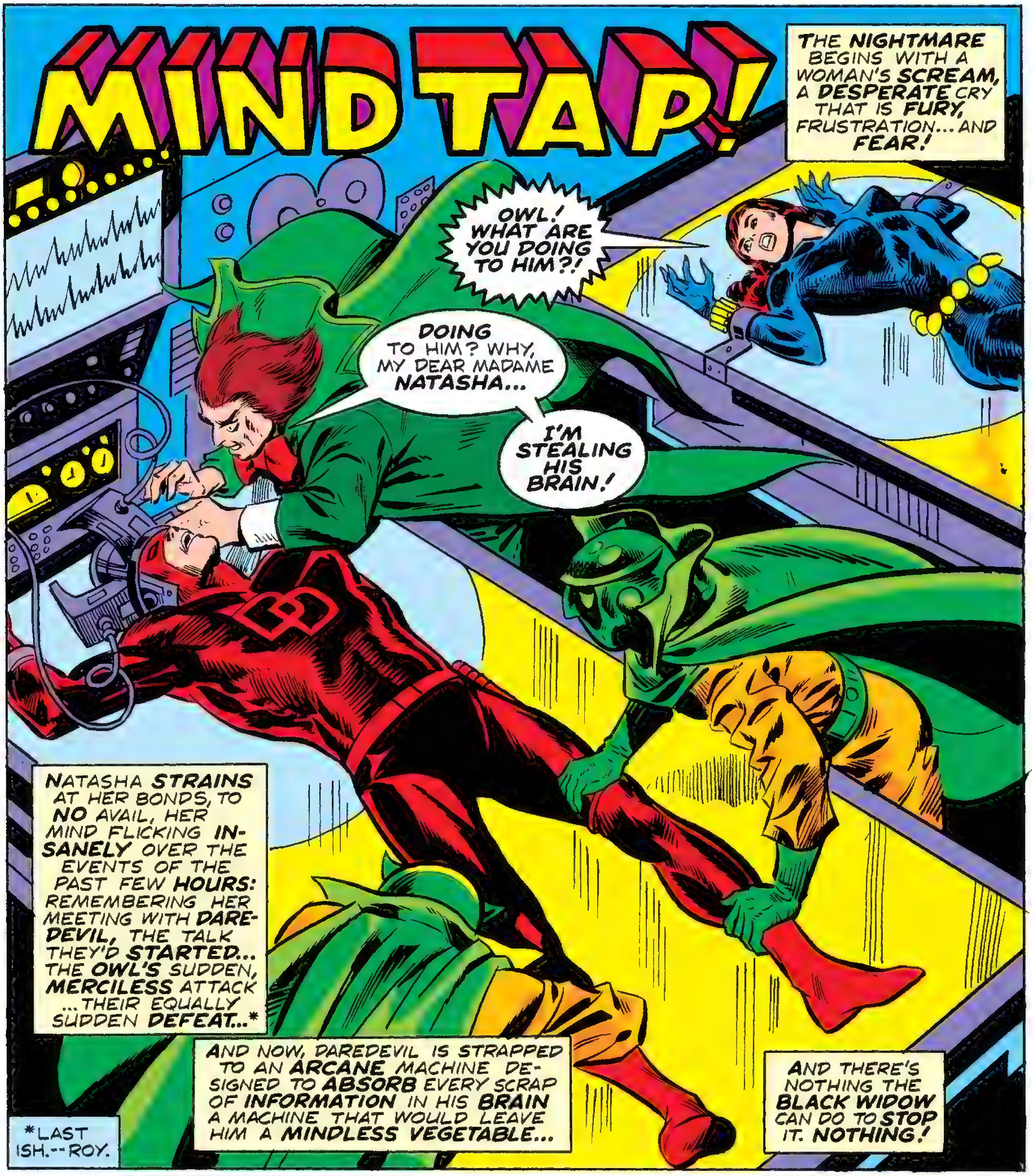

I HIT MY HEAD *DUCKING* THOSE BULLETS, BUT THEY NEVER TOUCHED ME.
SOUND... HEAR SOMETHING... BUT IT'S SO *FUZZY*... SEEMS SO FAR AWAY... WHAT?... *GOOD LORD!*... IT'S...
BRAT TAT TAT
...*THE HELICOPTER!*
BUT BEFORE DAREDEVIL CAN CRY OUT--
THEY'VE OPENED *FIRE!* DIDN'T THINK THEY'D *RISK*--
OOOH!
YOU--OWL--IF SHE'S *DEAD*--I'LL--
THAT'S RIGHT--GET TO YOUR FEET!
EXPEND THE *LAST* OF YOUR STRENGTH!
YOU'LL MAKE IT ALL THE *EASIER* FOR ME TO DO--*THIS!*
FWAP
FOR A MOMENT, D.D. STANDS EXPRESSIONLESS.
THEN, HE FALLS... AND WHEN HE HAS LAIN UNMOVING FOR NEARLY A MINUTE, THE OWL SUMMONS DOWN HIS HENCHMEN.
THAT'S IT... HAUL THEM ABOARD... BUT *GENTLY.* THEY'RE WORTH A *FORTUNE* TO ME NOW!
NEXT:
THE OWL'S MASTER PLAN... A SPECIAL SURPRISE GUEST-STAR... SOME MORE OLD FRIENDS ...SOME MORE NEW TWISTS... AND--
THE MIND MACHINE!
(BE HERE, HUH?)

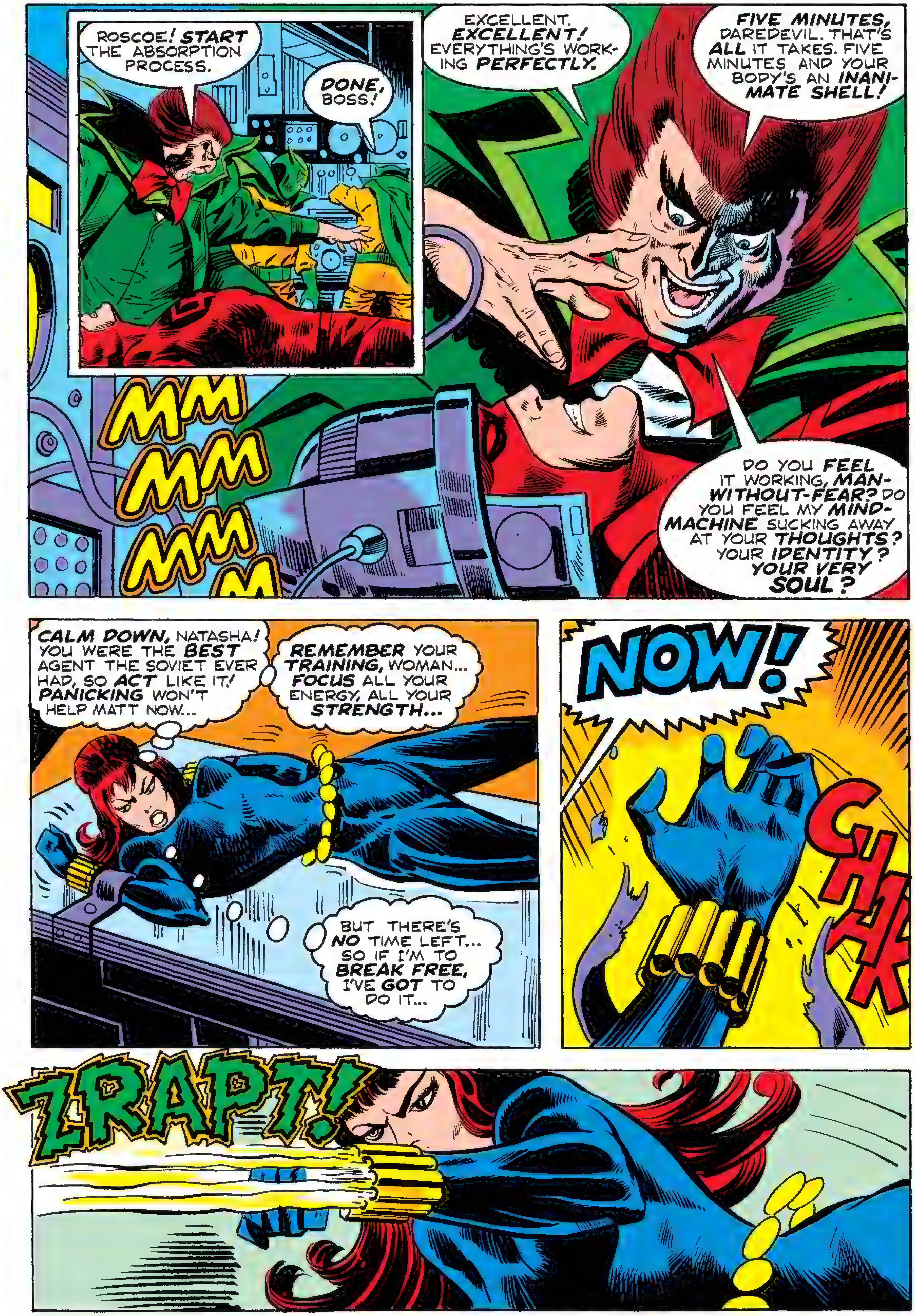
DAREDEVIL
MARVEL COMICS GROUP™
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
25¢
117
JAN
02459
DAREDEVIL®
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!
™
™
IT'S WALL-TO-WALL ACTION-- IN THE SPELLBINDER WE CALL-- "MINDTAP!"
YOU MOVE LIKE A STREAK OF CRIMSON LIGHTNING, MASKED MAN--
--BUT THAT ONLY MEANS YOU'LL DIE FASTER-- SLAIN BY THE ALL-POWERFUL OWL!

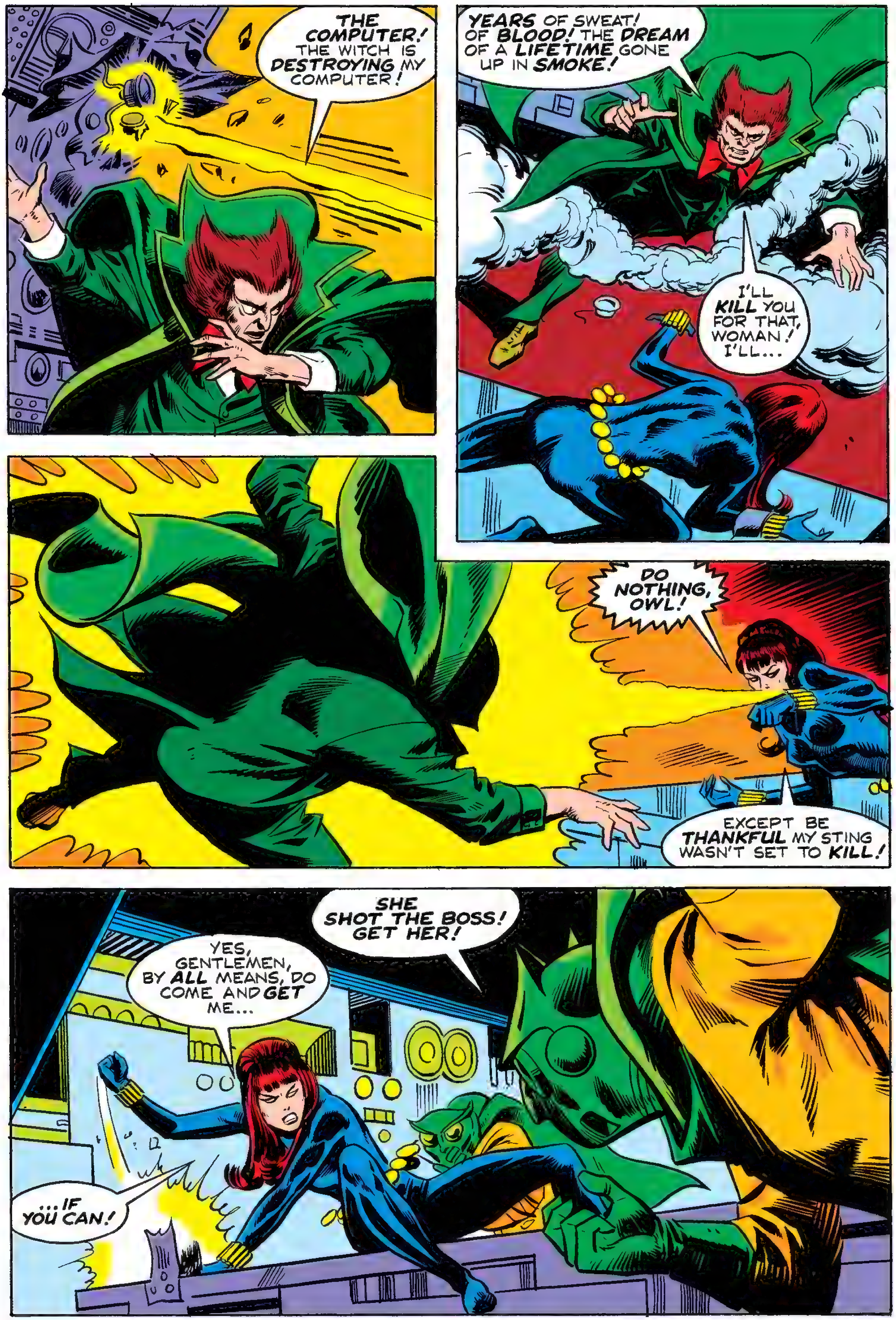
He dwells in eternal night— but the blackness is filled with sounds and scents, tastes and textures other men cannot perceive. For though attorney MATT MURDOCK is *blind,* his other four senses function with *superhuman sharpness*—his uncanny *radar sense* guides him over every obstacle! Armed only with his *billy club,* his fighting skill, and his courage, he stalks the streets by night, a relentless red-garbed foe of evil!

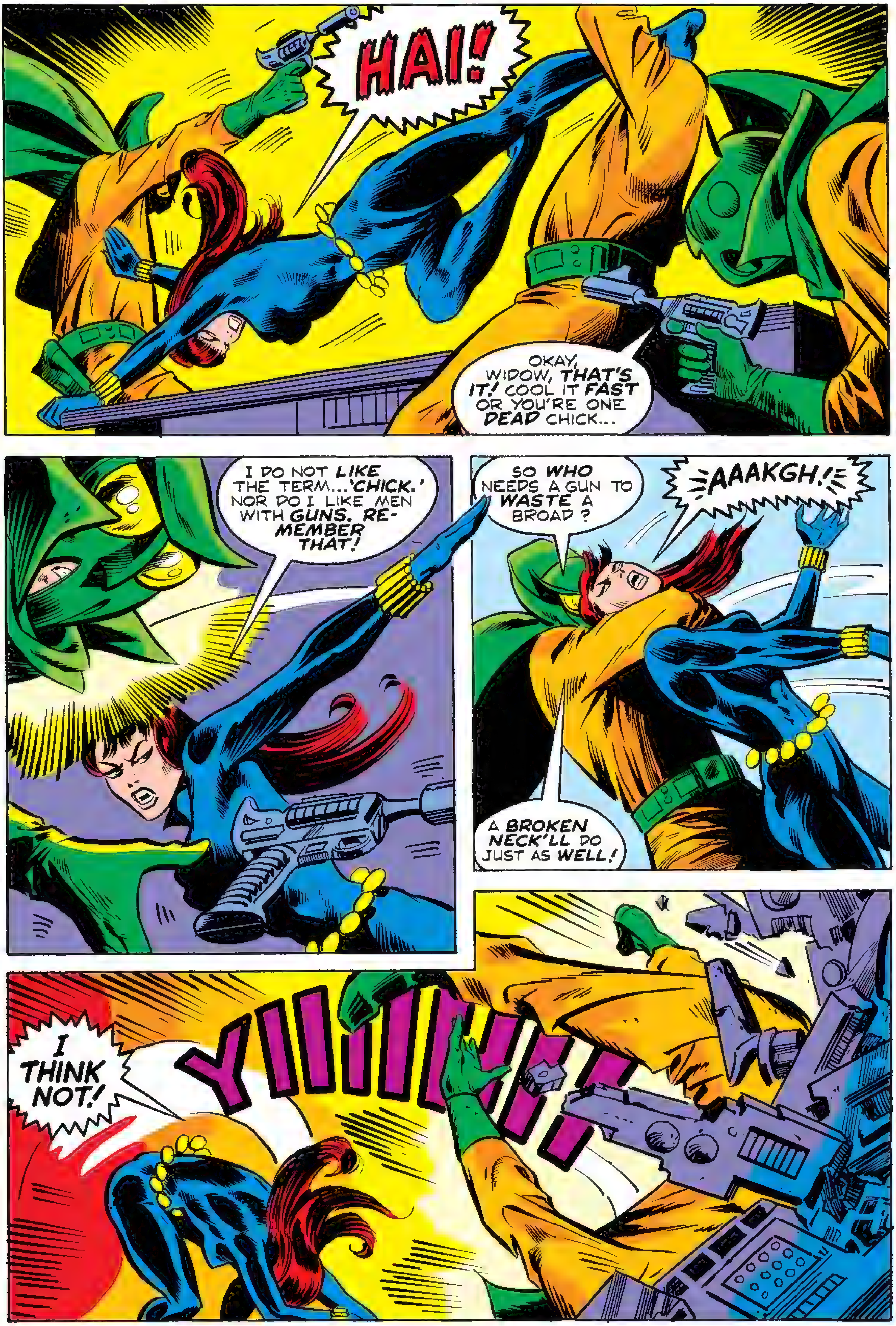
Stan Lee PRESENTS: DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!™

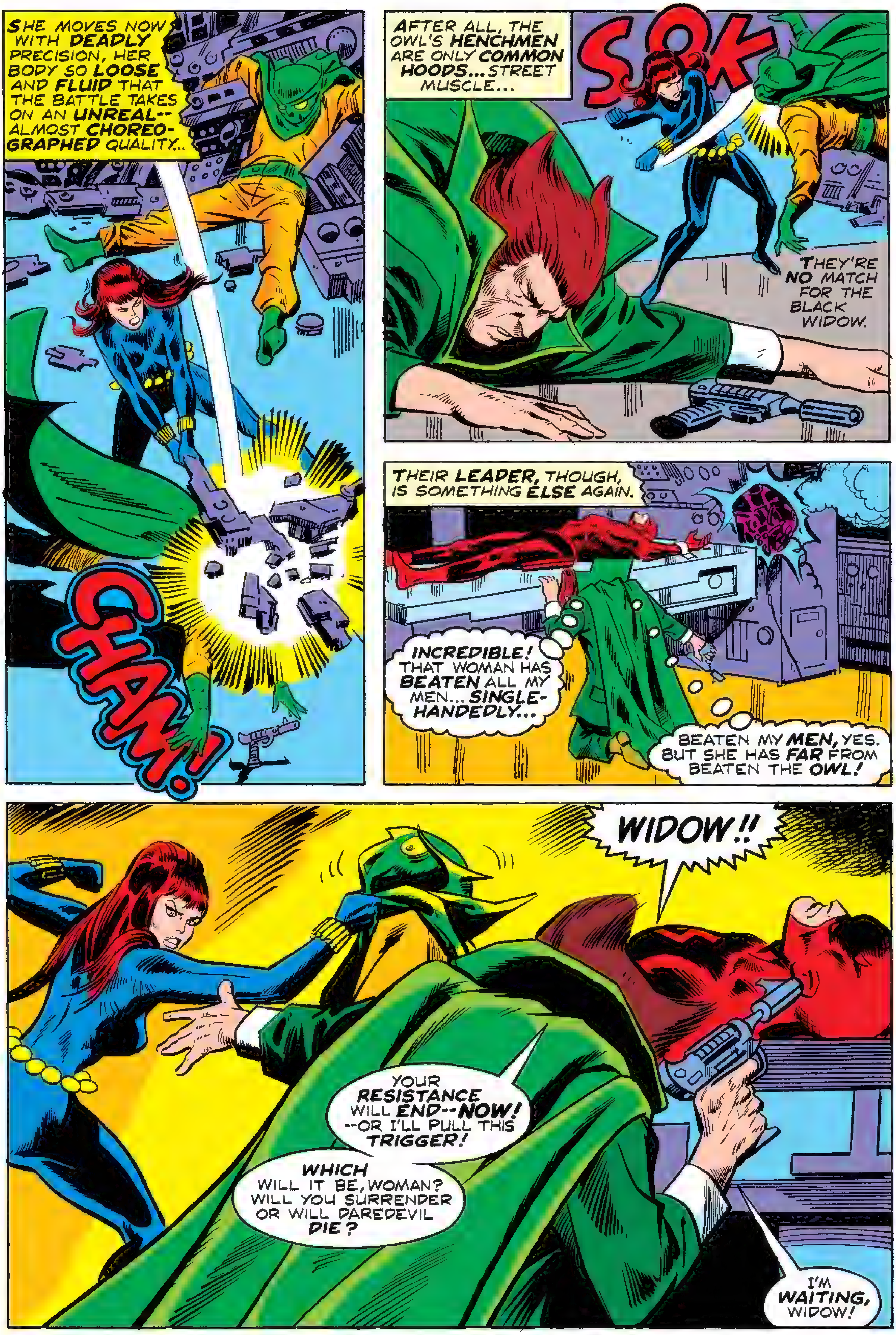
CHRIS CLAREMONT, SCRIPT | BOB BROWN, PENCILS | V. COLLETTA, INKS | D. HUNT, LETTERS | R. THOMAS, EDITOR
STEVE GERBER, PLOT | PETRA G., COLORS

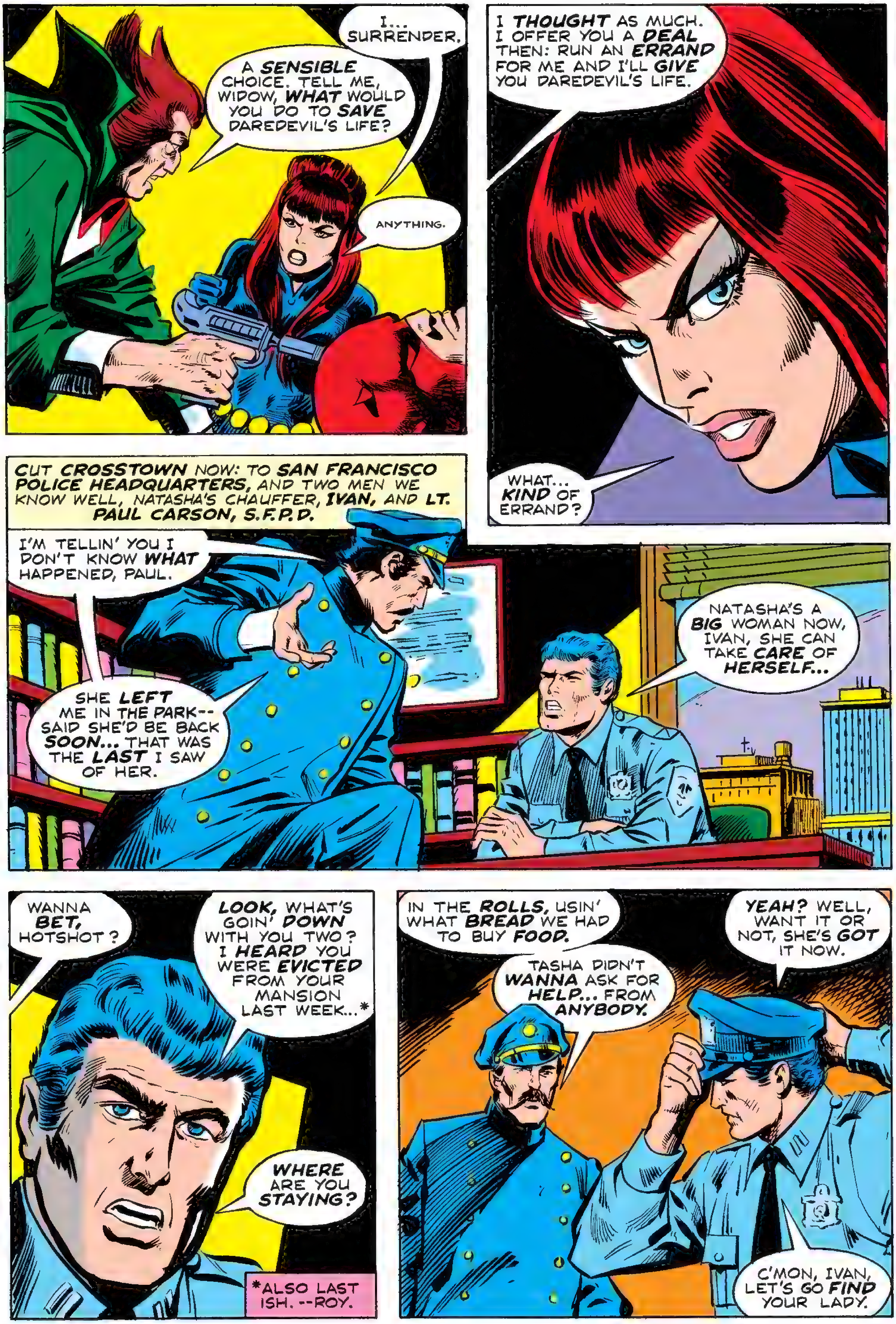

MIND TAP!
THE NIGHTMARE BEGINS WITH A WOMAN'S SCREAM, A DESPERATE CRY THAT IS FURY, FRUSTRATION... AND FEAR!
OWL! WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO HIM?!
DOING TO HIM? WHY, MY DEAR MADAME NATASHA...
I'M STEALING HIS BRAIN!
NATASHA STRAINS AT HER BONDS, TO NO AVAIL, HER MIND FLICKING INSANELY OVER THE EVENTS OF THE PAST FEW HOURS: REMEMBERING HER MEETING WITH DAREDEVIL, THE TALK THEY'D STARTED... THE OWL'S SUDDEN, MERCILESS ATTACK ...THEIR EQUALLY SUDDEN DEFEAT...*
AND NOW, DAREDEVIL IS STRAPPED TO AN ARCANE MACHINE DESIGNED TO ABSORB EVERY SCRAP OF INFORMATION IN HIS BRAIN A MACHINE THAT WOULD LEAVE HIM A MINDLESS VEGETABLE...
AND THERE'S NOTHING THE BLACK WIDOW CAN DO TO STOP IT. NOTHING!
*LAST ISH.--ROY.

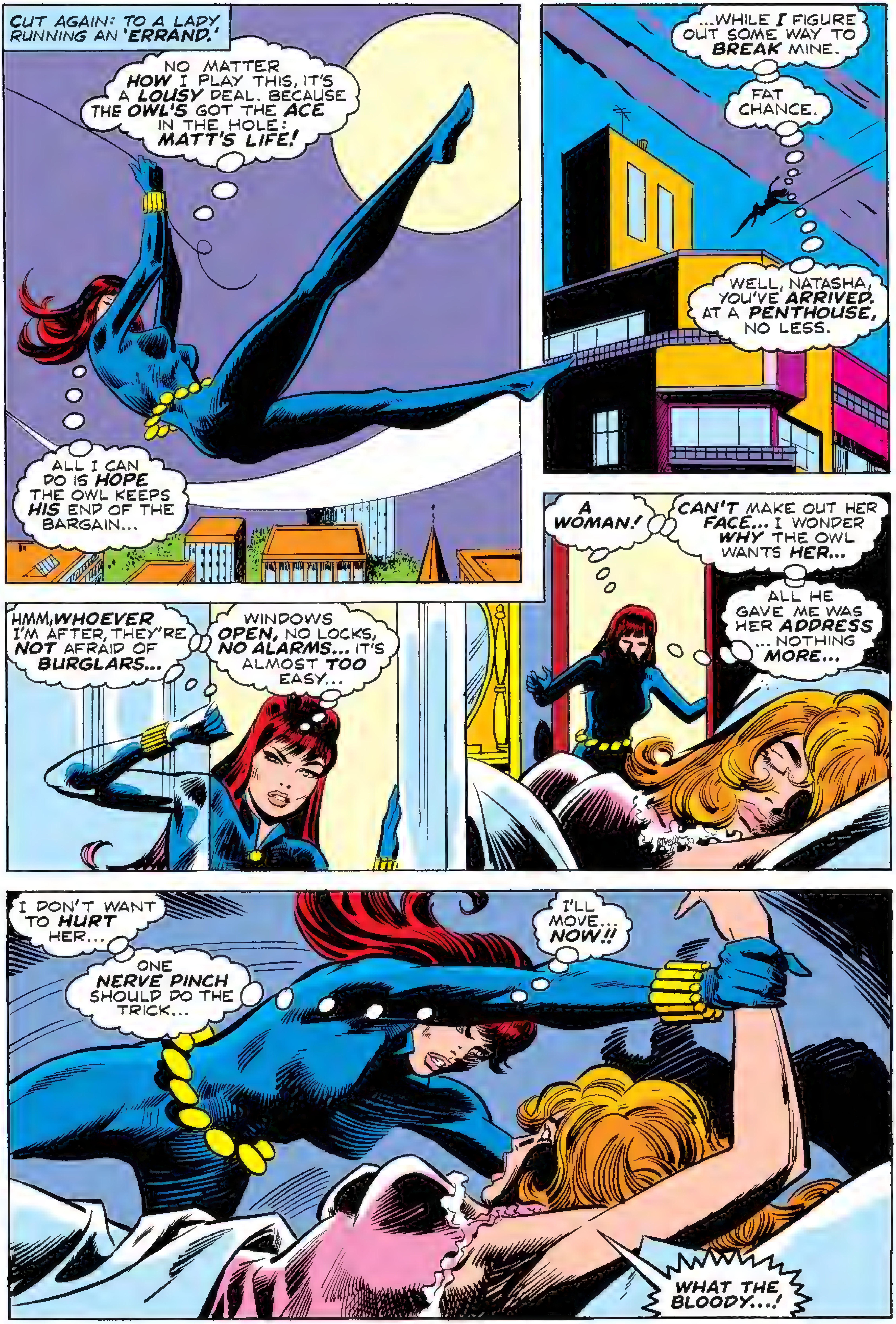

ROSCOE! **START** THE ABSORPTION PROCESS.
DONE, BOSS!
EXCELLENT. **EXCELLENT!** EVERYTHING'S WORKING **PERFECTLY.**
FIVE MINUTES, DAREDEVIL. THAT'S **ALL** IT TAKES. FIVE MINUTES AND YOUR BODY'S AN **INANIMATE SHELL!**
MM MM MM M
DO YOU **FEEL** IT WORKING, **MAN-WITHOUT-FEAR?** DO YOU FEEL MY **MIND-MACHINE** SUCKING AWAY AT YOUR **THOUGHTS?** YOUR **IDENTITY?** **YOUR VERY SOUL?**
CALM DOWN, NATASHA! YOU WERE THE **BEST** AGENT THE SOVIET EVER HAD, SO **ACT** LIKE IT! **PANICKING** WON'T HELP MATT NOW...
REMEMBER YOUR **TRAINING,** WOMAN... **FOCUS** ALL YOUR ENERGY, ALL YOUR **STRENGTH...**
BUT THERE'S **NO** TIME LEFT... SO IF I'M TO **BREAK FREE,** I'VE **GOT** TO DO IT...
NOW!
CHAK
ZRAPT!

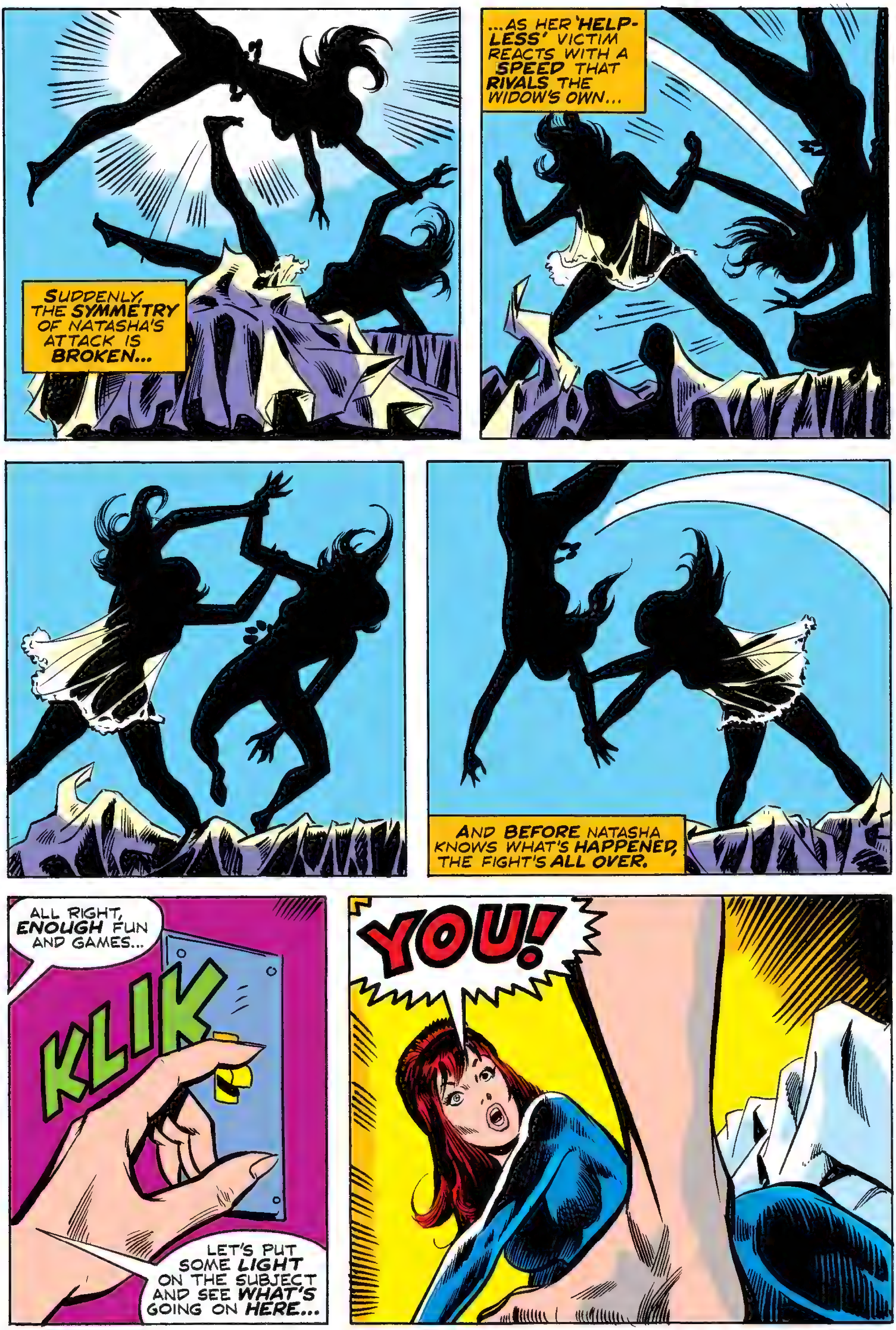

THE COMPUTER! THE WITCH IS DESTROYING MY COMPUTER!
YEARS OF SWEAT! OF BLOOD! THE DREAM OF A LIFETIME GONE UP IN SMOKE!
I'LL KILL YOU FOR THAT, WOMAN! I'LL...
DO NOTHING, OWL!
EXCEPT BE THANKFUL MY STING WASN'T SET TO KILL!
SHE SHOT THE BOSS! GET HER!
YES, GENTLEMEN, BY ALL MEANS, DO COME AND GET ME...
...IF YOU CAN!

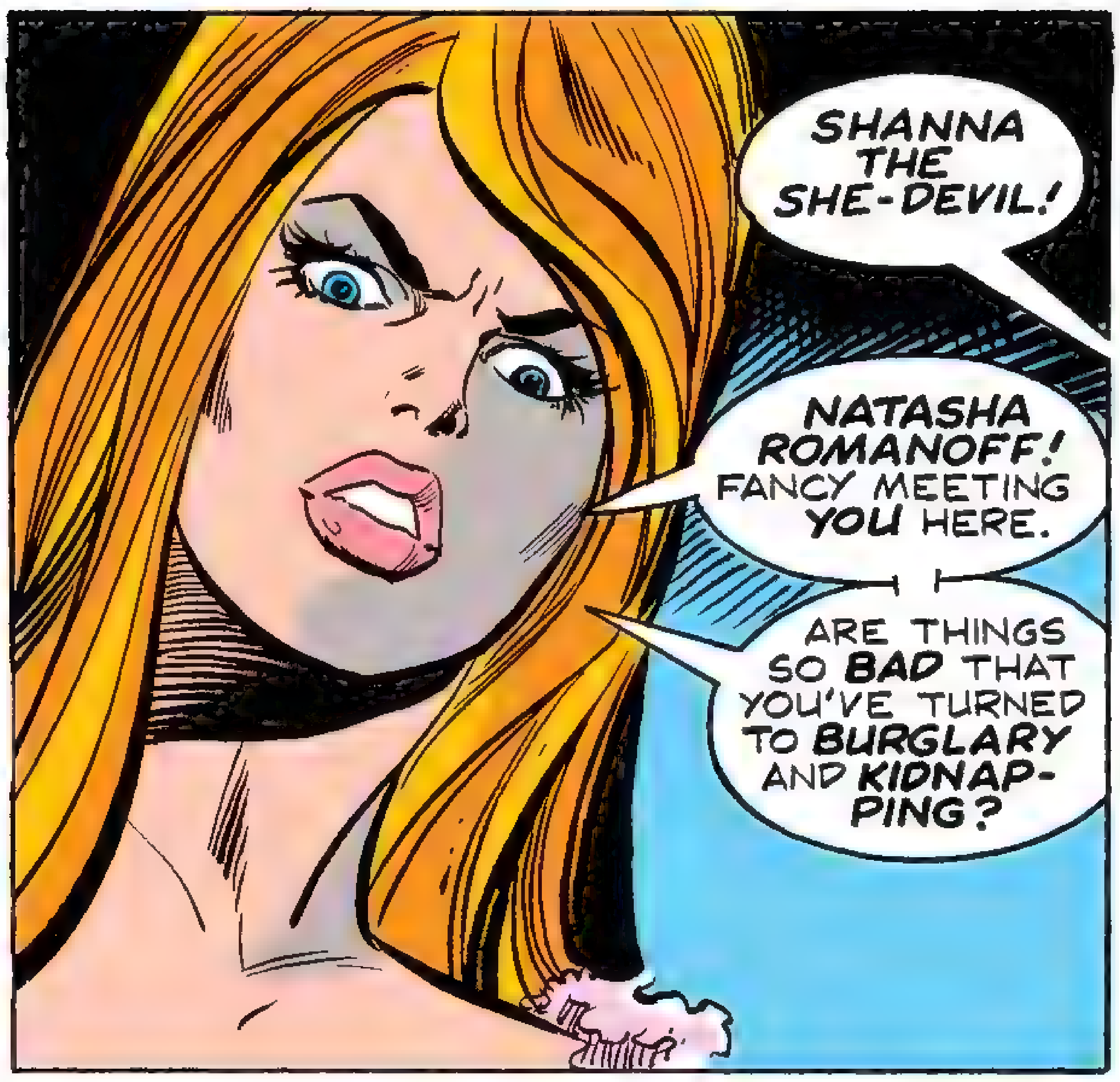

HAI!
OKAY, WIDOW, THAT'S IT! COOL IT FAST OR YOU'RE ONE DEAD CHICK...
I DO NOT LIKE THE TERM...'CHICK.' NOR DO I LIKE MEN WITH GUNS. REMEMBER THAT!
SO WHO NEEDS A GUN TO WASTE A BROAD ?
AAAKGH!
A BROKEN NECK'LL DO JUST AS WELL!
I THINK NOT!
YIIIIIIII

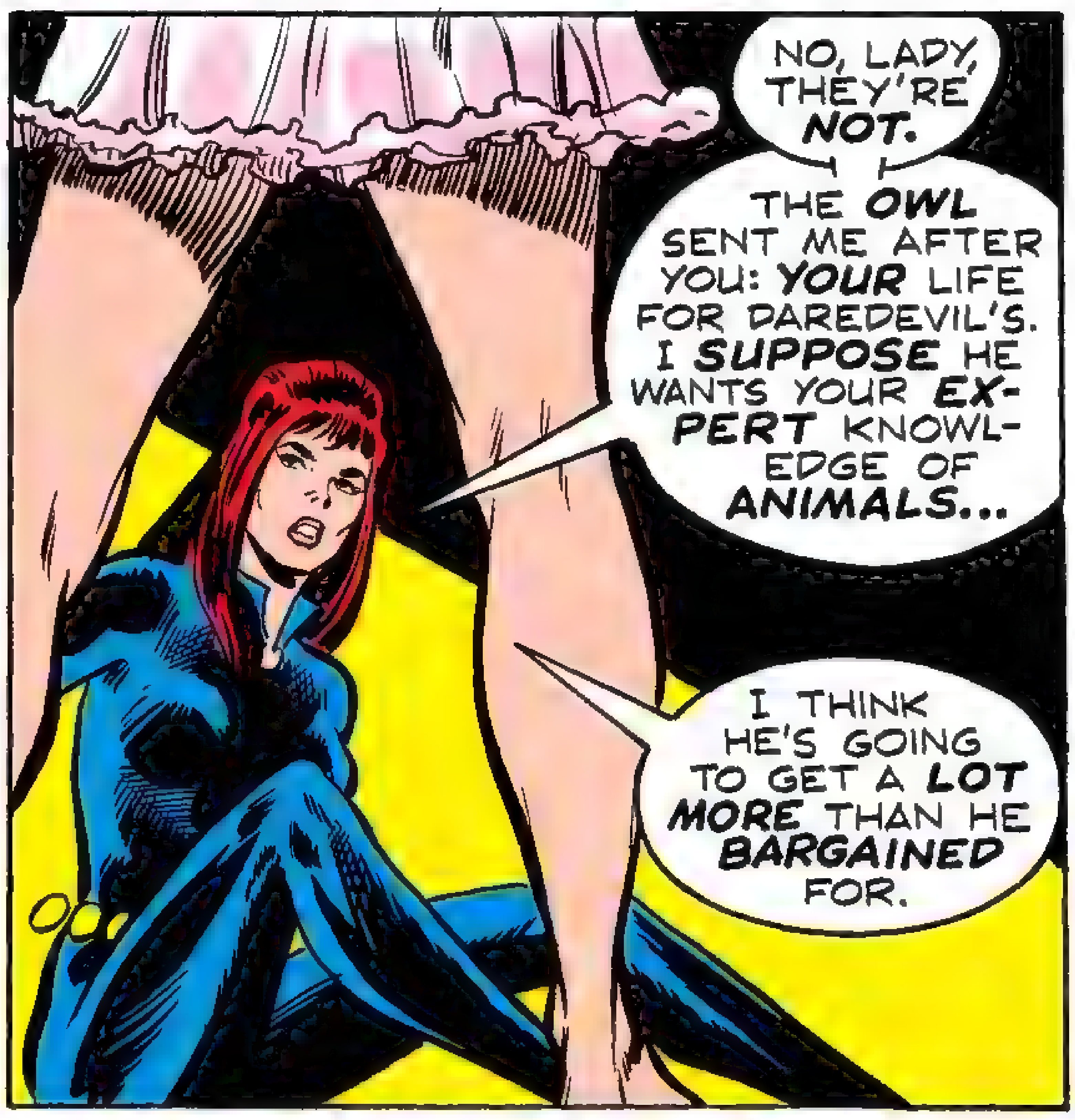

SHE MOVES NOW WITH DEADLY PRECISION, HER BODY SO LOOSE AND FLUID THAT THE BATTLE TAKES ON AN UNREAL-- ALMOST CHOREOGRAPHED QUALITY...
CHAM!
AFTER ALL, THE OWL'S HENCHMEN ARE ONLY COMMON HOODS... STREET MUSCLE...
SOK
THEY'RE NO MATCH FOR THE BLACK WIDOW.
THEIR LEADER, THOUGH, IS SOMETHING ELSE AGAIN.
INCREDIBLE! THAT WOMAN HAS BEATEN ALL MY MEN... SINGLE-HANDEDLY...
BEATEN MY MEN, YES. BUT SHE HAS FAR FROM BEATEN THE OWL!
WIDOW!!
YOUR RESISTANCE WILL END--NOW! --OR I'LL PULL THIS TRIGGER!
WHICH WILL IT BE, WOMAN? WILL YOU SURRENDER OR WILL DAREDEVIL DIE?
I'M WAITING, WIDOW!

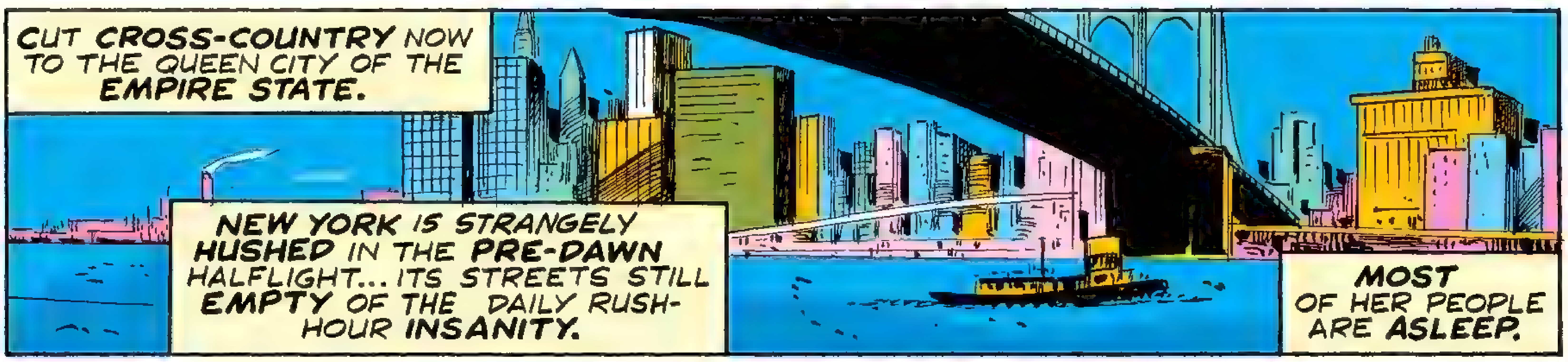

I... SURRENDER.
A SENSIBLE CHOICE. TELL ME, WIDOW, WHAT WOULD YOU DO TO SAVE DAREDEVIL'S LIFE?
ANYTHING.
I THOUGHT AS MUCH. I OFFER YOU A DEAL THEN: RUN AN ERRAND FOR ME AND I'LL GIVE YOU DAREDEVIL'S LIFE.
WHAT... KIND OF ERRAND?
CUT CROSSTOWN NOW: TO SAN FRANCISCO POLICE HEADQUARTERS, AND TWO MEN WE KNOW WELL, NATASHA'S CHAUFFER, IVAN, AND LT. PAUL CARSON, S.F.P.D.
I'M TELLIN' YOU I DON'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENED, PAUL.
SHE LEFT ME IN THE PARK-- SAID SHE'D BE BACK SOON... THAT WAS THE LAST I SAW OF HER.
NATASHA'S A BIG WOMAN NOW, IVAN, SHE CAN TAKE CARE OF HERSELF...
WANNA BET, HOTSHOT?
LOOK, WHAT'S GOIN' DOWN WITH YOU TWO? I HEARD YOU WERE EVICTED FROM YOUR MANSION LAST WEEK...*
WHERE ARE YOU STAYING?
*ALSO LAST ISH. --ROY.
IN THE ROLLS, USIN' WHAT BREAD WE HAD TO BUY FOOD.
TASHA DIDN'T WANNA ASK FOR HELP... FROM ANYBODY.
YEAH? WELL, WANT IT OR NOT, SHE'S GOT IT NOW.
C'MON, IVAN, LET'S GO FIND YOUR LADY.

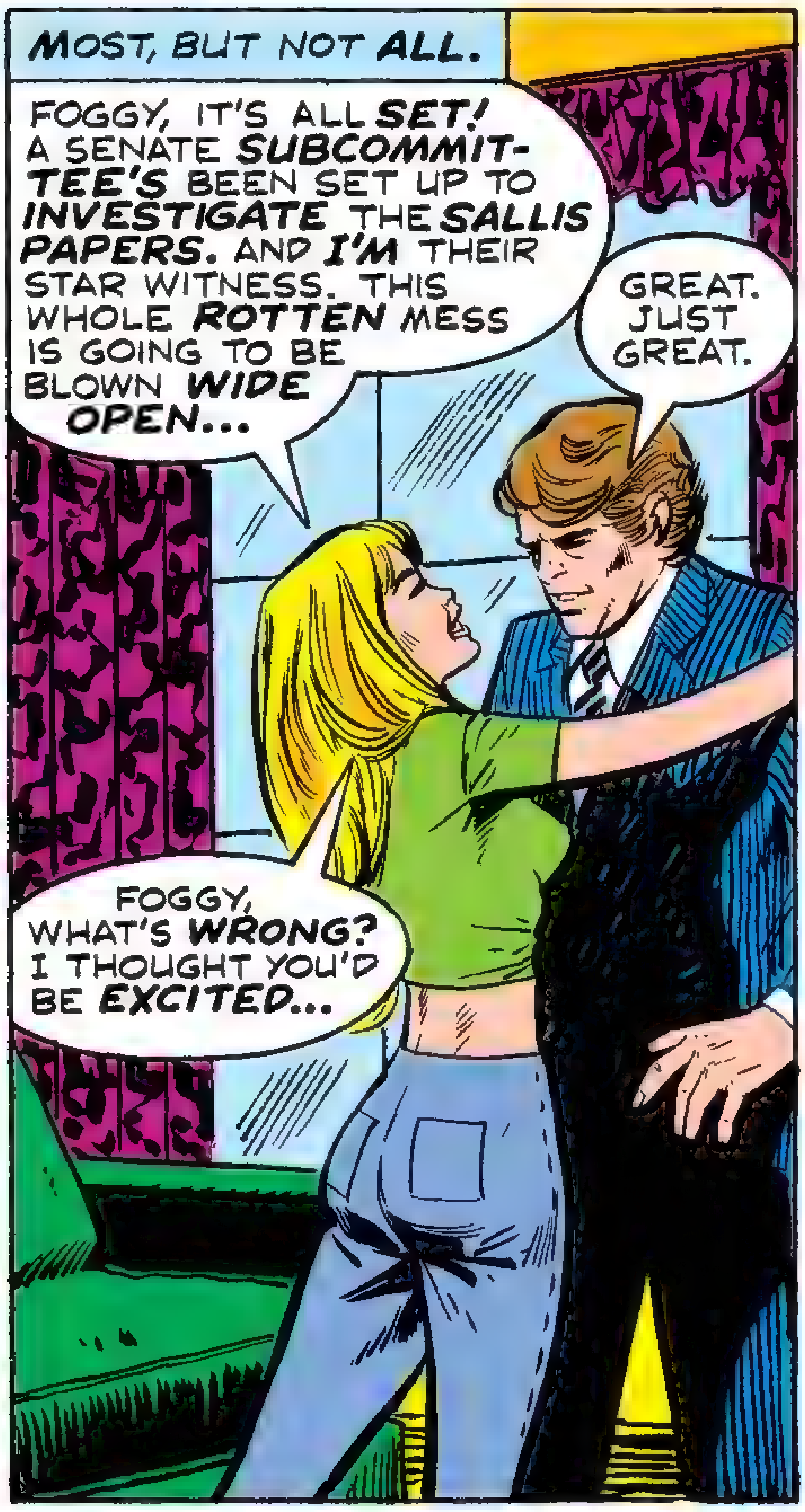

CUT AGAIN: TO A LADY RUNNING AN 'ERRAND.'
NO MATTER HOW I PLAY THIS, IT'S A LOUSY DEAL. BECAUSE THE OWL'S GOT THE ACE IN THE HOLE: MATT'S LIFE!
ALL I CAN DO IS HOPE THE OWL KEEPS HIS END OF THE BARGAIN...
...WHILE I FIGURE OUT SOME WAY TO BREAK MINE.
FAT CHANCE.
WELL, NATASHA, YOU'VE ARRIVED. AT A PENTHOUSE, NO LESS.
HMM, WHOEVER I'M AFTER, THEY'RE NOT AFRAID OF BURGLARS...
WINDOWS OPEN, NO LOCKS, NO ALARMS... IT'S ALMOST TOO EASY...
A WOMAN!
CAN'T MAKE OUT HER FACE... I WONDER WHY THE OWL WANTS HER...
ALL HE GAVE ME WAS HER ADDRESS ...NOTHING MORE...
I DON'T WANT TO HURT HER...
ONE NERVE PINCH SHOULD DO THE TRICK...
I'LL MOVE... NOW!!
WHAT THE BLOODY...!

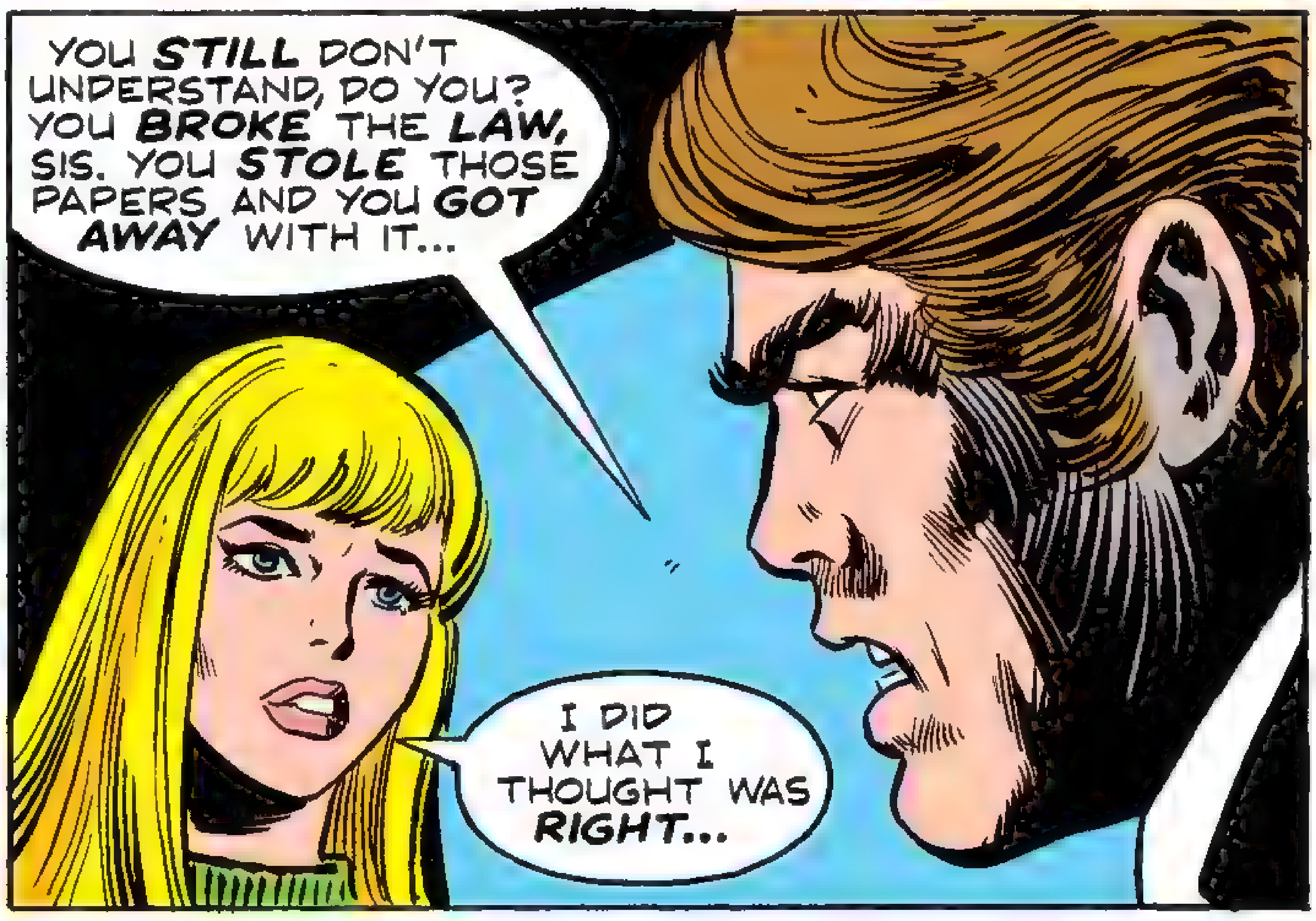

SUDDENLY, THE SYMMETRY OF NATASHA'S ATTACK IS BROKEN...
...AS HER 'HELPLESS' VICTIM REACTS WITH A SPEED THAT RIVALS THE WIDOW'S OWN...
AND BEFORE NATASHA KNOWS WHAT'S HAPPENED, THE FIGHT'S ALL OVER.
ALL RIGHT, ENOUGH FUN AND GAMES...
KLIK
LET'S PUT SOME LIGHT ON THE SUBJECT AND SEE WHAT'S GOING ON HERE...
YOU!

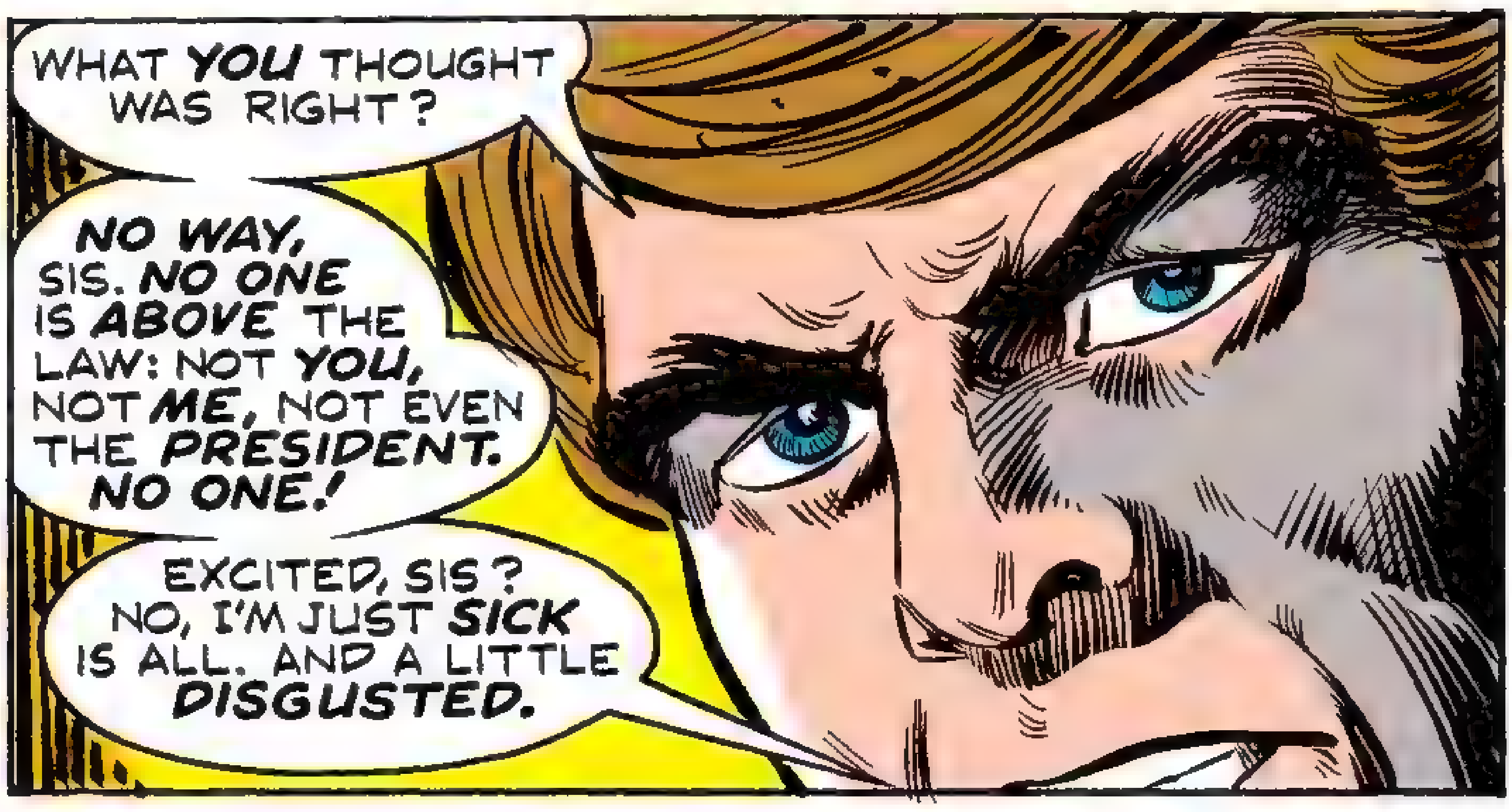

SHANNA THE SHE-DEVIL!
NATASHA ROMANOFF! FANCY MEETING YOU HERE.
ARE THINGS SO BAD THAT YOU'VE TURNED TO BURGLARY AND KIDNAPPING?

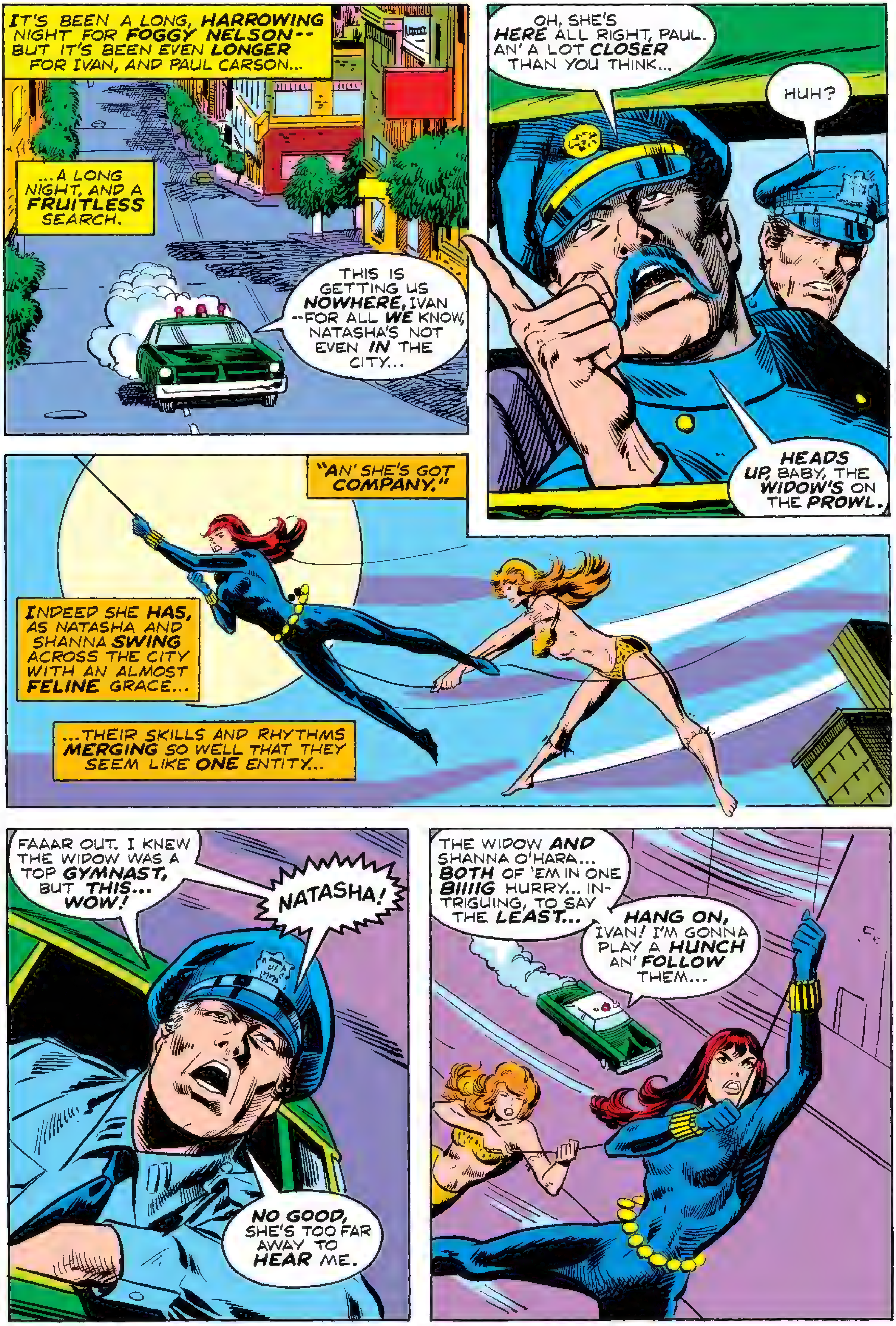

NO, LADY, THEY'RE NOT.
THE OWL SENT ME AFTER YOU: YOUR LIFE FOR DAREDEVIL'S. I SUPPOSE HE WANTS YOUR EXPERT KNOWLEDGE OF ANIMALS...
I THINK HE'S GOING TO GET A LOT MORE THAN HE BARGAINED FOR.

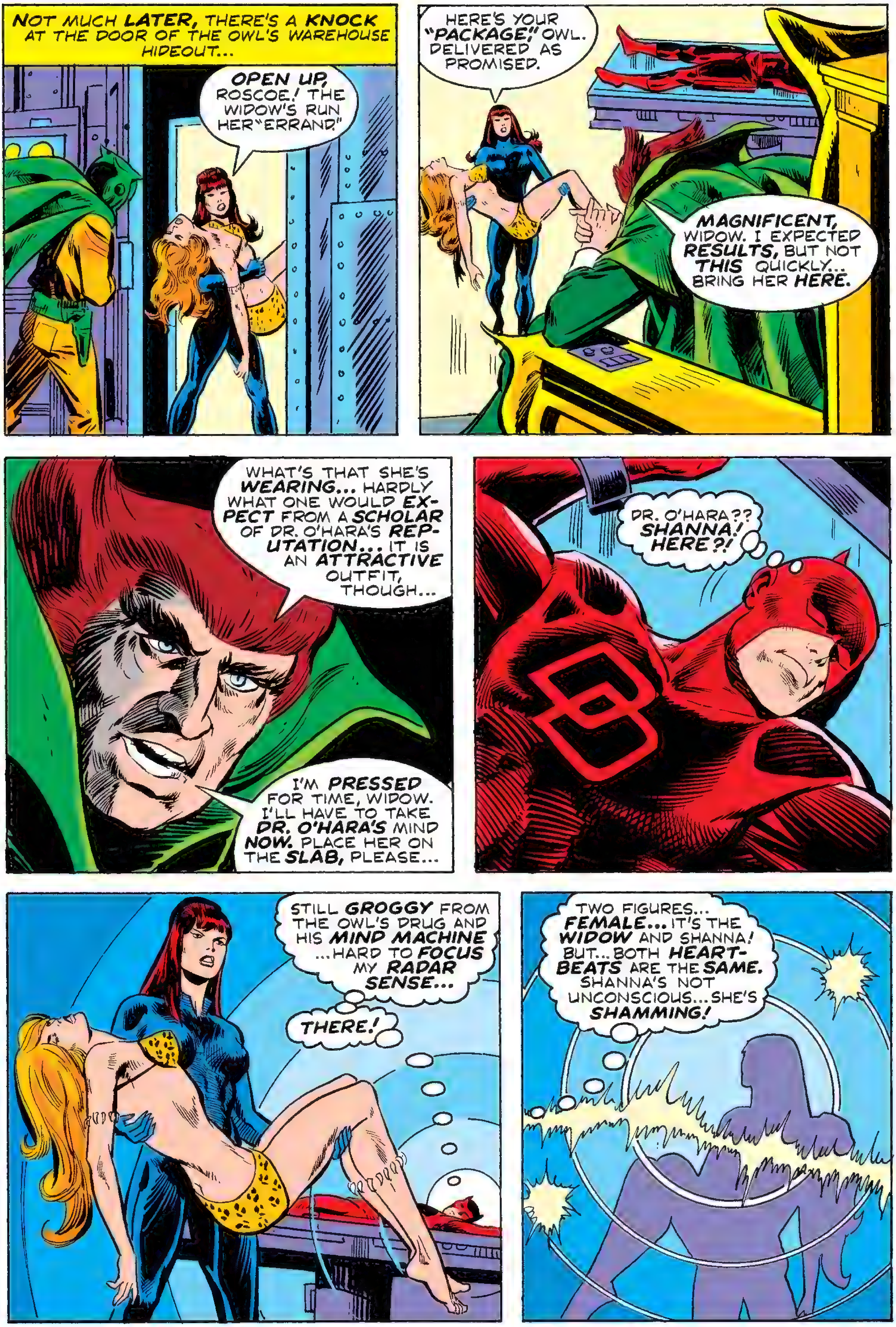

CUT CROSS-COUNTRY NOW TO THE QUEEN CITY OF THE EMPIRE STATE.
NEW YORK IS STRANGELY HUSHED IN THE PRE-DAWN HALFLIGHT... ITS STREETS STILL EMPTY OF THE DAILY RUSH-HOUR INSANITY.
MOST OF HER PEOPLE ARE ASLEEP.

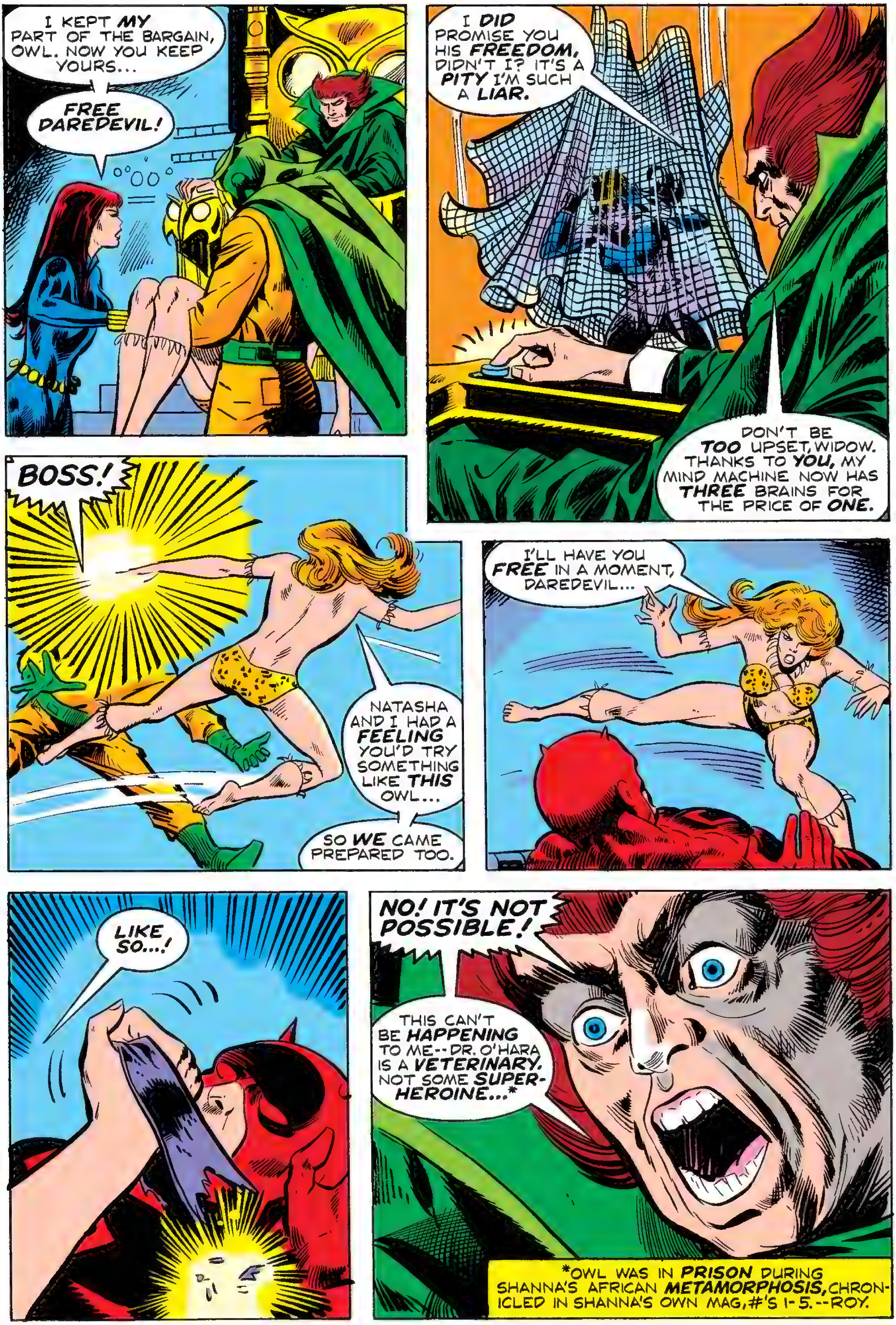

MOST, BUT NOT ALL.
FOGGY, IT'S ALL SET! A SENATE SUBCOMMITTEE'S BEEN SET UP TO INVESTIGATE THE SALLIS PAPERS. AND I'M THEIR STAR WITNESS. THIS WHOLE ROTTEN MESS IS GOING TO BE BLOWN WIDE OPEN...
GREAT. JUST GREAT.
FOGGY, WHAT'S WRONG? I THOUGHT YOU'D BE EXCITED...

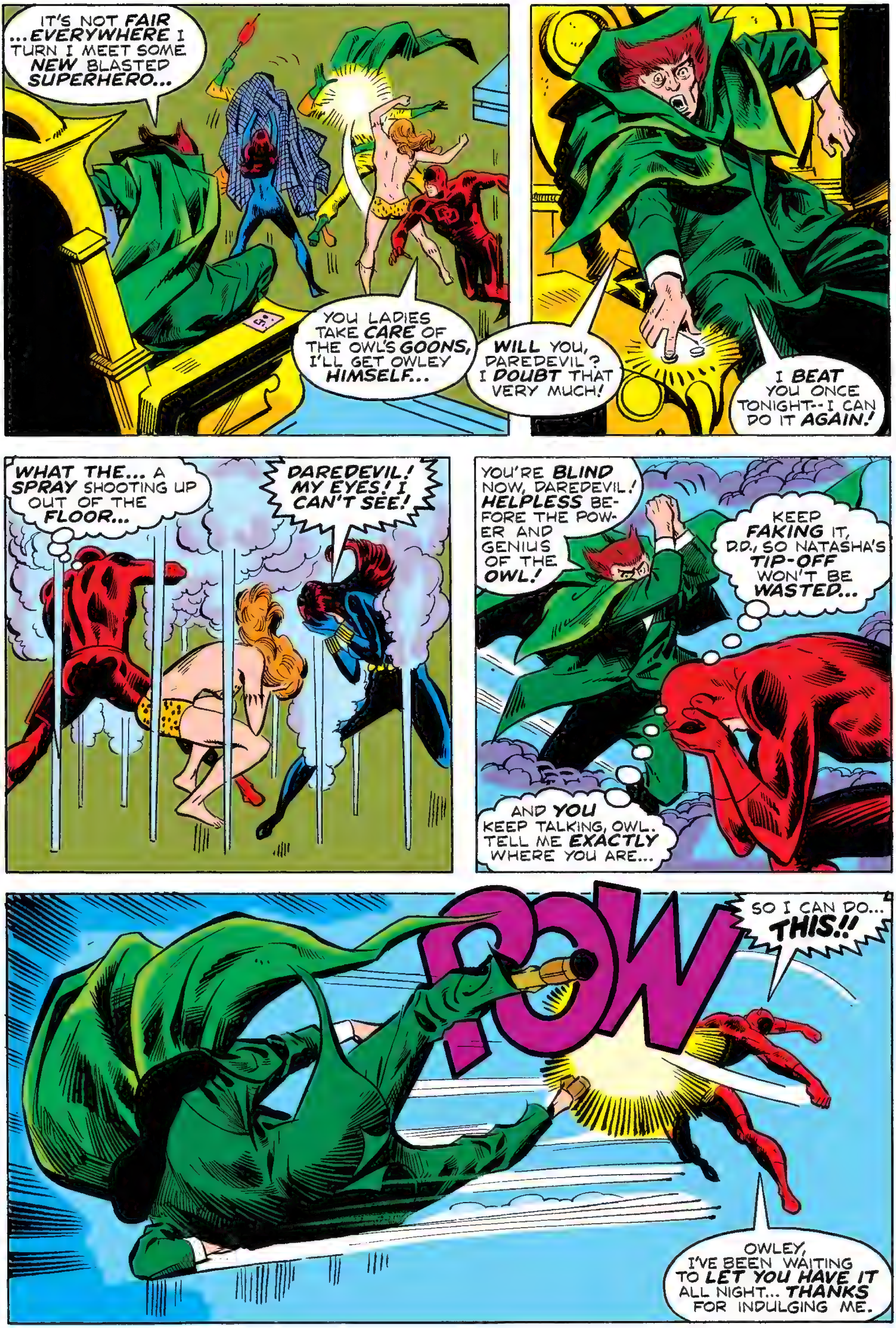

YOU STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND, DO YOU? YOU BROKE THE LAW, SIS. YOU STOLE THOSE PAPERS AND YOU GOT AWAY WITH IT...
I DID WHAT I THOUGHT WAS RIGHT...

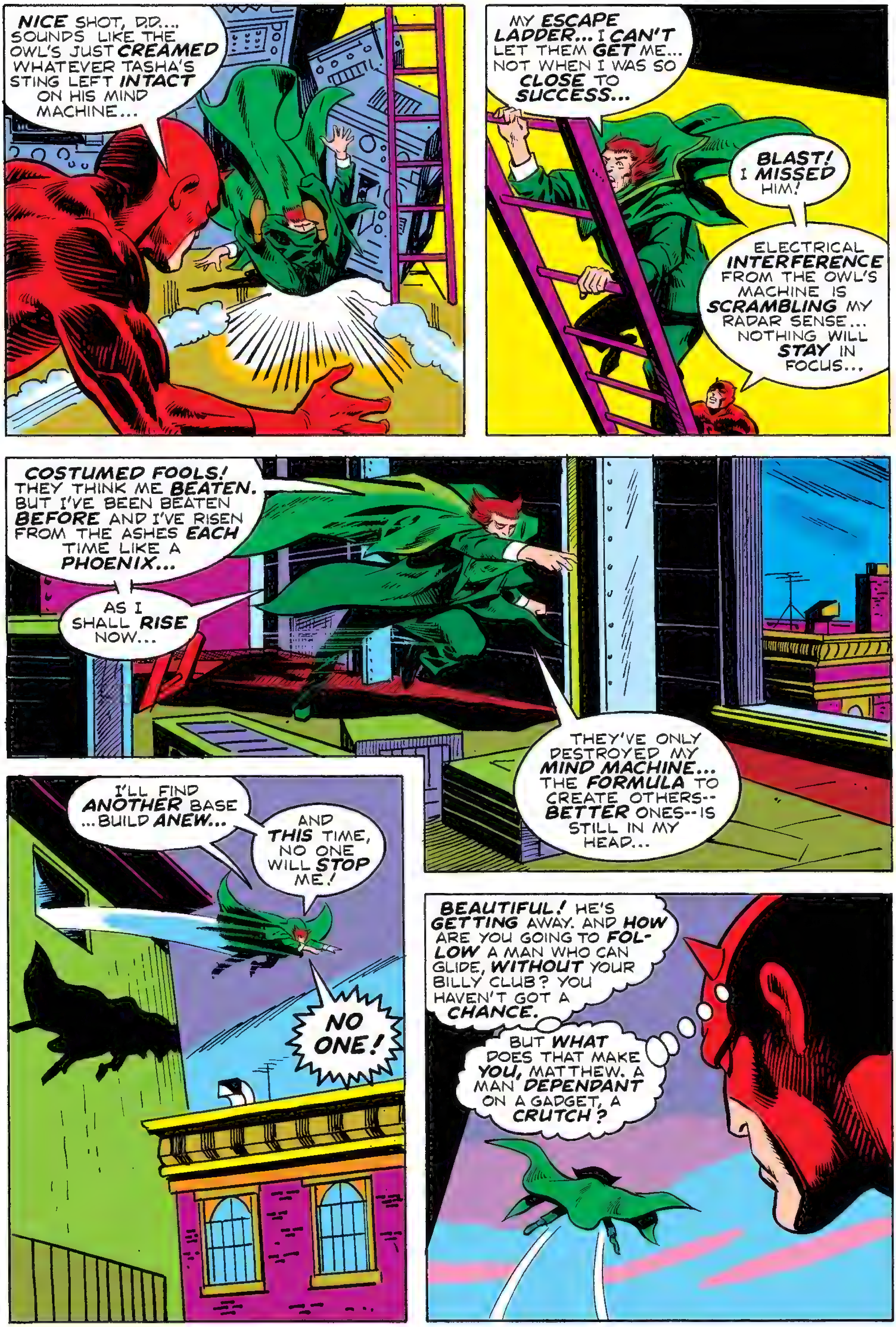

WHAT YOU THOUGHT WAS RIGHT?
NO WAY, SIS. NO ONE IS ABOVE THE LAW: NOT YOU, NOT ME, NOT EVEN THE PRESIDENT. NO ONE!
EXCITED, SIS? NO, I'M JUST SICK IS ALL. AND A LITTLE DISGUSTED.

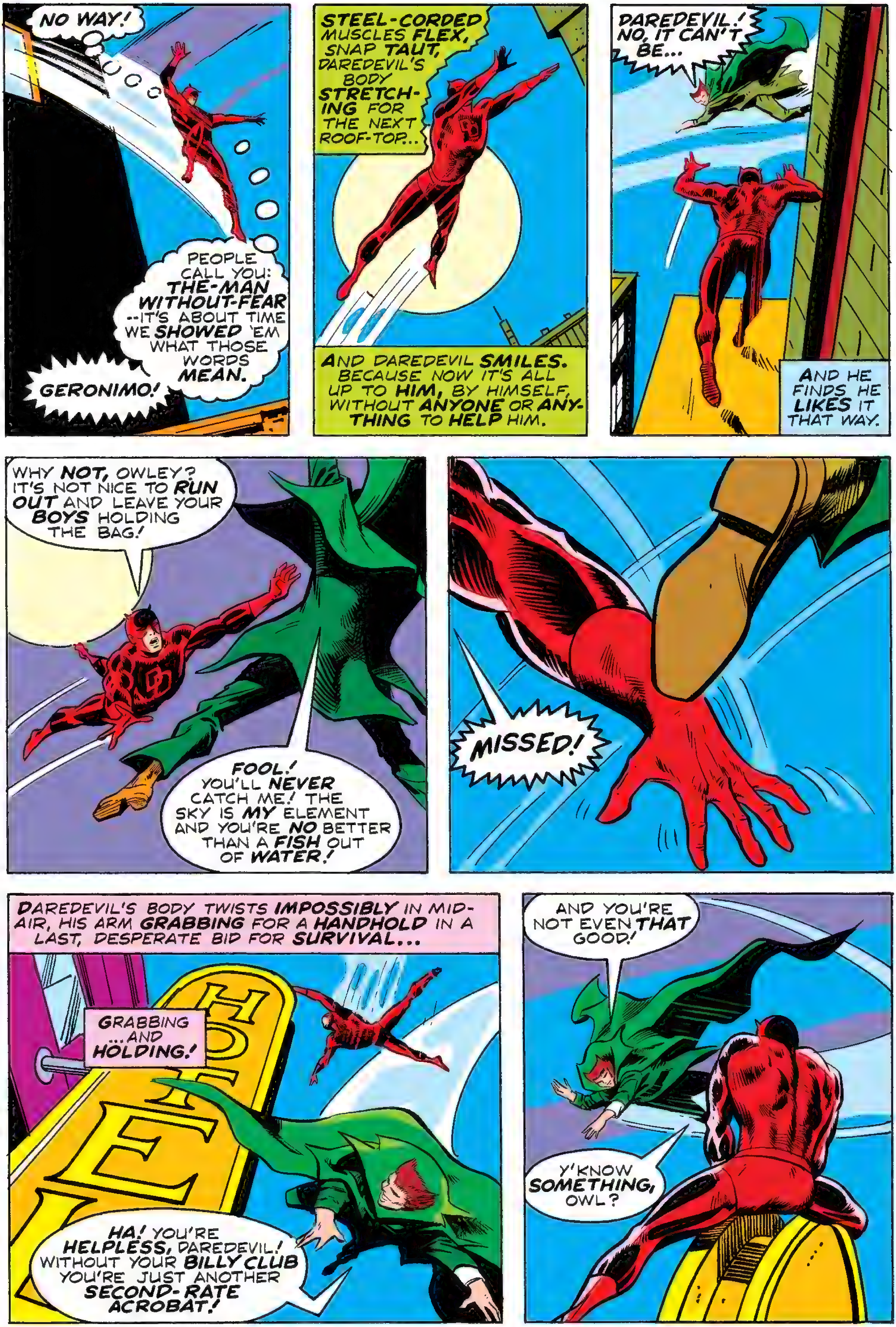

IT'S BEEN A LONG, HARROWING NIGHT FOR FOGGY NELSON-- BUT IT'S BEEN EVEN LONGER FOR IVAN, AND PAUL CARSON...
...A LONG NIGHT, AND A FRUITLESS SEARCH.
THIS IS GETTING US NOWHERE, IVAN --FOR ALL WE KNOW, NATASHA'S NOT EVEN IN THE CITY...
OH, SHE'S HERE ALL RIGHT, PAUL. AN' A LOT CLOSER THAN YOU THINK...
HUH?
HEADS UP, BABY, THE WIDOW'S ON THE PROWL.
"AN' SHE'S GOT COMPANY."
INDEED SHE HAS, AS NATASHA AND SHANNA SWING ACROSS THE CITY WITH AN ALMOST FELINE GRACE...
...THEIR SKILLS AND RHYTHMS MERGING SO WELL THAT THEY SEEM LIKE ONE ENTITY...
FAAAR OUT. I KNEW THE WIDOW WAS A TOP GYMNAST, BUT THIS... WOW!
NATASHA!
NO GOOD, SHE'S TOO FAR AWAY TO HEAR ME.
THE WIDOW AND SHANNA O'HARA... BOTH OF 'EM IN ONE BIIIIG HURRY... INTRIGUING, TO SAY THE LEAST...
HANG ON, IVAN! I'M GONNA PLAY A HUNCH AN' FOLLOW THEM...

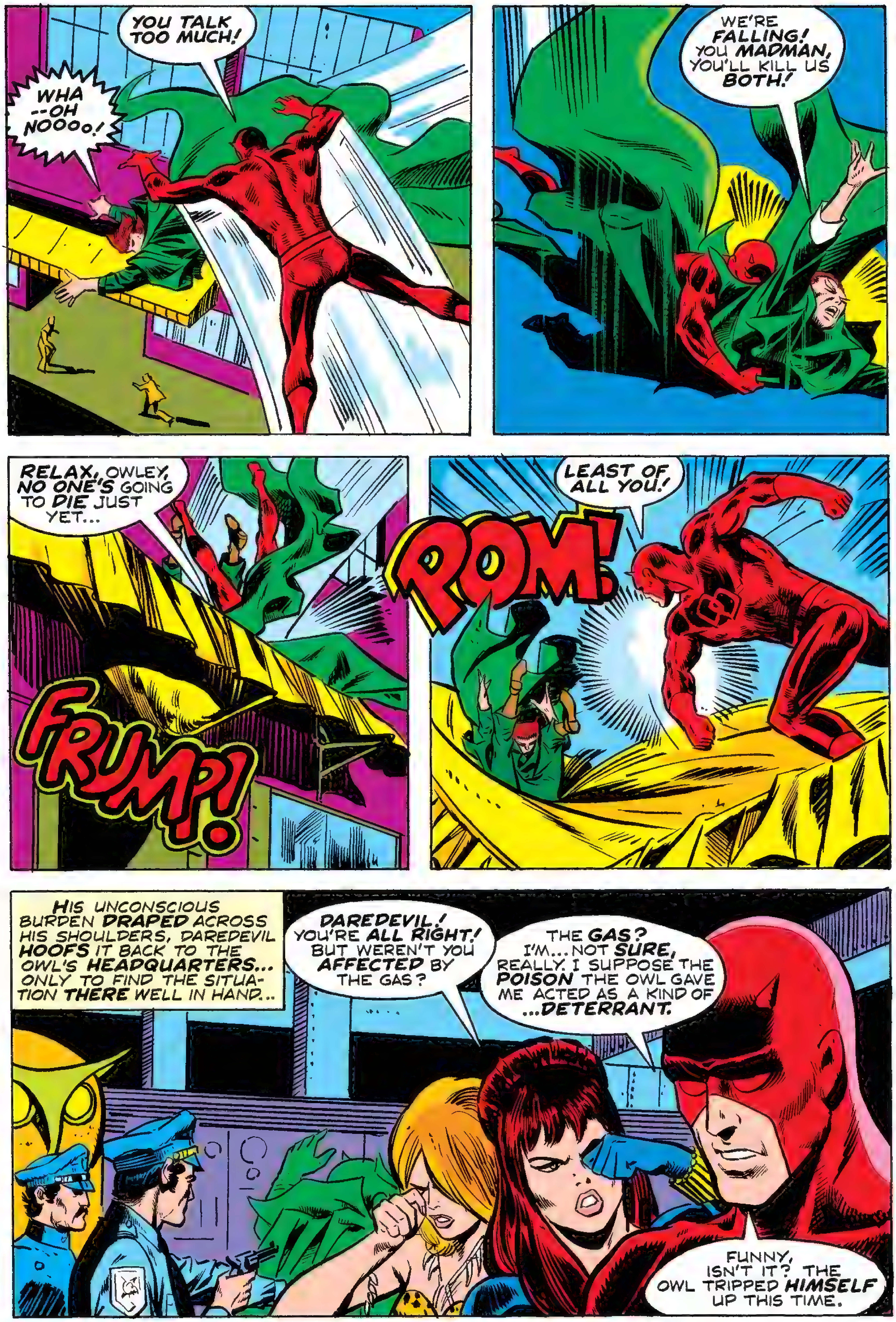

NOT MUCH LATER, THERE'S A KNOCK AT THE DOOR OF THE OWL'S WAREHOUSE HIDEOUT...
OPEN UP, ROSCOE! THE WIDOW'S RUN HER "ERRAND!"
HERE'S YOUR "PACKAGE," OWL. DELIVERED AS PROMISED.
MAGNIFICENT, WIDOW. I EXPECTED RESULTS, BUT NOT THIS QUICKLY... BRING HER HERE.
WHAT'S THAT SHE'S WEARING... HARDLY WHAT ONE WOULD EXPECT FROM A SCHOLAR OF DR. O'HARA'S REPUTATION... IT IS AN ATTRACTIVE OUTFIT, THOUGH...
I'M PRESSED FOR TIME, WIDOW. I'LL HAVE TO TAKE DR. O'HARA'S MIND NOW. PLACE HER ON THE SLAB, PLEASE...
DR. O'HARA?? SHANNA! HERE?!
STILL GROGGY FROM THE OWL'S DRUG AND HIS MIND MACHINE ...HARD TO FOCUS MY RADAR SENSE...
THERE!
TWO FIGURES... FEMALE... IT'S THE WIDOW AND SHANNA! BUT... BOTH HEARTBEATS ARE THE SAME. SHANNA'S NOT UNCONSCIOUS... SHE'S SHAMMING!

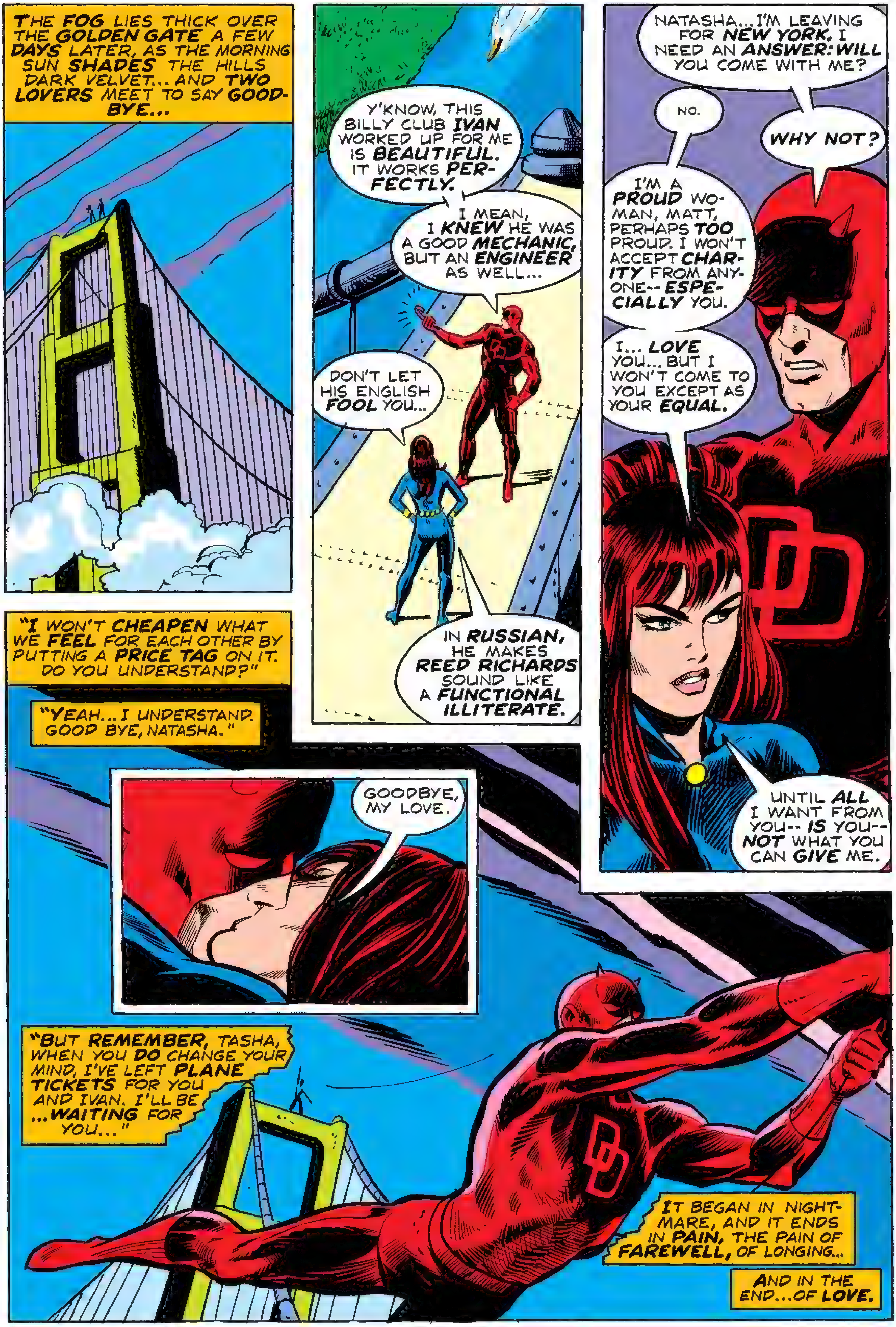

I KEPT **MY** PART OF THE BARGAIN, OWL. NOW YOU KEEP YOURS...
FREE DAREDEVIL!
I **DID** PROMISE YOU HIS **FREEDOM,** DIDN'T I? IT'S A **PITY** I'M SUCH A **LIAR.**
DON'T BE **TOO** UPSET, WIDOW. THANKS TO **YOU,** MY MIND MACHINE NOW HAS **THREE** BRAINS FOR THE PRICE OF **ONE.**
BOSS!
NATASHA AND I HAD A **FEELING** YOU'D TRY SOMETHING LIKE **THIS** OWL...
SO **WE** CAME PREPARED TOO.
I'LL HAVE YOU **FREE** IN A MOMENT, DAREDEVIL...
LIKE SO...!
NO! IT'S NOT POSSIBLE!
THIS CAN'T BE **HAPPENING** TO ME--DR. O'HARA IS A **VETERINARY,** NOT SOME **SUPER-HEROINE...***
*OWL WAS IN **PRISON** DURING SHANNA'S AFRICAN **METAMORPHOSIS,** CHRONICLED IN SHANNA'S OWN MAG, #'S 1-5.--ROY.


IT'S NOT FAIR ...EVERYWHERE I TURN I MEET SOME NEW BLASTED SUPERHERO...
YOU LADIES TAKE CARE OF THE OWL'S GOONS, I'LL GET OWLEY HIMSELF...
WILL YOU, DAREDEVIL? I DOUBT THAT VERY MUCH!
I BEAT YOU ONCE TONIGHT-- I CAN DO IT AGAIN!
WHAT THE... A SPRAY SHOOTING UP OUT OF THE FLOOR...
DAREDEVIL! MY EYES! I CAN'T SEE!
YOU'RE BLIND NOW, DAREDEVIL! HELPLESS BEFORE THE POWER AND GENIUS OF THE OWL!
KEEP FAKING IT, D.D., SO NATASHA'S TIP-OFF WON'T BE WASTED...
AND YOU KEEP TALKING, OWL. TELL ME EXACTLY WHERE YOU ARE...
POW
SO I CAN DO... THIS!!
OWLEY, I'VE BEEN WAITING TO LET YOU HAVE IT ALL NIGHT... THANKS FOR INDULGING ME.


NICE SHOT, D.D.... SOUNDS LIKE THE OWL'S JUST CREAMED WHATEVER TASHA'S STING LEFT INTACT ON HIS MIND MACHINE...
MY ESCAPE LADDER... I CAN'T LET THEM GET ME... NOT WHEN I WAS SO CLOSE TO SUCCESS...
BLAST! I MISSED HIM!
ELECTRICAL INTERFERENCE FROM THE OWL'S MACHINE IS SCRAMBLING MY RADAR SENSE... NOTHING WILL STAY IN FOCUS...
COSTUMED FOOLS! THEY THINK ME BEATEN. BUT I'VE BEEN BEATEN BEFORE AND I'VE RISEN FROM THE ASHES EACH TIME LIKE A PHOENIX...
AS I SHALL RISE NOW...
THEY'VE ONLY DESTROYED MY MIND MACHINE... THE FORMULA TO CREATE OTHERS--BETTER ONES--IS STILL IN MY HEAD...
I'LL FIND ANOTHER BASE ...BUILD ANEW...
AND THIS TIME, NO ONE WILL STOP ME!
NO ONE!
BEAUTIFUL! HE'S GETTING AWAY. AND HOW ARE YOU GOING TO FOLLOW A MAN WHO CAN GLIDE, WITHOUT YOUR BILLY CLUB? YOU HAVEN'T GOT A CHANCE.
BUT WHAT DOES THAT MAKE YOU, MATTHEW. A MAN DEPENDANT ON A GADGET, A CRUTCH?


NO WAY!
PEOPLE CALL YOU: THE-MAN WITHOUT-FEAR --IT'S ABOUT TIME WE SHOWED 'EM WHAT THOSE WORDS MEAN.
GERONIMO!
STEEL-CORDED MUSCLES FLEX, SNAP TAUT, DAREDEVIL'S BODY STRETCHING FOR THE NEXT ROOF-TOP...
AND DAREDEVIL SMILES. BECAUSE NOW IT'S ALL UP TO HIM, BY HIMSELF, WITHOUT ANYONE OR ANYTHING TO HELP HIM.
DAREDEVIL! NO, IT CAN'T BE...
AND HE FINDS HE LIKES IT THAT WAY.
WHY NOT, OWLEY? IT'S NOT NICE TO RUN OUT AND LEAVE YOUR BOYS HOLDING THE BAG!
FOOL! YOU'LL NEVER CATCH ME! THE SKY IS MY ELEMENT AND YOU'RE NO BETTER THAN A FISH OUT OF WATER!
MISSED!
DAREDEVIL'S BODY TWISTS IMPOSSIBLY IN MID-AIR, HIS ARM GRABBING FOR A HANDHOLD IN A LAST, DESPERATE BID FOR SURVIVAL...
HOTEL
GRABBING ...AND HOLDING!
HA! YOU'RE HELPLESS, DAREDEVIL! WITHOUT YOUR BILLY CLUB YOU'RE JUST ANOTHER SECOND-RATE ACROBAT!
AND YOU'RE NOT EVEN THAT GOOD!
Y'KNOW SOMETHING, OWL?


WHA --OH NOOOo!
YOU TALK TOO MUCH!
WE'RE FALLING! YOU MADMAN, YOU'LL KILL US BOTH!
RELAX, OWLEY, NO ONE'S GOING TO DIE JUST YET...
FRUMP!
POM!
LEAST OF ALL YOU!
HIS UNCONSCIOUS BURDEN DRAPED ACROSS HIS SHOULDERS, DAREDEVIL HOOFS IT BACK TO THE OWL'S HEADQUARTERS... ONLY TO FIND THE SITUATION THERE WELL IN HAND...
DAREDEVIL! YOU'RE ALL RIGHT! BUT WEREN'T YOU AFFECTED BY THE GAS?
THE GAS? I'M... NOT SURE, REALLY. I SUPPOSE THE POISON THE OWL GAVE ME ACTED AS A KIND OF ...DETERRANT.
FUNNY, ISN'T IT? THE OWL TRIPPED HIMSELF UP THIS TIME.

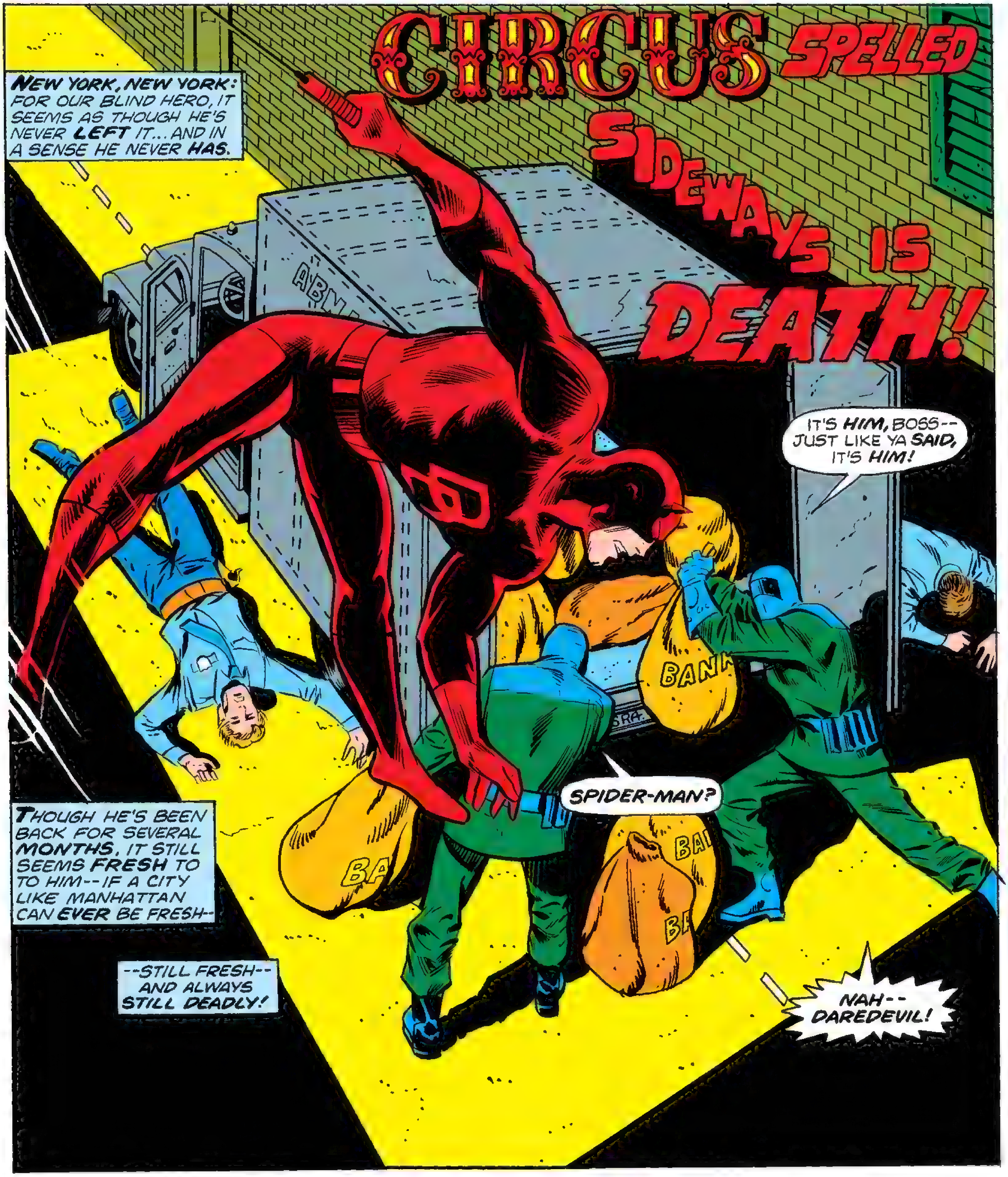

THE FOG LIES THICK OVER THE GOLDEN GATE A FEW DAYS LATER, AS THE MORNING SUN SHADES THE HILLS DARK VELVET... AND TWO LOVERS MEET TO SAY GOOD-BYE...
Y'KNOW, THIS BILLY CLUB IVAN WORKED UP FOR ME IS BEAUTIFUL. IT WORKS PERFECTLY.
I MEAN, I KNEW HE WAS A GOOD MECHANIC, BUT AN ENGINEER AS WELL...
DON'T LET HIS ENGLISH FOOL YOU...
IN RUSSIAN, HE MAKES REED RICHARDS SOUND LIKE A FUNCTIONAL ILLITERATE.
NATASHA...I'M LEAVING FOR NEW YORK. I NEED AN ANSWER: WILL YOU COME WITH ME?
NO.
WHY NOT?
I'M A PROUD WOMAN, MATT, PERHAPS TOO PROUD. I WON'T ACCEPT CHARITY FROM ANYONE-- ESPECIALLY YOU.
I... LOVE YOU... BUT I WON'T COME TO YOU EXCEPT AS YOUR EQUAL.
UNTIL ALL I WANT FROM YOU-- IS YOU-- NOT WHAT YOU CAN GIVE ME.
"I WON'T CHEAPEN WHAT WE FEEL FOR EACH OTHER BY PUTTING A PRICE TAG ON IT. DO YOU UNDERSTAND?"
"YEAH... I UNDERSTAND. GOOD BYE, NATASHA."
GOODBYE, MY LOVE.
"BUT REMEMBER, TASHA, WHEN YOU DO CHANGE YOUR MIND, I'VE LEFT PLANE TICKETS FOR YOU AND IVAN. I'LL BE ...WAITING FOR YOU..."
IT BEGAN IN NIGHTMARE, AND IT ENDS IN PAIN, THE PAIN OF FAREWELL, OF LONGING...
AND IN THE END...OF LOVE.

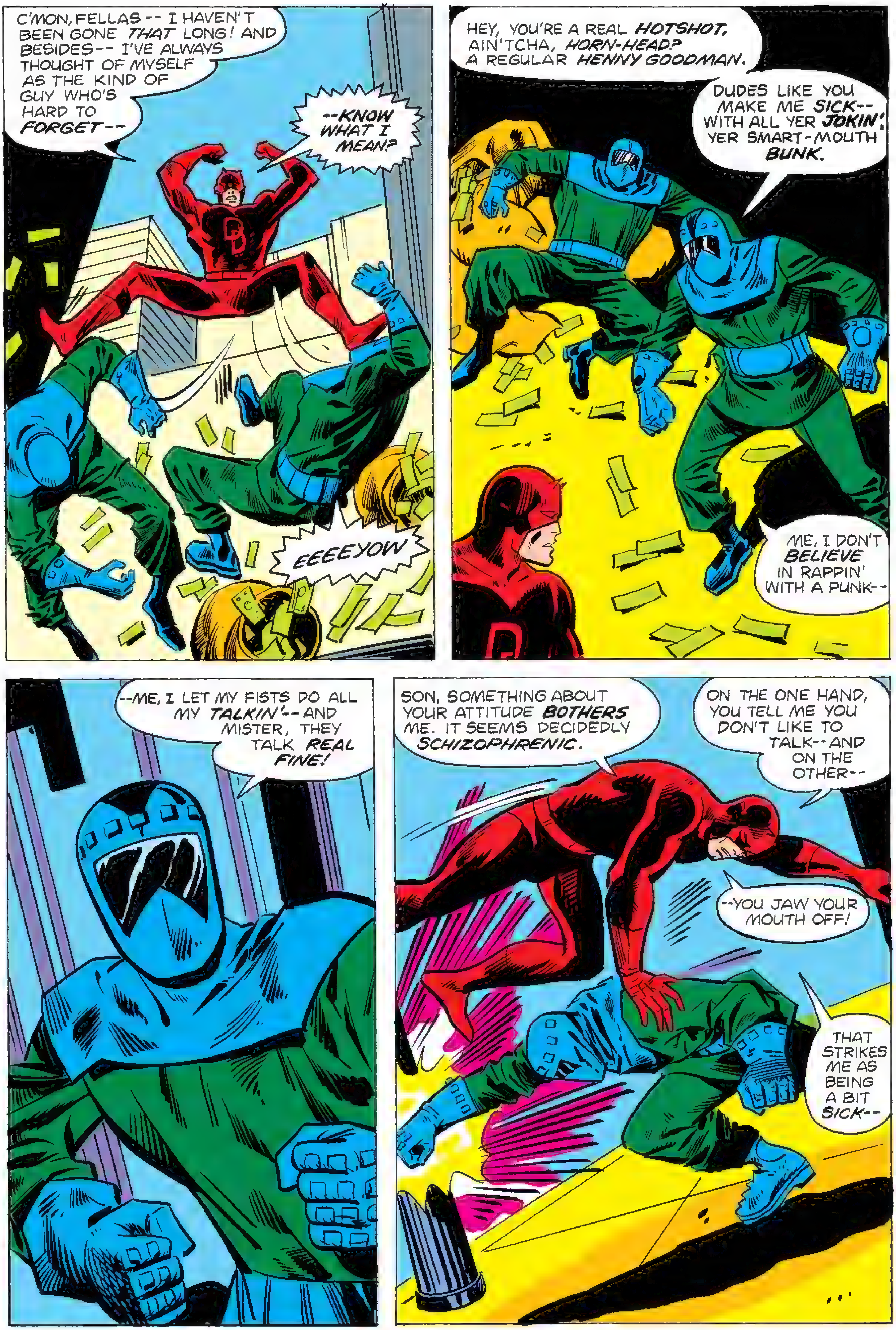
DAREDEVIL
MARVEL COMICS GROUP™
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
25¢
118
FEB
02459
DAREDEVIL®
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!
™
™
YOU'VE HAD IT, HERO-MAN! TODAY BELONGS TO BLACKWING AND THE CIRCUS OF CRIME!
THE MOST OFF-BEAT D.D. THRILL-FEST OF ALL! "CIRCUS SPELLED SIDEWAYS IS DEATH!"
WHO SAYS THIS ISN'T THE MARVEL AGE OF MIND-BENDING MAYHEM?

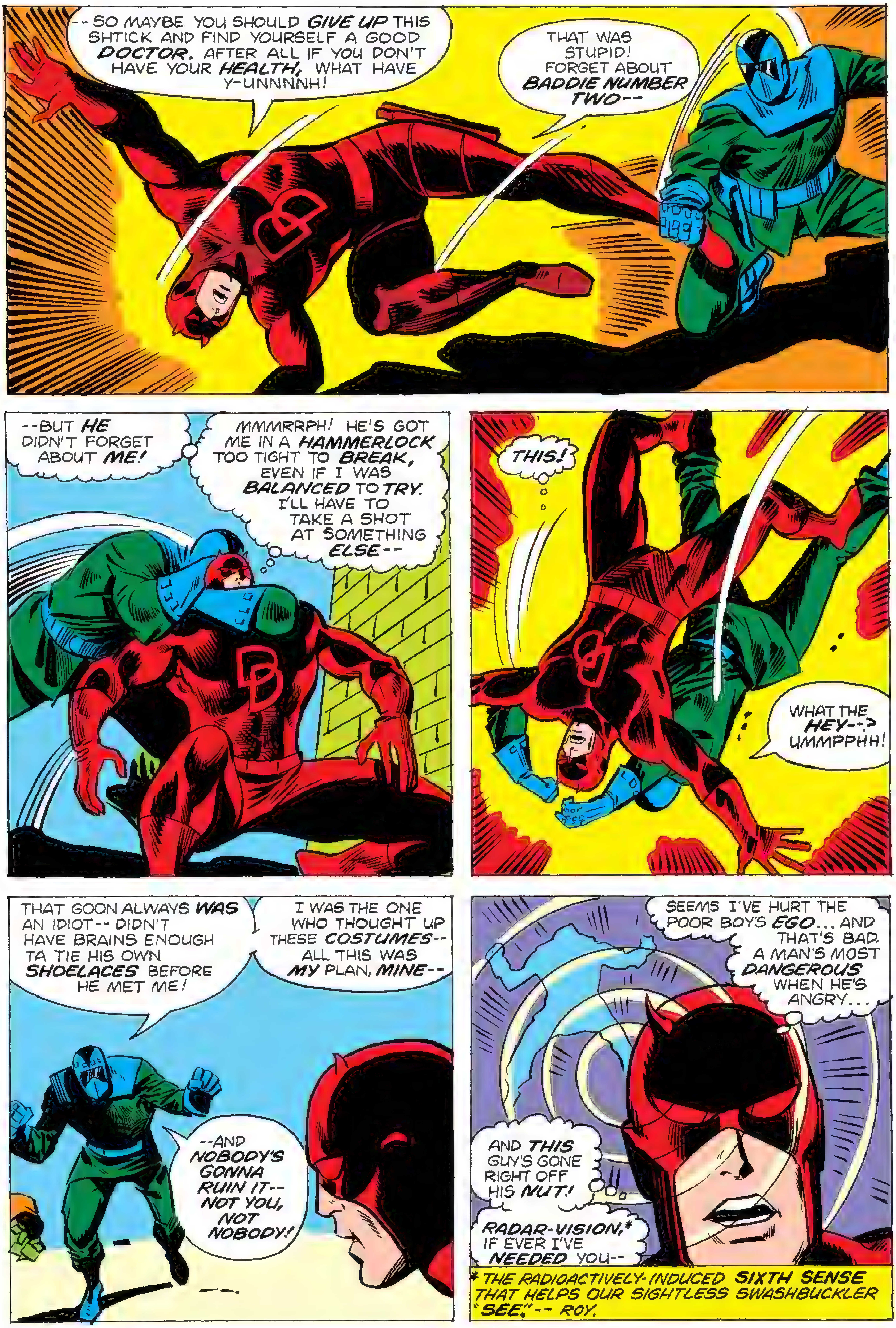
He dwells in eternal night— but the blackness is filled with sounds and scents, tastes and textures other men cannot perceive. For though attorney MATT MURDOCK is *blind,* his other four senses function with *superhuman sharpness*—his uncanny *radar sense* guides him over every obstacle! Armed only with his *billy club,* his fighting skill, and his courage, he stalks the streets by night, a relentless red-garbed foe of evil!

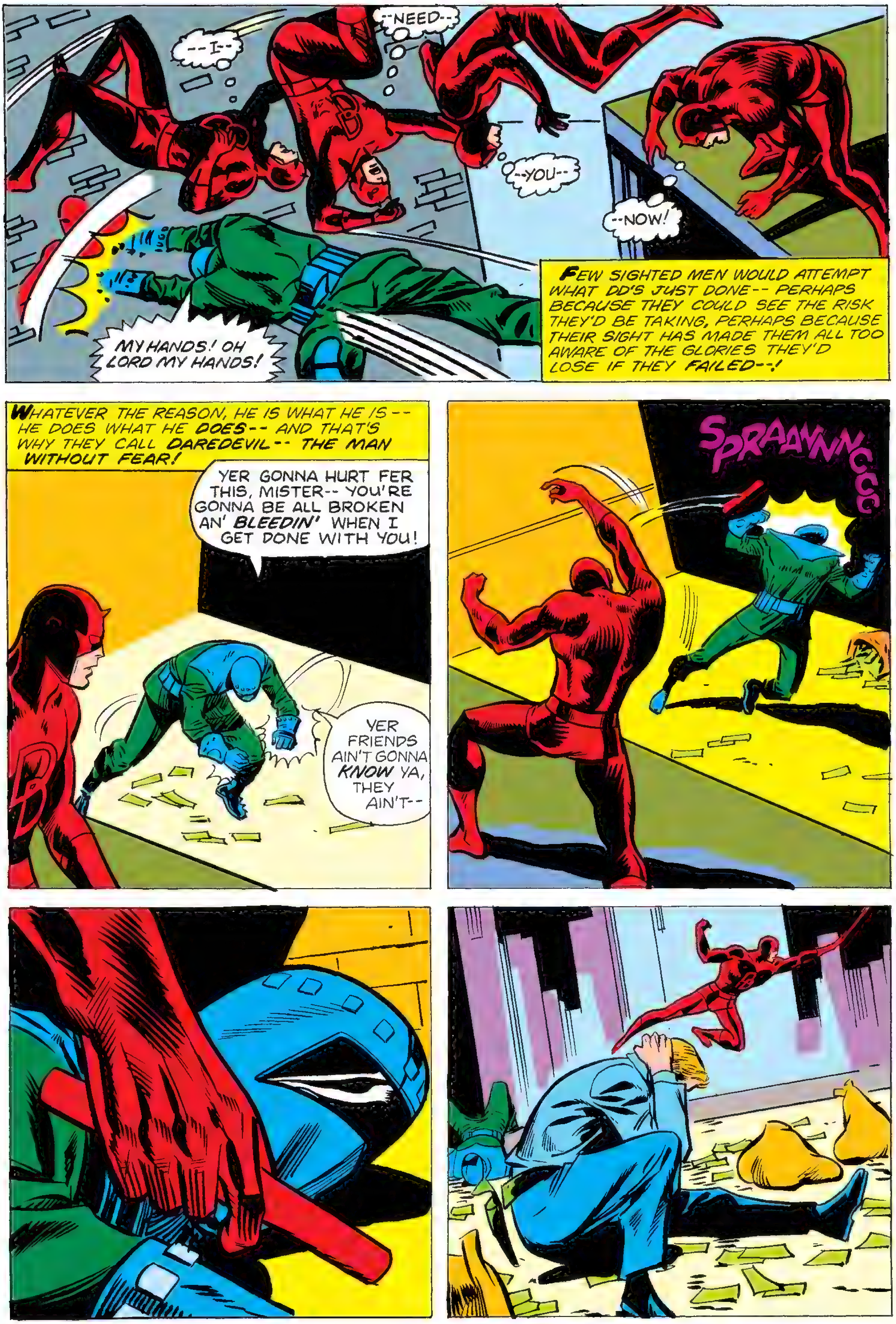
Stan Lee PRESENTS: DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!™

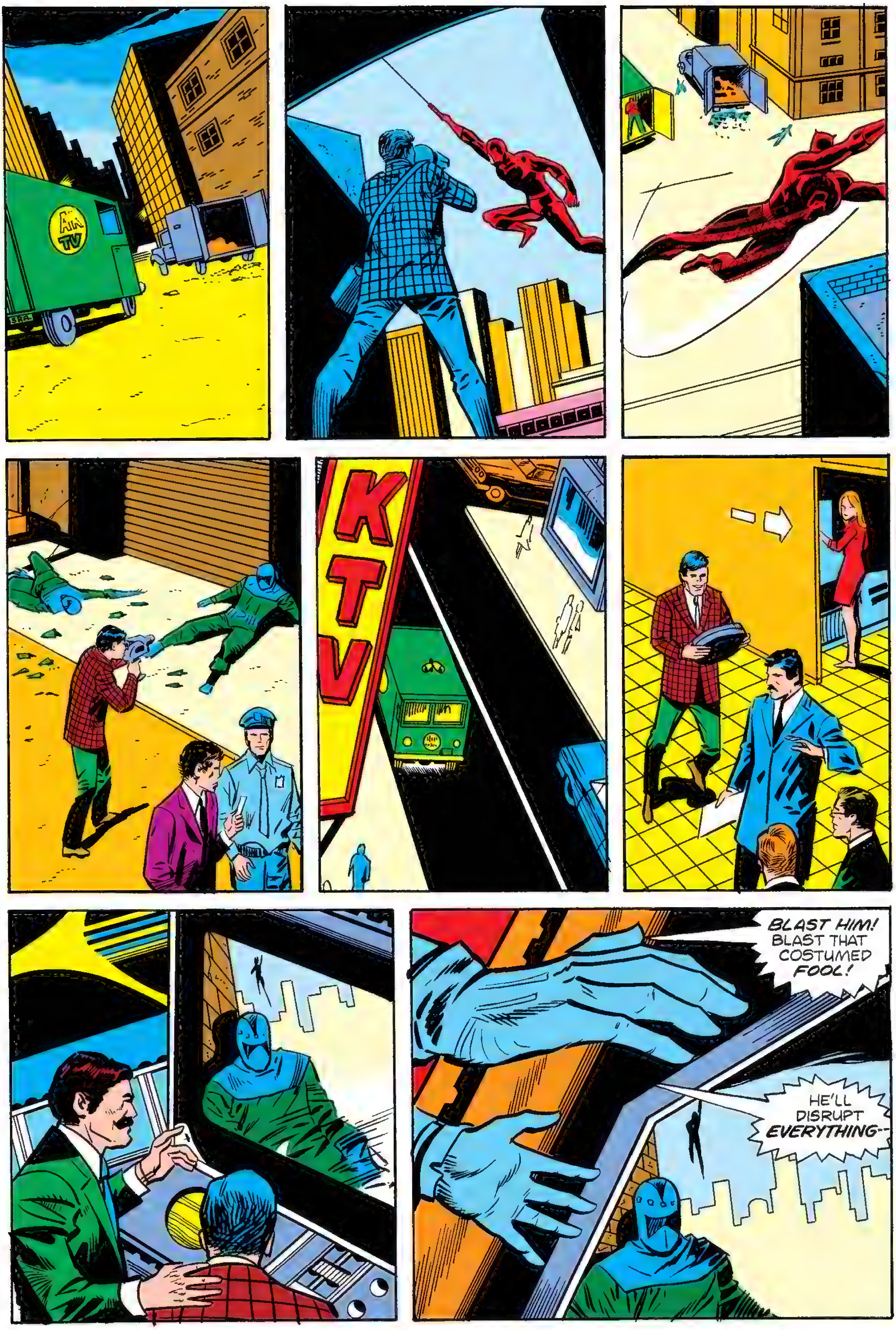
GERRY CONWAY, SCRIPTER / DON HECK, ARTIST / VINCE COLLETTA, INKER / KAREN POCOCK, letterer / P. GOLDBERG, colorist / ROY THOMAS, EDITOR

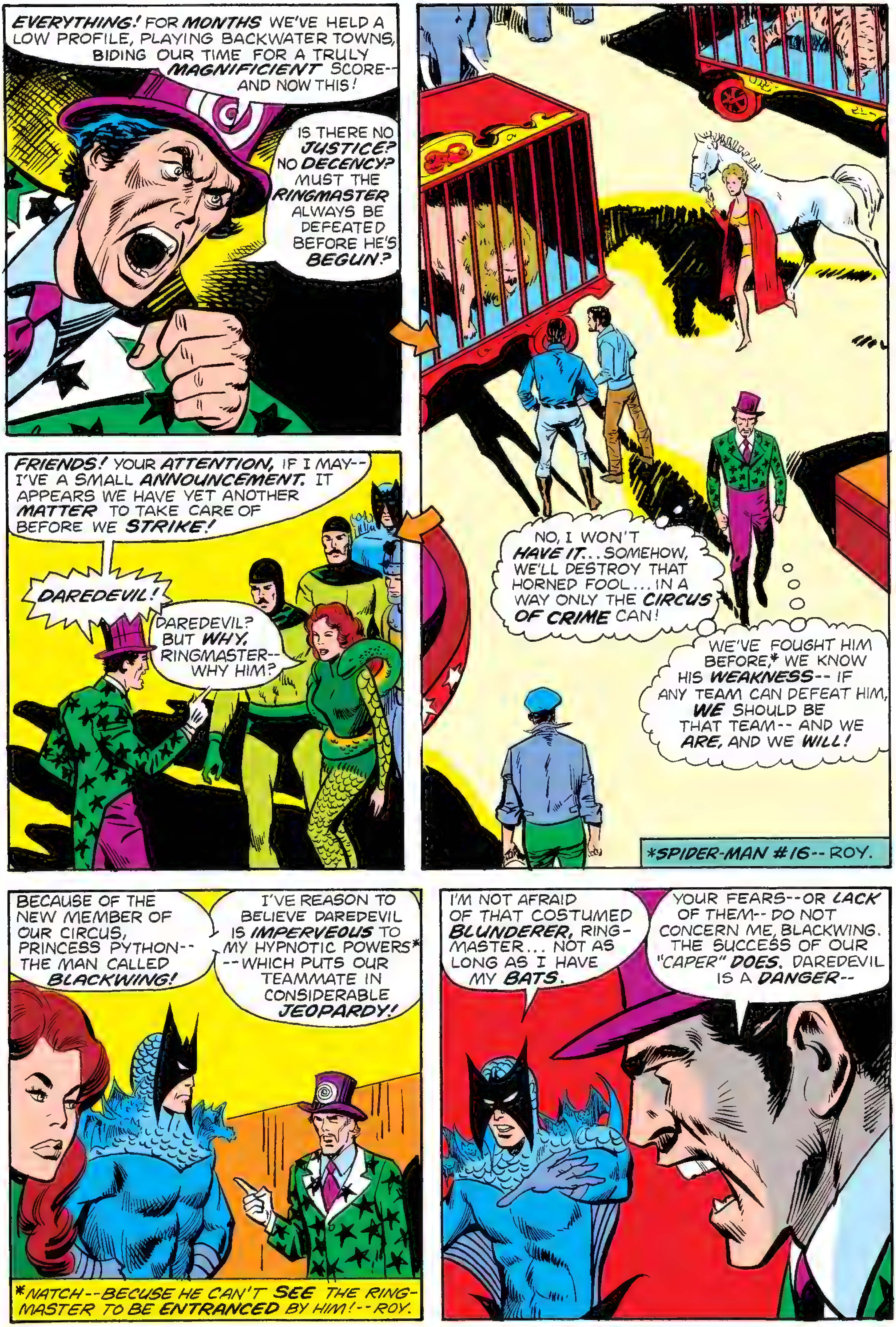

CIRCUS SPELLED SIDEWAYS IS DEATH!
NEW YORK, NEW YORK: FOR OUR BLIND HERO, IT SEEMS AS THOUGH HE'S NEVER LEFT IT... AND IN A SENSE HE NEVER HAS.
IT'S HIM, BOSS-- JUST LIKE YA SAID, IT'S HIM!
SPIDER-MAN?
THOUGH HE'S BEEN BACK FOR SEVERAL MONTHS, IT STILL SEEMS FRESH TO TO HIM--IF A CITY LIKE MANHATTAN CAN EVER BE FRESH--
--STILL FRESH-- AND ALWAYS STILL DEADLY!
NAH-- DAREDEVIL!
BANK

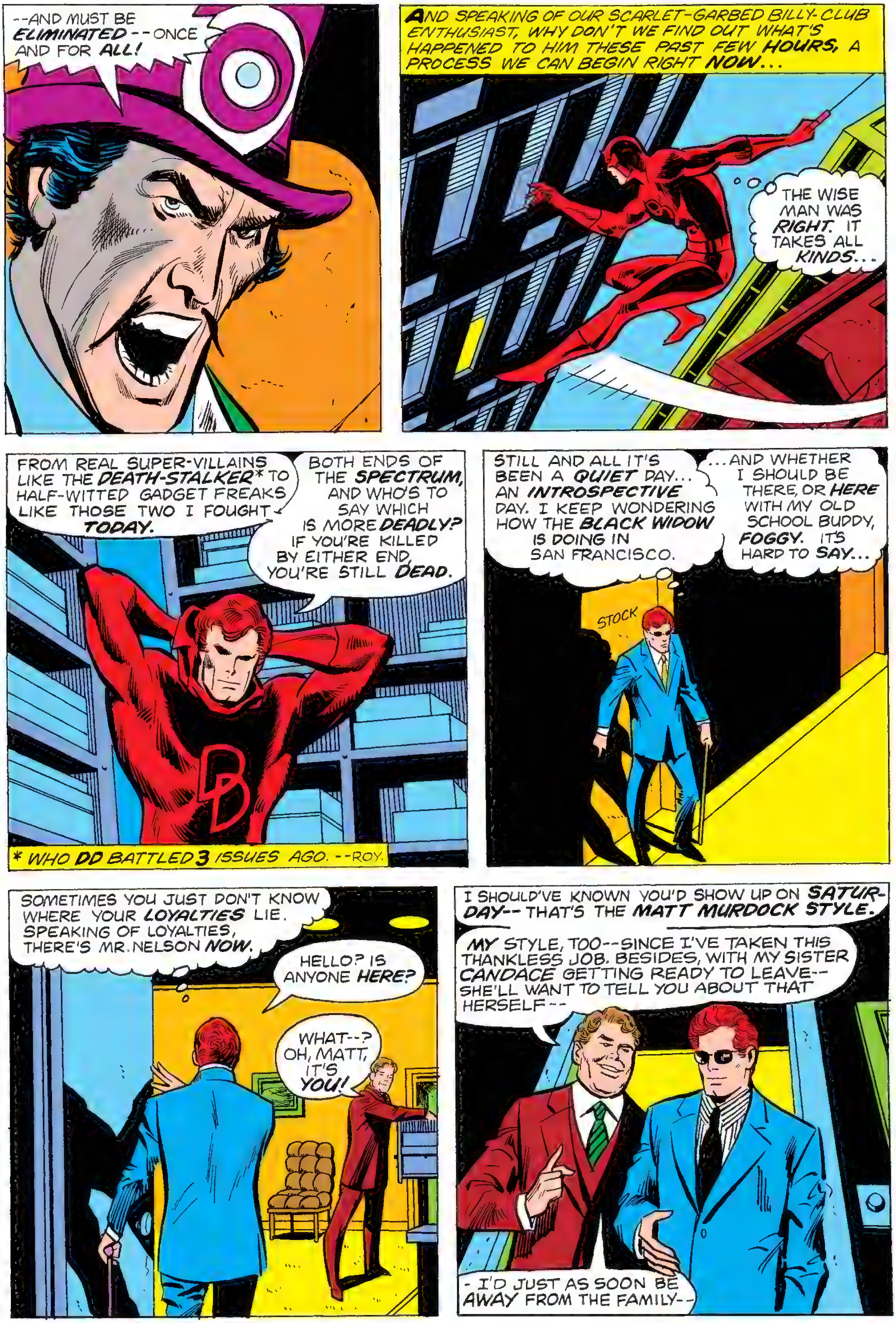

C'MON, FELLAS -- I HAVEN'T BEEN GONE *THAT* LONG! AND BESIDES -- I'VE ALWAYS THOUGHT OF MYSELF AS THE KIND OF GUY WHO'S HARD TO *FORGET* --
--*KNOW WHAT I MEAN?*
EEEEYOW
HEY, YOU'RE A REAL ***HOTSHOT,*** AIN'TCHA, ***HORN-HEAD?*** A REGULAR ***HENNY GOODMAN.***
DUDES LIKE YOU MAKE ME ***SICK***-- WITH ALL YER ***JOKIN'***, YER SMART-MOUTH ***BUNK.***
ME, I DON'T ***BELIEVE*** IN RAPPIN' WITH A PUNK--
--ME, I LET MY FISTS DO ALL MY ***TALKIN'***-- AND MISTER, THEY TALK ***REAL FINE!***
SON, SOMETHING ABOUT YOUR ATTITUDE ***BOTHERS*** ME. IT SEEMS DECIDEDLY ***SCHIZOPHRENIC.***
ON THE ONE HAND, YOU TELL ME YOU DON'T LIKE TO TALK--AND ON THE OTHER--
--YOU JAW YOUR MOUTH OFF!
THAT STRIKES ME AS BEING A BIT ***SICK***--

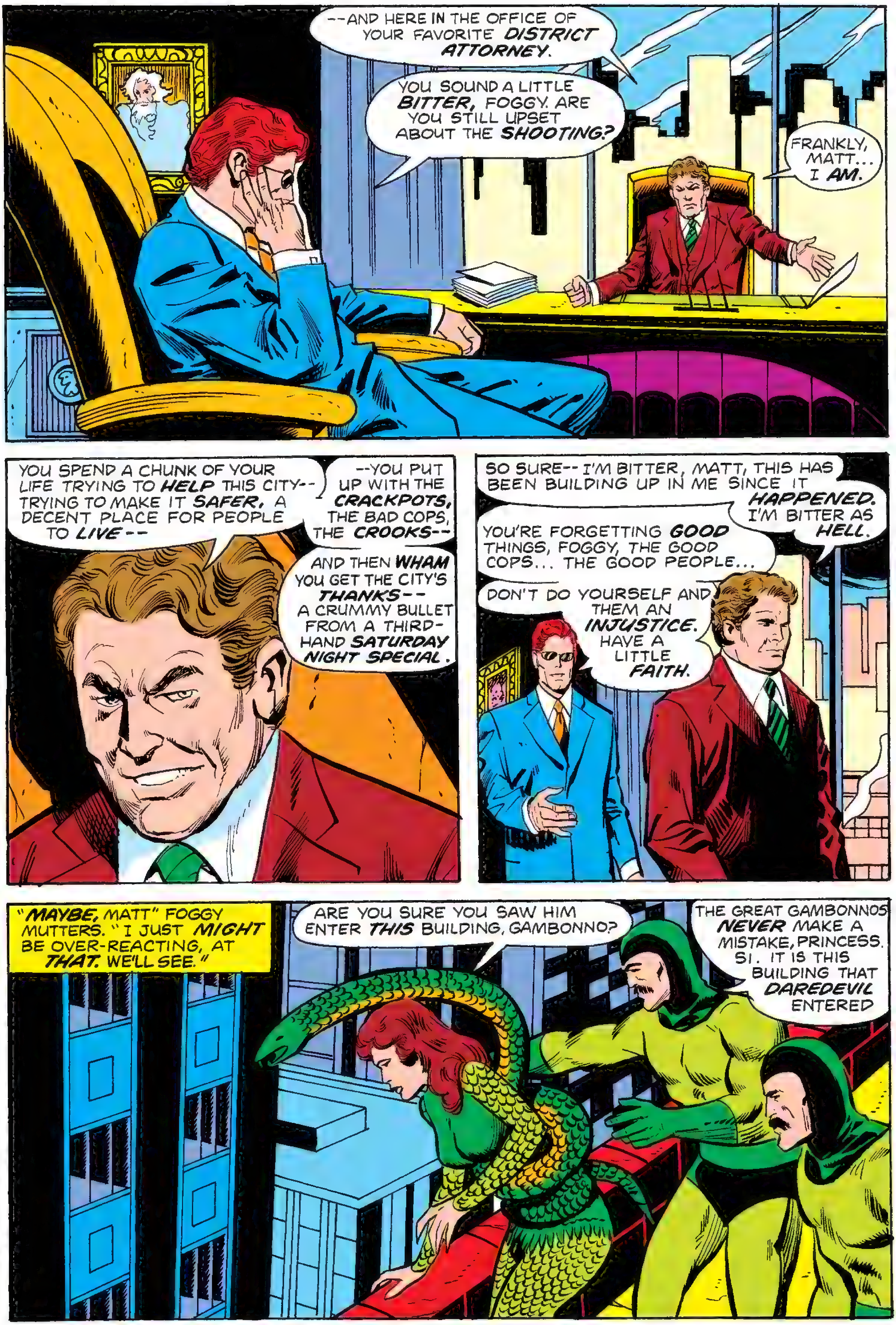

--SO MAYBE YOU SHOULD GIVE UP THIS SHTICK AND FIND YOURSELF A GOOD DOCTOR. AFTER ALL IF YOU DON'T HAVE YOUR HEALTH, WHAT HAVE Y-UNNNNH!
THAT WAS STUPID! FORGET ABOUT BADDIE NUMBER TWO--
--BUT HE DIDN'T FORGET ABOUT ME!
MMMRRPH! HE'S GOT ME IN A HAMMERLOCK TOO TIGHT TO BREAK, EVEN IF I WAS BALANCED TO TRY. I'LL HAVE TO TAKE A SHOT AT SOMETHING ELSE--
THIS!
WHAT THE HEY--? UMMPPHH!
THAT GOON ALWAYS WAS AN IDIOT-- DIDN'T HAVE BRAINS ENOUGH TA TIE HIS OWN SHOELACES BEFORE HE MET ME!
I WAS THE ONE WHO THOUGHT UP THESE COSTUMES-- ALL THIS WAS MY PLAN, MINE--
--AND NOBODY'S GONNA RUIN IT-- NOT YOU, NOT NOBODY!
SEEMS I'VE HURT THE POOR BOY'S EGO... AND THAT'S BAD. A MAN'S MOST DANGEROUS WHEN HE'S ANGRY...
AND THIS GUY'S GONE RIGHT OFF HIS NUT!
RADAR-VISION,* IF EVER I'VE NEEDED YOU--
* THE RADIOACTIVELY-INDUCED SIXTH SENSE THAT HELPS OUR SIGHTLESS SWASHBUCKLER "SEE." -- ROY.

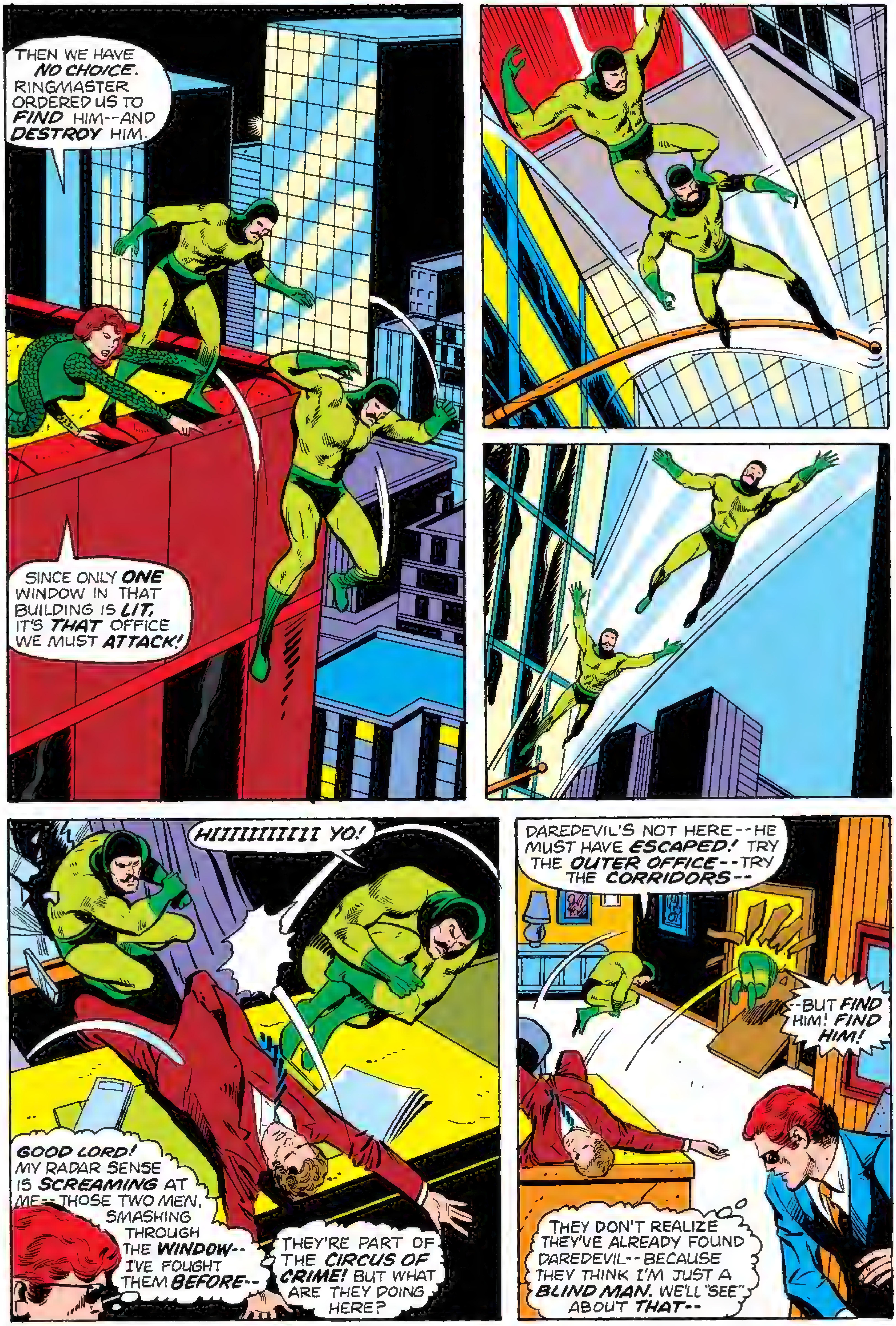

--I--
--NEED--
--YOU--
--NOW!
MY HANDS! OH LORD MY HANDS!
FEW SIGHTED MEN WOULD ATTEMPT WHAT DD'S JUST DONE-- PERHAPS BECAUSE THEY COULD SEE THE RISK THEY'D BE TAKING, PERHAPS BECAUSE THEIR SIGHT HAS MADE THEM ALL TOO AWARE OF THE GLORIES THEY'D LOSE IF THEY FAILED--!
WHATEVER THE REASON, HE IS WHAT HE IS-- HE DOES WHAT HE DOES-- AND THAT'S WHY THEY CALL DAREDEVIL-- THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!
YER GONNA HURT FER THIS, MISTER-- YOU'RE GONNA BE ALL BROKEN AN' BLEEDIN' WHEN I GET DONE WITH YOU!
YER FRIENDS AIN'T GONNA KNOW YA, THEY AIN'T--
SPRAANNNGG

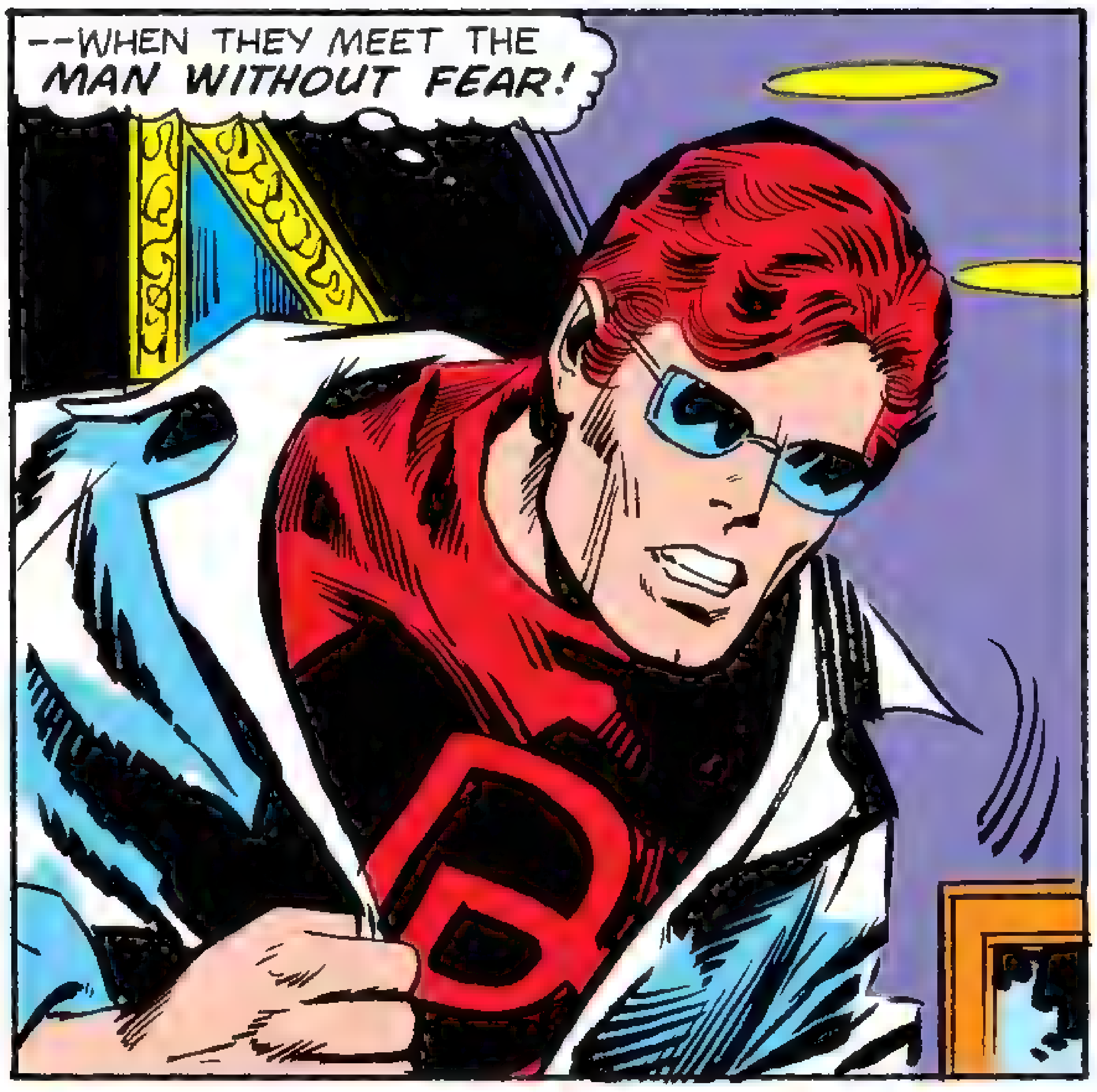

AIR TV
KTV
BLAST HIM! BLAST THAT COSTUMED FOOL!
HE'LL DISRUPT EVERYTHING--

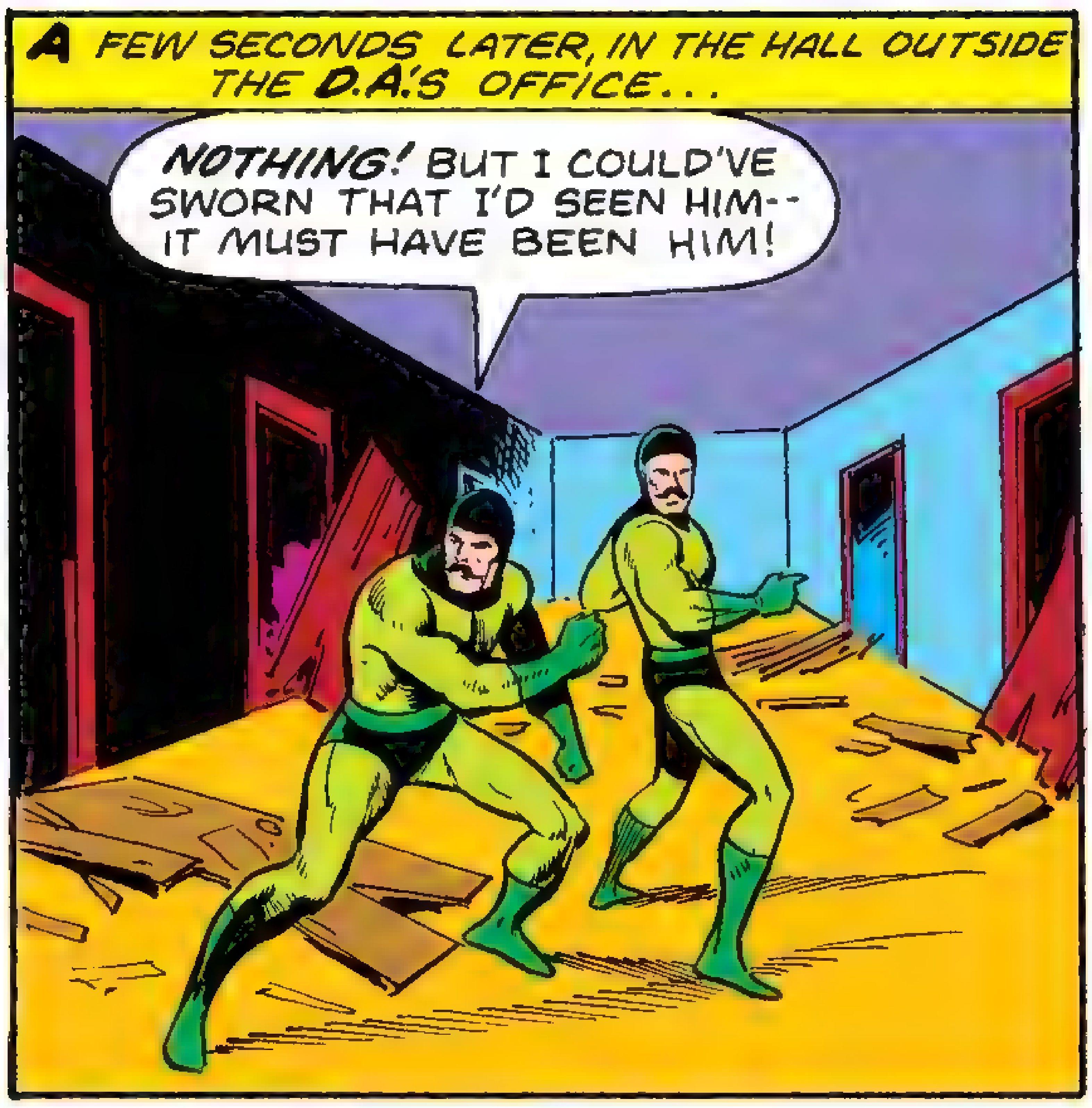

EVERYTHING! FOR MONTHS WE'VE HELD A LOW PROFILE, PLAYING BACKWATER TOWNS, BIDING OUR TIME FOR A TRULY MAGNIFICIENT SCORE-- AND NOW THIS!
IS THERE NO JUSTICE? NO DECENCY? MUST THE RINGMASTER ALWAYS BE DEFEATED BEFORE HE'S BEGUN?
NO, I WON'T HAVE IT... SOMEHOW, WE'LL DESTROY THAT HORNED FOOL... IN A WAY ONLY THE CIRCUS OF CRIME CAN!
WE'VE FOUGHT HIM BEFORE,* WE KNOW HIS WEAKNESS-- IF ANY TEAM CAN DEFEAT HIM, WE SHOULD BE THAT TEAM-- AND WE ARE, AND WE WILL!
*SPIDER-MAN #16-- ROY.
FRIENDS! YOUR ATTENTION, IF I MAY-- I'VE A SMALL ANNOUNCEMENT. IT APPEARS WE HAVE YET ANOTHER MATTER TO TAKE CARE OF BEFORE WE STRIKE!
DAREDEVIL!
DAREDEVIL? BUT WHY, RINGMASTER-- WHY HIM?
BECAUSE OF THE NEW MEMBER OF OUR CIRCUS, PRINCESS PYTHON-- THE MAN CALLED BLACKWING!
I'VE REASON TO BELIEVE DAREDEVIL IS IMPERVEOUS TO MY HYPNOTIC POWERS* --WHICH PUTS OUR TEAMMATE IN CONSIDERABLE JEOPARDY!
*NATCH--BECUSE HE CAN'T SEE THE RING-MASTER TO BE ENTRANCED BY HIM!--ROY.
I'M NOT AFRAID OF THAT COSTUMED BLUNDERER, RING-MASTER... NOT AS LONG AS I HAVE MY BATS.
YOUR FEARS--OR LACK OF THEM-- DO NOT CONCERN ME, BLACKWING. THE SUCCESS OF OUR "CAPER" DOES. DAREDEVIL IS A DANGER--

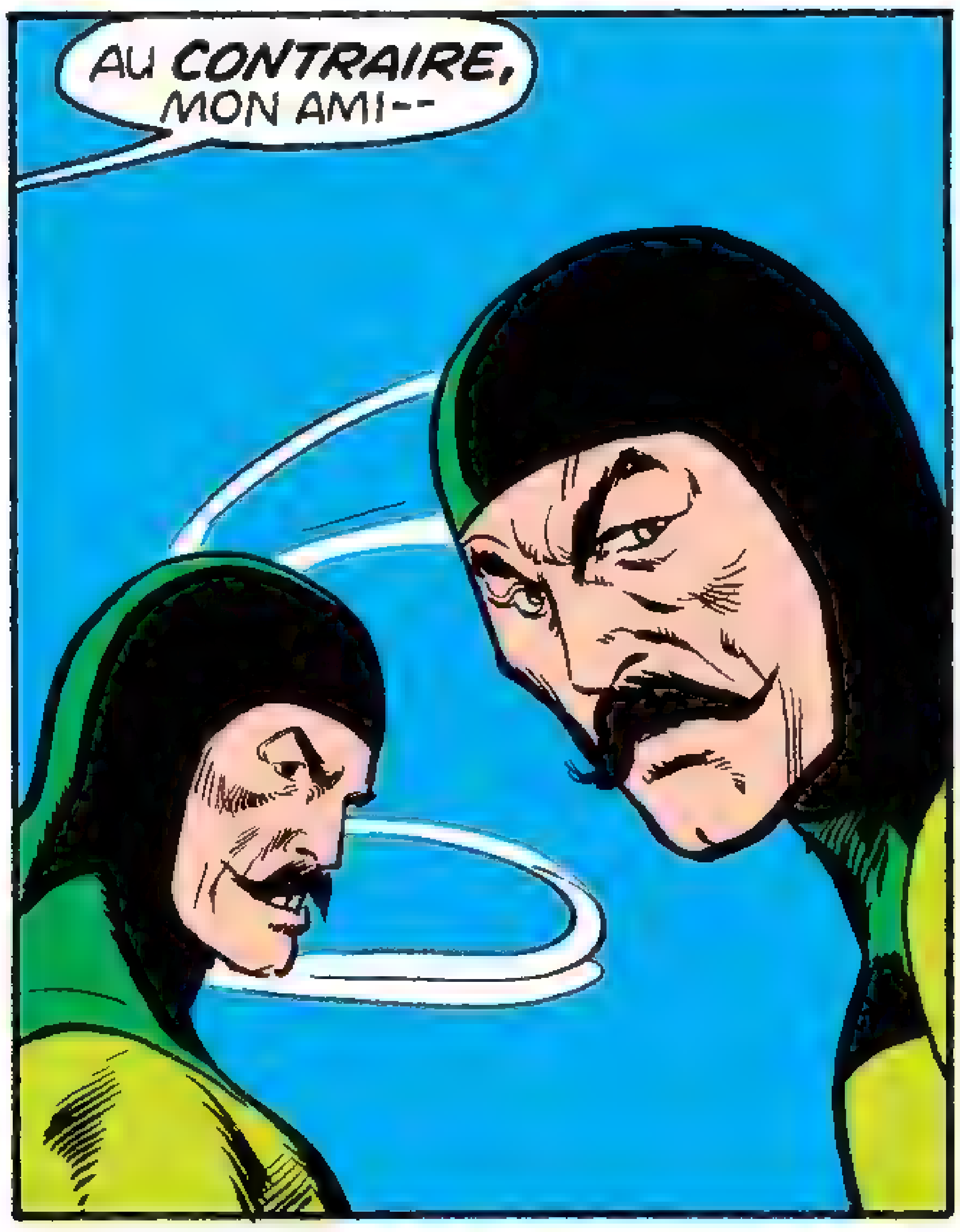

--AND MUST BE ELIMINATED--ONCE AND FOR ALL!
AND SPEAKING OF OUR SCARLET-GARBED BILLY-CLUB ENTHUSIAST, WHY DON'T WE FIND OUT WHAT'S HAPPENED TO HIM THESE PAST FEW HOURS, A PROCESS WE CAN BEGIN RIGHT NOW...
THE WISE MAN WAS RIGHT. IT TAKES ALL KINDS...
FROM REAL SUPER-VILLAINS LIKE THE DEATH-STALKER* TO HALF-WITTED GADGET FREAKS LIKE THOSE TWO I FOUGHT TODAY.
BOTH ENDS OF THE SPECTRUM, AND WHO'S TO SAY WHICH IS MORE DEADLY? IF YOU'RE KILLED BY EITHER END, YOU'RE STILL DEAD.
* WHO DD BATTLED 3 ISSUES AGO. --ROY.
STILL AND ALL IT'S BEEN A QUIET DAY... AN INTROSPECTIVE DAY. I KEEP WONDERING HOW THE BLACK WIDOW IS DOING IN SAN FRANCISCO.
...AND WHETHER I SHOULD BE THERE, OR HERE WITH MY OLD SCHOOL BUDDY, FOGGY. IT'S HARD TO SAY...
STOCK
SOMETIMES YOU JUST DON'T KNOW WHERE YOUR LOYALTIES LIE. SPEAKING OF LOYALTIES, THERE'S MR. NELSON NOW.
HELLO? IS ANYONE HERE?
WHAT--? OH, MATT, IT'S YOU!
I SHOULD'VE KNOWN YOU'D SHOW UP ON SATURDAY-- THAT'S THE MATT MURDOCK STYLE.
MY STYLE, TOO--SINCE I'VE TAKEN THIS THANKLESS JOB. BESIDES, WITH MY SISTER CANDACE GETTING READY TO LEAVE--SHE'LL WANT TO TELL YOU ABOUT THAT HERSELF--
-I'D JUST AS SOON BE AWAY FROM THE FAMILY--

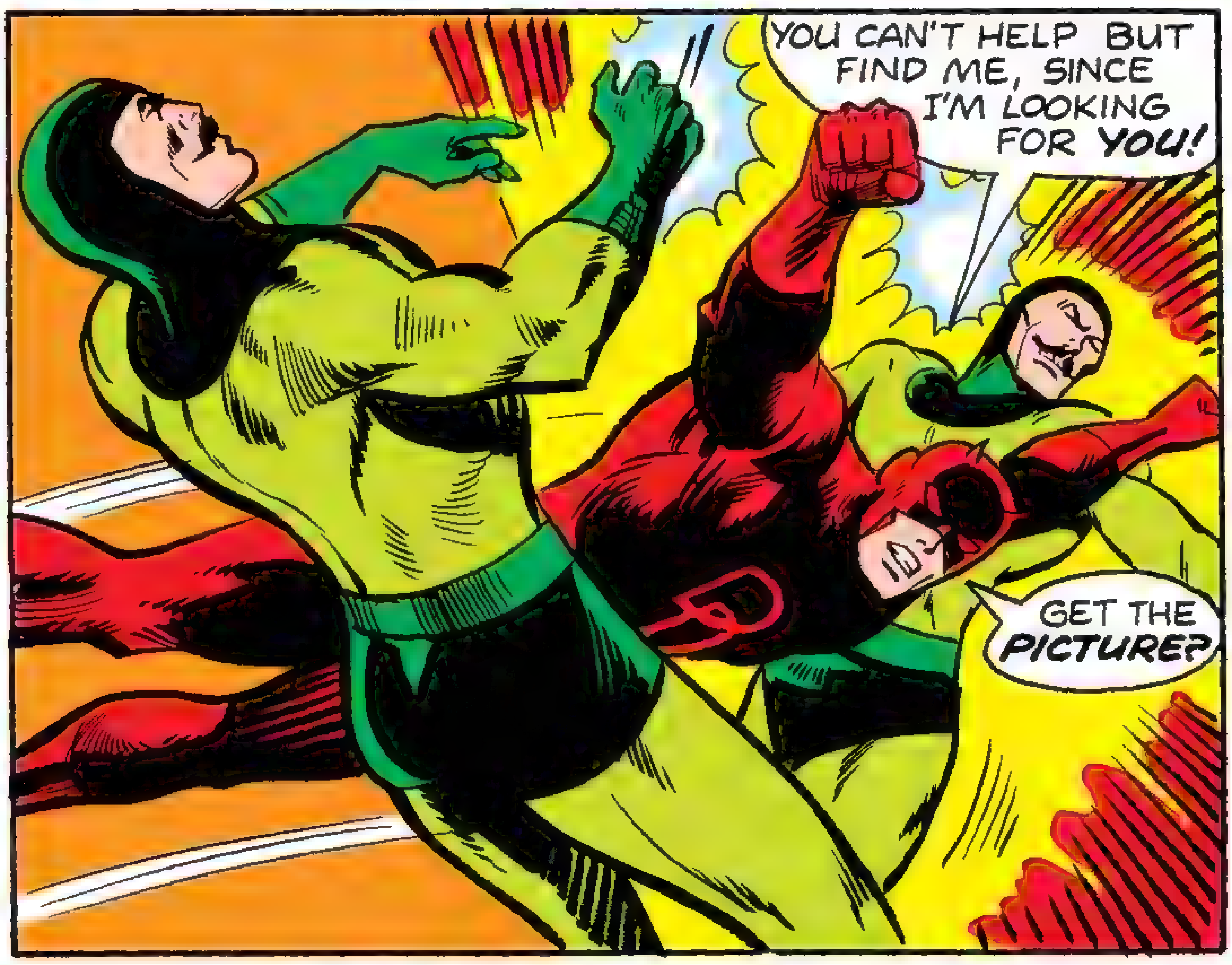

--AND HERE IN THE OFFICE OF YOUR FAVORITE **DISTRICT ATTORNEY**.
YOU SOUND A LITTLE **BITTER,** FOGGY. ARE YOU STILL UPSET ABOUT THE **SHOOTING?**
FRANKLY, MATT... I **AM**.
YOU SPEND A CHUNK OF YOUR LIFE TRYING TO **HELP** THIS CITY--TRYING TO MAKE IT **SAFER,** A DECENT PLACE FOR PEOPLE TO **LIVE**--
--YOU PUT UP WITH THE **CRACKPOTS,** THE BAD COPS, THE **CROOKS**--
AND THEN **WHAM** YOU GET THE CITY'S **THANKS**--A CRUMMY BULLET FROM A THIRD-HAND **SATURDAY NIGHT SPECIAL**.
SO SURE--I'M BITTER, MATT, THIS HAS BEEN BUILDING UP IN ME SINCE IT **HAPPENED.** I'M BITTER AS **HELL.**
YOU'RE FORGETTING **GOOD** THINGS, FOGGY, THE GOOD COPS... THE GOOD PEOPLE...
DON'T DO YOURSELF AND THEM AN **INJUSTICE.** HAVE A LITTLE **FAITH.**
"**MAYBE,** MATT" FOGGY MUTTERS. "I JUST **MIGHT** BE OVER-REACTING, AT **THAT.** WE'LL SEE."
ARE YOU SURE YOU SAW HIM ENTER **THIS** BUILDING, GAMBONNO?
THE GREAT GAMBONNOS **NEVER** MAKE A MISTAKE, PRINCESS. SI. IT IS THIS BUILDING THAT **DAREDEVIL** ENTERED

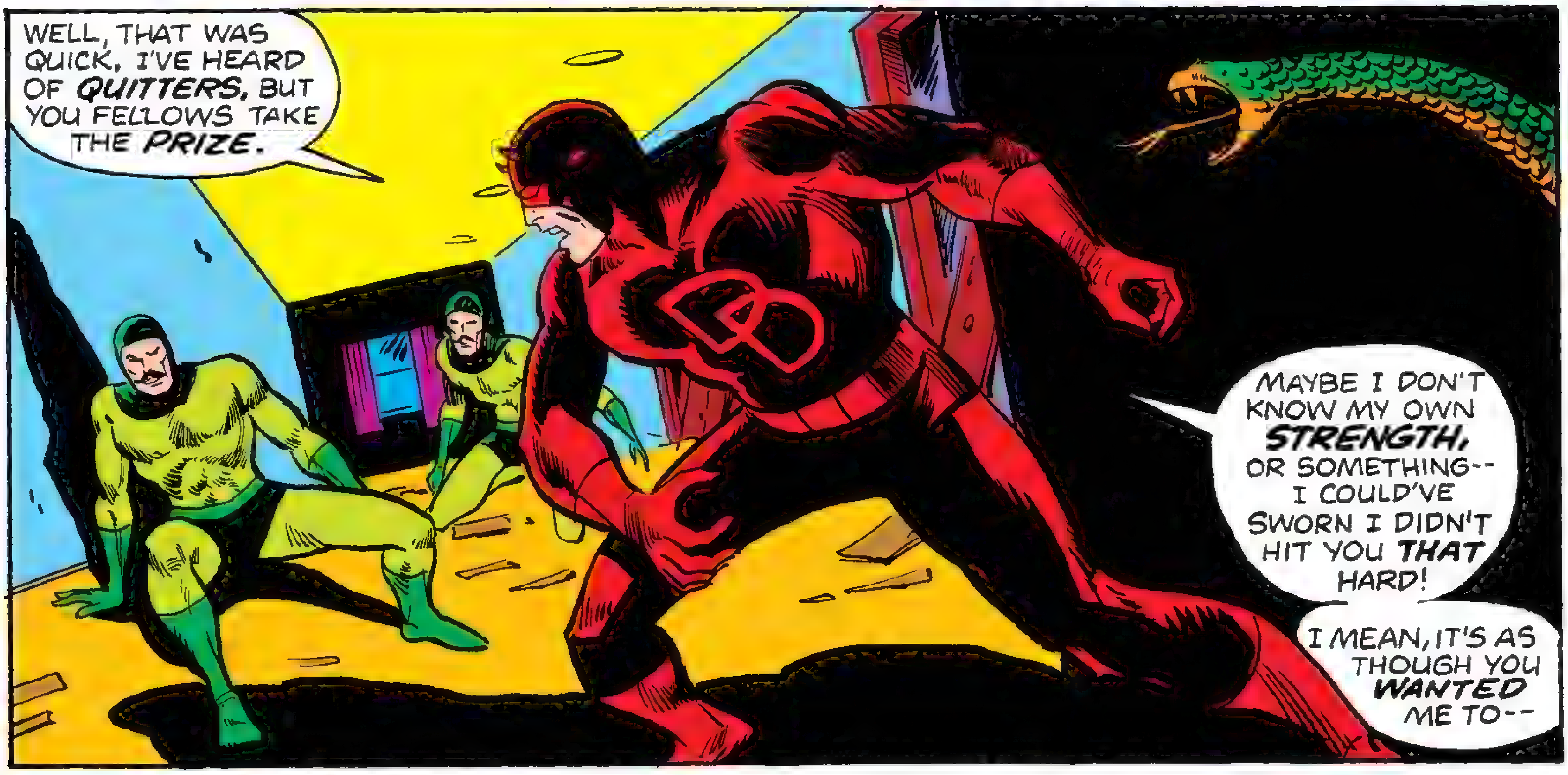

THEN WE HAVE **NO CHOICE**. RINGMASTER ORDERED US TO **FIND** HIM--AND **DESTROY** HIM.
SINCE ONLY **ONE** WINDOW IN THAT BUILDING IS **LIT**, IT'S **THAT** OFFICE WE MUST **ATTACK!**
HIIIIIIIIIII YO!
GOOD LORD! MY RADAR SENSE IS **SCREAMING** AT ME--THOSE TWO MEN, SMASHING THROUGH THE **WINDOW**--I'VE FOUGHT THEM **BEFORE**--
THEY'RE PART OF THE **CIRCUS OF CRIME!** BUT WHAT ARE THEY DOING HERE?
DAREDEVIL'S NOT HERE--HE MUST HAVE **ESCAPED!** TRY THE **OUTER OFFICE**--TRY THE **CORRIDORS**--
--BUT **FIND** HIM! **FIND HIM!**
THEY DON'T REALIZE THEY'VE ALREADY FOUND DAREDEVIL--BECAUSE THEY THINK I'M JUST A **BLIND MAN**. WE'LL "SEE" ABOUT **THAT**--

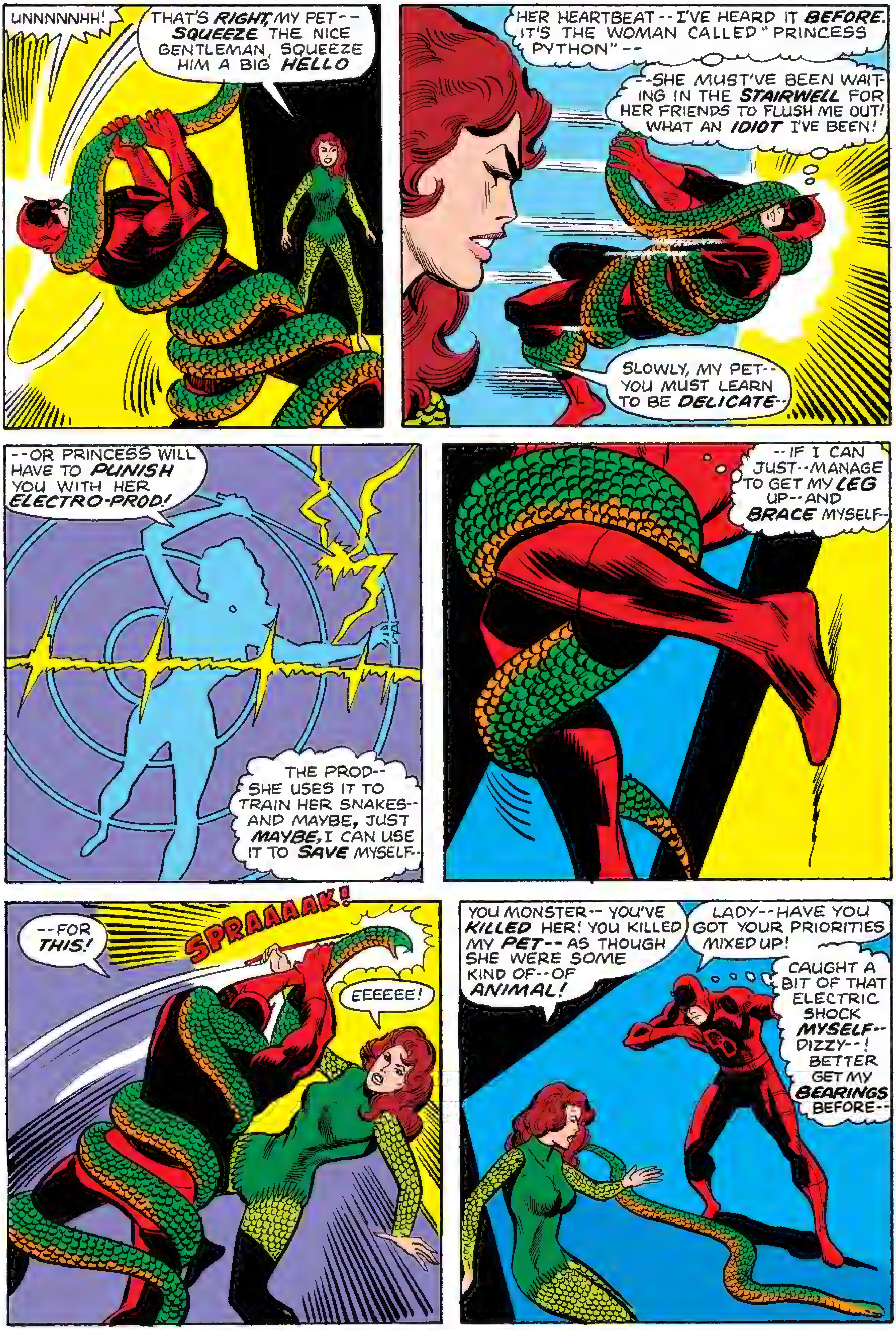

--WHEN THEY MEET THE *MAN WITHOUT FEAR!*

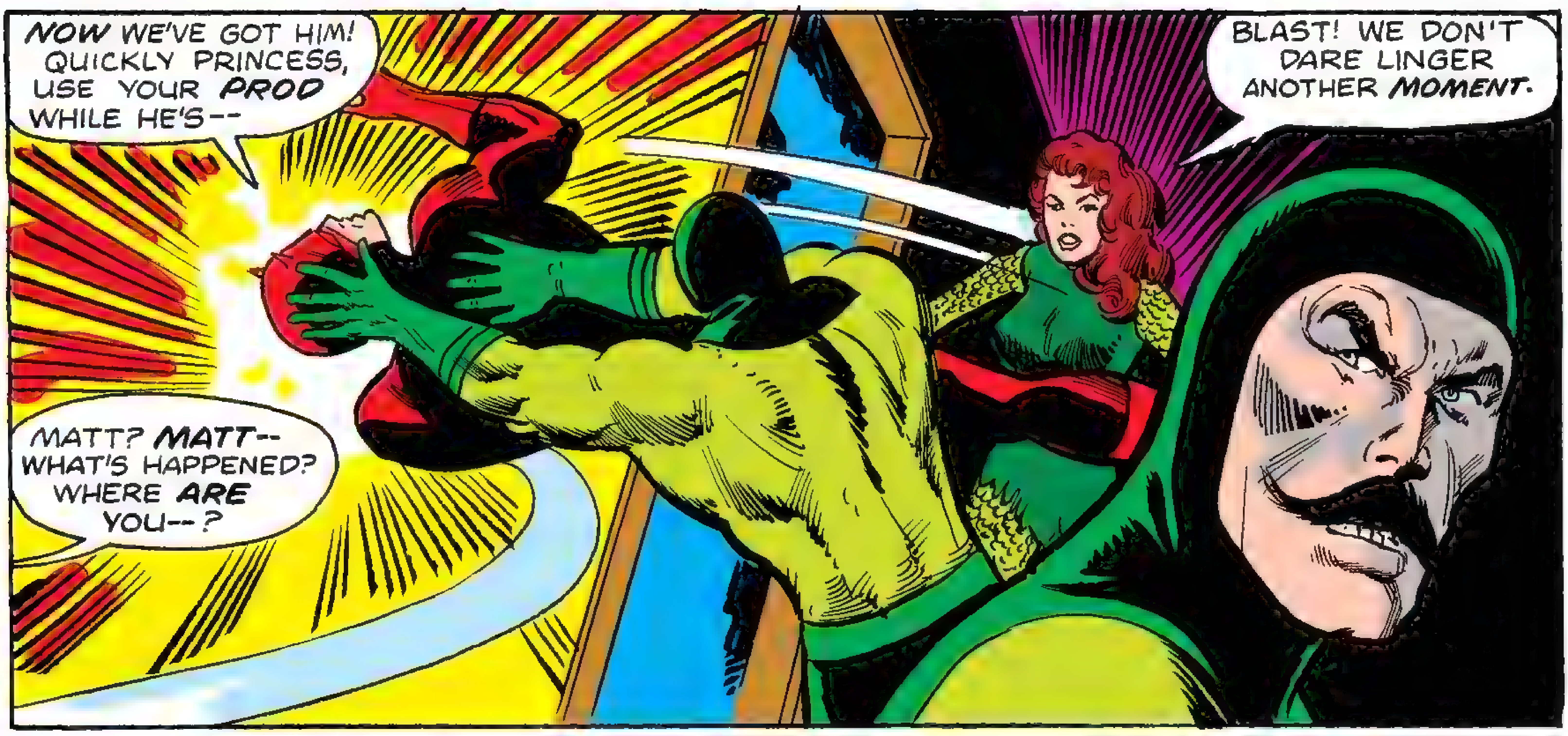

A FEW SECONDS LATER, IN THE HALL OUTSIDE THE D.A.'S OFFICE...
NOTHING! BUT I COULD'VE SWORN THAT I'D SEEN HIM-- IT MUST HAVE BEEN HIM!

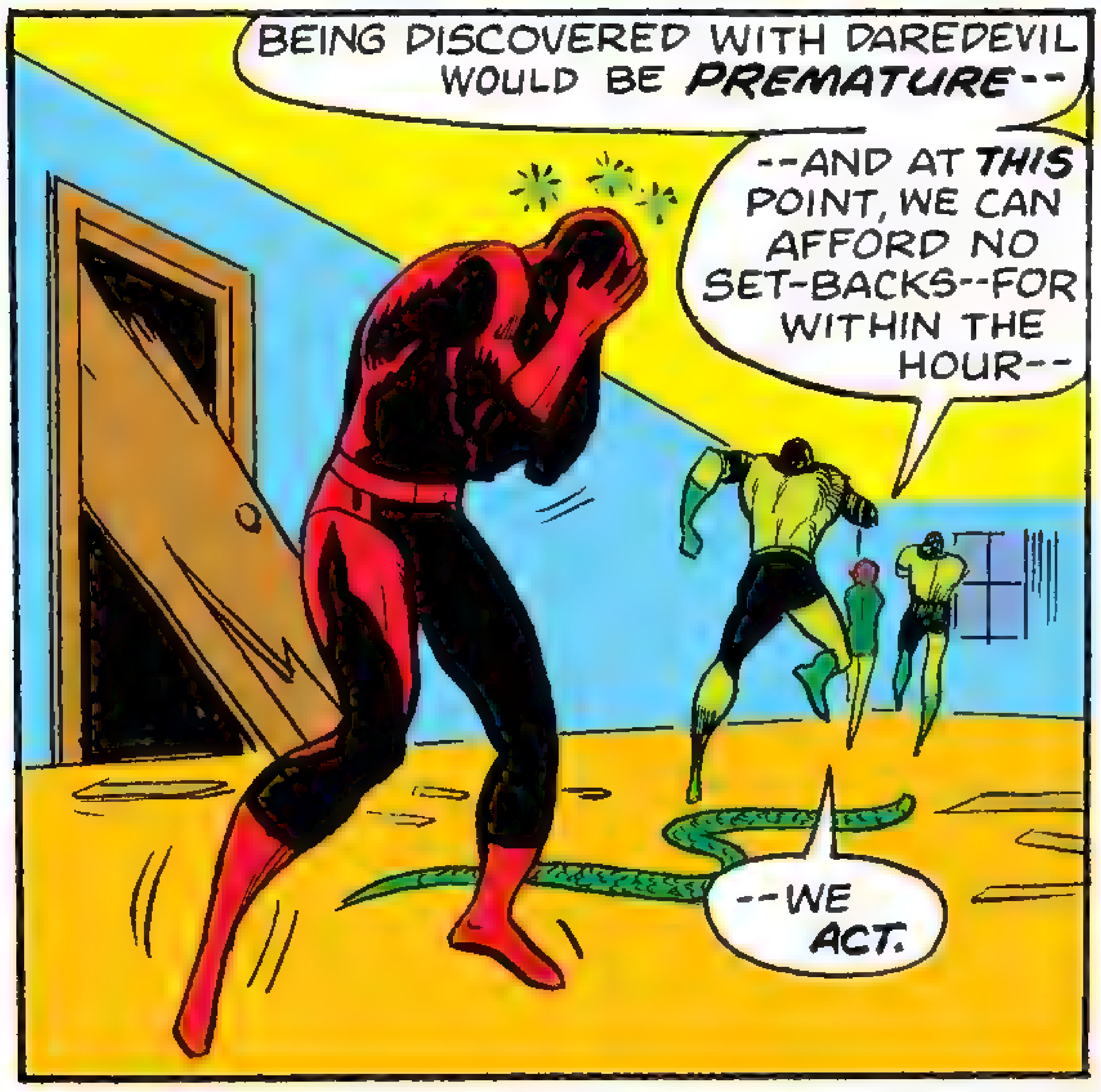

AU *CONTRAIRE,* MON AMI--

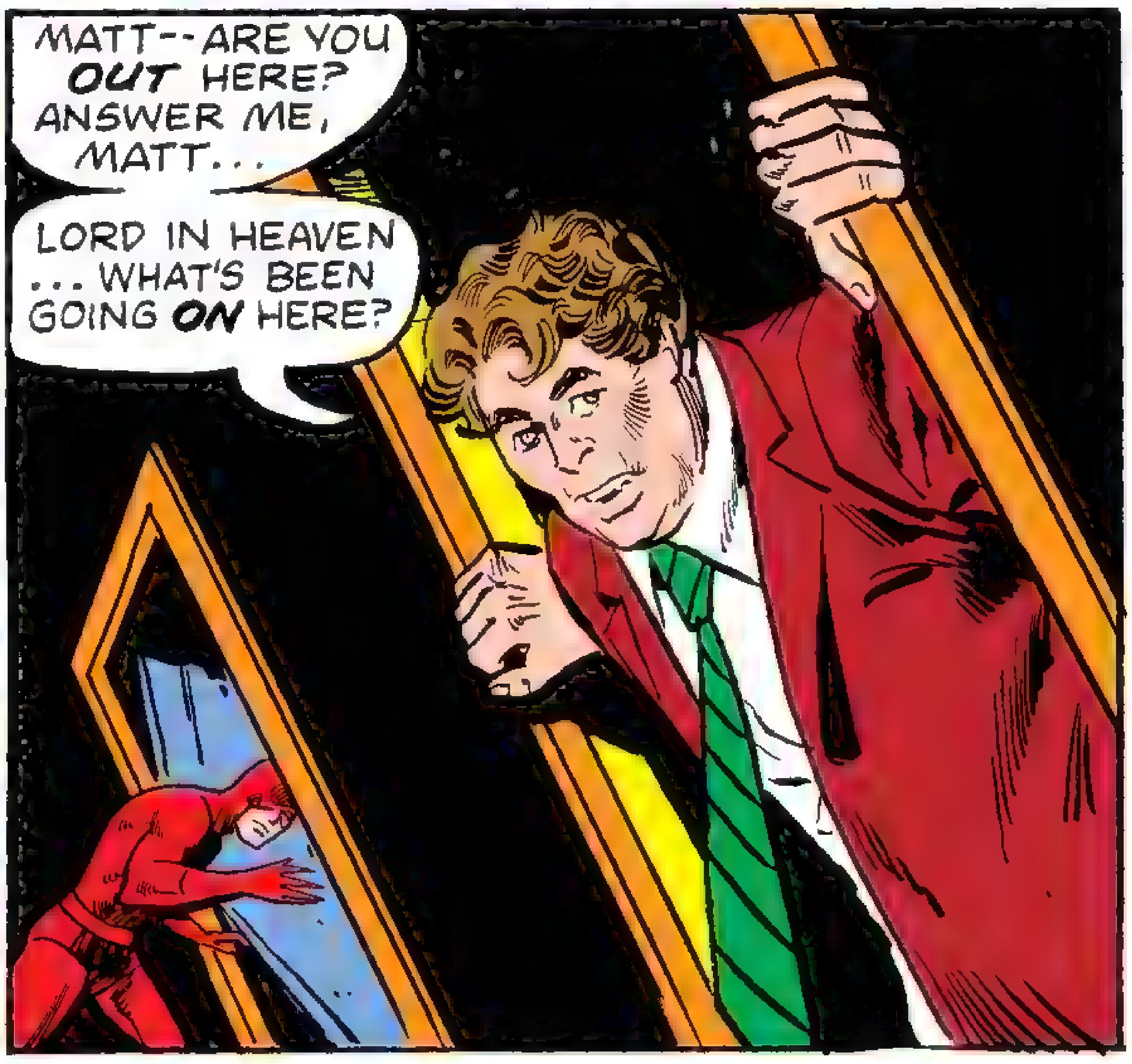

YOU CAN'T HELP BUT FIND ME, SINCE I'M LOOKING FOR *YOU!*
GET THE *PICTURE?*

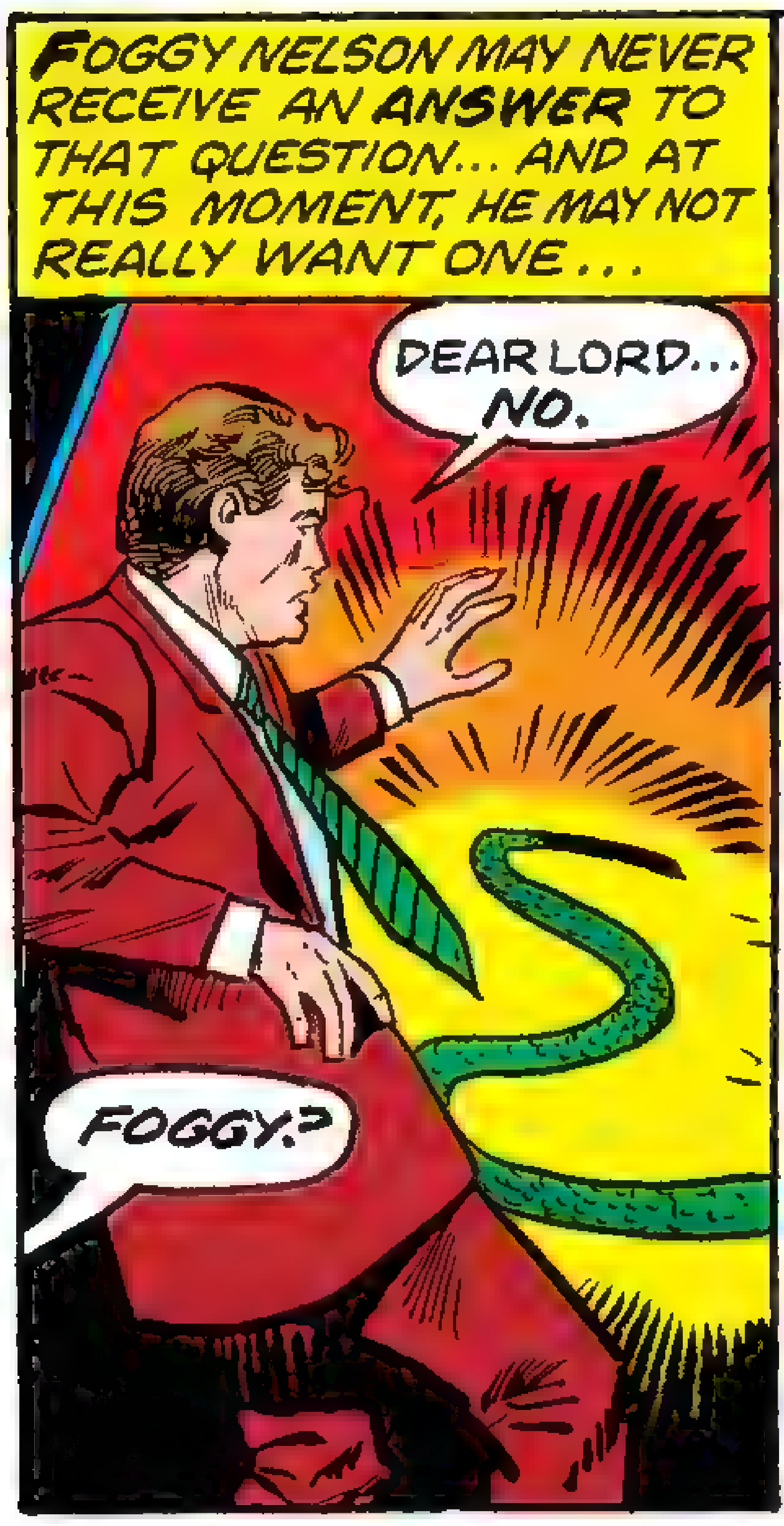

WELL, THAT WAS QUICK. I'VE HEARD OF *QUITTERS,* BUT YOU FELLOWS TAKE THE *PRIZE.*
MAYBE I DON'T KNOW MY OWN *STRENGTH,* OR SOMETHING-- I COULD'VE SWORN I DIDN'T HIT YOU *THAT* HARD!
I MEAN, IT'S AS THOUGH YOU *WANTED* ME TO--

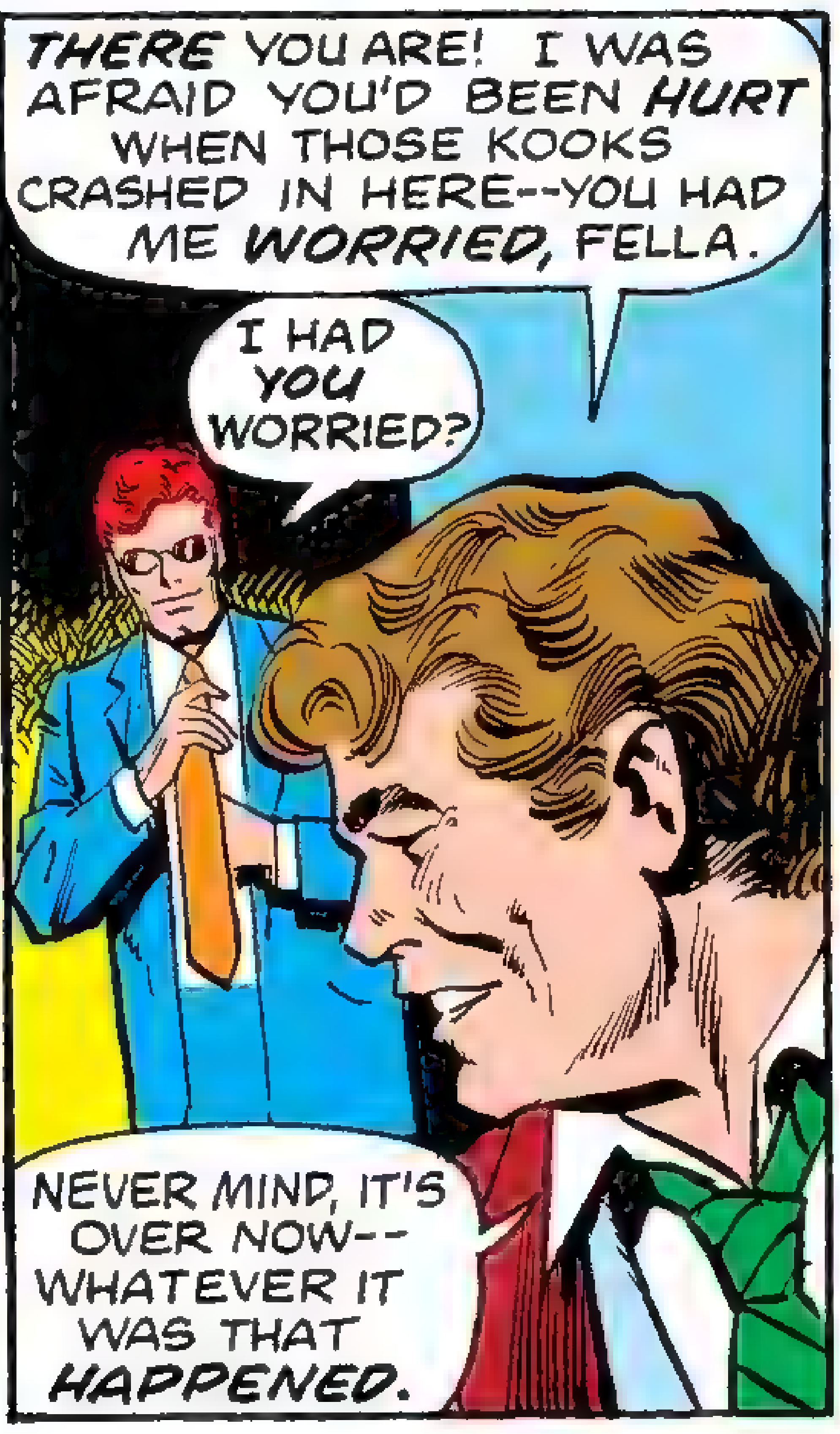

UNNNNNHH!
THAT'S *RIGHT*, MY PET--**SQUEEZE** THE NICE GENTLEMAN, SQUEEZE HIM A BIG **HELLO**
HER HEARTBEAT--I'VE HEARD IT **BEFORE**. IT'S THE WOMAN CALLED "PRINCESS PYTHON"--
--SHE MUST'VE BEEN WAITING IN THE **STAIRWELL** FOR HER FRIENDS TO FLUSH ME OUT! WHAT AN **IDIOT** I'VE BEEN!
SLOWLY, MY PET--YOU MUST LEARN TO BE **DELICATE**--
--OR PRINCESS WILL HAVE TO **PUNISH** YOU WITH HER **ELECTRO-PROD!**
THE PROD--SHE USES IT TO TRAIN HER SNAKES--AND MAYBE, JUST **MAYBE**, I CAN USE IT TO **SAVE** MYSELF--
--IF I CAN JUST--MANAGE TO GET MY **LEG** UP--AND **BRACE** MYSELF--
--FOR **THIS!**
SPRAAAAK!
EEEEEE!
YOU MONSTER--YOU'VE **KILLED** HER! YOU KILLED MY **PET**--AS THOUGH SHE WERE SOME KIND OF--OF **ANIMAL!**
LADY--HAVE YOU GOT YOUR PRIORITIES MIXED UP!
CAUGHT A BIT OF THAT ELECTRIC SHOCK **MYSELF**--DIZZY--! BETTER GET MY **BEARINGS** BEFORE--

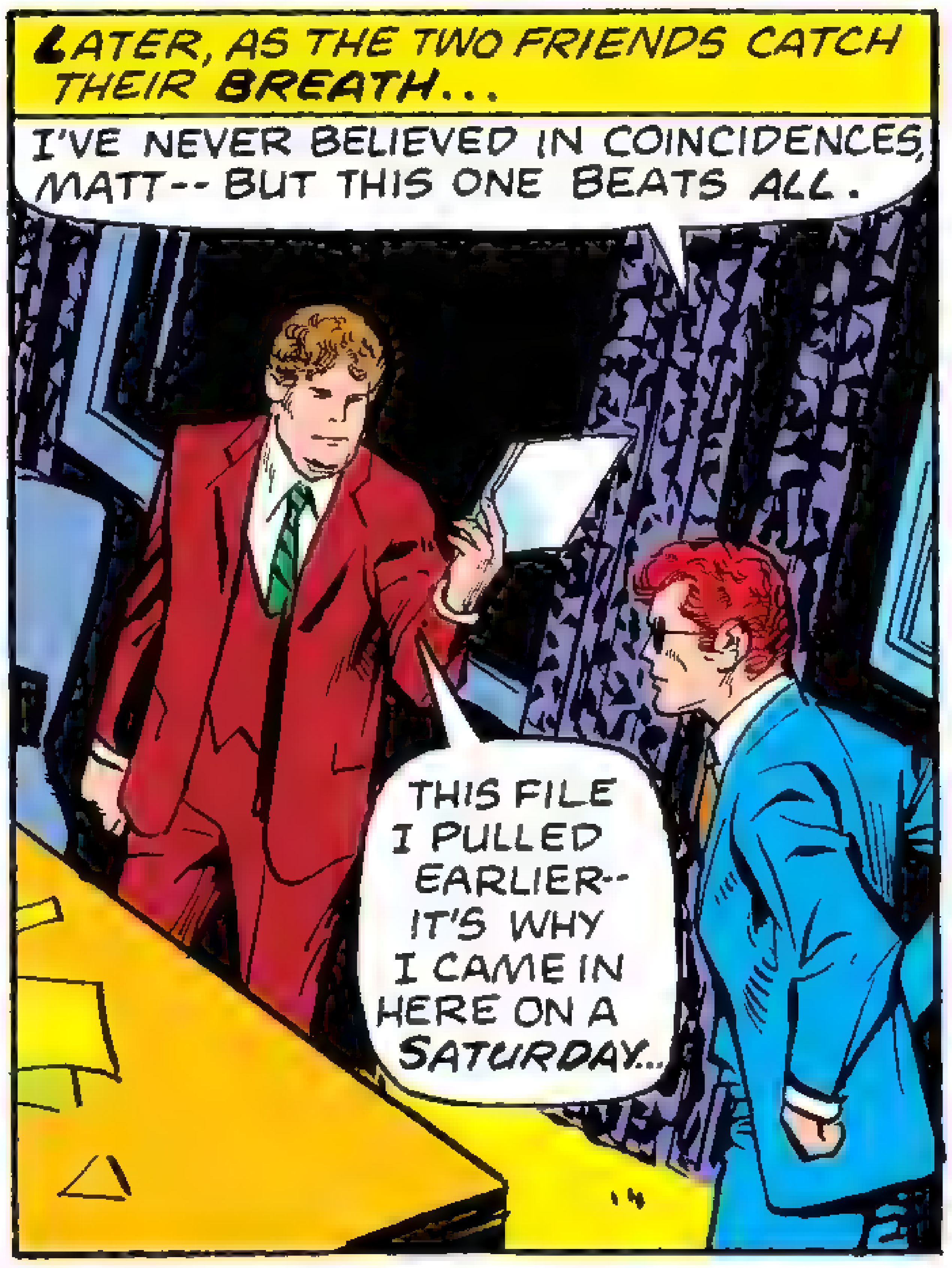

NOW WE'VE GOT HIM! QUICKLY PRINCESS, USE YOUR PROD WHILE HE'S--
MATT? MATT-- WHAT'S HAPPENED? WHERE ARE YOU--?
BLAST! WE DON'T DARE LINGER ANOTHER MOMENT.

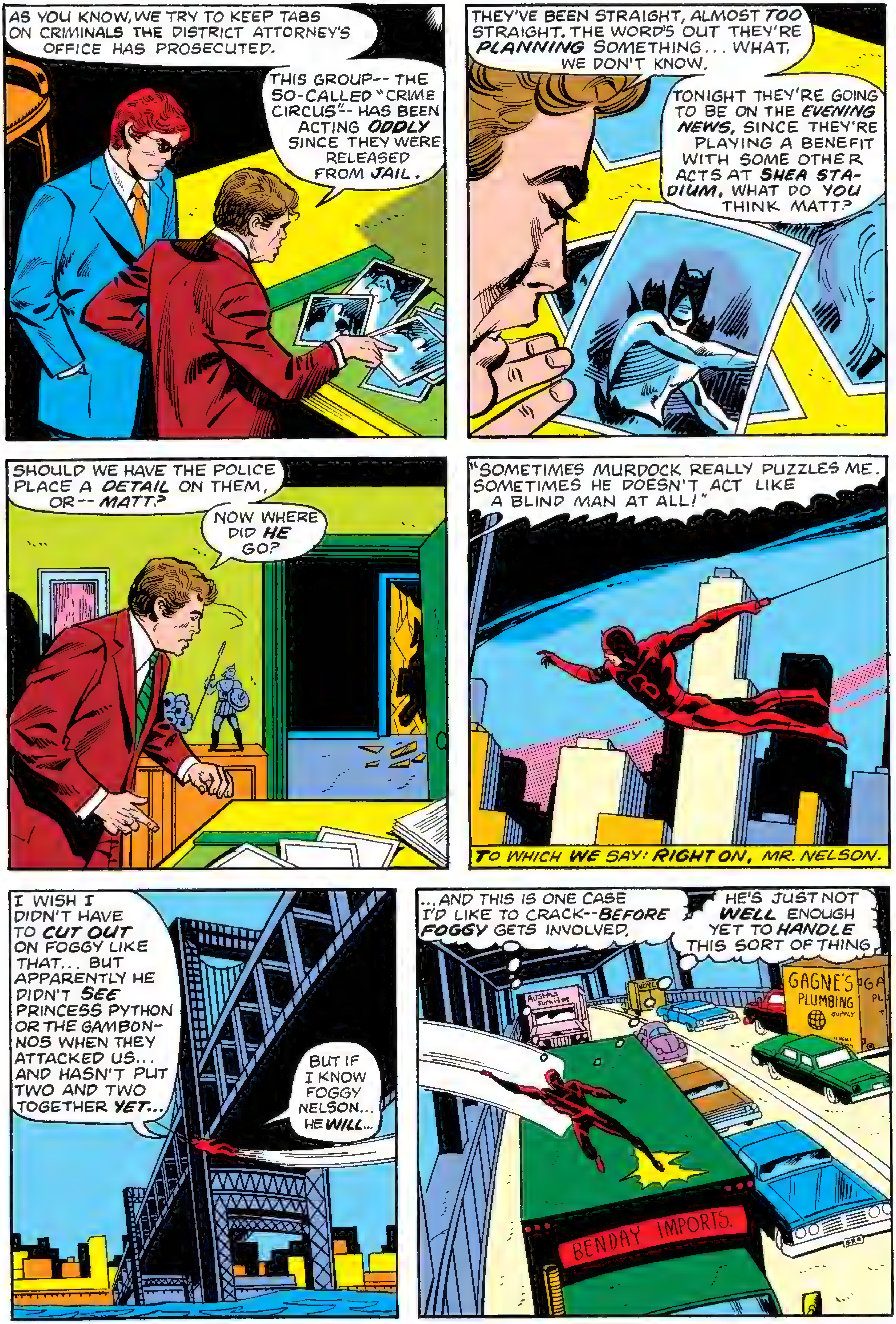

BEING DISCOVERED WITH DAREDEVIL WOULD BE PREMATURE--
--AND AT THIS POINT, WE CAN AFFORD NO SET-BACKS--FOR WITHIN THE HOUR--
--WE ACT.

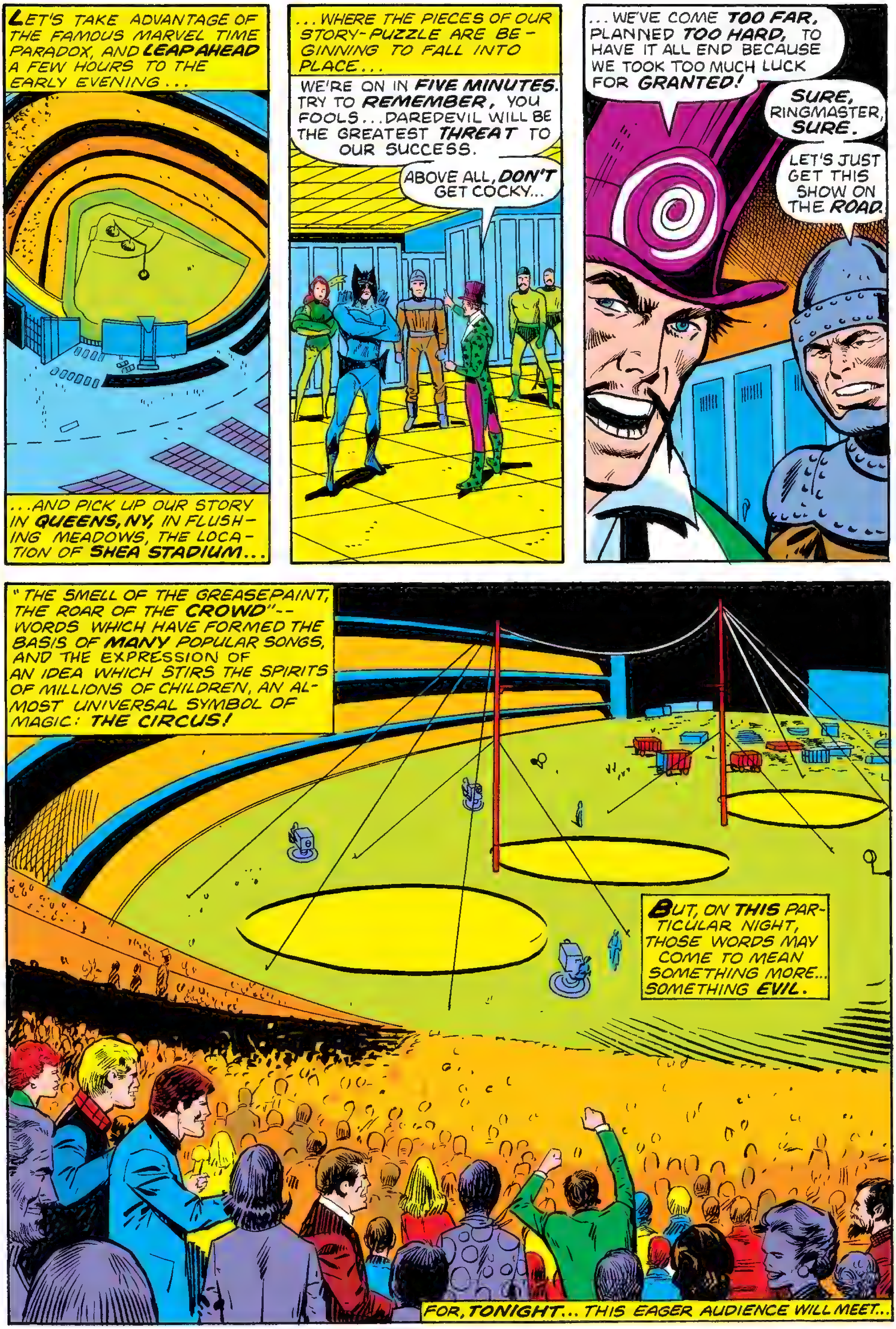

MATT--ARE YOU OUT HERE? ANSWER ME, MATT...
LORD IN HEAVEN ... WHAT'S BEEN GOING ON HERE?

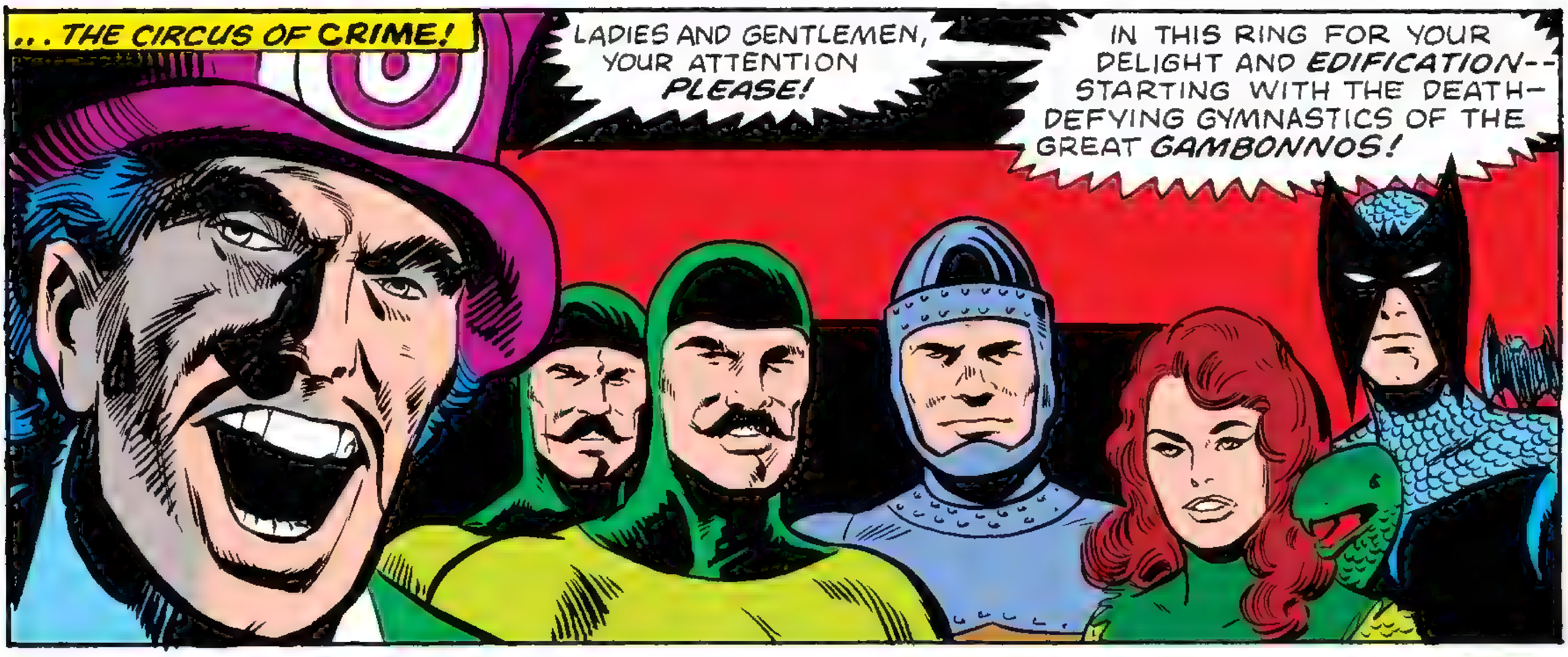

FOGGY NELSON MAY NEVER RECEIVE AN ANSWER TO THAT QUESTION... AND AT THIS MOMENT, HE MAY NOT REALLY WANT ONE...
DEAR LORD... NO.
FOGGY?

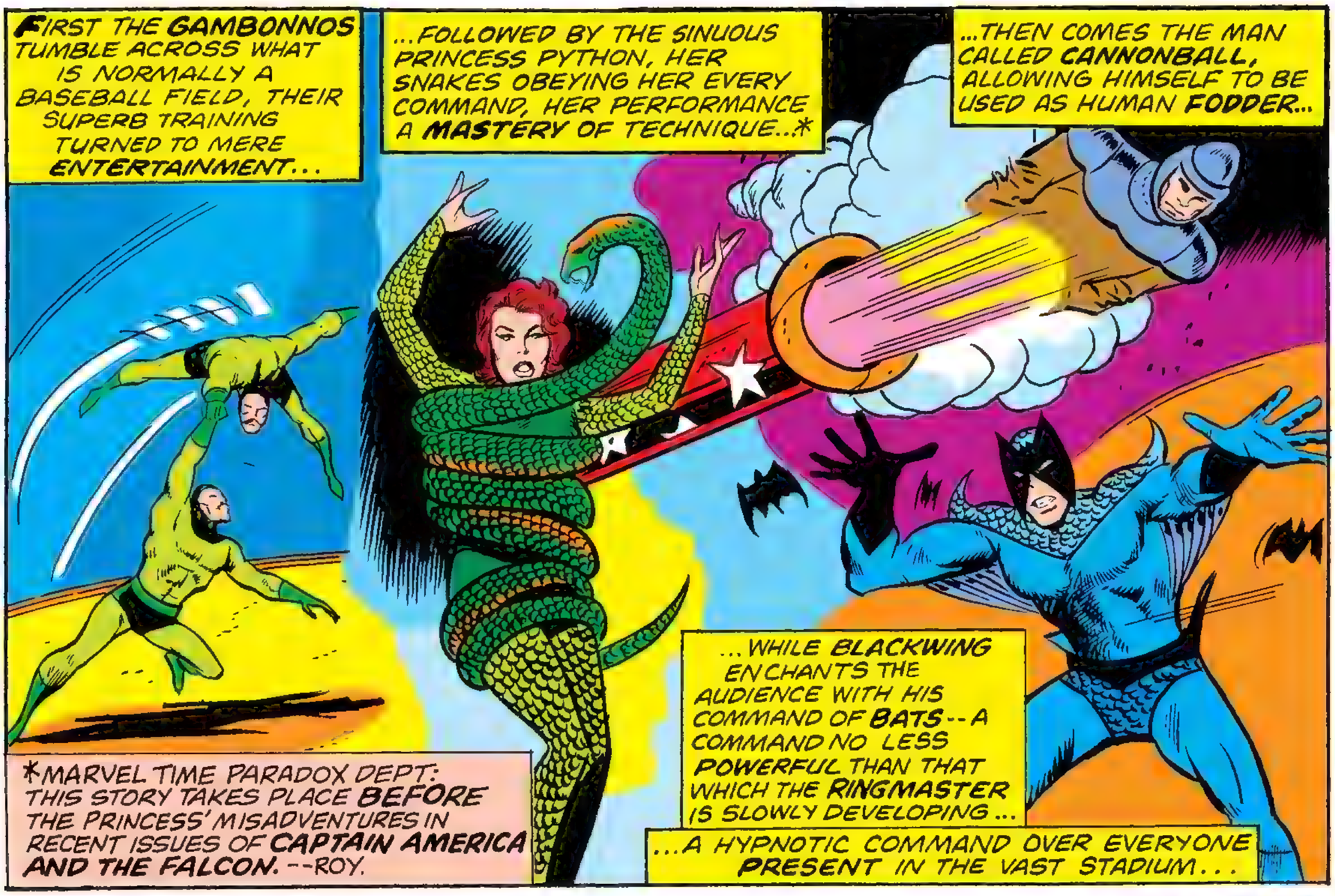

THERE YOU ARE! I WAS AFRAID YOU'D BEEN HURT WHEN THOSE KOOKS CRASHED IN HERE--YOU HAD ME WORRIED, FELLA.
I HAD YOU WORRIED?
NEVER MIND, IT'S OVER NOW--WHATEVER IT WAS THAT HAPPENED.

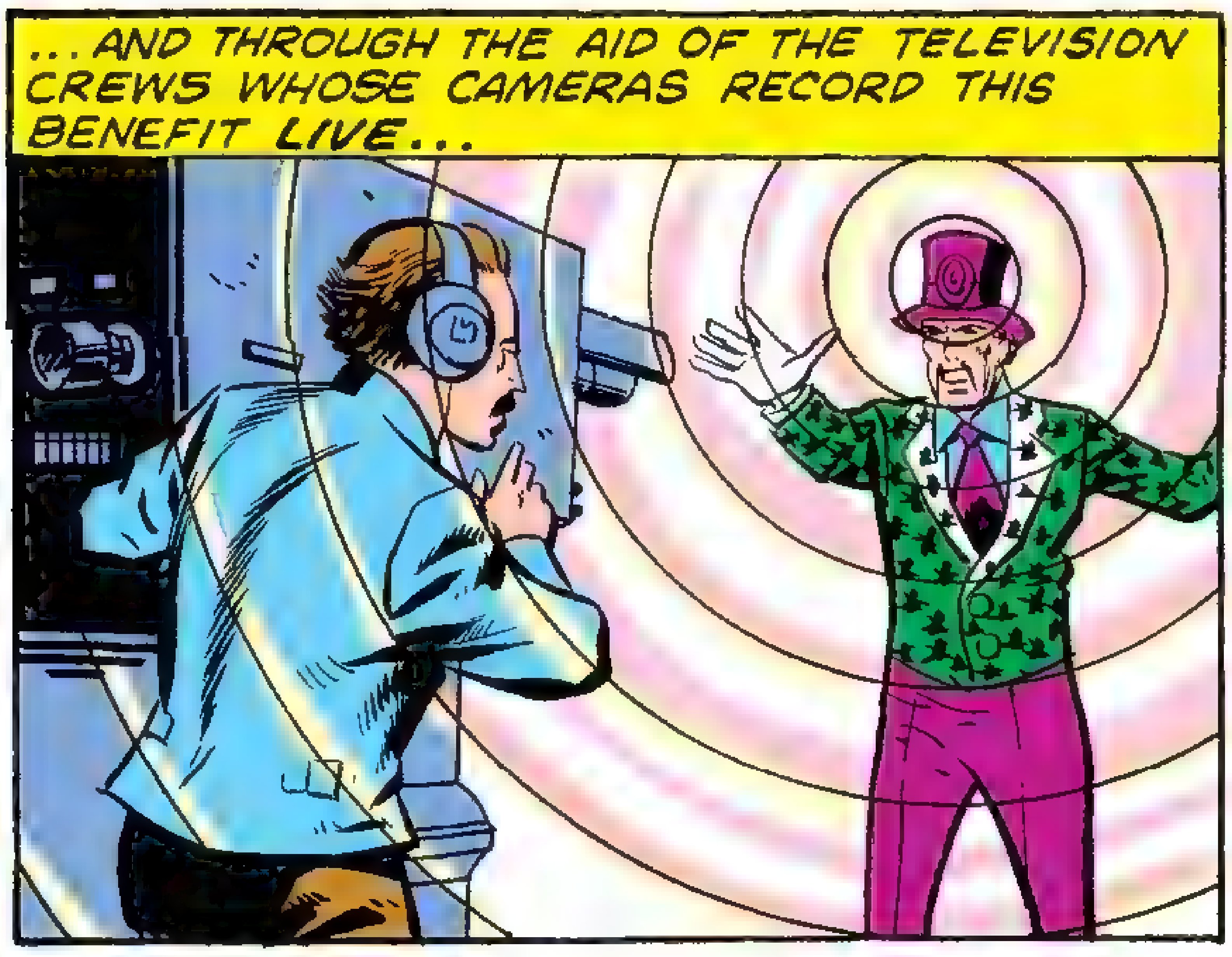

LATER, AS THE TWO FRIENDS CATCH THEIR BREATH...
I'VE NEVER BELIEVED IN COINCIDENCES, MATT-- BUT THIS ONE BEATS ALL.
THIS FILE I PULLED EARLIER-- IT'S WHY I CAME IN HERE ON A SATURDAY...

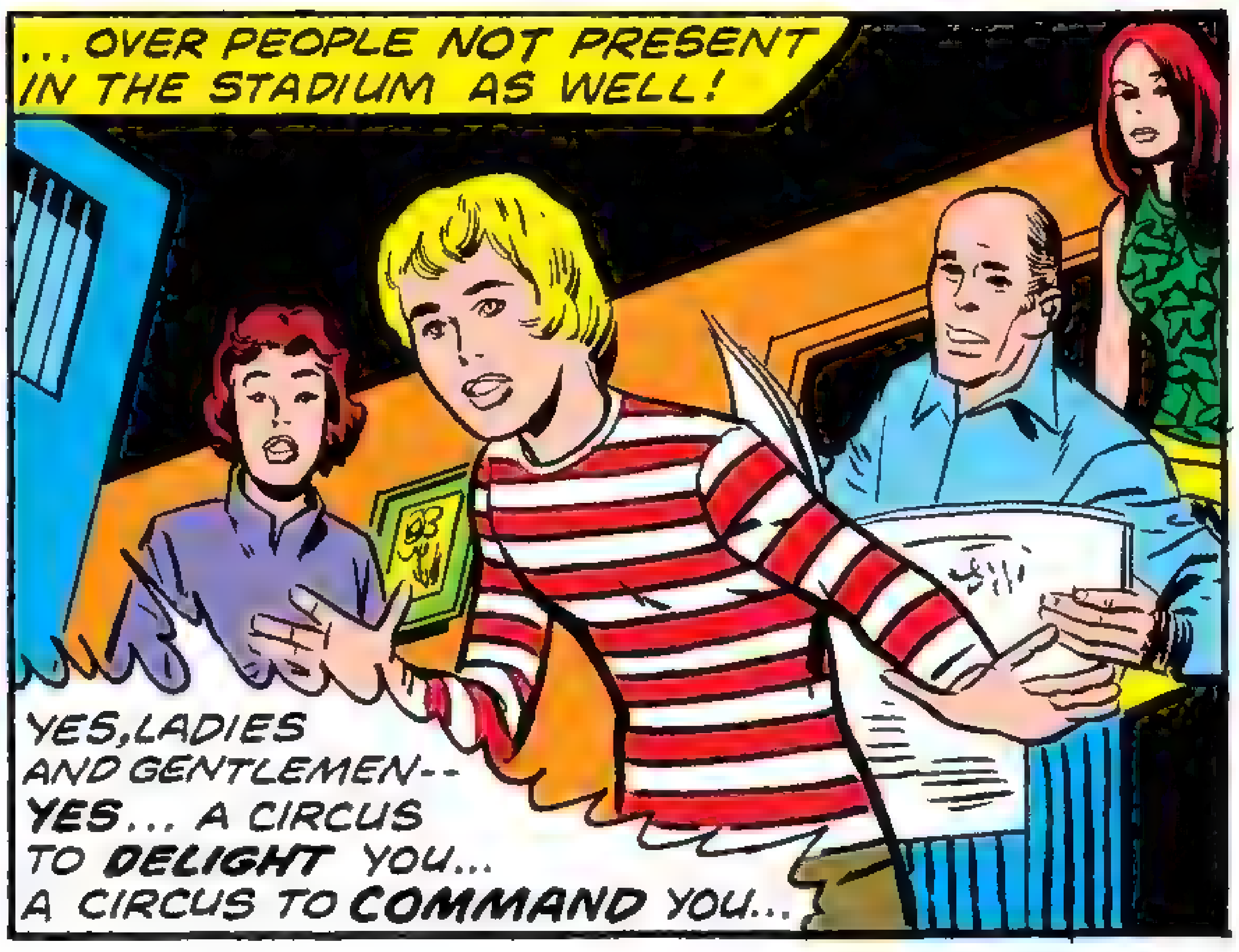

AS YOU KNOW, WE TRY TO KEEP TABS ON CRIMINALS THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE HAS PROSECUTED.
THIS GROUP-- THE SO-CALLED "CRIME CIRCUS"-- HAS BEEN ACTING ODDLY SINCE THEY WERE RELEASED FROM JAIL.
THEY'VE BEEN STRAIGHT, ALMOST TOO STRAIGHT. THE WORD'S OUT THEY'RE PLANNING SOMETHING... WHAT, WE DON'T KNOW.
TONIGHT THEY'RE GOING TO BE ON THE EVENING NEWS, SINCE THEY'RE PLAYING A BENEFIT WITH SOME OTHER ACTS AT SHEA STADIUM. WHAT DO YOU THINK MATT?
SHOULD WE HAVE THE POLICE PLACE A DETAIL ON THEM, OR-- MATT?
NOW WHERE DID HE GO?
"SOMETIMES MURDOCK REALLY PUZZLES ME. SOMETIMES HE DOESN'T ACT LIKE A BLIND MAN AT ALL!"
TO WHICH WE SAY: RIGHT ON, MR. NELSON.
I WISH I DIDN'T HAVE TO CUT OUT ON FOGGY LIKE THAT... BUT APPARENTLY HE DIDN'T SEE PRINCESS PYTHON OR THE GAMBONNOS WHEN THEY ATTACKED US... AND HASN'T PUT TWO AND TWO TOGETHER YET...
BUT IF I KNOW FOGGY NELSON... HE WILL...
...AND THIS IS ONE CASE I'D LIKE TO CRACK--BEFORE FOGGY GETS INVOLVED.
HE'S JUST NOT WELL ENOUGH YET TO HANDLE THIS SORT OF THING.
Austin's Furniture
GAGNE'S PLUMBING SUPPLY
BENDAY IMPORTS.

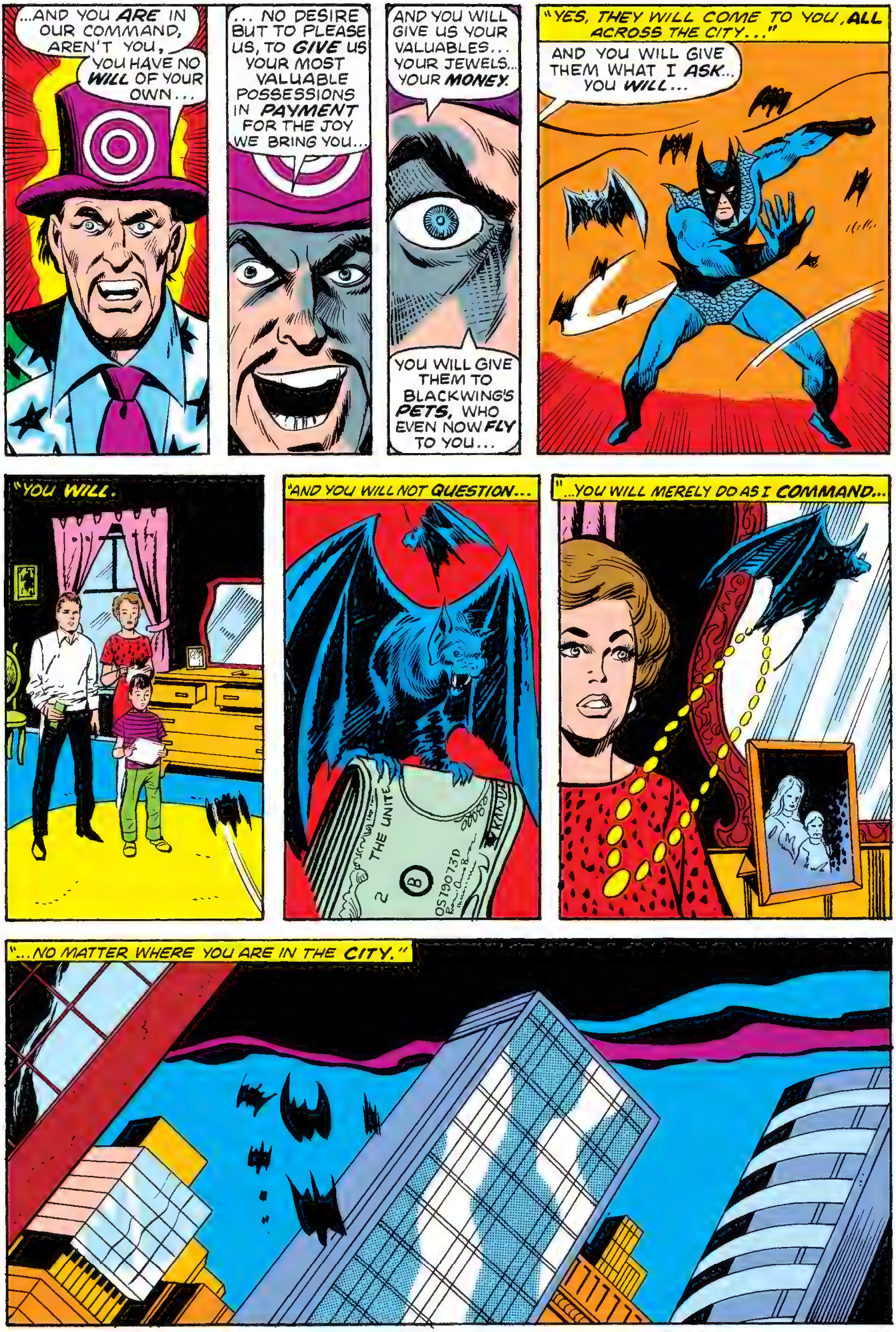

LET'S TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE FAMOUS MARVEL TIME PARADOX, AND LEAP AHEAD A FEW HOURS TO THE EARLY EVENING...
...AND PICK UP OUR STORY IN QUEENS, NY, IN FLUSHING MEADOWS, THE LOCATION OF SHEA STADIUM...
...WHERE THE PIECES OF OUR STORY-PUZZLE ARE BEGINNING TO FALL INTO PLACE...
WE'RE ON IN FIVE MINUTES. TRY TO REMEMBER, YOU FOOLS...DAREDEVIL WILL BE THE GREATEST THREAT TO OUR SUCCESS.
ABOVE ALL, DON'T GET COCKY...
...WE'VE COME TOO FAR, PLANNED TOO HARD, TO HAVE IT ALL END BECAUSE WE TOOK TOO MUCH LUCK FOR GRANTED!
SURE, RINGMASTER, SURE.
LET'S JUST GET THIS SHOW ON THE ROAD.
"THE SMELL OF THE GREASEPAINT, THE ROAR OF THE CROWD"-- WORDS WHICH HAVE FORMED THE BASIS OF MANY POPULAR SONGS, AND THE EXPRESSION OF AN IDEA WHICH STIRS THE SPIRITS OF MILLIONS OF CHILDREN, AN ALMOST UNIVERSAL SYMBOL OF MAGIC: THE CIRCUS!
BUT, ON THIS PARTICULAR NIGHT, THOSE WORDS MAY COME TO MEAN SOMETHING MORE... SOMETHING EVIL.
FOR, TONIGHT... THIS EAGER AUDIENCE WILL MEET...

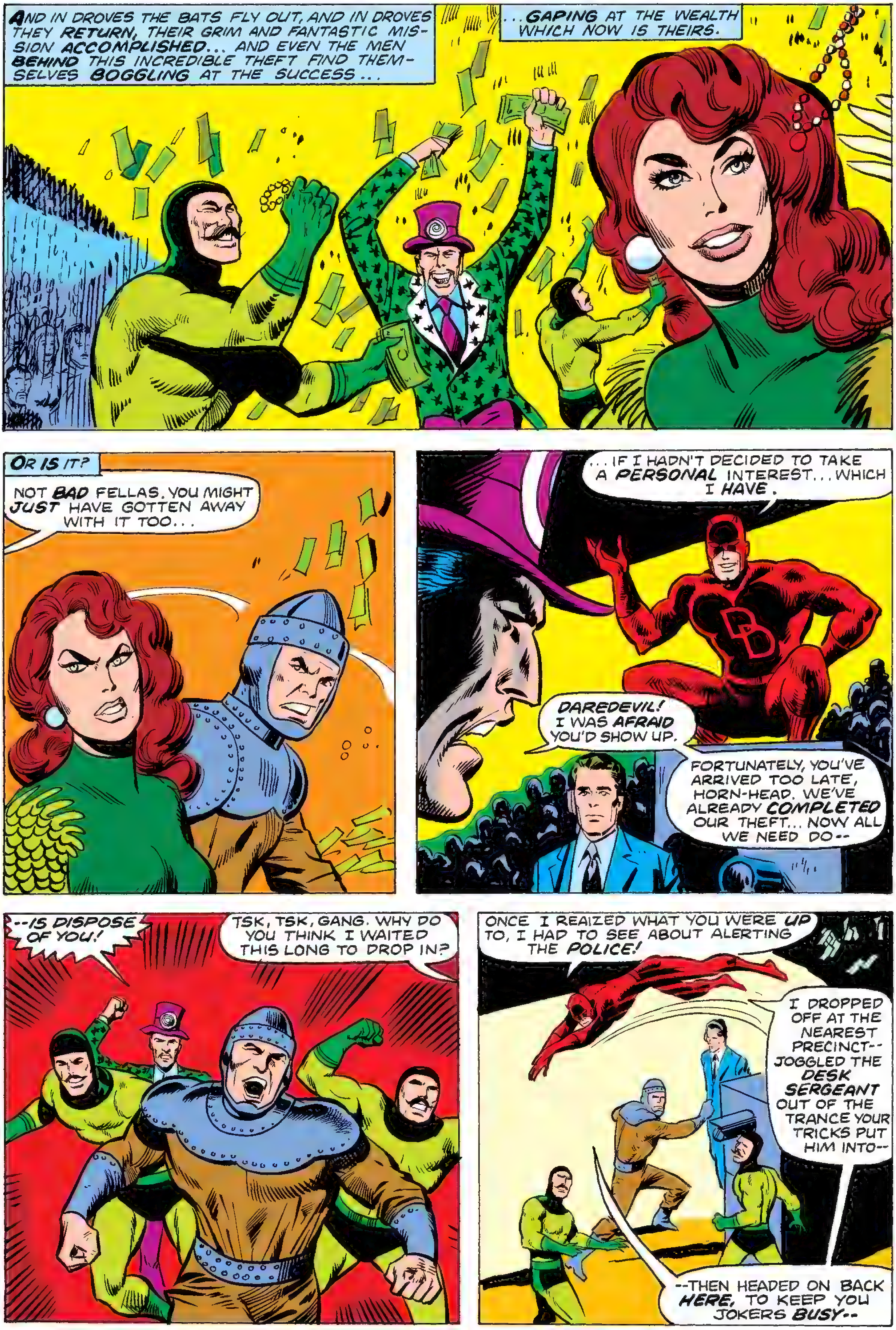

...THE CIRCUS OF CRIME!
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, YOUR ATTENTION PLEASE!
IN THIS RING FOR YOUR DELIGHT AND EDIFICATION--STARTING WITH THE DEATH-DEFYING GYMNASTICS OF THE GREAT GAMBONNOS!

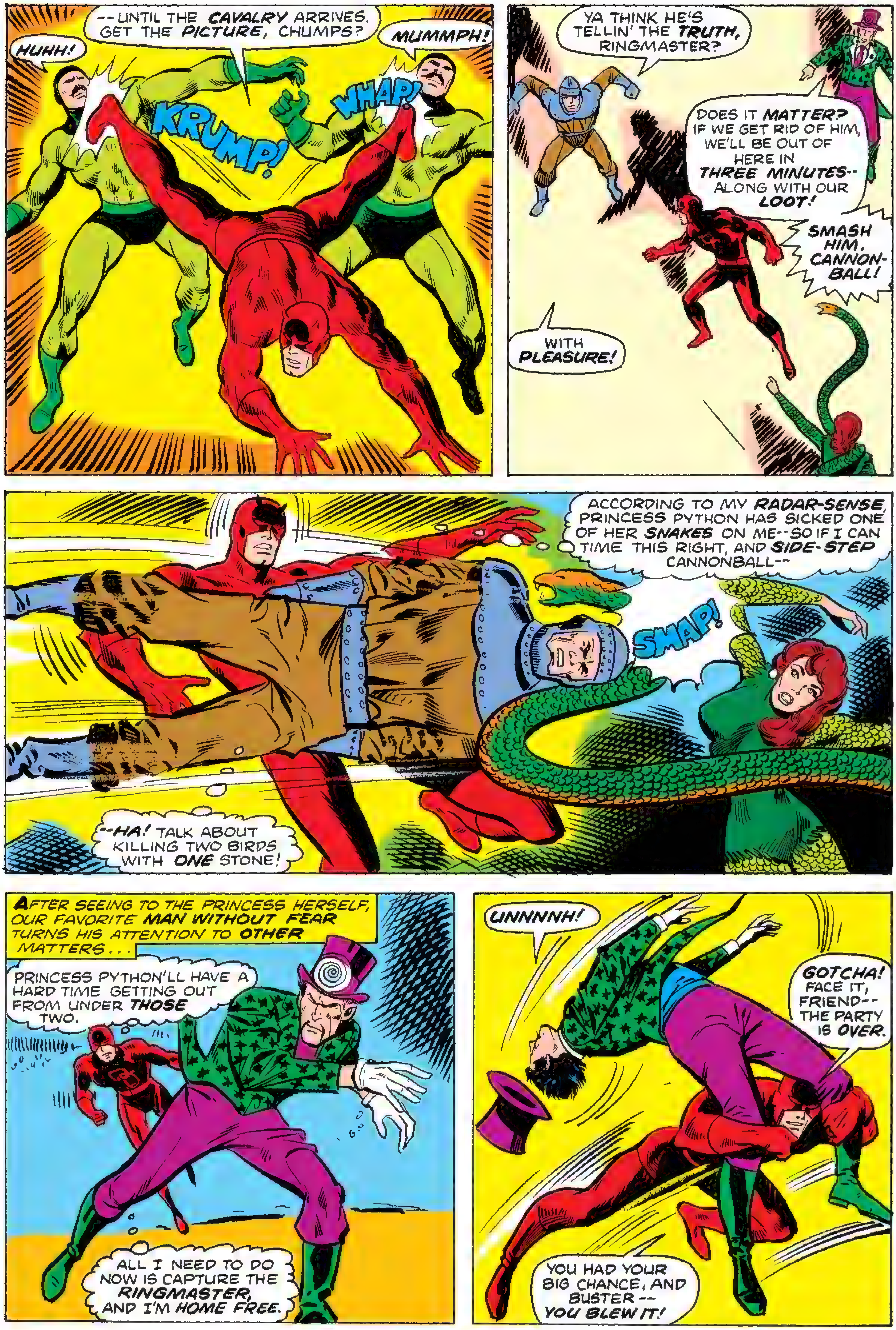

FIRST THE GAMBONNOS TUMBLE ACROSS WHAT IS NORMALLY A BASEBALL FIELD, THEIR SUPERB TRAINING TURNED TO MERE ENTERTAINMENT...
...FOLLOWED BY THE SINUOUS PRINCESS PYTHON, HER SNAKES OBEYING HER EVERY COMMAND, HER PERFORMANCE A MASTERY OF TECHNIQUE..*
...THEN COMES THE MAN CALLED CANNONBALL, ALLOWING HIMSELF TO BE USED AS HUMAN FODDER...
...WHILE BLACKWING ENCHANTS THE AUDIENCE WITH HIS COMMAND OF BATS--A COMMAND NO LESS POWERFUL THAN THAT WHICH THE RINGMASTER IS SLOWLY DEVELOPING...
...A HYPNOTIC COMMAND OVER EVERYONE PRESENT IN THE VAST STADIUM...
*MARVEL TIME PARADOX DEPT: THIS STORY TAKES PLACE BEFORE THE PRINCESS' MISADVENTURES IN RECENT ISSUES OF CAPTAIN AMERICA AND THE FALCON. --ROY.

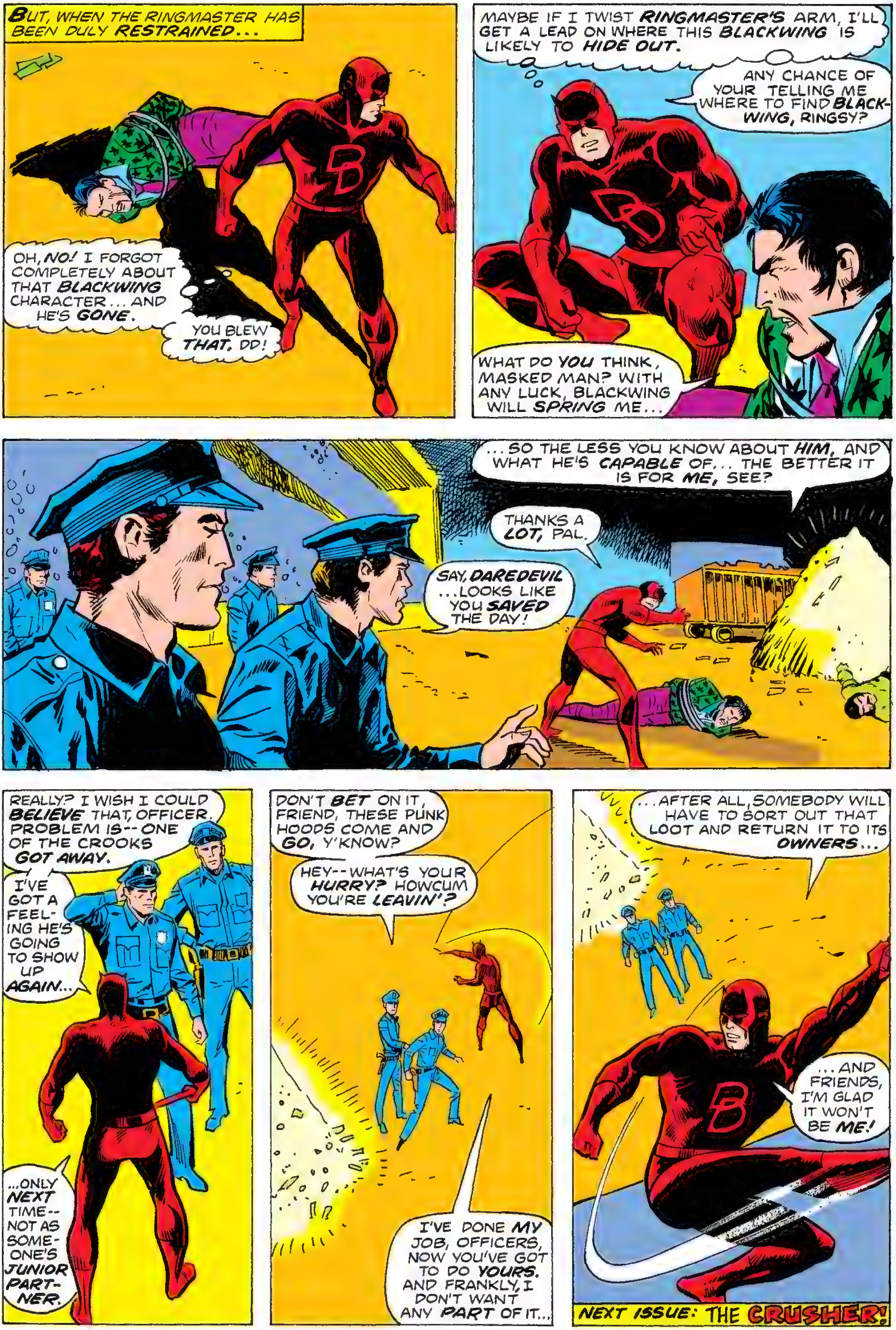

...AND THROUGH THE AID OF THE TELEVISION CREWS WHOSE CAMERAS RECORD THIS BENEFIT LIVE...


...OVER PEOPLE NOT PRESENT IN THE STADIUM AS WELL!
YES, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN--YES... A CIRCUS TO DELIGHT YOU... A CIRCUS TO COMMAND YOU...


...AND YOU **ARE** IN OUR COMMAND, AREN'T YOU,
YOU HAVE NO **WILL** OF YOUR OWN...
... NO DESIRE BUT TO PLEASE US, TO **GIVE** US YOUR MOST VALUABLE POSSESSIONS IN **PAYMENT** FOR THE JOY WE BRING YOU...
AND YOU WILL GIVE US YOUR VALUABLES... YOUR JEWELS... YOUR **MONEY.**
YOU WILL GIVE THEM TO BLACKWING'S **PETS,** WHO EVEN NOW **FLY** TO YOU...
"YES, THEY WILL COME TO YOU, **ALL** ACROSS THE CITY..."
AND YOU WILL GIVE THEM WHAT I **ASK**... YOU **WILL**...
"YOU **WILL.**
"AND YOU WILL NOT **QUESTION**...
THE UNITE
" ...YOU WILL MERELY DO AS I **COMMAND**...
"...NO MATTER WHERE YOU ARE IN THE **CITY.**"


AND IN DROVES THE BATS FLY OUT, AND IN DROVES THEY RETURN, THEIR GRIM AND FANTASTIC MISSION ACCOMPLISHED... AND EVEN THE MEN BEHIND THIS INCREDIBLE THEFT FIND THEMSELVES BOGGLING AT THE SUCCESS...
...GAPING AT THE WEALTH WHICH NOW IS THEIRS.
OR IS IT?
NOT BAD FELLAS. YOU MIGHT JUST HAVE GOTTEN AWAY WITH IT TOO...
...IF I HADN'T DECIDED TO TAKE A PERSONAL INTEREST... WHICH I HAVE.
DAREDEVIL! I WAS AFRAID YOU'D SHOW UP.
FORTUNATELY, YOU'VE ARRIVED TOO LATE, HORN-HEAD. WE'VE ALREADY COMPLETED OUR THEFT... NOW ALL WE NEED DO--
--IS DISPOSE OF YOU!
TSK, TSK, GANG. WHY DO YOU THINK I WAITED THIS LONG TO DROP IN?
ONCE I REAIZED WHAT YOU WERE UP TO, I HAD TO SEE ABOUT ALERTING THE POLICE!
I DROPPED OFF AT THE NEAREST PRECINCT--JOGGLED THE DESK SERGEANT OUT OF THE TRANCE YOUR TRICKS PUT HIM INTO--
--THEN HEADED ON BACK HERE, TO KEEP YOU JOKERS BUSY--


HUHH!
--UNTIL THE CAVALRY ARRIVES. GET THE PICTURE, CHUMPS?
MUMMPH!
KRUMP!
WHAP!
YA THINK HE'S TELLIN' THE TRUTH, RINGMASTER?
DOES IT MATTER? IF WE GET RID OF HIM, WE'LL BE OUT OF HERE IN THREE MINUTES-- ALONG WITH OUR LOOT!
SMASH HIM, CANNONBALL!
WITH PLEASURE!
ACCORDING TO MY RADAR-SENSE, PRINCESS PYTHON HAS SICKED ONE OF HER SNAKES ON ME--SO IF I CAN TIME THIS RIGHT, AND SIDE-STEP CANNONBALL--
SMAP!
--HA! TALK ABOUT KILLING TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE!
AFTER SEEING TO THE PRINCESS HERSELF, OUR FAVORITE MAN WITHOUT FEAR TURNS HIS ATTENTION TO OTHER MATTERS...
PRINCESS PYTHON'LL HAVE A HARD TIME GETTING OUT FROM UNDER THOSE TWO.
ALL I NEED TO DO NOW IS CAPTURE THE RINGMASTER, AND I'M HOME FREE.
UNNNNH!
GOTCHA! FACE IT, FRIEND-- THE PARTY IS OVER.
YOU HAD YOUR BIG CHANCE, AND BUSTER -- YOU BLEW IT!


BUT, WHEN THE RINGMASTER HAS BEEN DULY RESTRAINED...
OH, NO! I FORGOT COMPLETELY ABOUT THAT BLACKWING CHARACTER... AND HE'S GONE.
YOU BLEW THAT, DD!
MAYBE IF I TWIST RINGMASTER'S ARM, I'LL GET A LEAD ON WHERE THIS BLACKWING IS LIKELY TO HIDE OUT.
ANY CHANCE OF YOUR TELLING ME WHERE TO FIND BLACKWING, RINGSY?
WHAT DO YOU THINK, MASKED MAN? WITH ANY LUCK, BLACKWING WILL SPRING ME...
...SO THE LESS YOU KNOW ABOUT HIM, AND WHAT HE'S CAPABLE OF... THE BETTER IT IS FOR ME, SEE?
THANKS A LOT, PAL.
SAY, DAREDEVIL ...LOOKS LIKE YOU SAVED THE DAY!
REALLY? I WISH I COULD BELIEVE THAT, OFFICER. PROBLEM IS-- ONE OF THE CROOKS GOT AWAY.
I'VE GOT A FEELING HE'S GOING TO SHOW UP AGAIN...
...ONLY NEXT TIME-- NOT AS SOMEONE'S JUNIOR PARTNER.
DON'T BET ON IT, FRIEND, THESE PUNK HOODS COME AND GO, Y'KNOW?
HEY-- WHAT'S YOUR HURRY? HOWCUM YOU'RE LEAVIN'?
I'VE DONE MY JOB, OFFICERS, NOW YOU'VE GOT TO DO YOURS. AND FRANKLY, I DON'T WANT ANY PART OF IT...
...AFTER ALL, SOMEBODY WILL HAVE TO SORT OUT THAT LOOT AND RETURN IT TO ITS OWNERS...
...AND FRIENDS, I'M GLAD IT WON'T BE ME!
NEXT ISSUE: THE CRUSHER!

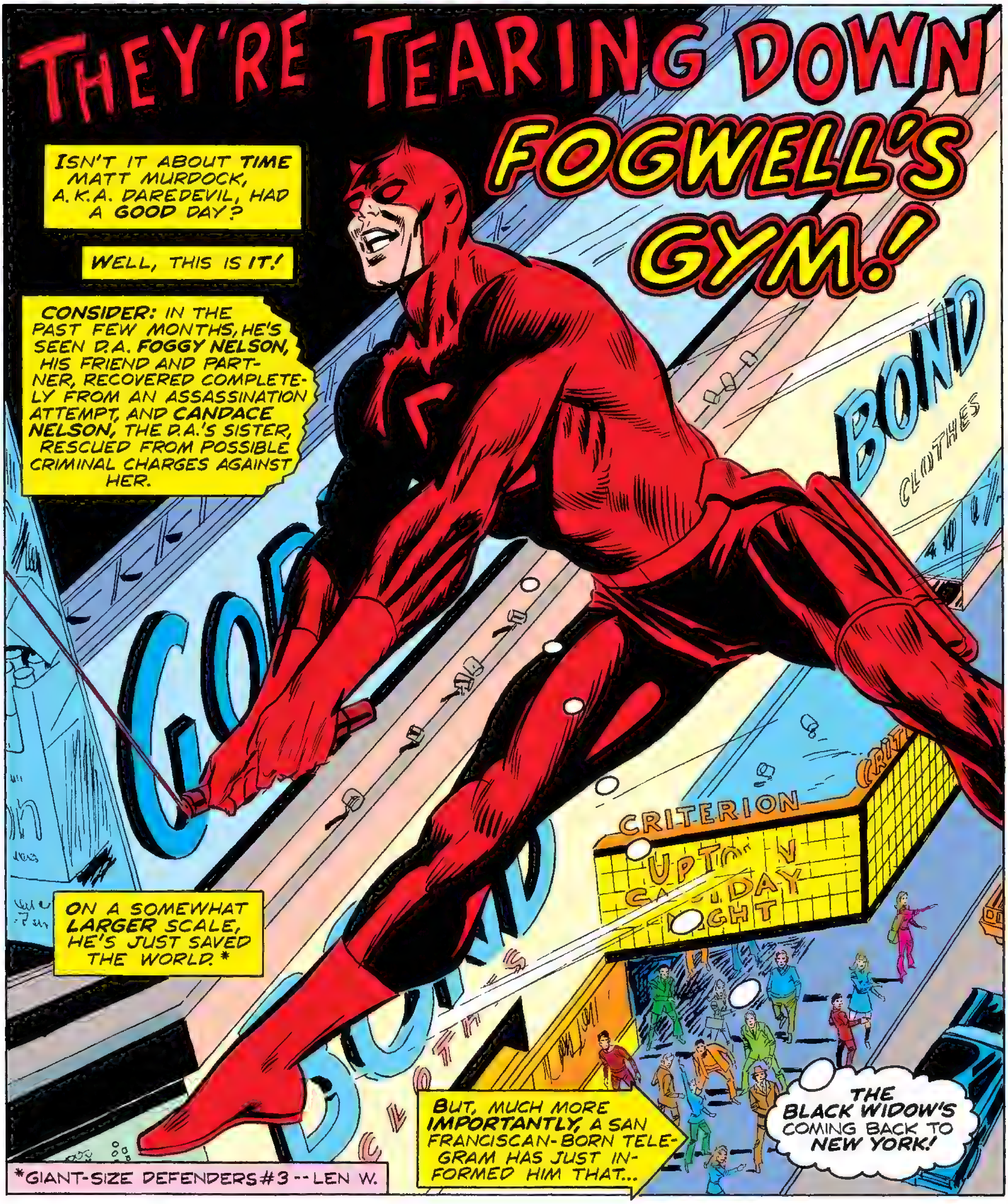
DAREDEVIL
MARVEL COMICS GROUP
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
25¢
119
MAR
02459
DAREDEVIL
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!
CO-STARRING The DEADLY BLACK WIDOW!
I PUT YOU DOWN FOR THE COUNT, HERO-MAN--.
--AND THIS TIME, YOU'RE NOT GETTING UP!
CHAOS IS THE CRUSHER!

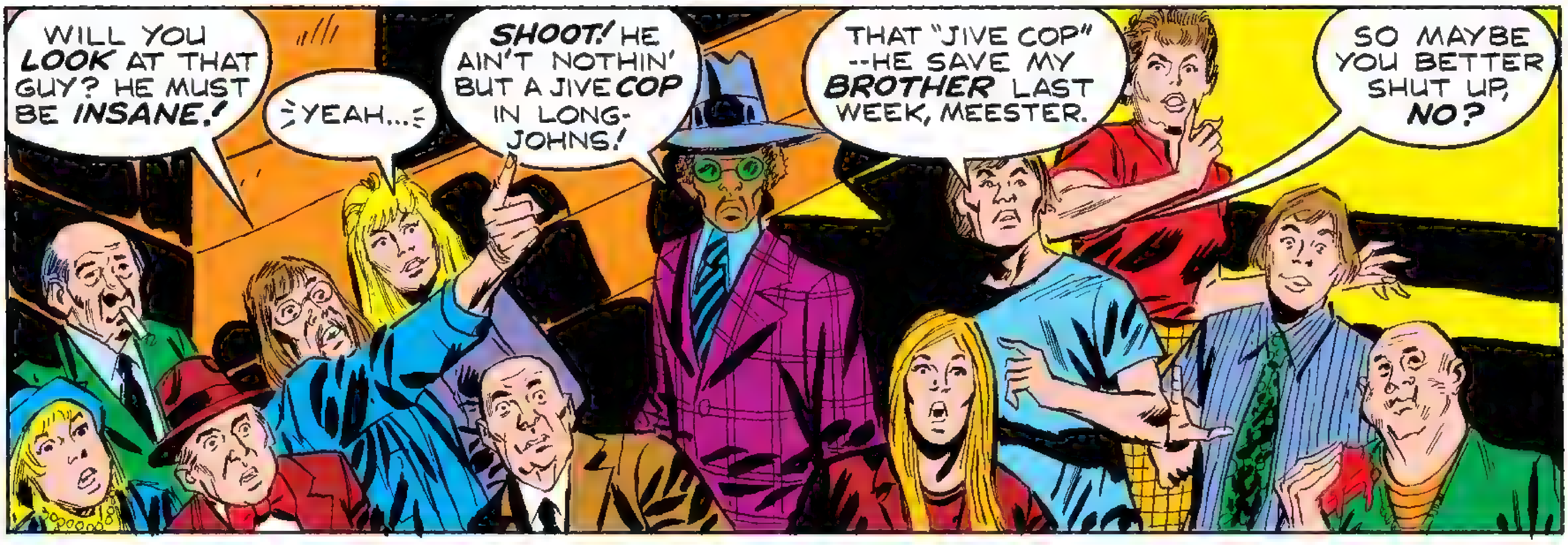
He dwells in eternal night— but the blackness is filled with sounds and scents, tastes and textures other men cannot perceive. For though attorney MATT MURDOCK is *blind,* his other four senses function with *superhuman sharpness*—his uncanny *radar sense* guides him over every obstacle! Armed only with his *billy club,* his fighting skill, and his courage, he stalks the streets by night, a relentless red-garbed foe of evil!

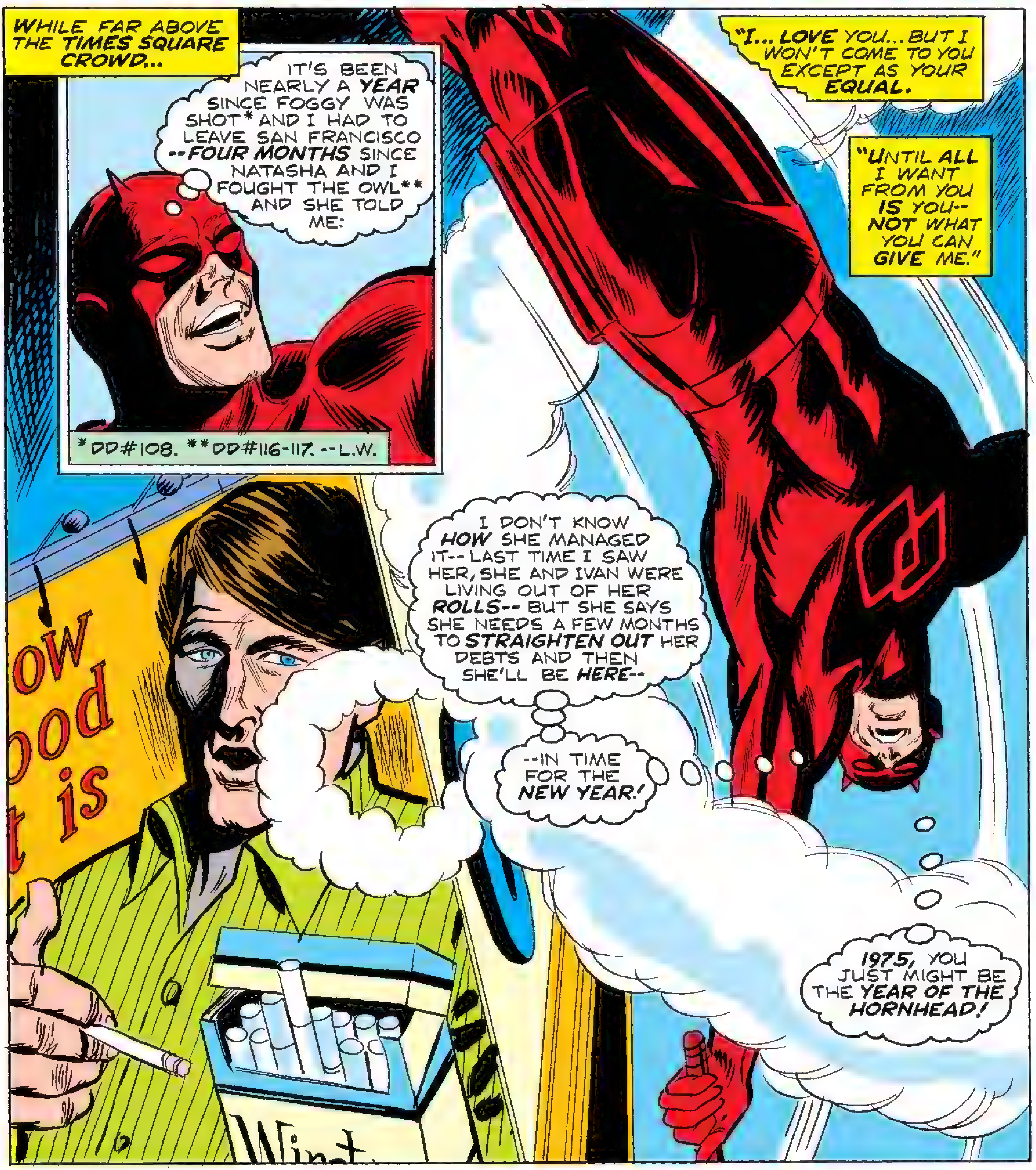
Stan Lee PRESENTS: DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!™

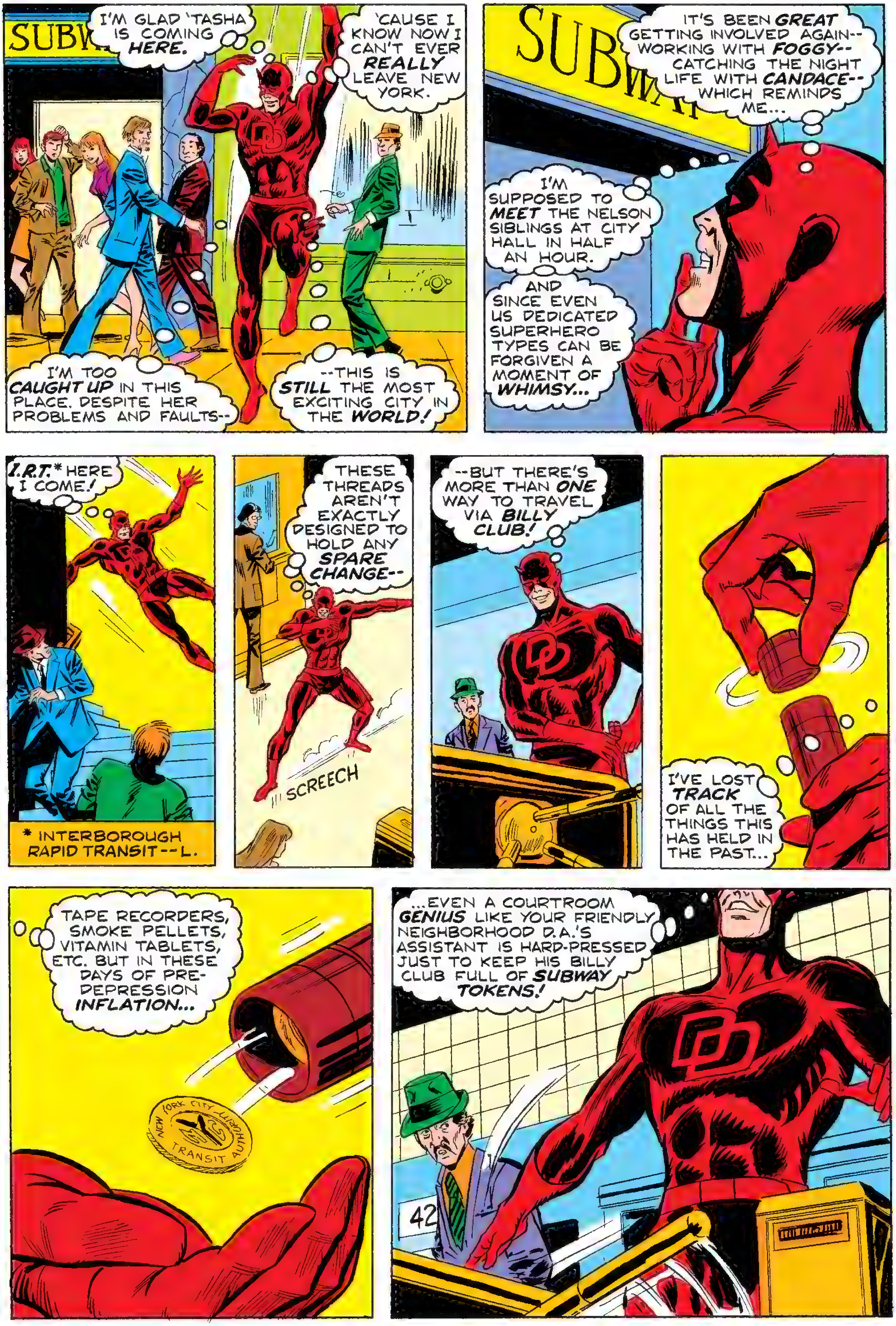
TONY ISABELLA WRITER | **BOB BROWN** ARTIST | **DON HECK** INKER | **DAVE HUNT,** LETTERER **S. GOLDBERG,** COLORIST | **LEN WEIN** EDITOR

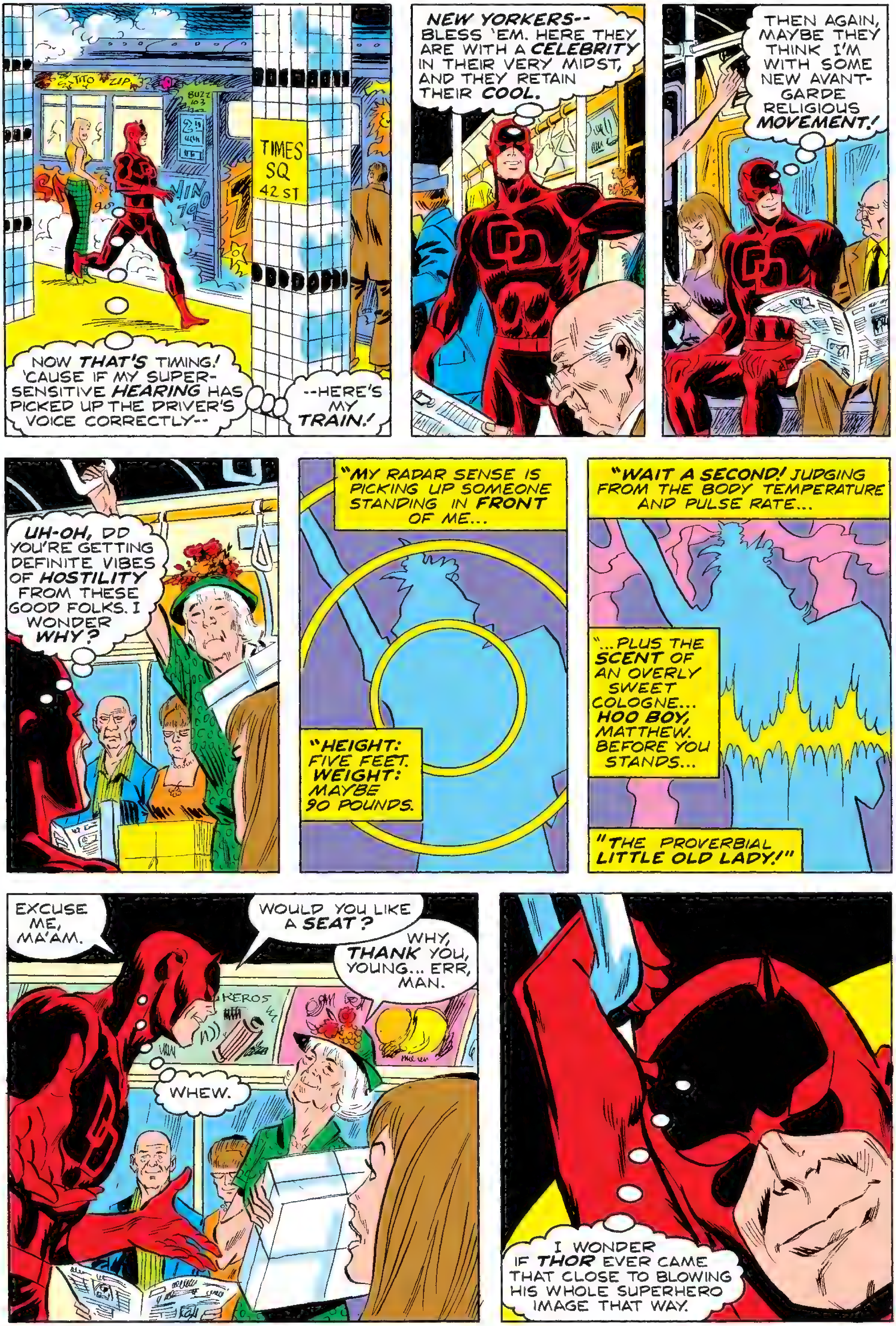
THEY'RE TEARING DOWN FOGWELL'S GYM!

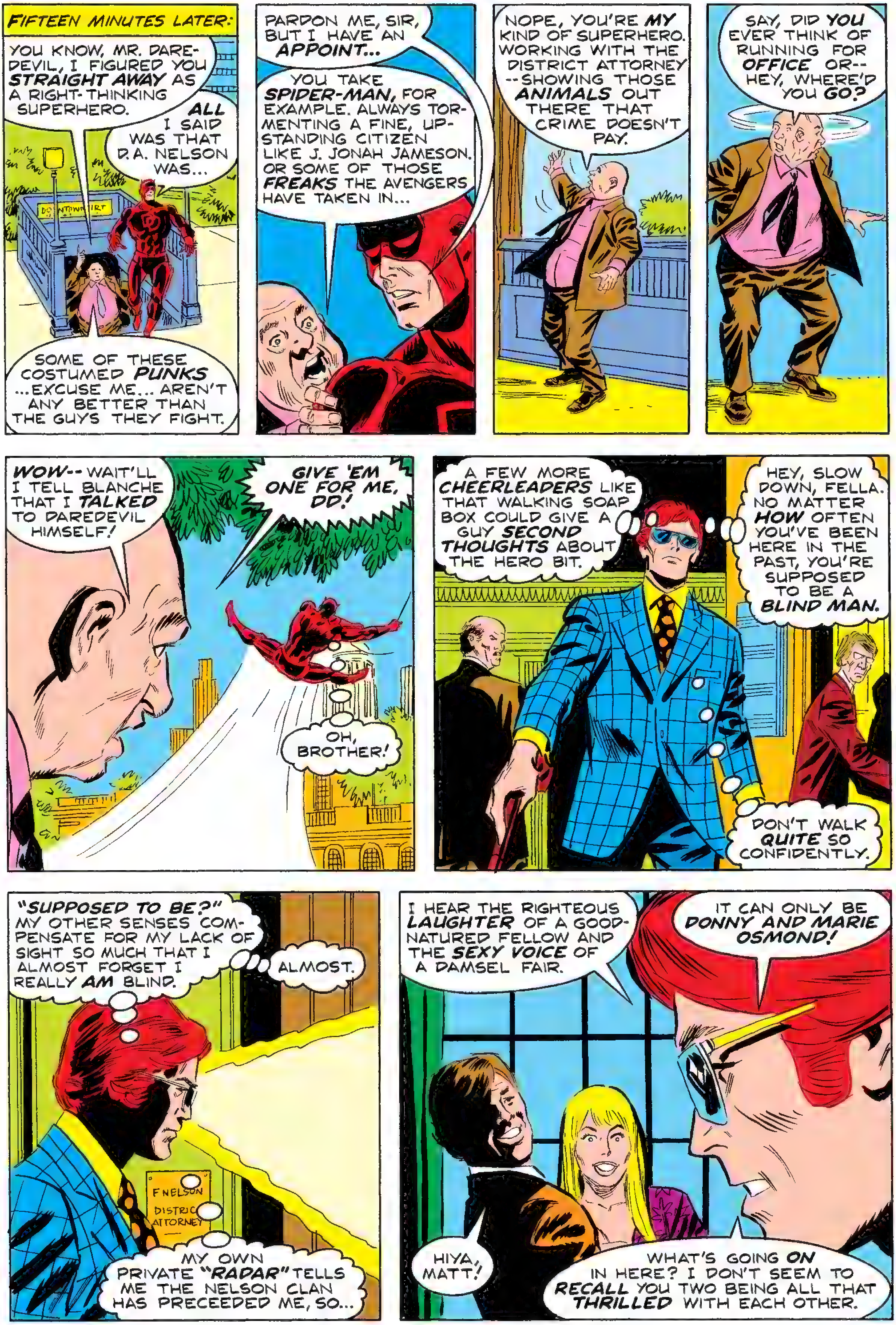

ISN'T IT ABOUT TIME MATT MURDOCK, A.K.A. DAREDEVIL, HAD A GOOD DAY?
WELL, THIS IS IT!
CONSIDER: IN THE PAST FEW MONTHS, HE'S SEEN D.A. FOGGY NELSON, HIS FRIEND AND PARTNER, RECOVERED COMPLETELY FROM AN ASSASSINATION ATTEMPT, AND CANDACE NELSON, THE D.A.'S SISTER, RESCUED FROM POSSIBLE CRIMINAL CHARGES AGAINST HER.
ON A SOMEWHAT LARGER SCALE, HE'S JUST SAVED THE WORLD.*
BUT, MUCH MORE IMPORTANTLY, A SAN FRANCISCAN-BORN TELEGRAM HAS JUST INFORMED HIM THAT...
THE BLACK WIDOW'S COMING BACK TO NEW YORK!
BOND
CLOTHES
CRITERION
*GIANT-SIZE DEFENDERS #3 -- LEN W.

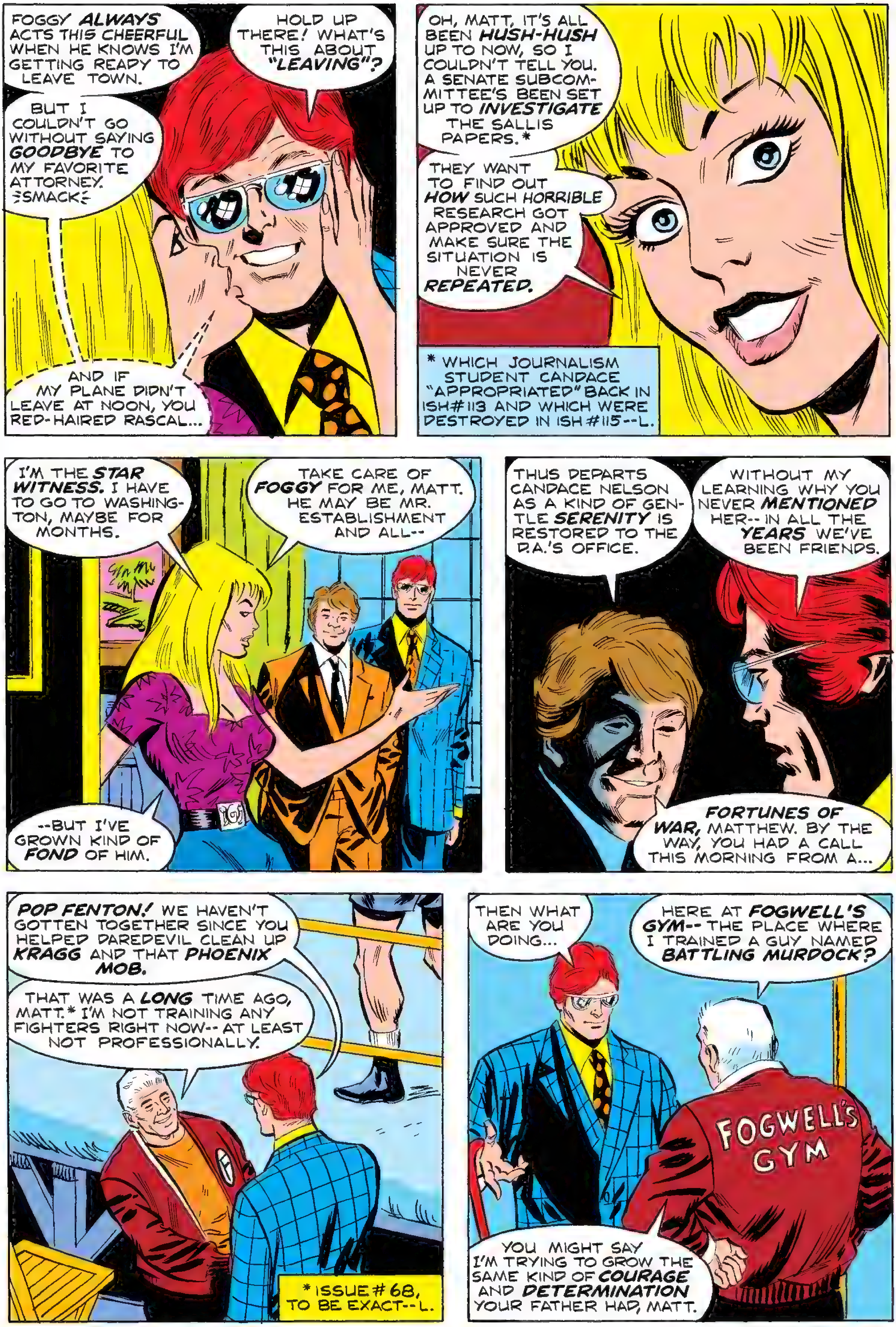

WILL YOU LOOK AT THAT GUY? HE MUST BE INSANE!
YEAH...
SHOOT! HE AIN'T NOTHIN' BUT A JIVE COP IN LONG-JOHNS!
THAT "JIVE COP" --HE SAVE MY BROTHER LAST WEEK, MEESTER.
SO MAYBE YOU BETTER SHUT UP, NO?

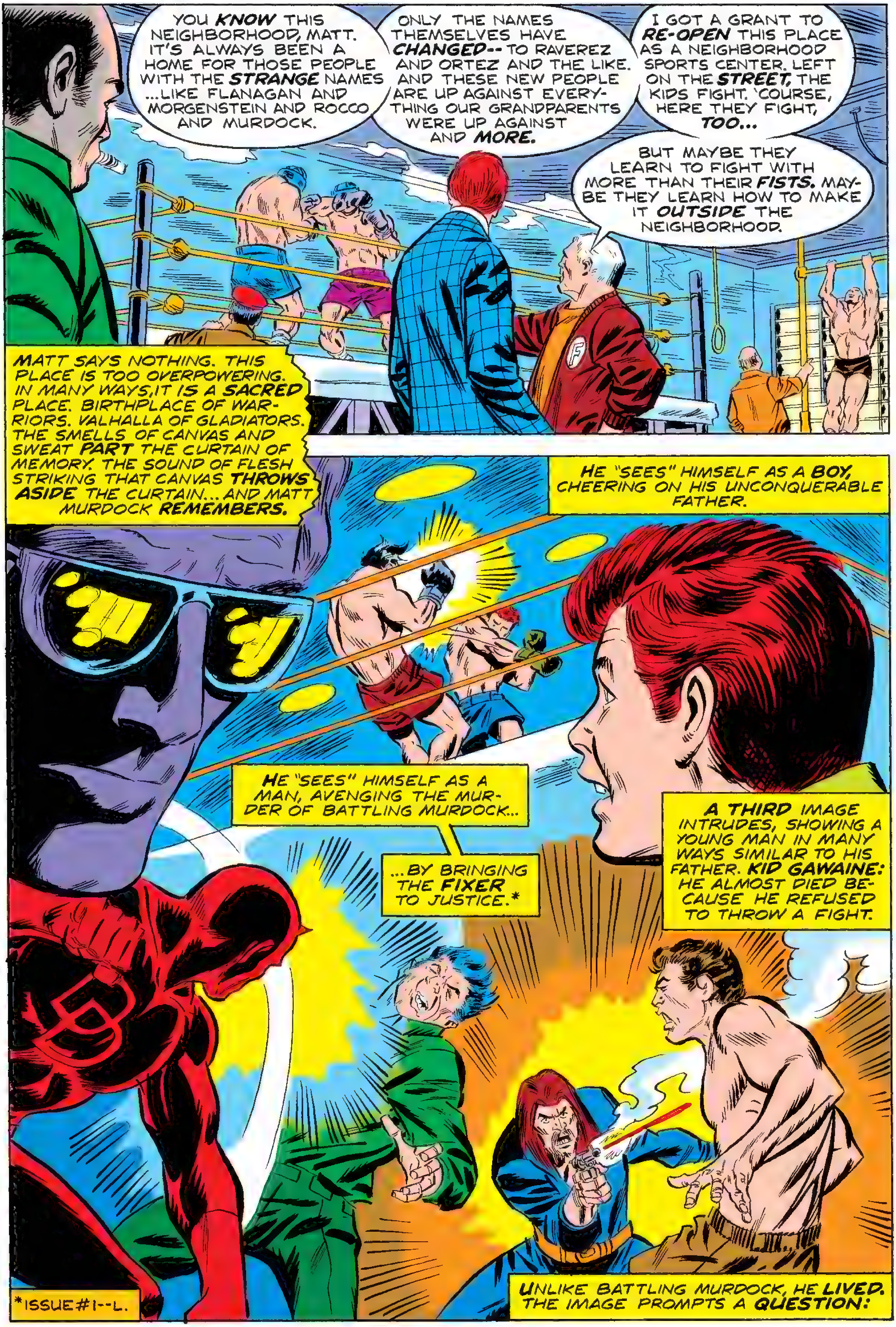

WHILE FAR ABOVE THE TIMES SQUARE CROWD...
IT'S BEEN NEARLY A YEAR SINCE FOGGY WAS SHOT* AND I HAD TO LEAVE SAN FRANCISCO --FOUR MONTHS SINCE NATASHA AND I FOUGHT THE OWL** AND SHE TOLD ME:
*DD#108. **DD#116-117. --L.W.
"I... LOVE YOU... BUT I WON'T COME TO YOU EXCEPT AS YOUR EQUAL.
"UNTIL ALL I WANT FROM YOU IS YOU-- NOT WHAT YOU CAN GIVE ME."
I DON'T KNOW HOW SHE MANAGED IT-- LAST TIME I SAW HER, SHE AND IVAN WERE LIVING OUT OF HER ROLLS-- BUT SHE SAYS SHE NEEDS A FEW MONTHS TO STRAIGHTEN OUT HER DEBTS AND THEN SHE'LL BE HERE--
--IN TIME FOR THE NEW YEAR!
1975, YOU JUST MIGHT BE THE YEAR OF THE HORNHEAD!
ow
ood
t is
Wint

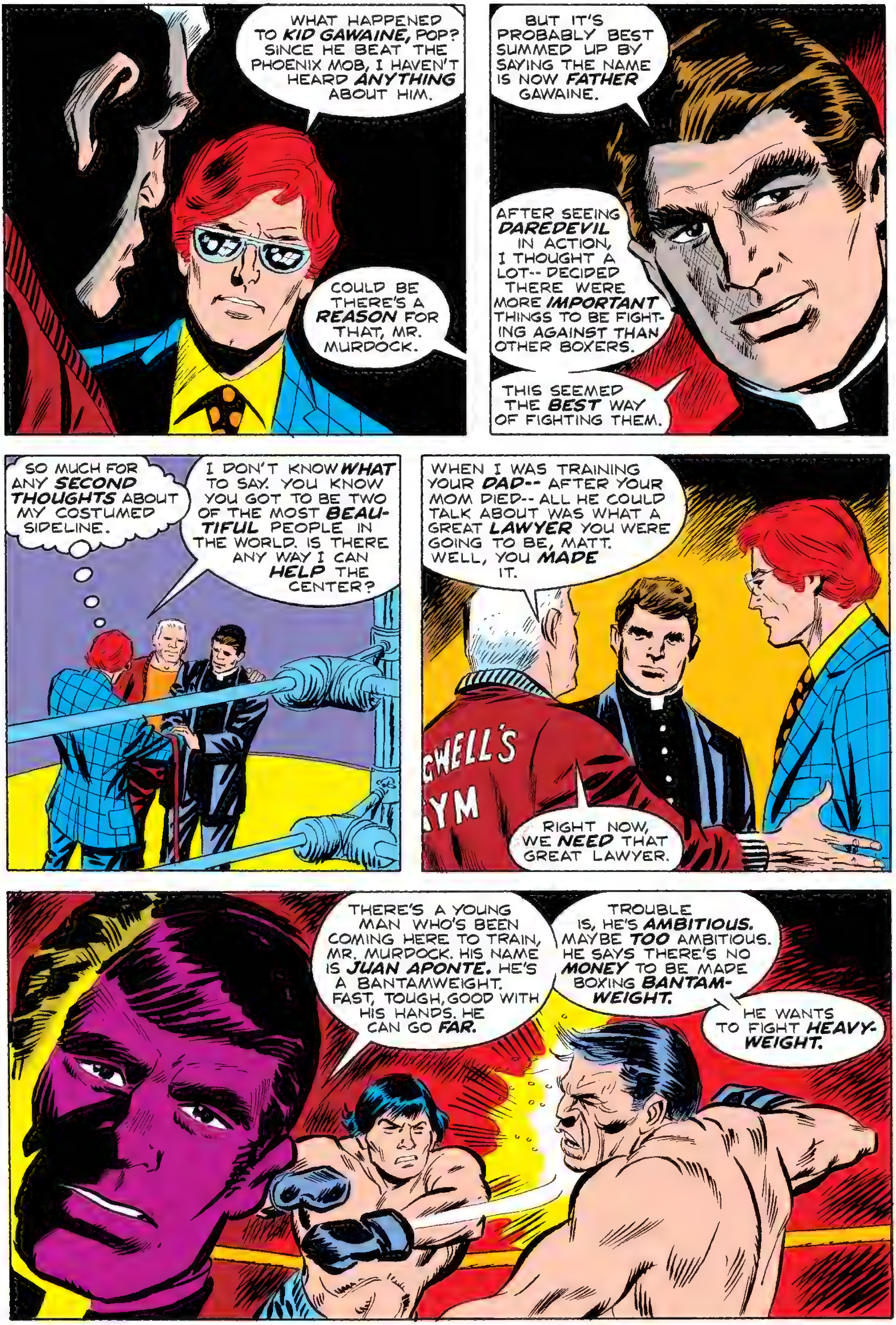

SUBW
I'M GLAD 'TASHA IS COMING *HERE.*
'CAUSE I KNOW NOW I CAN'T EVER *REALLY* LEAVE NEW YORK.
I'M TOO *CAUGHT UP* IN THIS PLACE, DESPITE HER PROBLEMS AND FAULTS--
--THIS IS *STILL* THE MOST EXCITING CITY IN THE *WORLD!*
SUBWAY
IT'S BEEN *GREAT* GETTING INVOLVED AGAIN--WORKING WITH *FOGGY*--CATCHING THE NIGHT LIFE WITH *CANDACE*--WHICH REMINDS ME...
I'M SUPPOSED TO *MEET* THE NELSON SIBLINGS AT CITY HALL IN HALF AN HOUR.
AND SINCE EVEN US DEDICATED SUPERHERO TYPES CAN BE FORGIVEN A MOMENT OF *WHIMSY...*
*I.R.T.** HERE I COME!
* INTERBOROUGH RAPID TRANSIT--L.
THESE THREADS AREN'T EXACTLY DESIGNED TO HOLD ANY *SPARE CHANGE*--
SCREECH
--BUT THERE'S MORE THAN *ONE* WAY TO TRAVEL VIA *BILLY CLUB!*
I'VE LOST *TRACK* OF ALL THE THINGS THIS HAS HELD IN THE PAST...
TAPE RECORDERS, SMOKE PELLETS, VITAMIN TABLETS, ETC. BUT IN THESE DAYS OF PRE-DEPRESSION *INFLATION...*
NEW YORK CITY TRANSIT AUTHORITY
...EVEN A COURTROOM *GENIUS* LIKE YOUR FRIENDLY NEIGHBORHOOD D.A.'S ASSISTANT IS HARD-PRESSED JUST TO KEEP HIS BILLY CLUB FULL OF *SUBWAY TOKENS!*
42

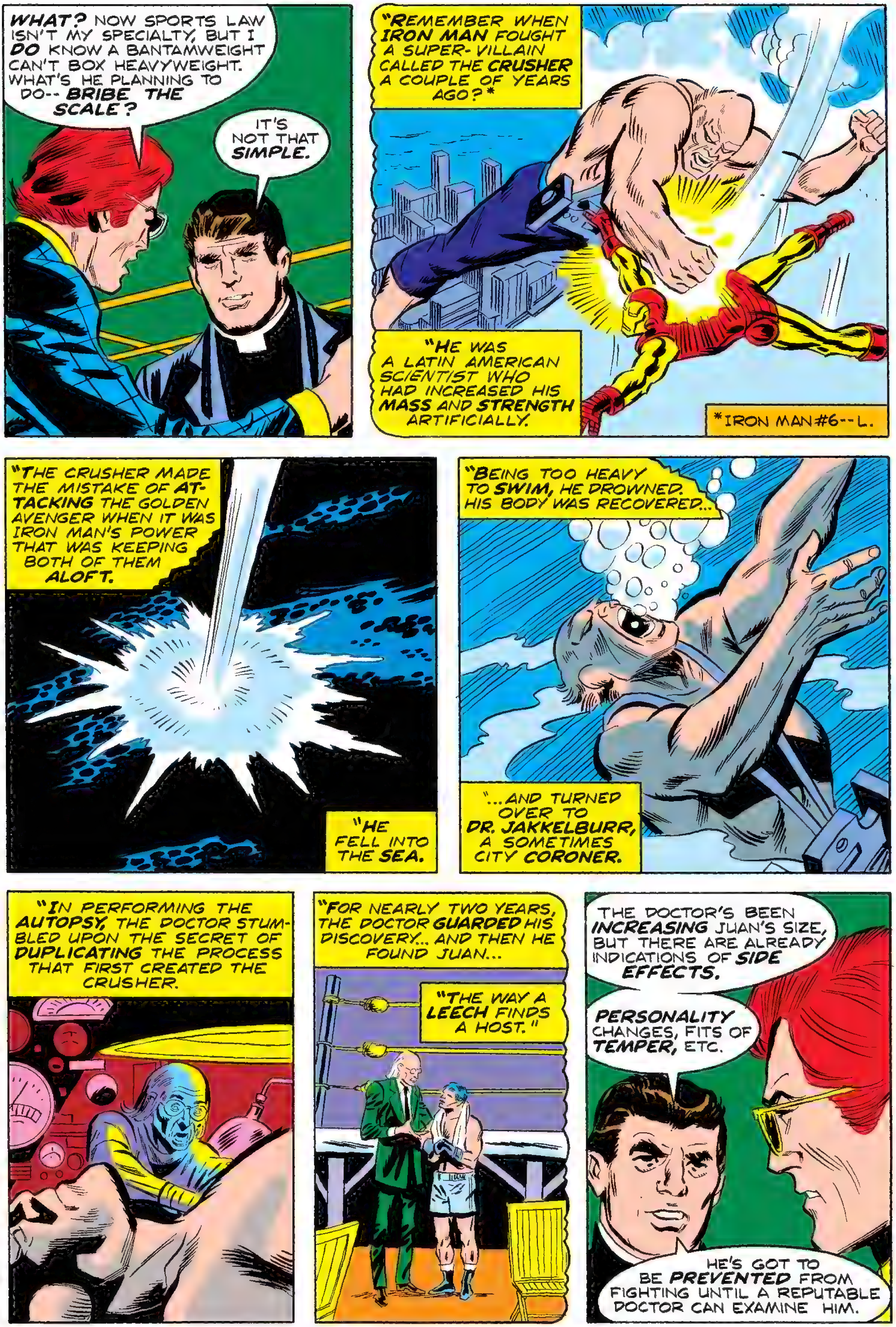

TIMES SQ 42 ST
NOW **THAT'S** TIMING! 'CAUSE IF MY SUPER-SENSITIVE **HEARING** HAS PICKED UP THE DRIVER'S VOICE CORRECTLY--
--HERE'S MY **TRAIN!**
NEW YORKERS-- BLESS 'EM. HERE THEY ARE WITH A **CELEBRITY** IN THEIR VERY MIDST, AND THEY RETAIN THEIR **COOL.**
THEN AGAIN, MAYBE THEY THINK I'M WITH SOME NEW AVANT-GARDE RELIGIOUS **MOVEMENT!**
UH-OH, DD YOU'RE GETTING DEFINITE VIBES OF **HOSTILITY** FROM THESE GOOD FOLKS. I WONDER **WHY?**
"MY RADAR SENSE IS PICKING UP SOMEONE STANDING IN **FRONT** OF ME...
"**HEIGHT:** FIVE FEET. **WEIGHT:** MAYBE 90 POUNDS.
"**WAIT A SECOND!** JUDGING FROM THE BODY TEMPERATURE AND PULSE RATE...
"...PLUS THE **SCENT** OF AN OVERLY SWEET COLOGNE... **HOO BOY,** MATTHEW. BEFORE YOU STANDS...
"THE PROVERBIAL **LITTLE OLD LADY!**"
EXCUSE ME, MA'AM.
WOULD YOU LIKE A **SEAT?**
WHY, **THANK** YOU, YOUNG... ERR, MAN.
WHEW.
I WONDER IF **THOR** EVER CAME THAT CLOSE TO BLOWING HIS WHOLE SUPERHERO IMAGE THAT WAY.

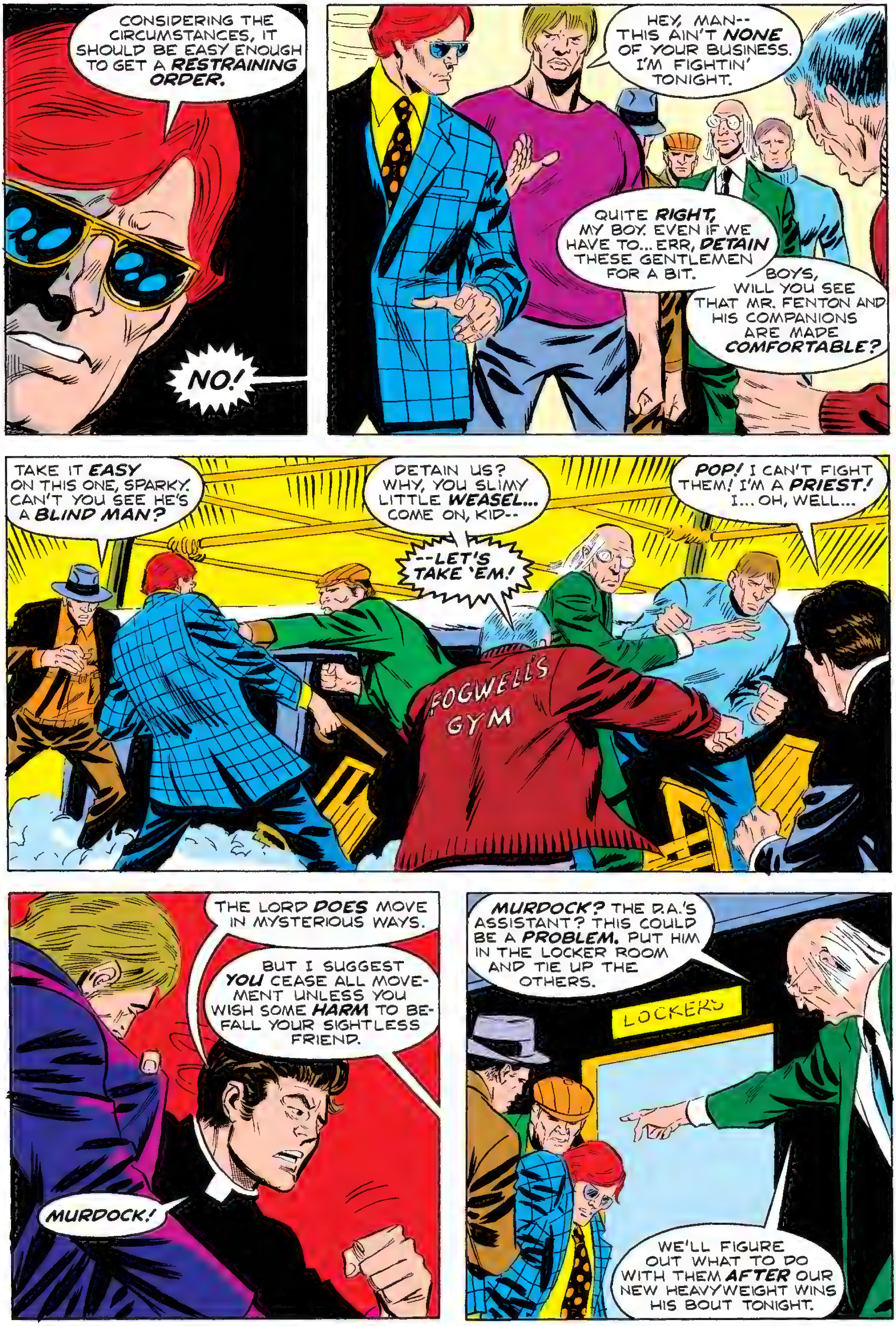

FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER:
YOU KNOW, MR. DAREDEVIL, I FIGURED YOU STRAIGHT AWAY AS A RIGHT-THINKING SUPERHERO.
ALL I SAID WAS THAT D.A. NELSON WAS...
SOME OF THESE COSTUMED PUNKS ...EXCUSE ME... AREN'T ANY BETTER THAN THE GUYS THEY FIGHT.
PARDON ME, SIR, BUT I HAVE AN APPOINT...
YOU TAKE SPIDER-MAN, FOR EXAMPLE. ALWAYS TORMENTING A FINE, UPSTANDING CITIZEN LIKE J. JONAH JAMESON. OR SOME OF THOSE FREAKS THE AVENGERS HAVE TAKEN IN...
NOPE, YOU'RE MY KIND OF SUPERHERO. WORKING WITH THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY --SHOWING THOSE ANIMALS OUT THERE THAT CRIME DOESN'T PAY.
SAY, DID YOU EVER THINK OF RUNNING FOR OFFICE OR-- HEY, WHERE'D YOU GO?
WOW-- WAIT'LL I TELL BLANCHE THAT I TALKED TO DAREDEVIL HIMSELF!
GIVE 'EM ONE FOR ME, DD!
OH, BROTHER!
A FEW MORE CHEERLEADERS LIKE THAT WALKING SOAP BOX COULD GIVE A GUY SECOND THOUGHTS ABOUT THE HERO BIT.
HEY, SLOW DOWN, FELLA. NO MATTER HOW OFTEN YOU'VE BEEN HERE IN THE PAST, YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE A BLIND MAN.
DON'T WALK QUITE SO CONFIDENTLY.
"SUPPOSED TO BE?" MY OTHER SENSES COMPENSATE FOR MY LACK OF SIGHT SO MUCH THAT I ALMOST FORGET I REALLY AM BLIND.
ALMOST.
F NELSON DISTRIC ATTORNEY
MY OWN PRIVATE "RADAR" TELLS ME THE NELSON CLAN HAS PRECEEDED ME, SO...
I HEAR THE RIGHTEOUS LAUGHTER OF A GOOD-NATURED FELLOW AND THE SEXY VOICE OF A DAMSEL FAIR.
IT CAN ONLY BE DONNY AND MARIE OSMOND!
HIYA, MATT!
WHAT'S GOING ON IN HERE? I DON'T SEEM TO RECALL YOU TWO BEING ALL THAT THRILLED WITH EACH OTHER.

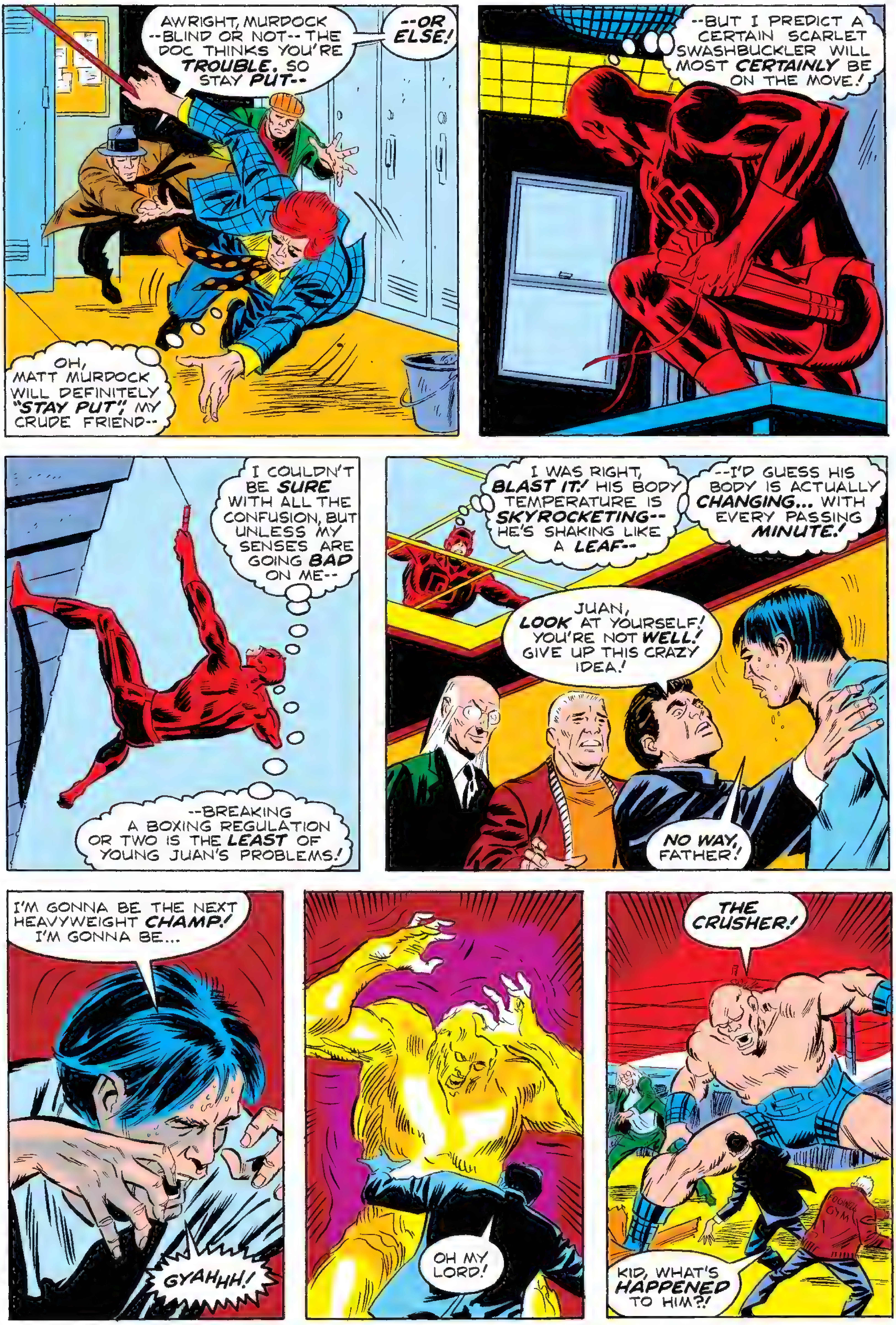

FOGGY ALWAYS ACTS THIS CHEERFUL WHEN HE KNOWS I'M GETTING READY TO LEAVE TOWN.
HOLD UP THERE! WHAT'S THIS ABOUT "LEAVING"?
BUT I COULDN'T GO WITHOUT SAYING GOODBYE TO MY FAVORITE ATTORNEY. ≶SMACK≷
AND IF MY PLANE DIDN'T LEAVE AT NOON, YOU RED-HAIRED RASCAL...
OH, MATT, IT'S ALL BEEN HUSH-HUSH UP TO NOW, SO I COULDN'T TELL YOU. A SENATE SUBCOMMITTEE'S BEEN SET UP TO INVESTIGATE THE SALLIS PAPERS.*
THEY WANT TO FIND OUT HOW SUCH HORRIBLE RESEARCH GOT APPROVED AND MAKE SURE THE SITUATION IS NEVER REPEATED.
* WHICH JOURNALISM STUDENT CANDACE "APPROPRIATED" BACK IN ISH #113 AND WHICH WERE DESTROYED IN ISH #115--L.
I'M THE STAR WITNESS. I HAVE TO GO TO WASHINGTON, MAYBE FOR MONTHS.
TAKE CARE OF FOGGY FOR ME, MATT. HE MAY BE MR. ESTABLISHMENT AND ALL--
--BUT I'VE GROWN KIND OF FOND OF HIM.
THUS DEPARTS CANDACE NELSON AS A KIND OF GENTLE SERENITY IS RESTORED TO THE D.A.'S OFFICE.
WITHOUT MY LEARNING WHY YOU NEVER MENTIONED HER-- IN ALL THE YEARS WE'VE BEEN FRIENDS.
FORTUNES OF WAR, MATTHEW. BY THE WAY, YOU HAD A CALL THIS MORNING FROM A...
POP FENTON! WE HAVEN'T GOTTEN TOGETHER SINCE YOU HELPED DAREDEVIL CLEAN UP KRAGG AND THAT PHOENIX MOB.
THAT WAS A LONG TIME AGO, MATT.* I'M NOT TRAINING ANY FIGHTERS RIGHT NOW-- AT LEAST NOT PROFESSIONALLY.
* ISSUE #68, TO BE EXACT--L.
THEN WHAT ARE YOU DOING...
HERE AT FOGWELL'S GYM-- THE PLACE WHERE I TRAINED A GUY NAMED BATTLING MURDOCK?
FOGWELL'S GYM
YOU MIGHT SAY I'M TRYING TO GROW THE SAME KIND OF COURAGE AND DETERMINATION YOUR FATHER HAD, MATT.

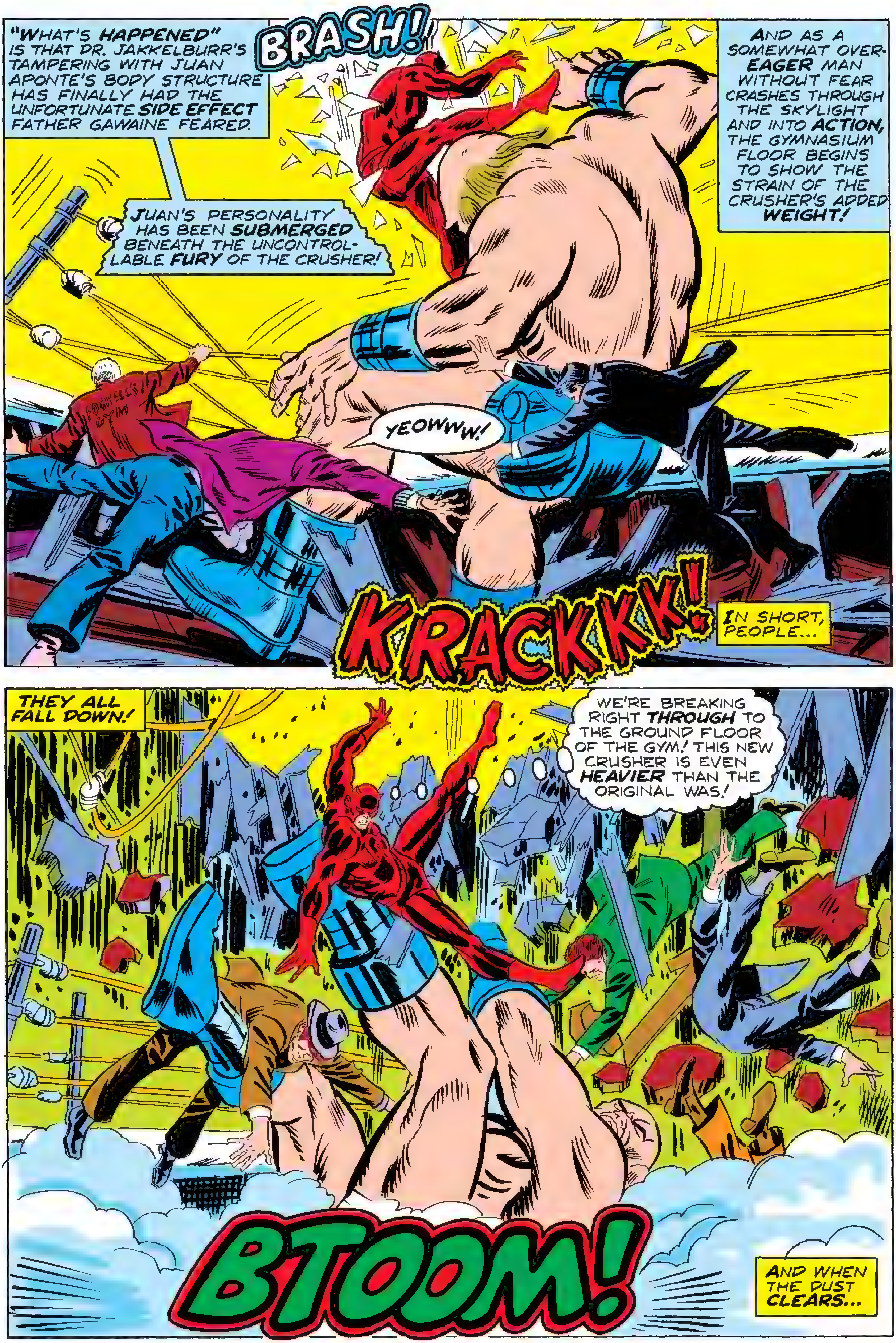

YOU KNOW THIS NEIGHBORHOOD, MATT. IT'S ALWAYS BEEN A HOME FOR THOSE PEOPLE WITH THE STRANGE NAMES ...LIKE FLANAGAN AND MORGENSTEIN AND ROCCO AND MURDOCK.
ONLY THE NAMES THEMSELVES HAVE CHANGED-- TO RAVEREZ AND ORTEZ AND THE LIKE. AND THESE NEW PEOPLE ARE UP AGAINST EVERYTHING OUR GRANDPARENTS WERE UP AGAINST AND MORE.
I GOT A GRANT TO RE-OPEN THIS PLACE AS A NEIGHBORHOOD SPORTS CENTER. LEFT ON THE STREET, THE KIDS FIGHT. 'COURSE, HERE THEY FIGHT, TOO...
BUT MAYBE THEY LEARN TO FIGHT WITH MORE THAN THEIR FISTS. MAYBE THEY LEARN HOW TO MAKE IT OUTSIDE THE NEIGHBORHOOD.
F
MATT SAYS NOTHING. THIS PLACE IS TOO OVERPOWERING. IN MANY WAYS, IT IS A SACRED PLACE. BIRTHPLACE OF WARRIORS. VALHALLA OF GLADIATORS. THE SMELLS OF CANVAS AND SWEAT PART THE CURTAIN OF MEMORY. THE SOUND OF FLESH STRIKING THAT CANVAS THROWS ASIDE THE CURTAIN... AND MATT MURDOCK REMEMBERS.
HE "SEES" HIMSELF AS A BOY, CHEERING ON HIS UNCONQUERABLE FATHER.
HE "SEES" HIMSELF AS A MAN, AVENGING THE MURDER OF BATTLING MURDOCK...
...BY BRINGING THE FIXER TO JUSTICE.*
A THIRD IMAGE INTRUDES, SHOWING A YOUNG MAN IN MANY WAYS SIMILAR TO HIS FATHER. KID GAWAINE: HE ALMOST DIED BECAUSE HE REFUSED TO THROW A FIGHT.
*ISSUE #1--L.
UNLIKE BATTLING MURDOCK, HE LIVED. THE IMAGE PROMPTS A QUESTION:

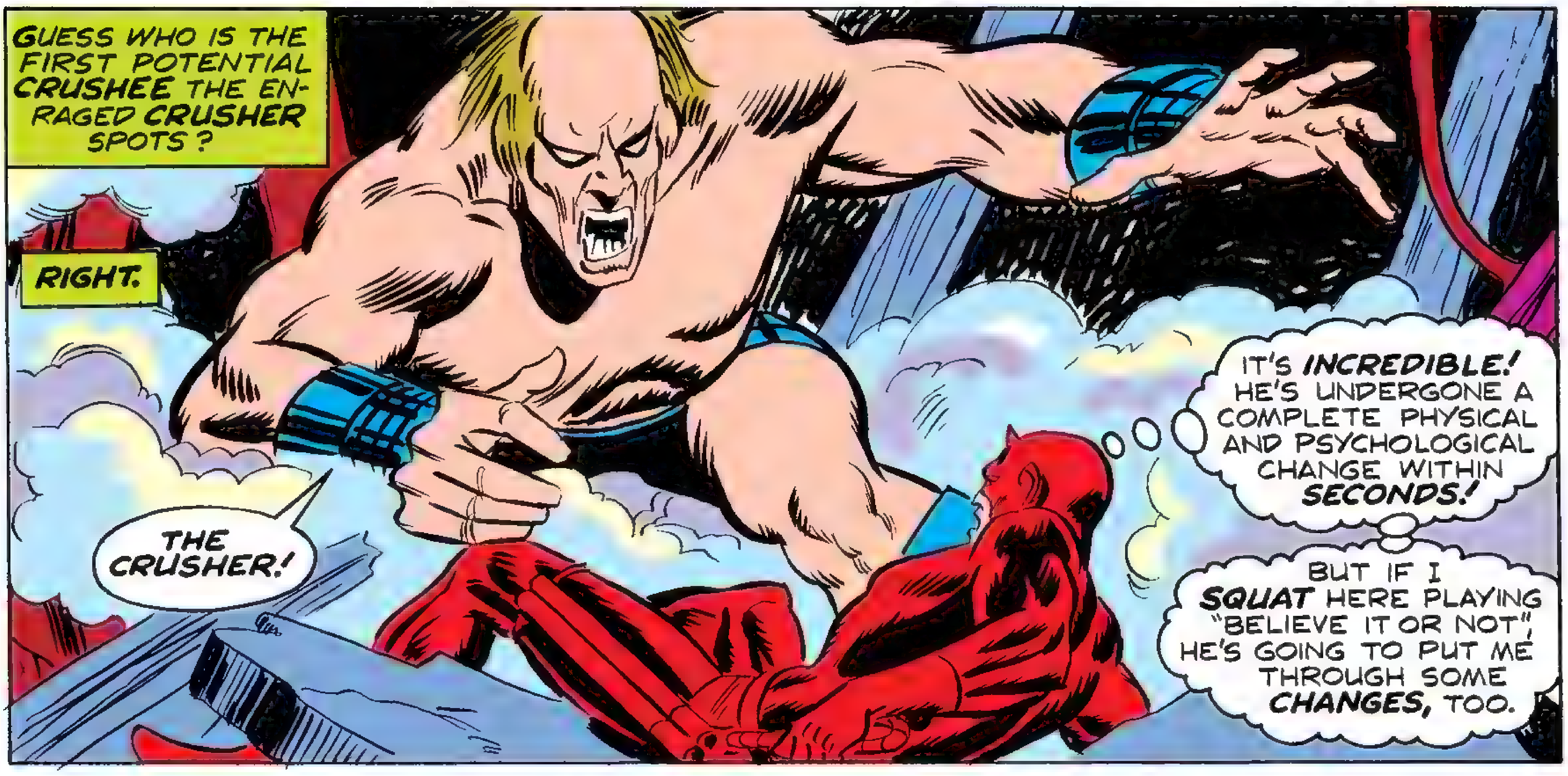

WHAT HAPPENED TO **KID GAWAINE,** POP? SINCE HE BEAT THE PHOENIX MOB, I HAVEN'T HEARD **ANYTHING** ABOUT HIM.
COULD BE THERE'S A **REASON** FOR THAT, MR. MURDOCK.
BUT IT'S PROBABLY BEST SUMMED UP BY SAYING THE NAME IS NOW **FATHER** GAWAINE.
AFTER SEEING **DAREDEVIL** IN ACTION, I THOUGHT A LOT-- DECIDED THERE WERE MORE **IMPORTANT** THINGS TO BE FIGHTING AGAINST THAN OTHER BOXERS.
THIS SEEMED THE **BEST** WAY OF FIGHTING THEM.
SO MUCH FOR ANY **SECOND THOUGHTS** ABOUT MY COSTUMED SIDELINE.
I DON'T KNOW **WHAT** TO SAY. YOU KNOW YOU GOT TO BE TWO OF THE MOST **BEAUTIFUL** PEOPLE IN THE WORLD. IS THERE ANY WAY I CAN **HELP** THE CENTER?
WHEN I WAS TRAINING YOUR **DAD--** AFTER YOUR MOM DIED-- ALL HE COULD TALK ABOUT WAS WHAT A GREAT **LAWYER** YOU WERE GOING TO BE, MATT. WELL, YOU **MADE** IT.
GWELL'S
YM
RIGHT NOW, WE **NEED** THAT GREAT LAWYER.
THERE'S A YOUNG MAN WHO'S BEEN COMING HERE TO TRAIN, MR. MURDOCK. HIS NAME IS **JUAN APONTE.** HE'S A BANTAMWEIGHT. FAST, TOUGH, GOOD WITH HIS HANDS. HE CAN GO **FAR.**
TROUBLE IS, HE'S **AMBITIOUS.** MAYBE **TOO** AMBITIOUS. HE SAYS THERE'S NO **MONEY** TO BE MADE BOXING **BANTAMWEIGHT.**
HE WANTS TO FIGHT **HEAVYWEIGHT.**

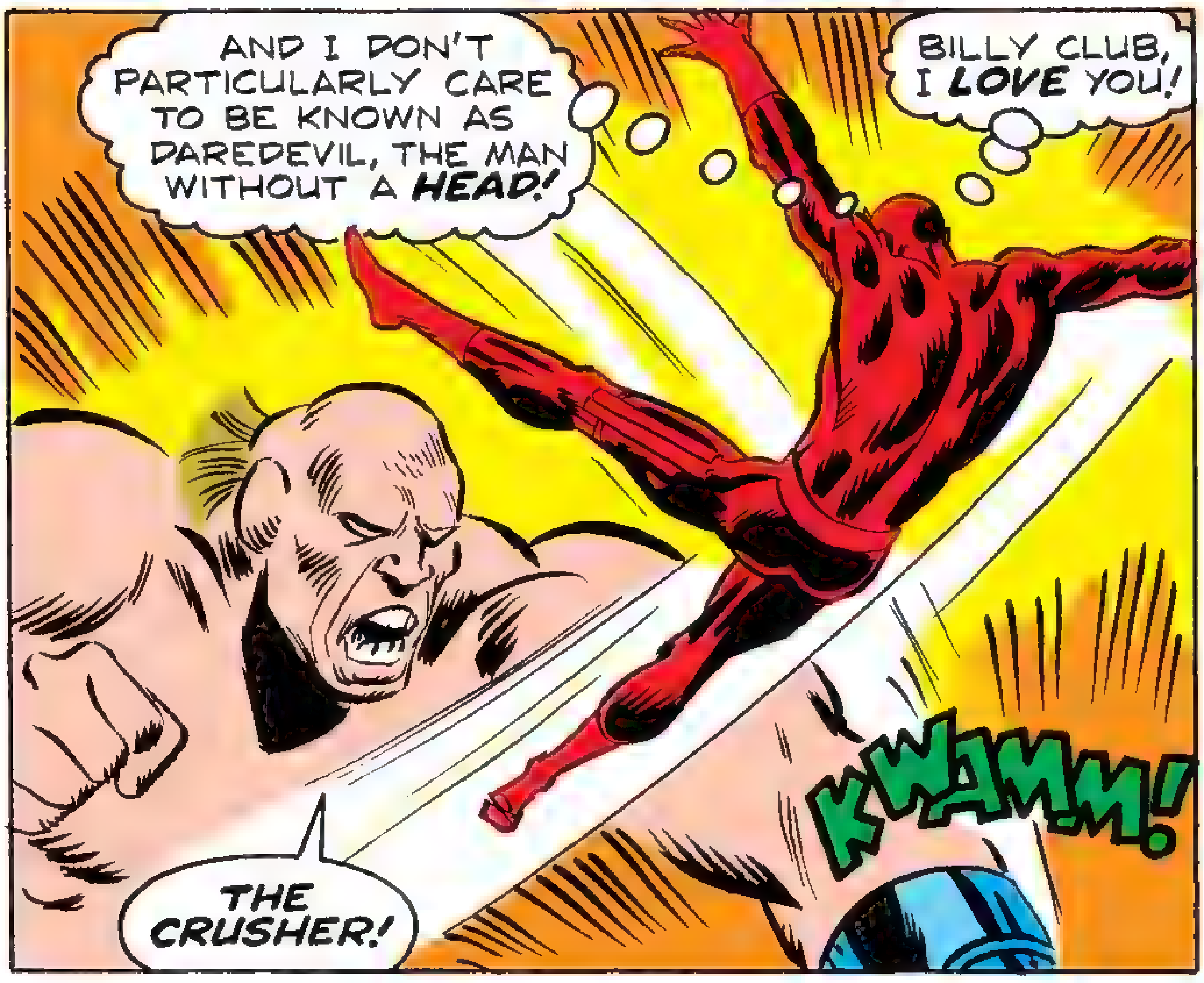

WHAT? NOW SPORTS LAW ISN'T MY SPECIALTY, BUT I DO KNOW A BANTAMWEIGHT CAN'T BOX HEAVYWEIGHT. WHAT'S HE PLANNING TO DO-- BRIBE THE SCALE?
IT'S NOT THAT SIMPLE.
"REMEMBER WHEN IRON MAN FOUGHT A SUPER-VILLAIN CALLED THE CRUSHER A COUPLE OF YEARS AGO?*
"HE WAS A LATIN AMERICAN SCIENTIST WHO HAD INCREASED HIS MASS AND STRENGTH ARTIFICIALLY.
*IRON MAN #6--L.
"THE CRUSHER MADE THE MISTAKE OF ATTACKING THE GOLDEN AVENGER WHEN IT WAS IRON MAN'S POWER THAT WAS KEEPING BOTH OF THEM ALOFT.
"HE FELL INTO THE SEA.
"BEING TOO HEAVY TO SWIM, HE DROWNED. HIS BODY WAS RECOVERED...
"...AND TURNED OVER TO DR. JAKKELBURR, A SOMETIMES CITY CORONER.
"IN PERFORMING THE AUTOPSY, THE DOCTOR STUMBLED UPON THE SECRET OF DUPLICATING THE PROCESS THAT FIRST CREATED THE CRUSHER.
"FOR NEARLY TWO YEARS, THE DOCTOR GUARDED HIS DISCOVERY... AND THEN HE FOUND JUAN...
"THE WAY A LEECH FINDS A HOST."
THE DOCTOR'S BEEN INCREASING JUAN'S SIZE, BUT THERE ARE ALREADY INDICATIONS OF SIDE EFFECTS.
PERSONALITY CHANGES, FITS OF TEMPER, ETC.
HE'S GOT TO BE PREVENTED FROM FIGHTING UNTIL A REPUTABLE DOCTOR CAN EXAMINE HIM.

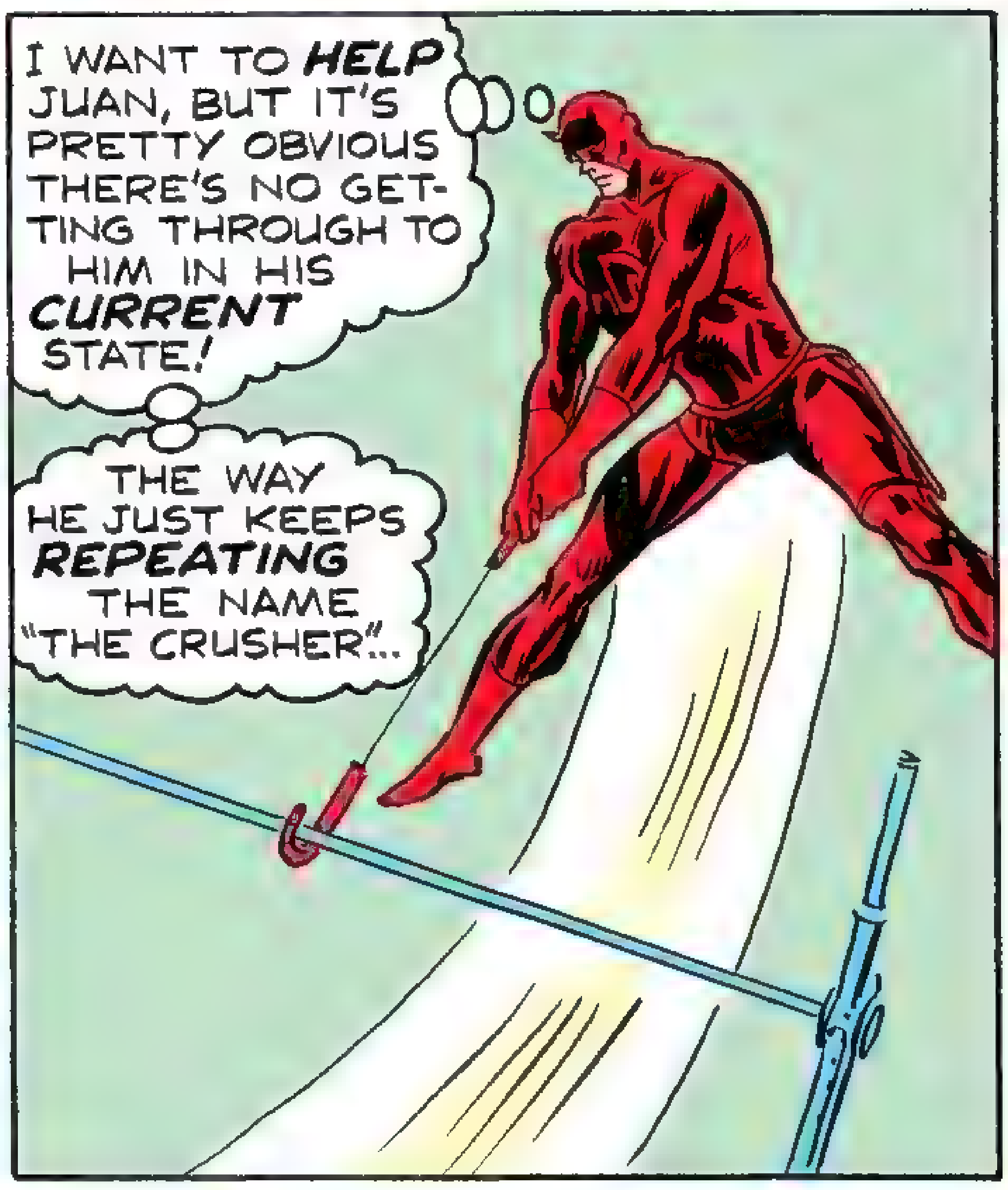

CONSIDERING THE CIRCUMSTANCES, IT SHOULD BE EASY ENOUGH TO GET A **RESTRAINING ORDER.**
NO!
HEY, MAN-- THIS AIN'T **NONE** OF YOUR BUSINESS. I'M FIGHTIN' TONIGHT.
QUITE **RIGHT,** MY BOY. EVEN IF WE HAVE TO... ERR, **DETAIN** THESE GENTLEMEN FOR A BIT.
BOYS, WILL YOU SEE THAT MR. FENTON AND HIS COMPANIONS ARE MADE **COMFORTABLE?**
TAKE IT **EASY** ON THIS ONE, SPARKY. CAN'T YOU SEE HE'S A **BLIND MAN?**
DETAIN US? WHY, YOU SLIMY LITTLE **WEASEL...** COME ON, KID--
--LET'S TAKE 'EM!
POP! I CAN'T FIGHT THEM! I'M A **PRIEST!** I... OH, WELL...
FOGWELL'S GYM
THE LORD **DOES** MOVE IN MYSTERIOUS WAYS.
BUT I SUGGEST **YOU** CEASE ALL MOVEMENT UNLESS YOU WISH SOME **HARM** TO BEFALL YOUR SIGHTLESS FRIEND.
MURDOCK!
MURDOCK? THE D.A.'S ASSISTANT? THIS COULD BE A **PROBLEM.** PUT HIM IN THE LOCKER ROOM AND TIE UP THE OTHERS.
LOCKERS
WE'LL FIGURE OUT WHAT TO DO WITH THEM **AFTER** OUR NEW HEAVYWEIGHT WINS HIS BOUT TONIGHT.

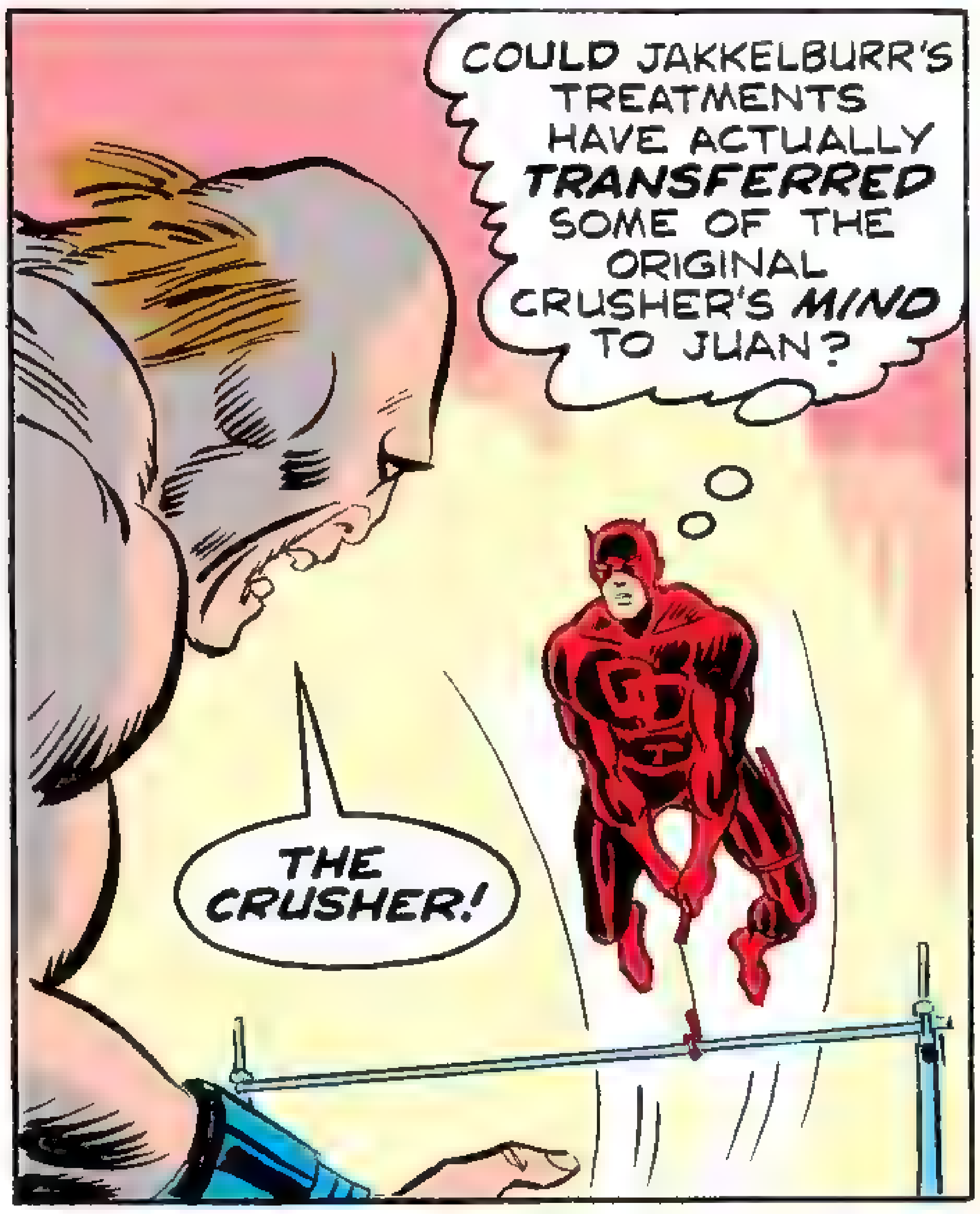

AWRIGHT, MURDOCK --BLIND OR NOT-- THE DOC THINKS YOU'RE **TROUBLE**, SO STAY **PUT**--
--OR ELSE!
OH, MATT MURDOCK WILL DEFINITELY **"STAY PUT,"** MY CRUDE FRIEND--
--BUT I PREDICT A CERTAIN SCARLET SWASHBUCKLER WILL MOST **CERTAINLY** BE ON THE MOVE!
I COULDN'T BE **SURE** WITH ALL THE CONFUSION, BUT UNLESS MY SENSES ARE GOING **BAD** ON ME--
--BREAKING A BOXING REGULATION OR TWO IS THE **LEAST** OF YOUNG JUAN'S PROBLEMS!
I WAS RIGHT, **BLAST IT!** HIS BODY TEMPERATURE IS **SKYROCKETING--** HE'S SHAKING LIKE A **LEAF--**
--I'D GUESS HIS BODY IS ACTUALLY **CHANGING...** WITH EVERY PASSING **MINUTE!**
JUAN, **LOOK** AT YOURSELF! YOU'RE NOT **WELL!** GIVE UP THIS CRAZY IDEA!
NO WAY, FATHER!
I'M GONNA BE THE NEXT HEAVYWEIGHT **CHAMP!** I'M GONNA BE...
GYAHHH!
OH MY LORD!
THE CRUSHER!
KID, WHAT'S **HAPPENED** TO HIM?!
FOGWELL GYM

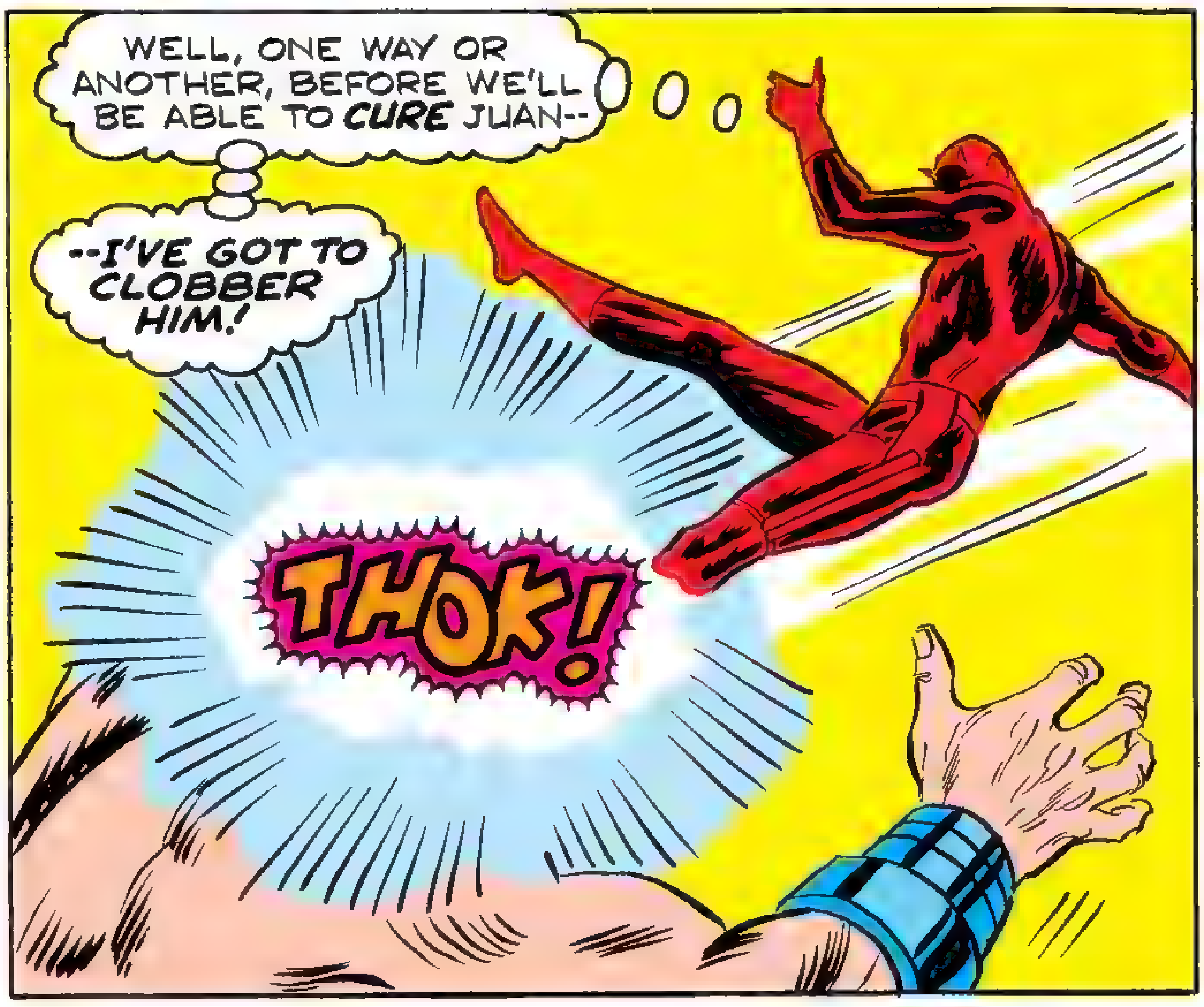

"WHAT'S HAPPENED" IS THAT DR. JAKKELBURR'S TAMPERING WITH JUAN APONTE'S BODY STRUCTURE HAS FINALLY HAD THE UNFORTUNATE SIDE EFFECT FATHER GAWAINE FEARED.
BRASH!
AND AS A SOMEWHAT OVER-EAGER MAN WITHOUT FEAR CRASHES THROUGH THE SKYLIGHT AND INTO ACTION, THE GYMNASIUM FLOOR BEGINS TO SHOW THE STRAIN OF THE CRUSHER'S ADDED WEIGHT!
JUAN'S PERSONALITY HAS BEEN SUBMERGED BENEATH THE UNCONTROLLABLE FURY OF THE CRUSHER!
FOGWELL'S GYM
YEOWWW!
KRACKK!
IN SHORT, PEOPLE...
THEY ALL FALL DOWN!
WE'RE BREAKING RIGHT THROUGH TO THE GROUND FLOOR OF THE GYM! THIS NEW CRUSHER IS EVEN HEAVIER THAN THE ORIGINAL WAS!
BTOOM!
AND WHEN THE DUST CLEARS...

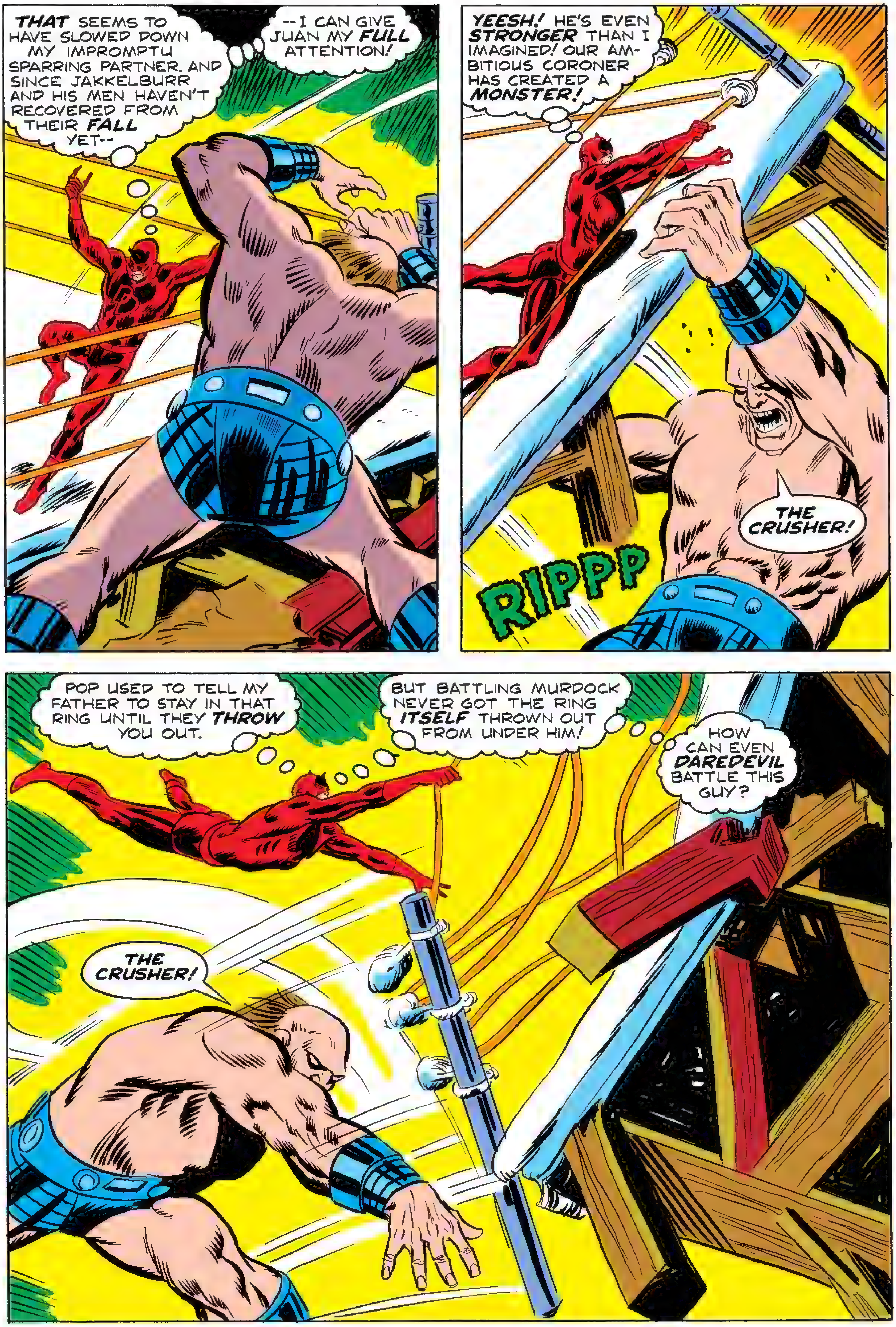

GUESS WHO IS THE FIRST POTENTIAL CRUSHEE THE ENRAGED CRUSHER SPOTS?
RIGHT.
THE CRUSHER!
IT'S INCREDIBLE! HE'S UNDERGONE A COMPLETE PHYSICAL AND PSYCHOLOGICAL CHANGE WITHIN SECONDS!
BUT IF I SQUAT HERE PLAYING "BELIEVE IT OR NOT", HE'S GOING TO PUT ME THROUGH SOME CHANGES, TOO.

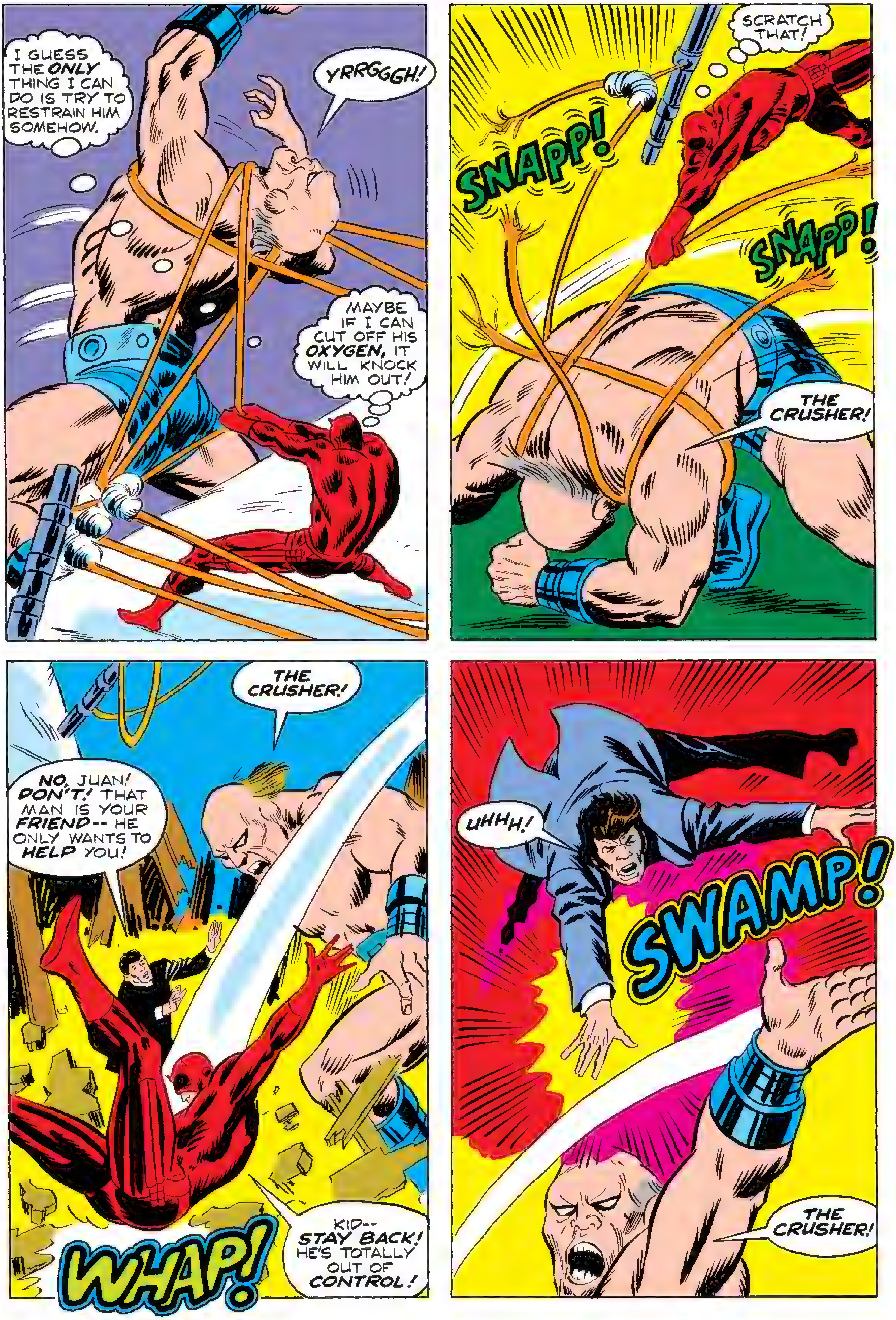

AND I DON'T PARTICULARLY CARE TO BE KNOWN AS DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT A HEAD!
BILLY CLUB, I LOVE YOU!
KWAMM!
THE CRUSHER!

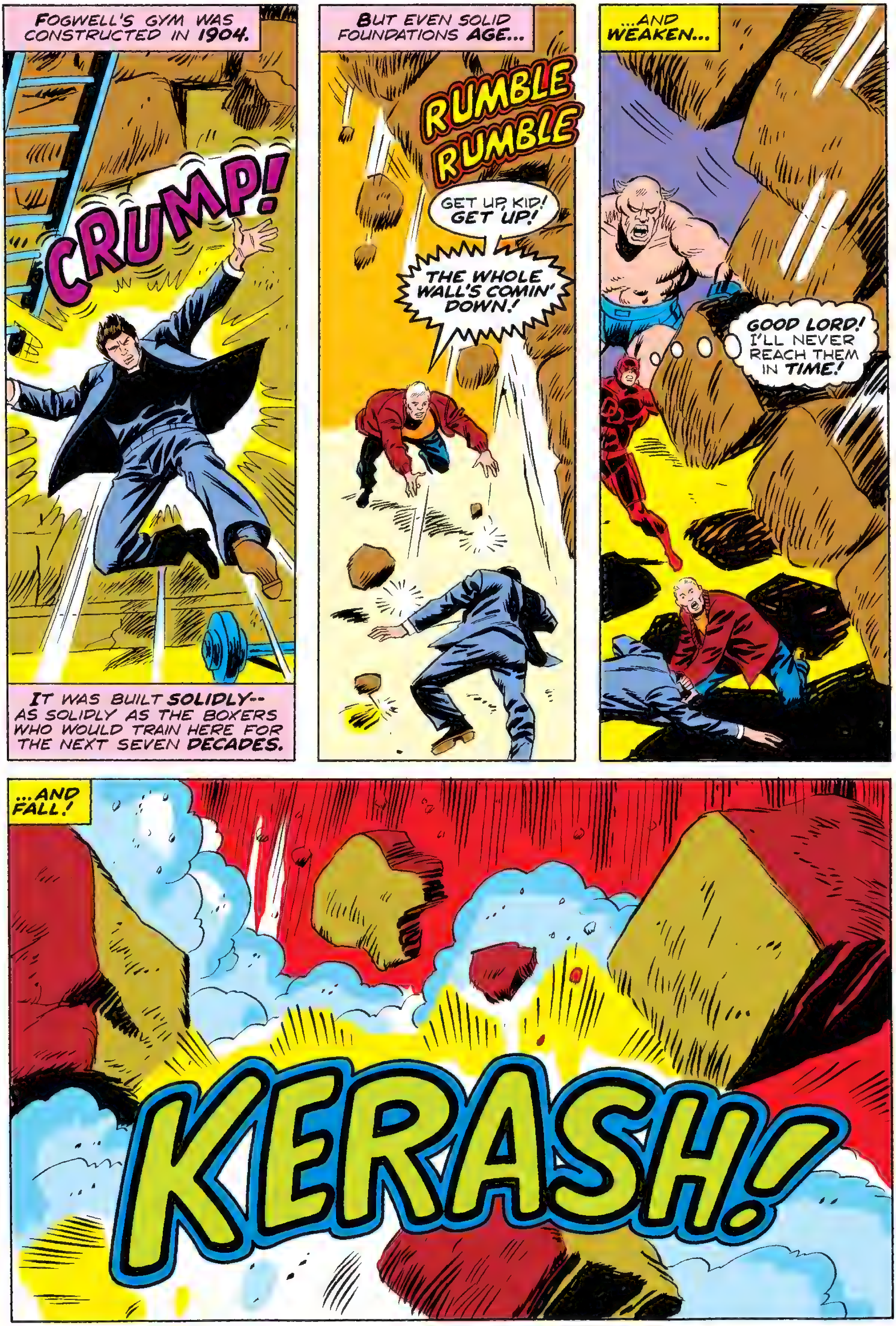

I WANT TO HELP JUAN, BUT IT'S PRETTY OBVIOUS THERE'S NO GETTING THROUGH TO HIM IN HIS CURRENT STATE!
THE WAY HE JUST KEEPS REPEATING THE NAME "THE CRUSHER"...

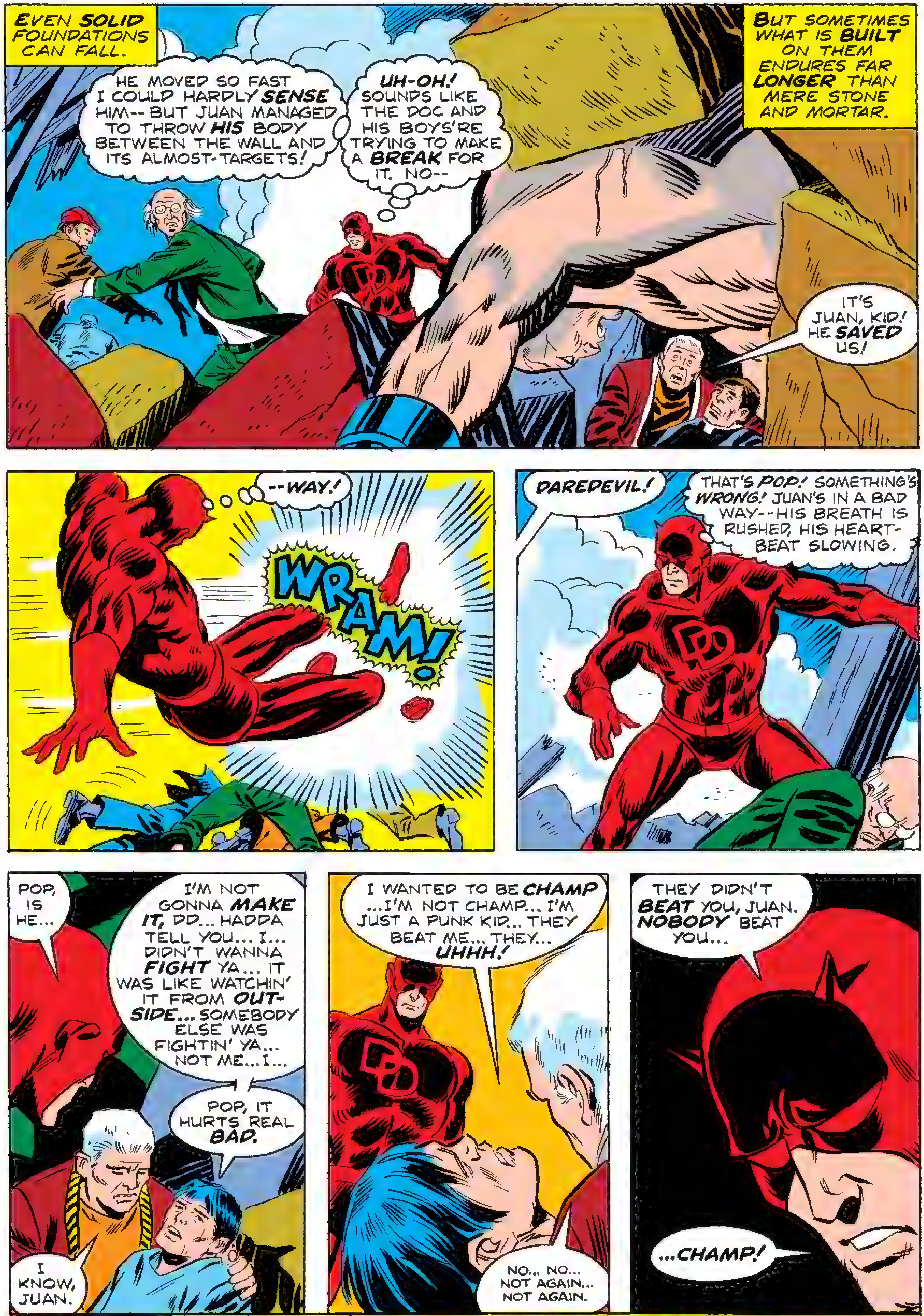

COULD JAKKELBURR'S TREATMENTS HAVE ACTUALLY TRANSFERRED SOME OF THE ORIGINAL CRUSHER'S MIND TO JUAN?
THE CRUSHER!


WELL, ONE WAY OR ANOTHER, BEFORE WE'LL BE ABLE TO CURE JUAN--
--I'VE GOT TO CLOBBER HIM!
THOK!


THAT SEEMS TO HAVE SLOWED DOWN MY IMPROMPTU SPARRING PARTNER. AND SINCE JAKKELBURR AND HIS MEN HAVEN'T RECOVERED FROM THEIR FALL YET--
--I CAN GIVE JUAN MY FULL ATTENTION!
YEESH! HE'S EVEN STRONGER THAN I IMAGINED! OUR AMBITIOUS CORONER HAS CREATED A MONSTER!
THE CRUSHER!
RIPPP
POP USED TO TELL MY FATHER TO STAY IN THAT RING UNTIL THEY THROW YOU OUT.
BUT BATTLING MURDOCK NEVER GOT THE RING ITSELF THROWN OUT FROM UNDER HIM!
HOW CAN EVEN DAREDEVIL BATTLE THIS GUY?
THE CRUSHER!


I GUESS THE ONLY THING I CAN DO IS TRY TO RESTRAIN HIM SOMEHOW.
YRRGGGH!
MAYBE IF I CAN CUT OFF HIS OXYGEN, IT WILL KNOCK HIM OUT!
SCRATCH THAT!
SNAPP!
SNAPP!
THE CRUSHER!
THE CRUSHER!
NO, JUAN! DON'T! THAT MAN IS YOUR FRIEND-- HE ONLY WANTS TO HELP YOU!
WHAP!
KID-- STAY BACK! HE'S TOTALLY OUT OF CONTROL!
UHHH!
SWAMP!
THE CRUSHER!


FOGWELL'S GYM WAS CONSTRUCTED IN 1904.
CRUMP!
IT WAS BUILT SOLIDLY-- AS SOLIDLY AS THE BOXERS WHO WOULD TRAIN HERE FOR THE NEXT SEVEN DECADES.
BUT EVEN SOLID FOUNDATIONS AGE...
RUMBLE RUMBLE
GET UP, KID! GET UP!
THE WHOLE WALL'S COMIN' DOWN!
...AND WEAKEN...
GOOD LORD! I'LL NEVER REACH THEM IN TIME!
...AND FALL!
KERASH!


EVEN SOLID FOUNDATIONS CAN FALL.
HE MOVED SO FAST I COULD HARDLY SENSE HIM-- BUT JUAN MANAGED TO THROW HIS BODY BETWEEN THE WALL AND ITS ALMOST-TARGETS!
UH-OH! SOUNDS LIKE THE DOC AND HIS BOYS'RE TRYING TO MAKE A BREAK FOR IT. NO--
BUT SOMETIMES WHAT IS BUILT ON THEM ENDURES FAR LONGER THAN MERE STONE AND MORTAR.
IT'S JUAN, KID! HE SAVED US!
--WAY!
WRAM!
DAREDEVIL!
THAT'S POP! SOMETHING'S WRONG! JUAN'S IN A BAD WAY--HIS BREATH IS RUSHED, HIS HEART-BEAT SLOWING.
POP, IS HE...
I'M NOT GONNA MAKE IT, DD... HADDA TELL YOU... I... DIDN'T WANNA FIGHT YA... IT WAS LIKE WATCHIN' IT FROM OUTSIDE... SOMEBODY ELSE WAS FIGHTIN' YA... NOT ME... I...
POP, IT HURTS REAL BAD.
I KNOW, JUAN.
I WANTED TO BE CHAMP ...I'M NOT CHAMP... I'M JUST A PUNK KID... THEY BEAT ME... THEY... UHHH!
NO... NO... NOT AGAIN... NOT AGAIN.
THEY DIDN'T BEAT YOU, JUAN. NOBODY BEAT YOU...
...CHAMP!

NEXT ISSUE: MERRY CHRISTMAS, MAN WITHOUT FEAR "...and a HYDRA new year!"

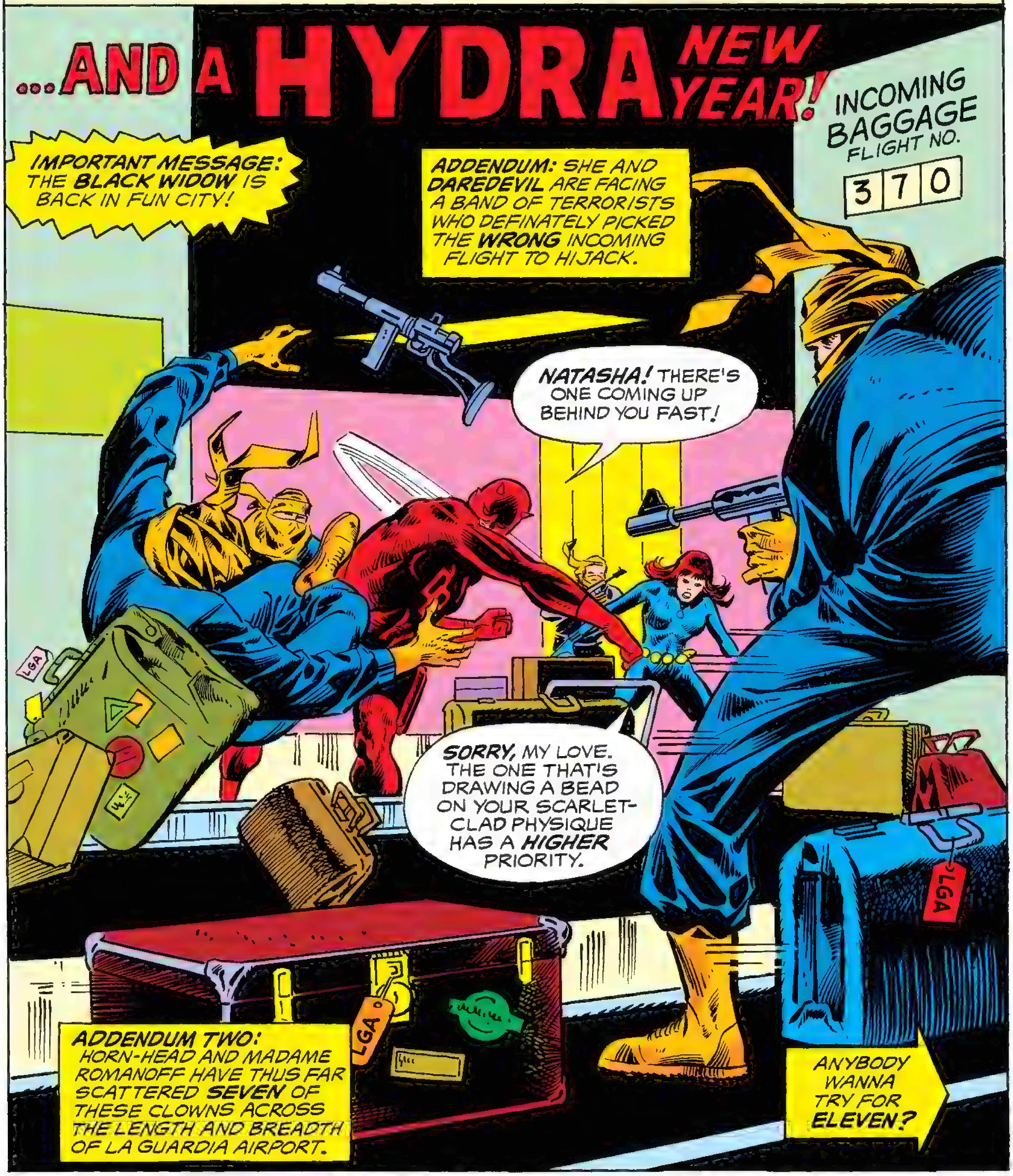
DAREDEVIL
MARVEL COMICS GROUP
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
25¢
120
APR
02459
DAREDEVIL
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!
HIS NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION IS: SLAY THE BLACK WIDOW!
THIS IS THE MAN-MENACE CALLED EL JAGUAR!
SEASON'S GREETINGS, HORN-HEAD... "AND A HYDRA NEW YEAR!"

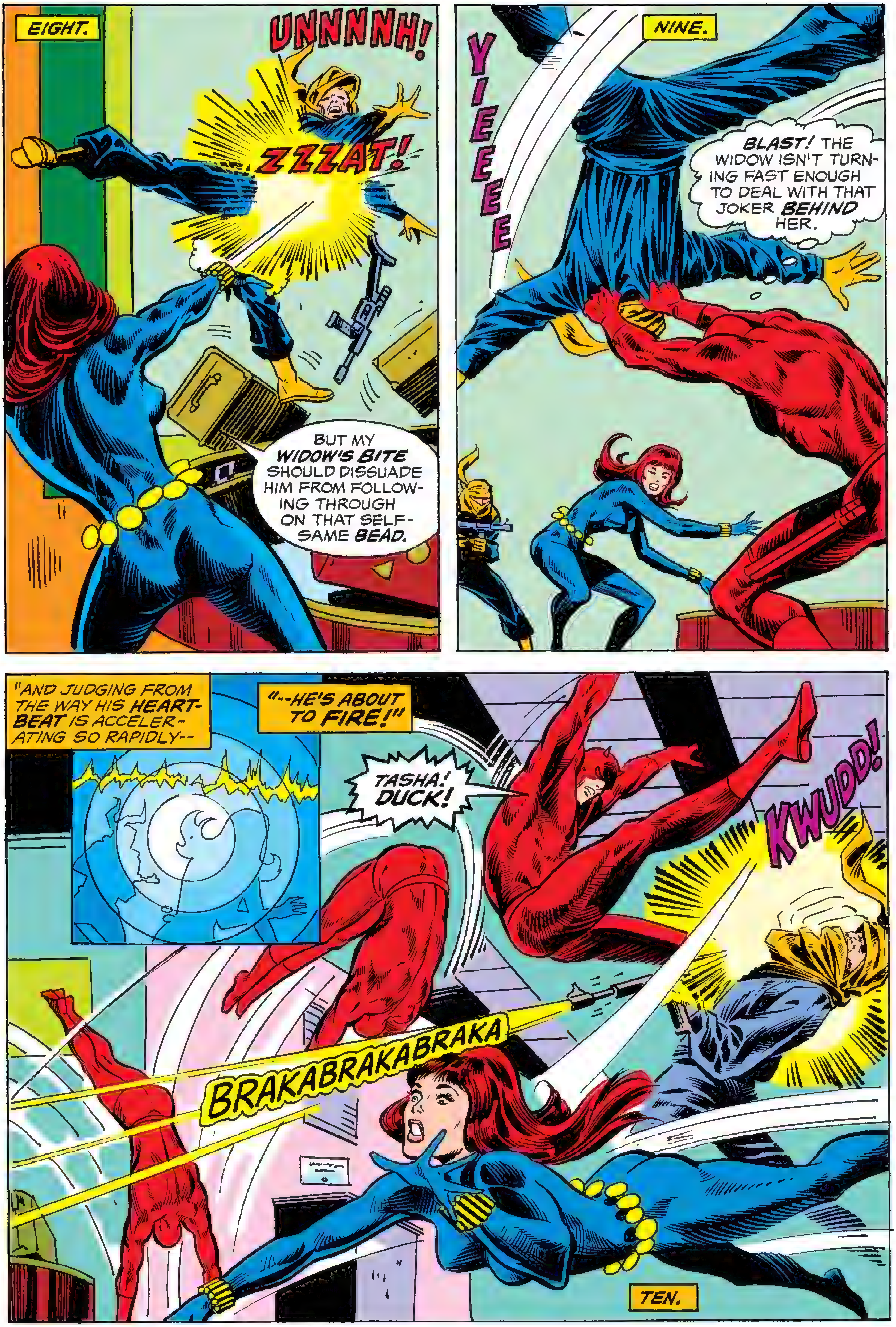
He dwells in eternal night— but the blackness is filled with sounds and scents, tastes and textures other men cannot perceive. For though attorney MATT MURDOCK is *blind,* his other four senses function with *superhuman sharpness*—his uncanny *radar sense* guides him over every obstacle! Armed only with his *billy club,* his fighting skill, and his courage, he stalks the streets by night, a relentless red-garbed foe of evil!

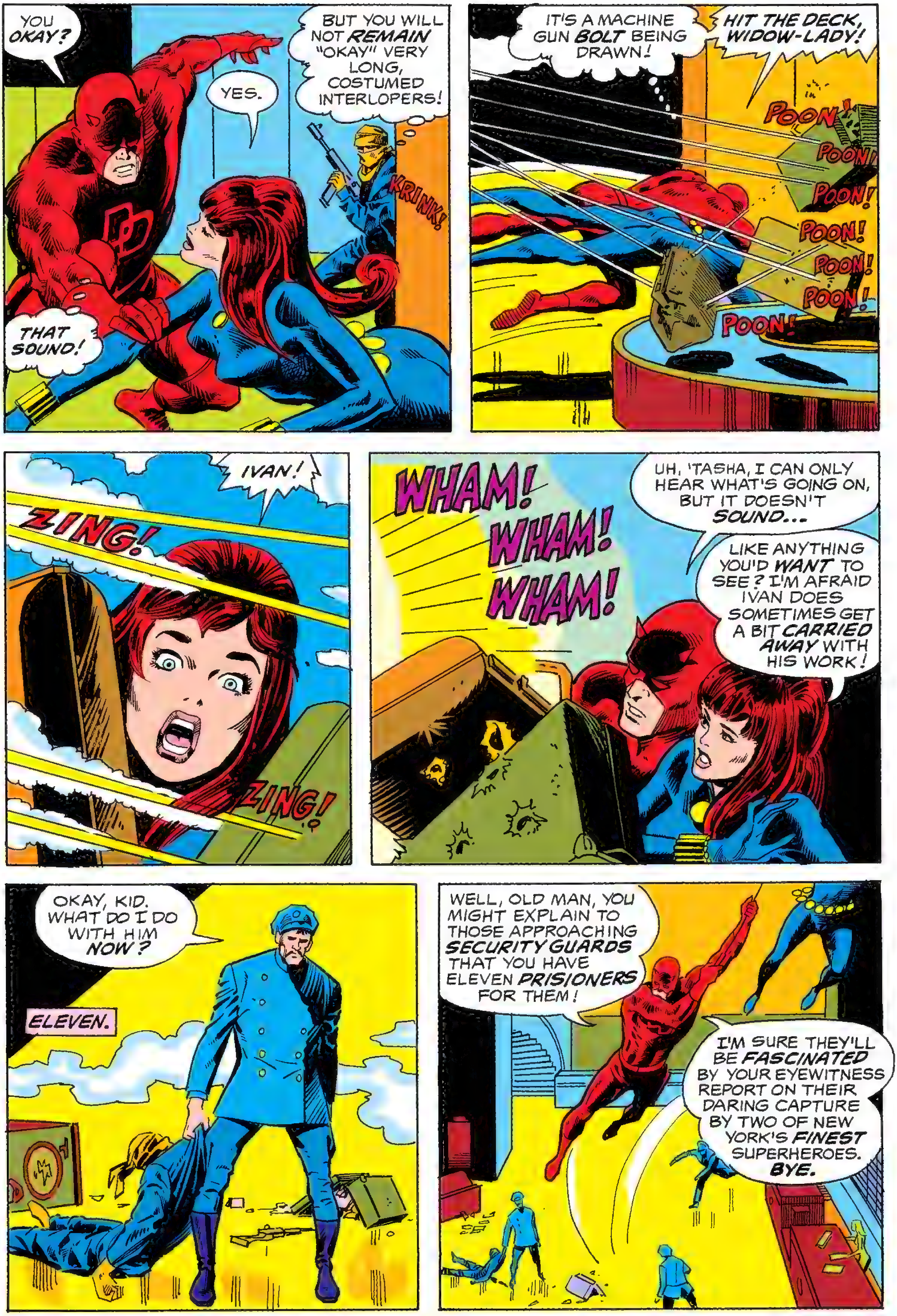
Stan Lee PRESENTS: **DAREDEVIL,** THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

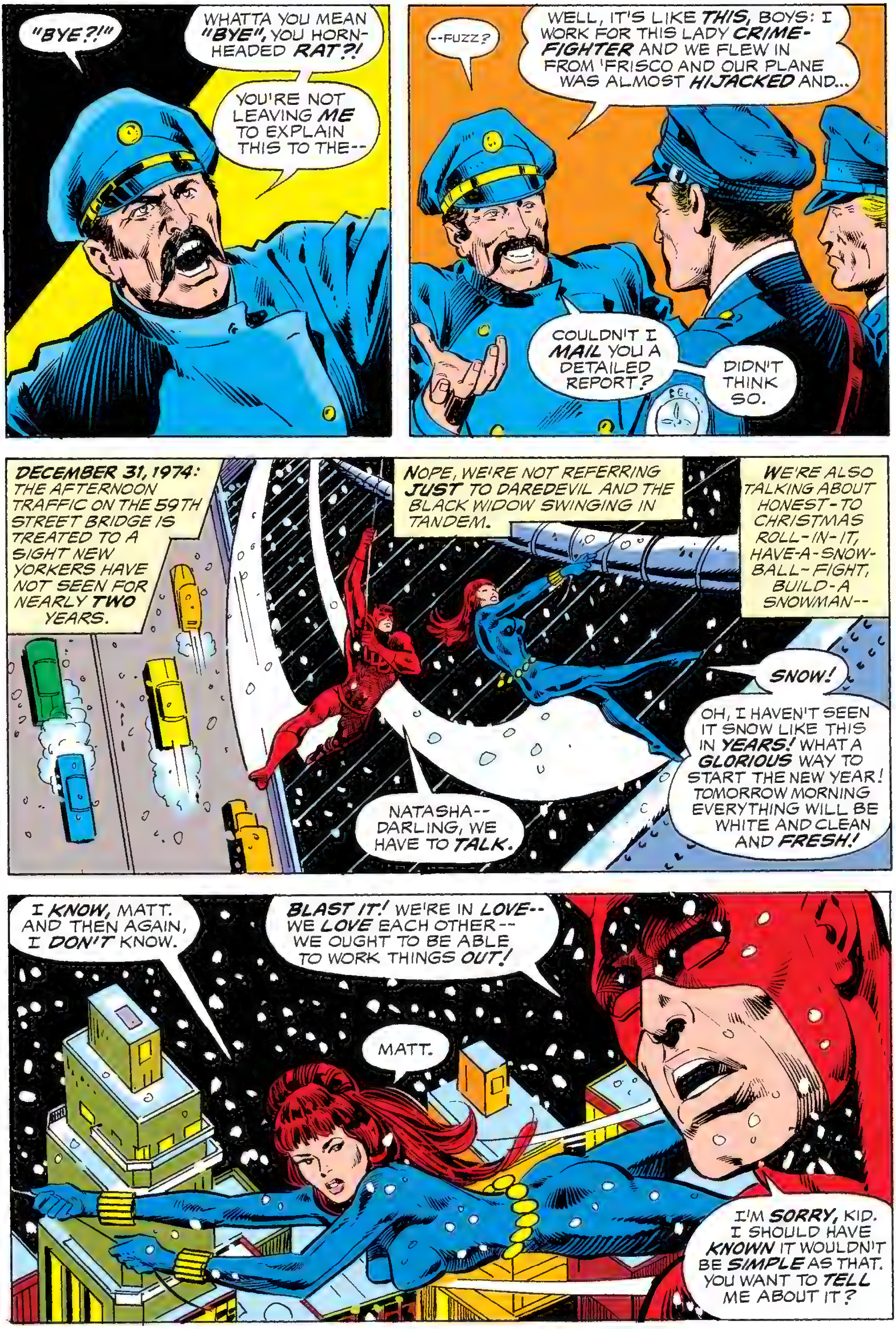
TONY ISABELLA WRITER · **BOB BROWN** ARTIST · **VINNIE COLLETTA** INKER · PETRA GOLDBERG COLORIST · RAY HOLLOWAY LETTERER · **LEN WEIN** EDITOR

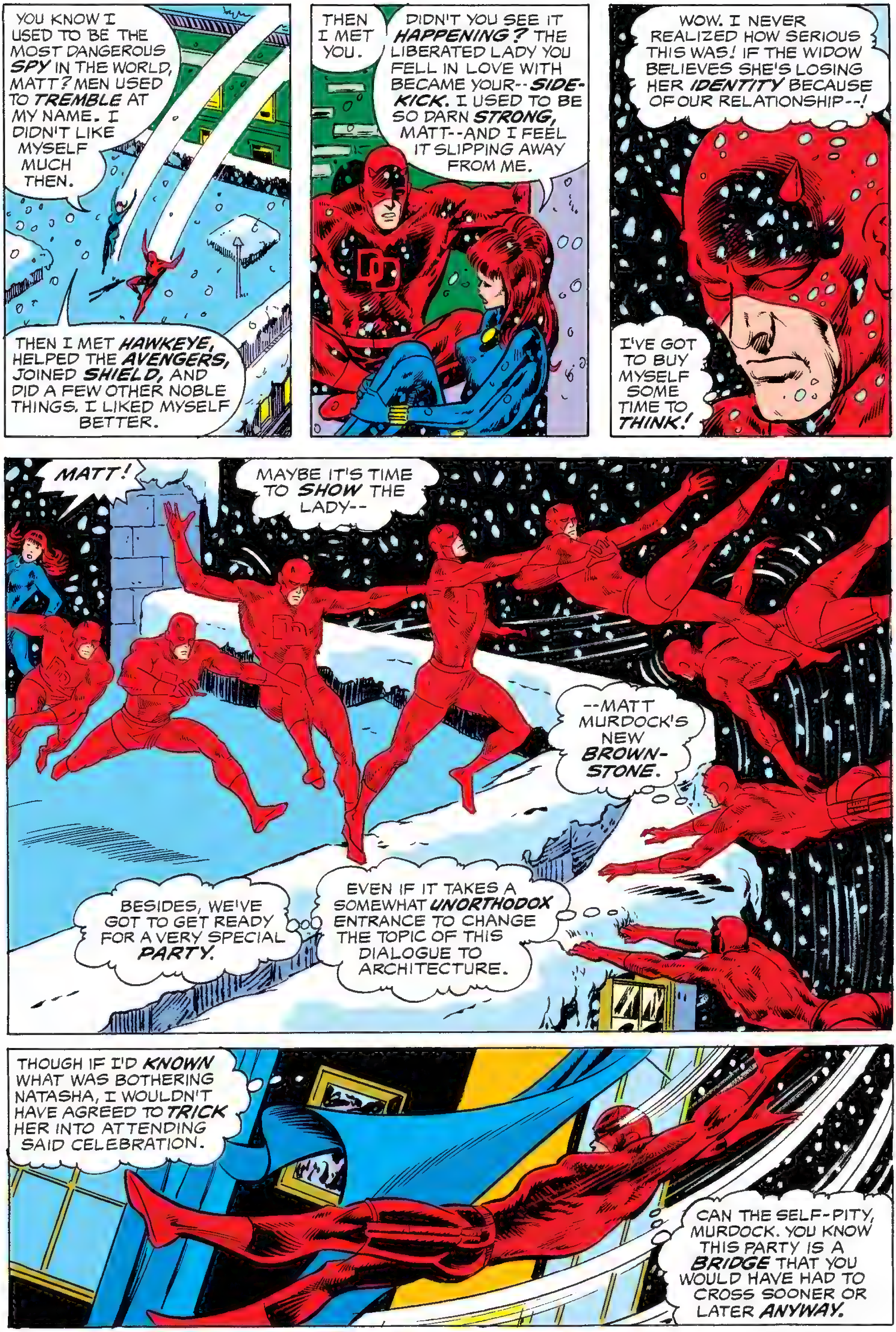
...AND A HYDRA NEW YEAR!

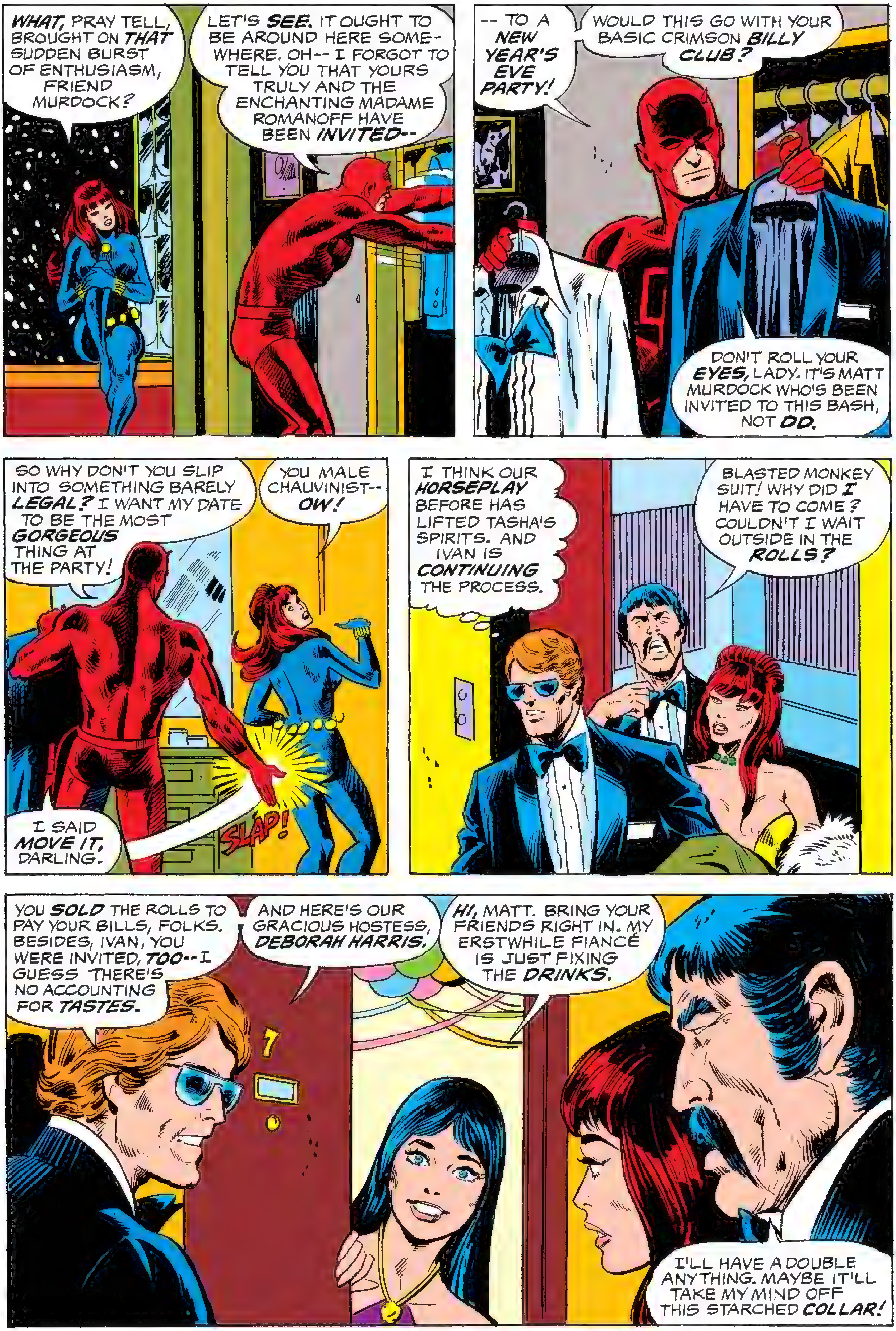

INCOMING BAGGAGE FLIGHT NO. 370
IMPORTANT MESSAGE: THE BLACK WIDOW IS BACK IN FUN CITY!
ADDENDUM: SHE AND DAREDEVIL ARE FACING A BAND OF TERRORISTS WHO DEFINATELY PICKED THE WRONG INCOMING FLIGHT TO HIJACK.
NATASHA! THERE'S ONE COMING UP BEHIND YOU FAST!
SORRY, MY LOVE. THE ONE THAT'S DRAWING A BEAD ON YOUR SCARLET-CLAD PHYSIQUE HAS A HIGHER PRIORITY.
LGA
ADDENDUM TWO: HORN-HEAD AND MADAME ROMANOFF HAVE THUS FAR SCATTERED SEVEN OF THESE CLOWNS ACROSS THE LENGTH AND BREADTH OF LA GUARDIA AIRPORT.
ANYBODY WANNA TRY FOR ELEVEN?

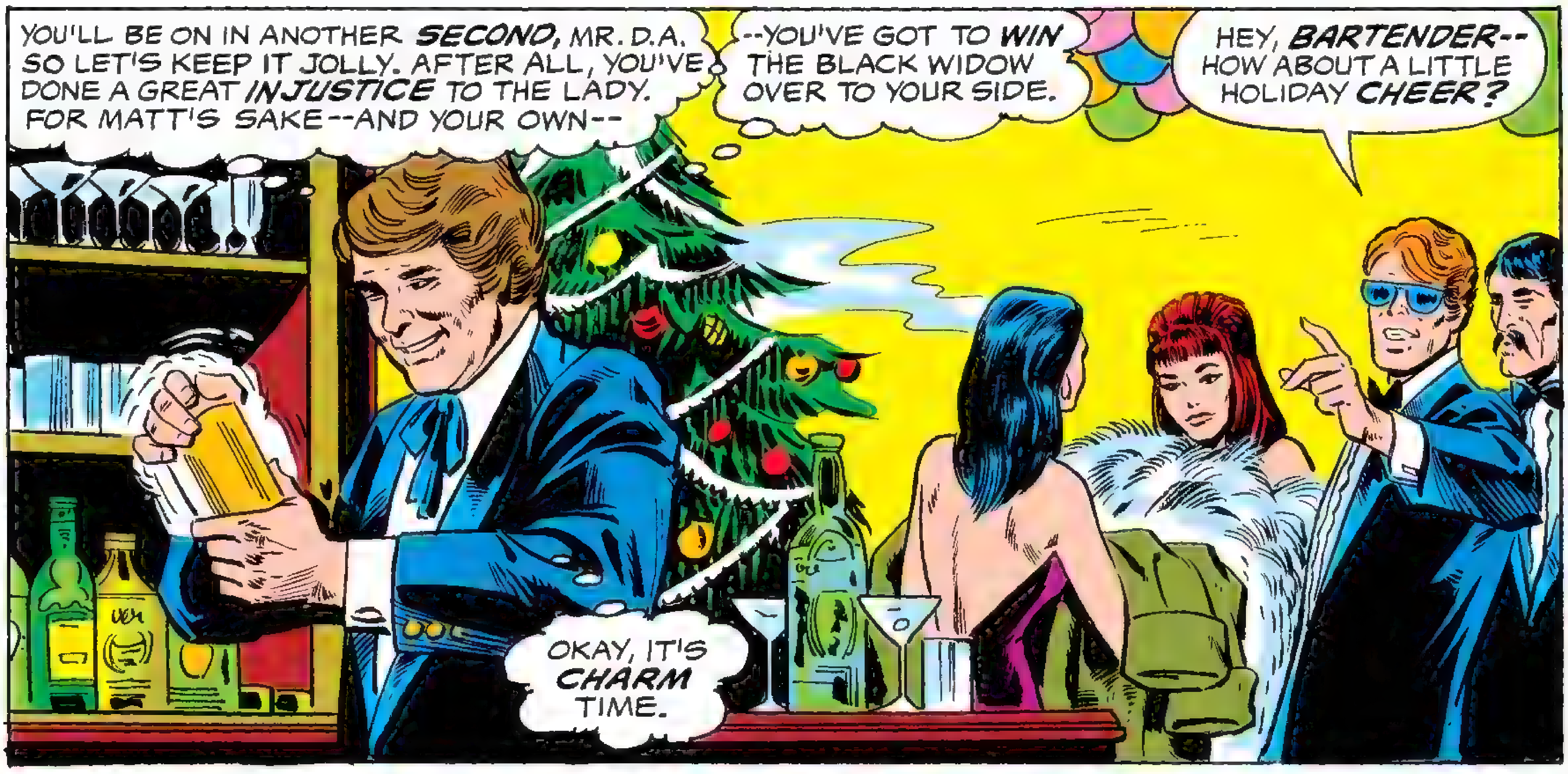

EIGHT.
UNNNNH!
ZZZAT!
BUT MY *WIDOW'S BITE* SHOULD DISSUADE HIM FROM FOLLOWING THROUGH ON THAT SELF-SAME *BEAD.*
NINE.
YIEEEE
BLAST! THE WIDOW ISN'T TURNING FAST ENOUGH TO DEAL WITH THAT JOKER *BEHIND* HER.
"AND JUDGING FROM THE WAY HIS *HEARTBEAT* IS ACCELERATING SO RAPIDLY--
"--HE'S ABOUT TO *FIRE!*"
TASHA! DUCK!
KWUDD!
BRAKABRAKABRAKA
TEN.

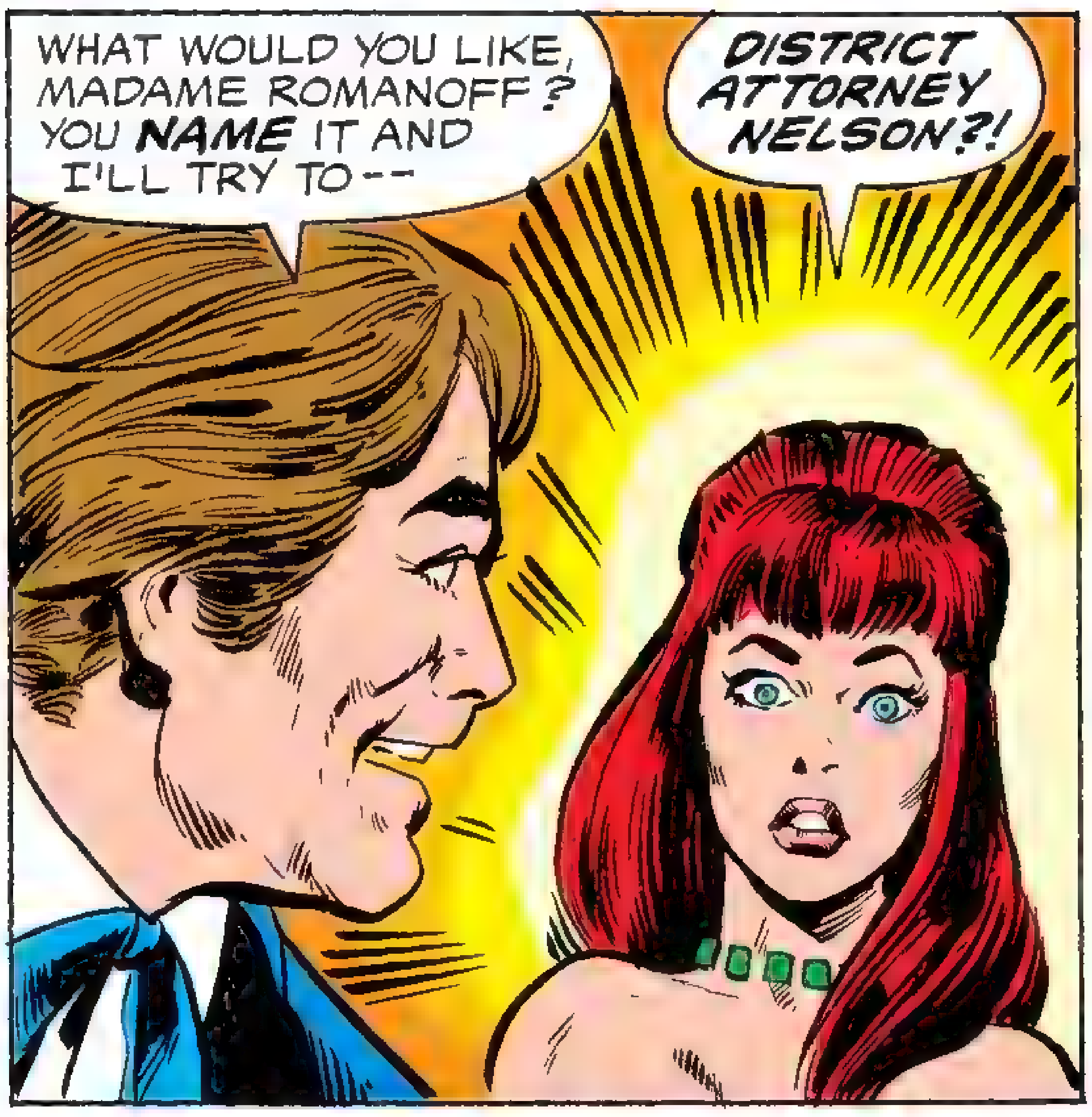

YOU OKAY?
YES.
BUT YOU WILL NOT REMAIN "OKAY" VERY LONG, COSTUMED INTERLOPERS!
KRINK!
THAT SOUND!
IT'S A MACHINE GUN BOLT BEING DRAWN!
HIT THE DECK, WIDOW-LADY!
POON! POON! POON! POON! POON! POON! POON!
IVAN!
ZING!
ZING!
WHAM! WHAM! WHAM!
UH, 'TASHA, I CAN ONLY HEAR WHAT'S GOING ON, BUT IT DOESN'T SOUND...
LIKE ANYTHING YOU'D WANT TO SEE? I'M AFRAID IVAN DOES SOMETIMES GET A BIT CARRIED AWAY WITH HIS WORK!
OKAY, KID. WHAT DO I DO WITH HIM NOW?
ELEVEN.
WELL, OLD MAN, YOU MIGHT EXPLAIN TO THOSE APPROACHING SECURITY GUARDS THAT YOU HAVE ELEVEN PRISIONERS FOR THEM!
I'M SURE THEY'LL BE FASCINATED BY YOUR EYEWITNESS REPORT ON THEIR DARING CAPTURE BY TWO OF NEW YORK'S FINEST SUPERHEROES. BYE.

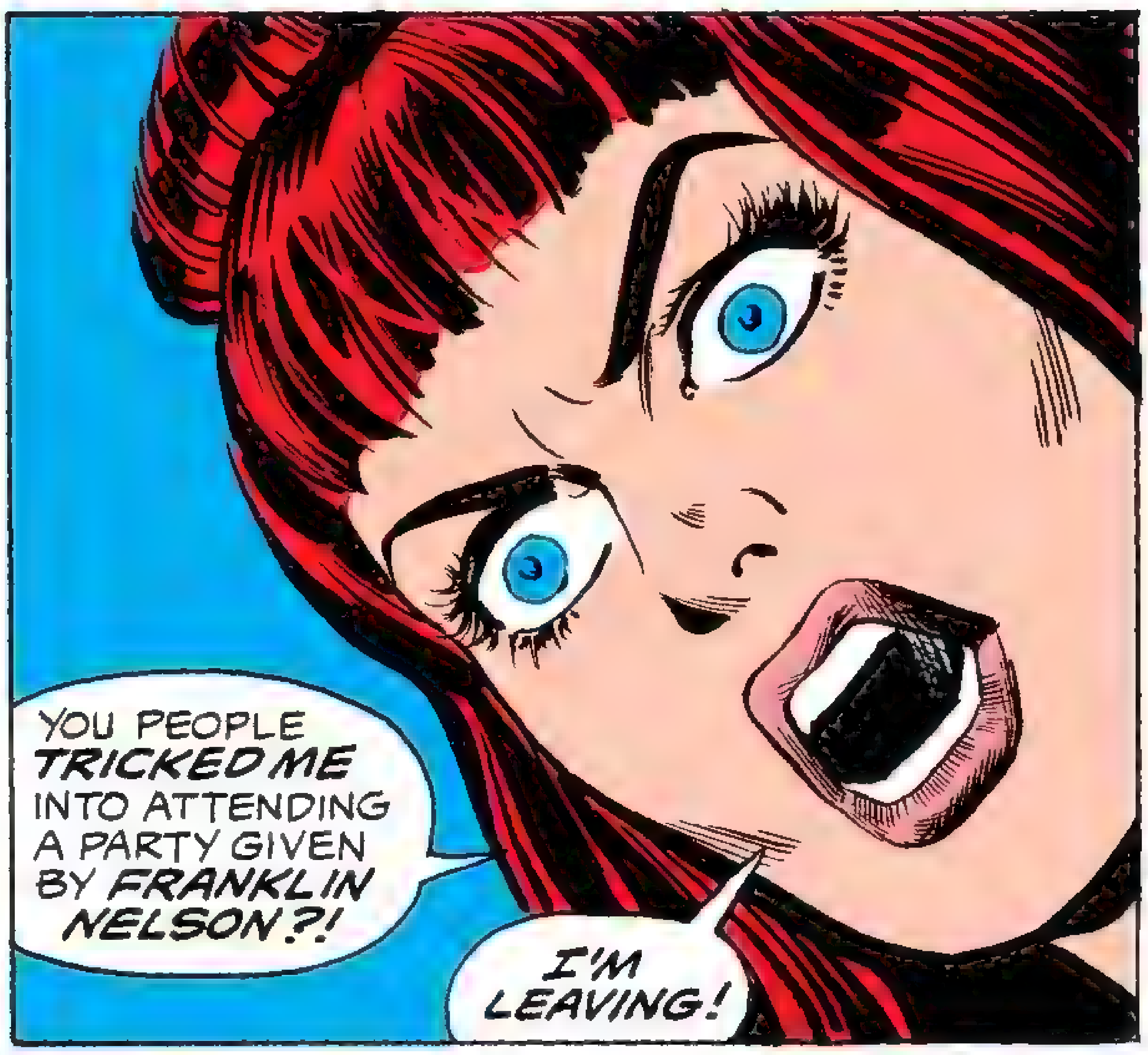

"BYE?!"
WHATTA YOU MEAN "BYE", YOU HORN-HEADED RAT?!
YOU'RE NOT LEAVING ME TO EXPLAIN THIS TO THE--
--FUZZ?
WELL, IT'S LIKE THIS, BOYS: I WORK FOR THIS LADY CRIME-FIGHTER AND WE FLEW IN FROM 'FRISCO AND OUR PLANE WAS ALMOST HIJACKED AND...
COULDN'T I MAIL YOU A DETAILED REPORT?
DIDN'T THINK SO.
DECEMBER 31, 1974: THE AFTERNOON TRAFFIC ON THE 59TH STREET BRIDGE IS TREATED TO A SIGHT NEW YORKERS HAVE NOT SEEN FOR NEARLY TWO YEARS.
NOPE, WE'RE NOT REFERRING JUST TO DAREDEVIL AND THE BLACK WIDOW SWINGING IN TANDEM.
WE'RE ALSO TALKING ABOUT HONEST-TO CHRISTMAS ROLL-IN-IT, HAVE-A-SNOWBALL-FIGHT, BUILD-A SNOWMAN--
SNOW!
OH, I HAVEN'T SEEN IT SNOW LIKE THIS IN YEARS! WHAT A GLORIOUS WAY TO START THE NEW YEAR! TOMORROW MORNING EVERYTHING WILL BE WHITE AND CLEAN AND FRESH!
NATASHA-- DARLING, WE HAVE TO TALK.
I KNOW, MATT. AND THEN AGAIN, I DON'T KNOW.
BLAST IT! WE'RE IN LOVE-- WE LOVE EACH OTHER-- WE OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO WORK THINGS OUT!
MATT.
I'M SORRY, KID. I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN IT WOULDN'T BE SIMPLE AS THAT. YOU WANT TO TELL ME ABOUT IT?

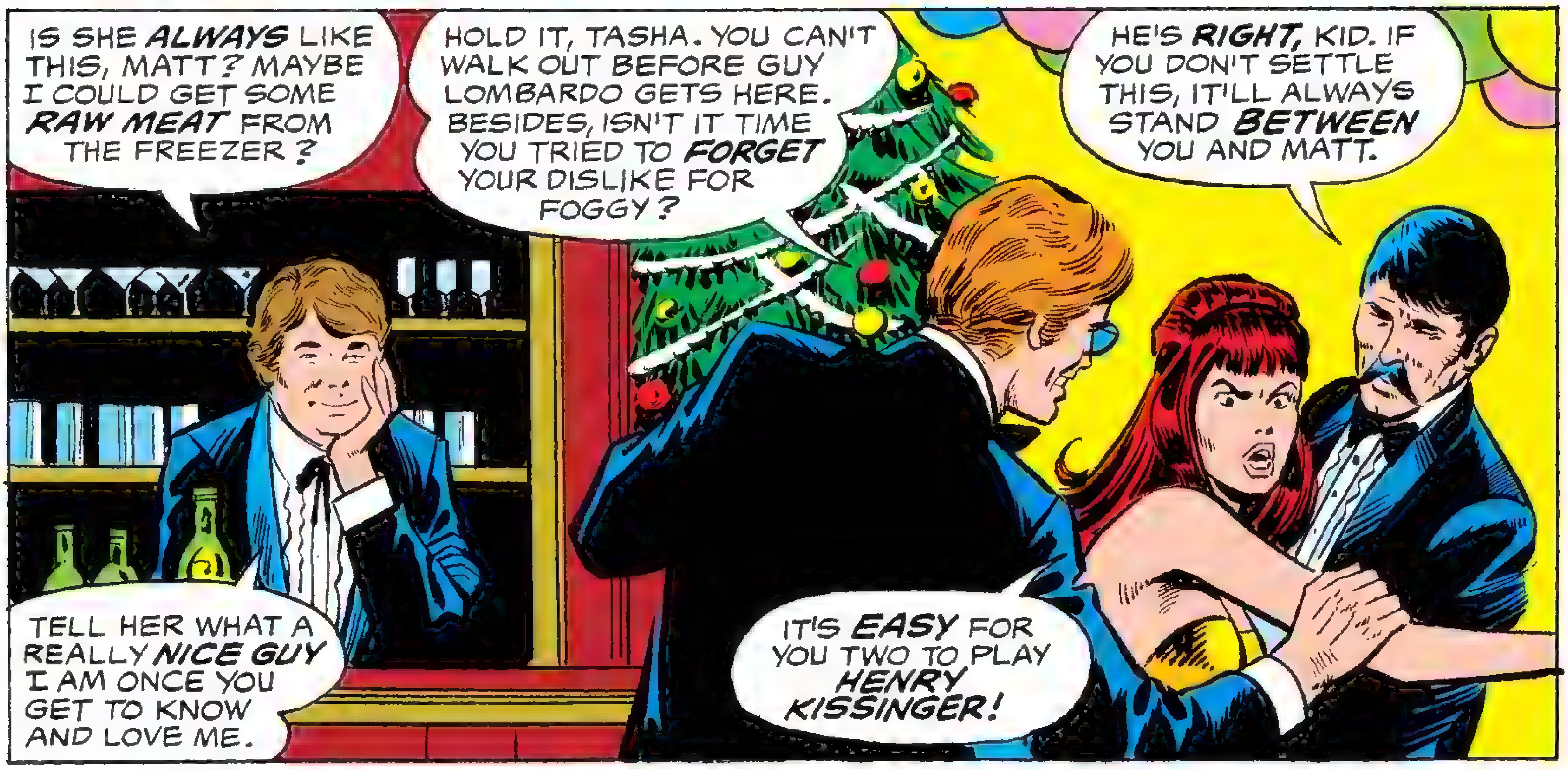

YOU KNOW I USED TO BE THE MOST DANGEROUS *SPY* IN THE WORLD, MATT? MEN USED TO *TREMBLE* AT MY NAME. I DIDN'T LIKE MYSELF MUCH THEN.
THEN I MET *HAWKEYE,* HELPED THE *AVENGERS,* JOINED *SHIELD,* AND DID A FEW OTHER NOBLE THINGS. I LIKED MYSELF BETTER.
THEN I MET YOU.
DIDN'T YOU SEE IT *HAPPENING?* THE LIBERATED LADY YOU FELL IN LOVE WITH BECAME YOUR-- *SIDEKICK.* I USED TO BE SO DARN *STRONG,* MATT--AND I FEEL IT SLIPPING AWAY FROM ME.
WOW. I NEVER REALIZED HOW SERIOUS THIS WAS! IF THE WIDOW BELIEVES SHE'S LOSING HER *IDENTITY* BECAUSE OF OUR RELATIONSHIP--!
I'VE GOT TO BUY MYSELF SOME TIME TO *THINK!*
MATT!
MAYBE IT'S TIME TO *SHOW* THE LADY--
--MATT MURDOCK'S NEW *BROWNSTONE.*
BESIDES, WE'VE GOT TO GET READY FOR A VERY SPECIAL *PARTY.*
EVEN IF IT TAKES A SOMEWHAT *UNORTHODOX* ENTRANCE TO CHANGE THE TOPIC OF THIS DIALOGUE TO ARCHITECTURE.
THOUGH IF I'D *KNOWN* WHAT WAS BOTHERING NATASHA, I WOULDN'T HAVE AGREED TO *TRICK* HER INTO ATTENDING SAID CELEBRATION.
CAN THE SELF-PITY, MURDOCK. YOU KNOW THIS PARTY IS A *BRIDGE* THAT YOU WOULD HAVE HAD TO CROSS SOONER OR LATER *ANYWAY.*


WHAT, PRAY TELL, BROUGHT ON THAT SUDDEN BURST OF ENTHUSIASM, FRIEND MURDOCK?
LET'S SEE. IT OUGHT TO BE AROUND HERE SOMEWHERE. OH-- I FORGOT TO TELL YOU THAT YOURS TRULY AND THE ENCHANTING MADAME ROMANOFF HAVE BEEN INVITED--
-- TO A NEW YEAR'S EVE PARTY!
WOULD THIS GO WITH YOUR BASIC CRIMSON BILLY CLUB?
DON'T ROLL YOUR EYES, LADY. IT'S MATT MURDOCK WHO'S BEEN INVITED TO THIS BASH, NOT DD.
SO WHY DON'T YOU SLIP INTO SOMETHING BARELY LEGAL? I WANT MY DATE TO BE THE MOST GORGEOUS THING AT THE PARTY!
YOU MALE CHAUVINIST-- OW!
I SAID MOVE IT, DARLING.
SLAP!
I THINK OUR HORSEPLAY BEFORE HAS LIFTED TASHA'S SPIRITS. AND IVAN IS CONTINUING THE PROCESS.
BLASTED MONKEY SUIT! WHY DID I HAVE TO COME? COULDN'T I WAIT OUTSIDE IN THE ROLLS?
YOU SOLD THE ROLLS TO PAY YOUR BILLS, FOLKS. BESIDES, IVAN, YOU WERE INVITED, TOO-- I GUESS THERE'S NO ACCOUNTING FOR TASTES.
AND HERE'S OUR GRACIOUS HOSTESS, DEBORAH HARRIS.
HI, MATT. BRING YOUR FRIENDS RIGHT IN. MY ERSTWHILE FIANCÉ IS JUST FIXING THE DRINKS.
7
I'LL HAVE A DOUBLE ANYTHING. MAYBE IT'LL TAKE MY MIND OFF THIS STARCHED COLLAR!

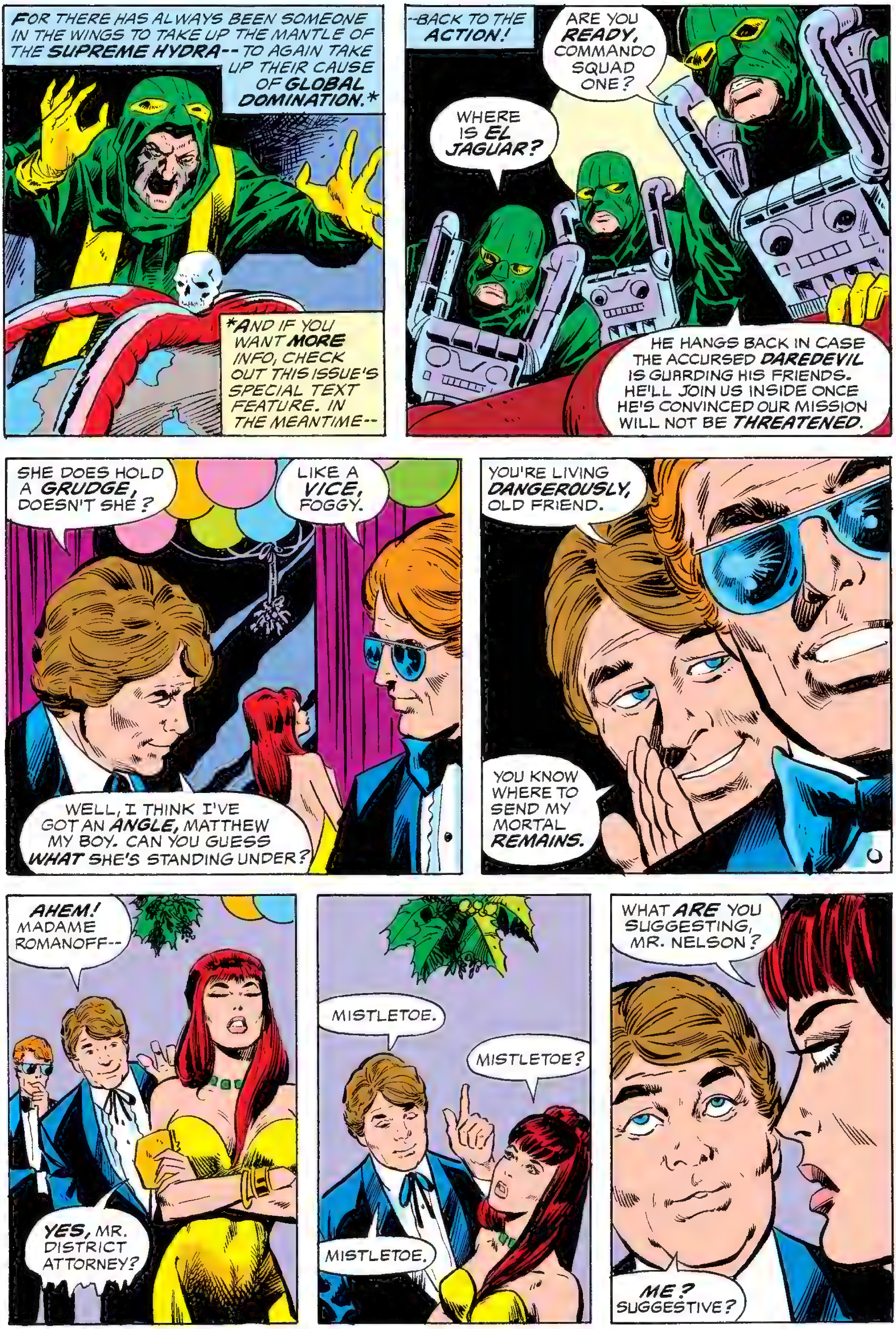

YOU'LL BE ON IN ANOTHER **SECOND,** MR. D.A. SO LET'S KEEP IT JOLLY. AFTER ALL, YOU'VE DONE A GREAT **INJUSTICE** TO THE LADY. FOR MATT'S SAKE--AND YOUR OWN--
--YOU'VE GOT TO **WIN** THE BLACK WIDOW OVER TO YOUR SIDE.
HEY, **BARTENDER--** HOW ABOUT A LITTLE HOLIDAY **CHEER?**
OKAY, IT'S **CHARM** TIME.

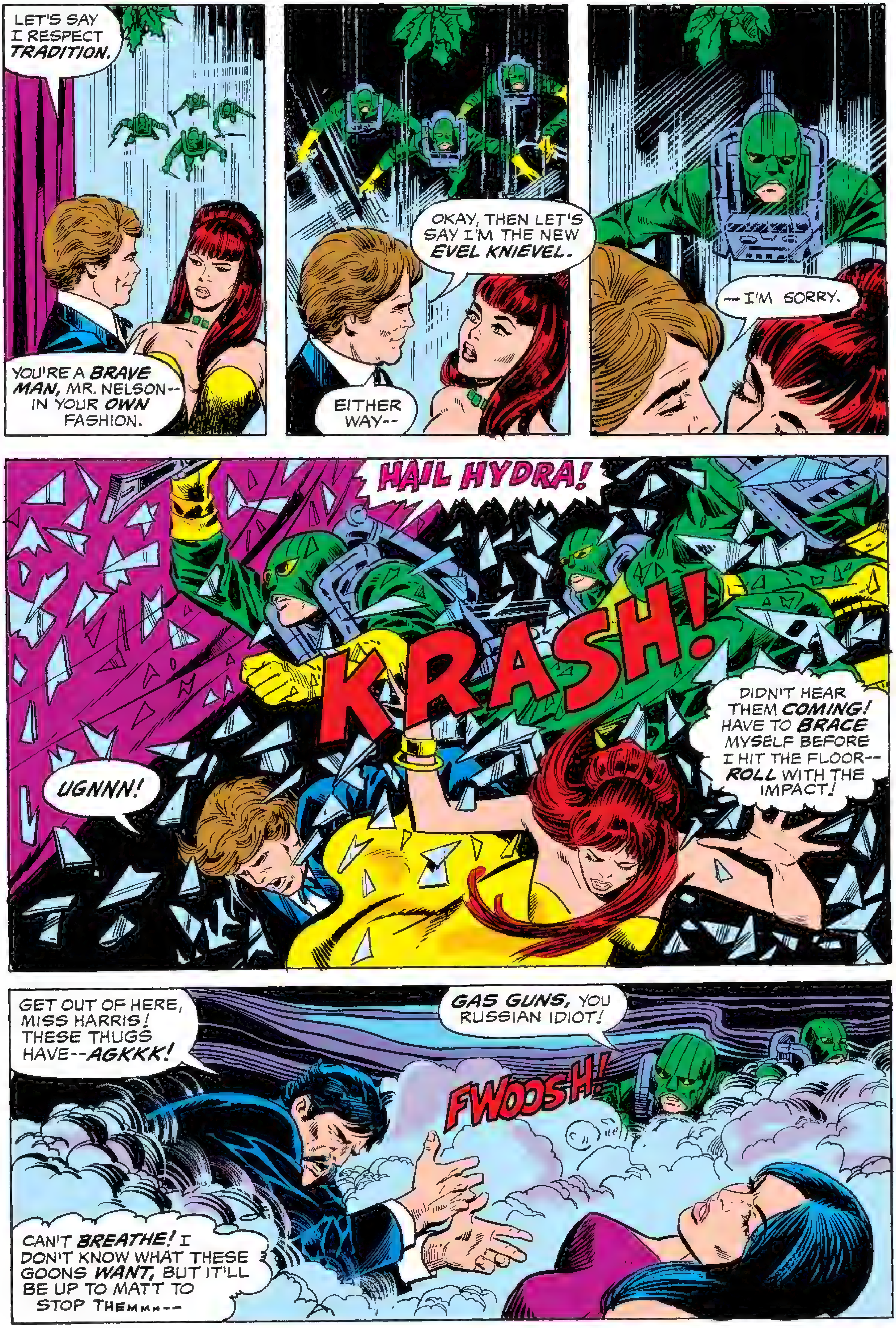

WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE, MADAME ROMANOFF? YOU **NAME** IT AND I'LL TRY TO--
DISTRICT ATTORNEY NELSON?!

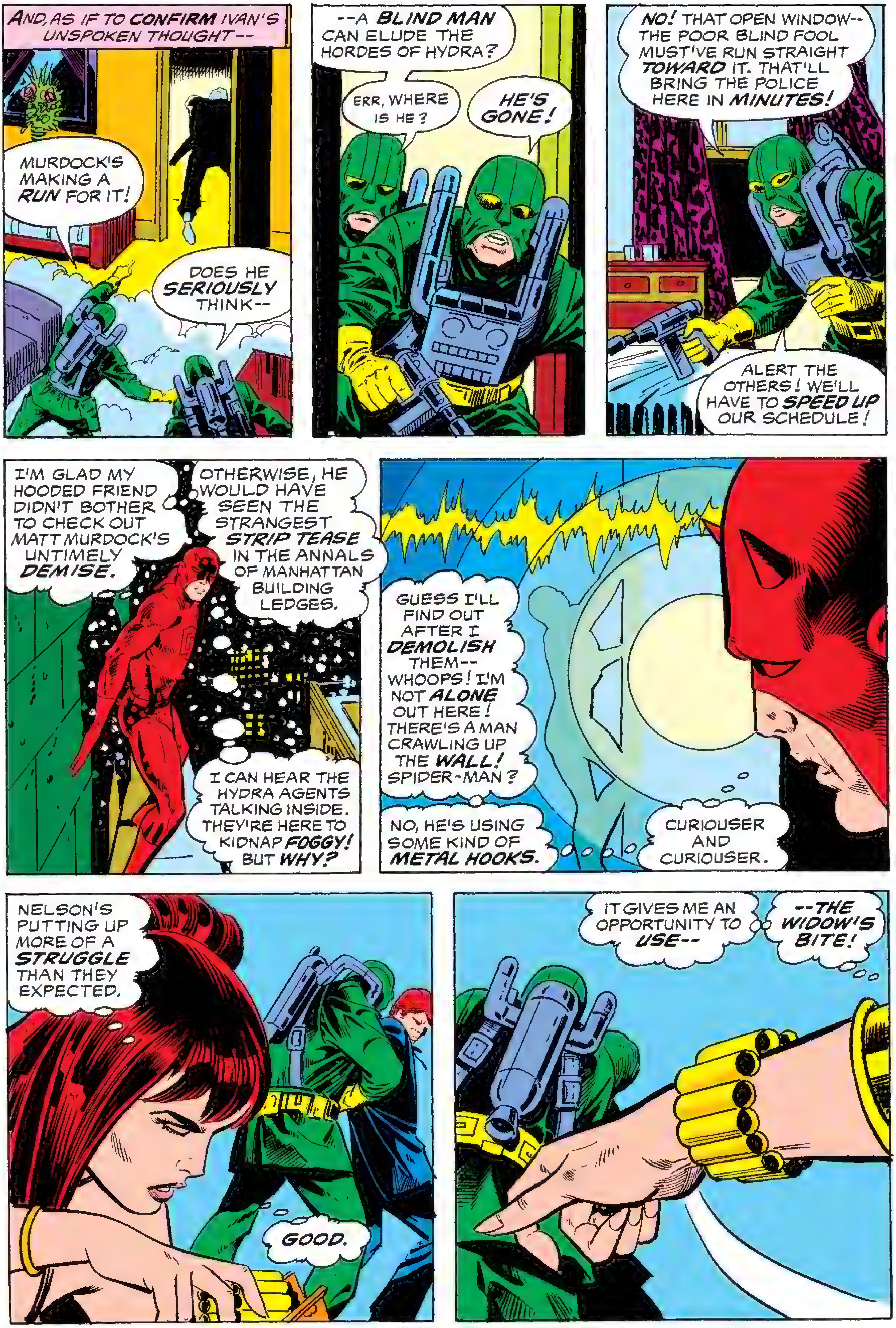

YOU PEOPLE **TRICKED ME** INTO ATTENDING A PARTY GIVEN BY **FRANKLIN NELSON?!**
I'M LEAVING!

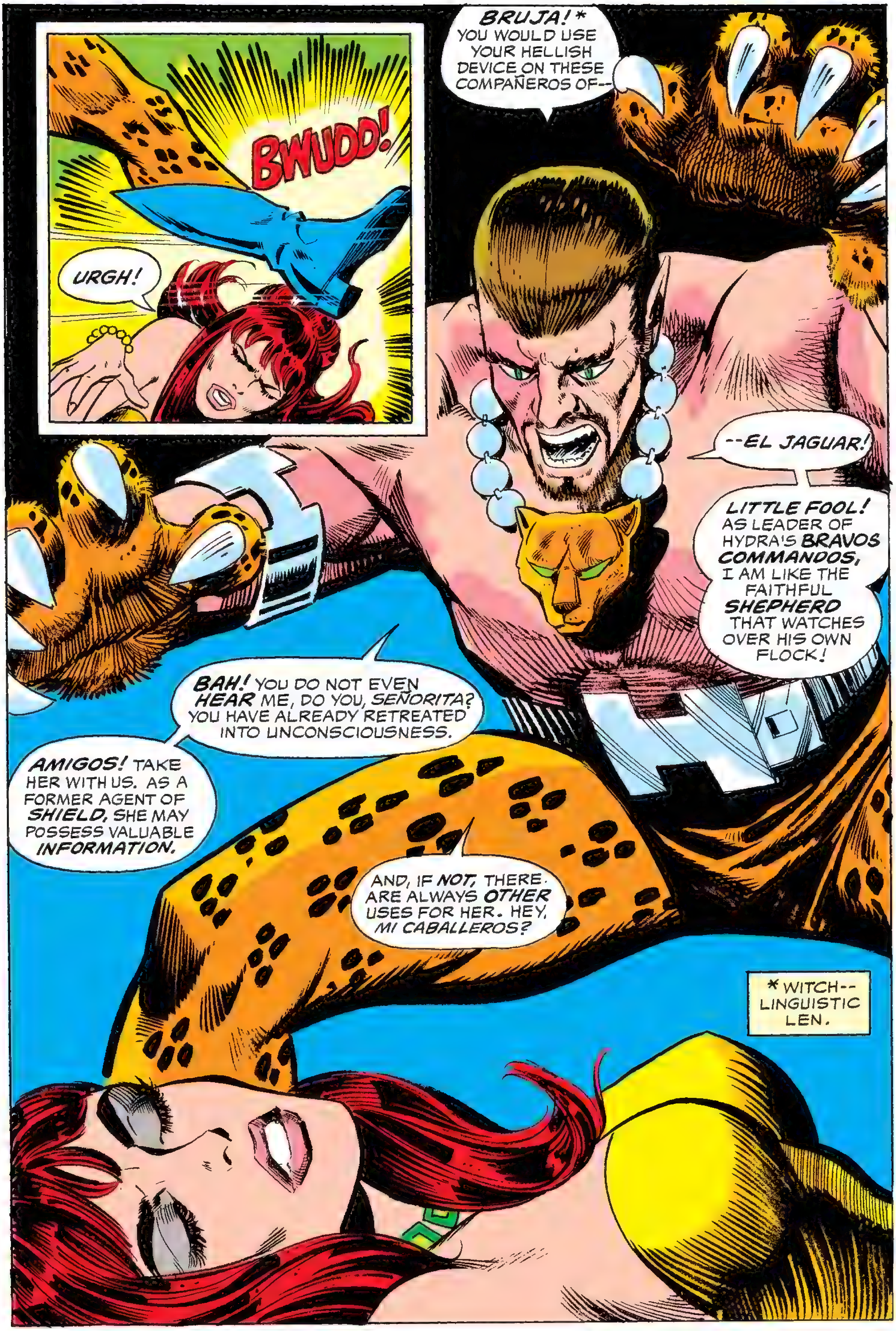

IS SHE **ALWAYS** LIKE THIS, MATT? MAYBE I COULD GET SOME **RAW MEAT** FROM THE FREEZER?
HOLD IT, TASHA. YOU CAN'T WALK OUT BEFORE GUY LOMBARDO GETS HERE. BESIDES, ISN'T IT TIME YOU TRIED TO **FORGET** YOUR DISLIKE FOR FOGGY?
HE'S **RIGHT,** KID. IF YOU DON'T SETTLE THIS, IT'LL ALWAYS STAND **BETWEEN** YOU AND MATT.
TELL HER WHAT A REALLY **NICE GUY** I AM ONCE YOU GET TO KNOW AND LOVE ME.
IT'S **EASY** FOR YOU TWO TO PLAY **HENRY KISSINGER!**

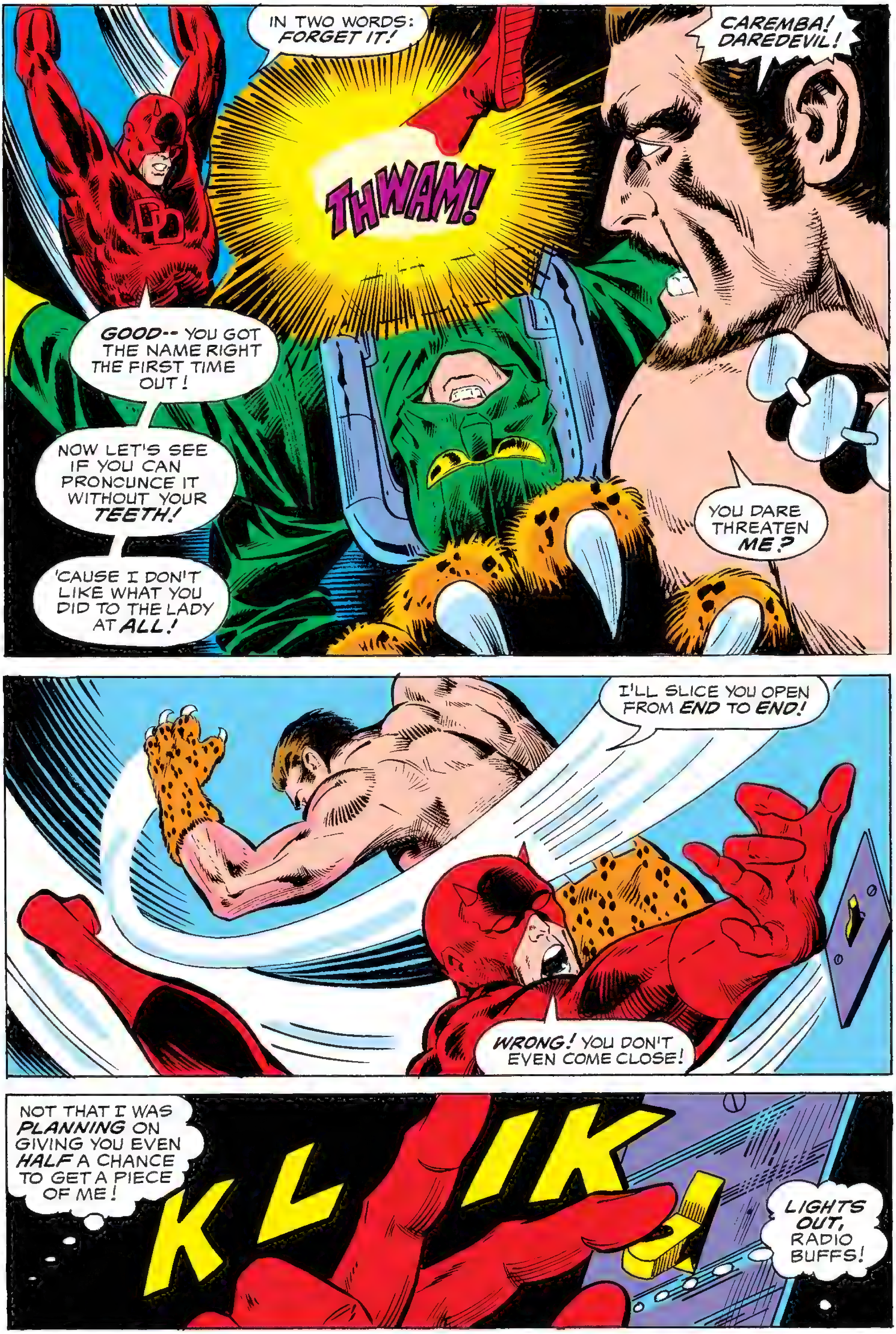
"YOU WEREN'T PUT ON TRIAL BY THE ESTEEMED MR. NELSON ON A TRUMPED-UP MURDER CHARGE. YOU DIDN'T GO THROUGH HELL FOR THREE WEEKS--FOR THE CRIME OF BEING A RUSSIAN!" *
*DAREDEVIL #85--LEN.
AND FOGGY'S GONE THROUGH HELL EVERY DAY SINCE THEN--SINCE HE WAS MANIPULATED BY MR. KLINE INTO BETRAYING EVERY PRINCIPLE HE'D EVER BELIEVED IN.
ARE YOU SO PERFECT THAT YOU CAN CONDEMN HIM FOR A MOMENT OF WEAKNESS?
IT WON'T WORK, MATT.
I'LL STAY AT YOUR PRECIOUS PARTY. BUT DON'T EXPECT ME TO EVEN PRETEND TO BE ENJOYING MYSELF.
WHEW!
"HEADQUARTERS HAS CONFIRMED THE IDENTITIES OF NELSON'S GUESTS: ASSISTANT D. A. MURDOCK, THE BLACK WIDOW, AND HER CHAUFFEUR.
"SHE IS NOT GARBED FOR COMBAT."
THEN EVERYTHING IS GOING ON SCHEDULE--WITH NO CHANGES?
CORRECT. IN A FEW MOMENTS--
--HYDRA STRIKES AGAIN!
HYDRA!
ONCE CALLED THE DEADLIEST OF ALL THREATS TO DEMOCRACY AND WORLD PEACE.
SMASHED COUNTLESS TIMES, ONLY TO RISE ANEW--STRONGER THAN EVER BEFORE!

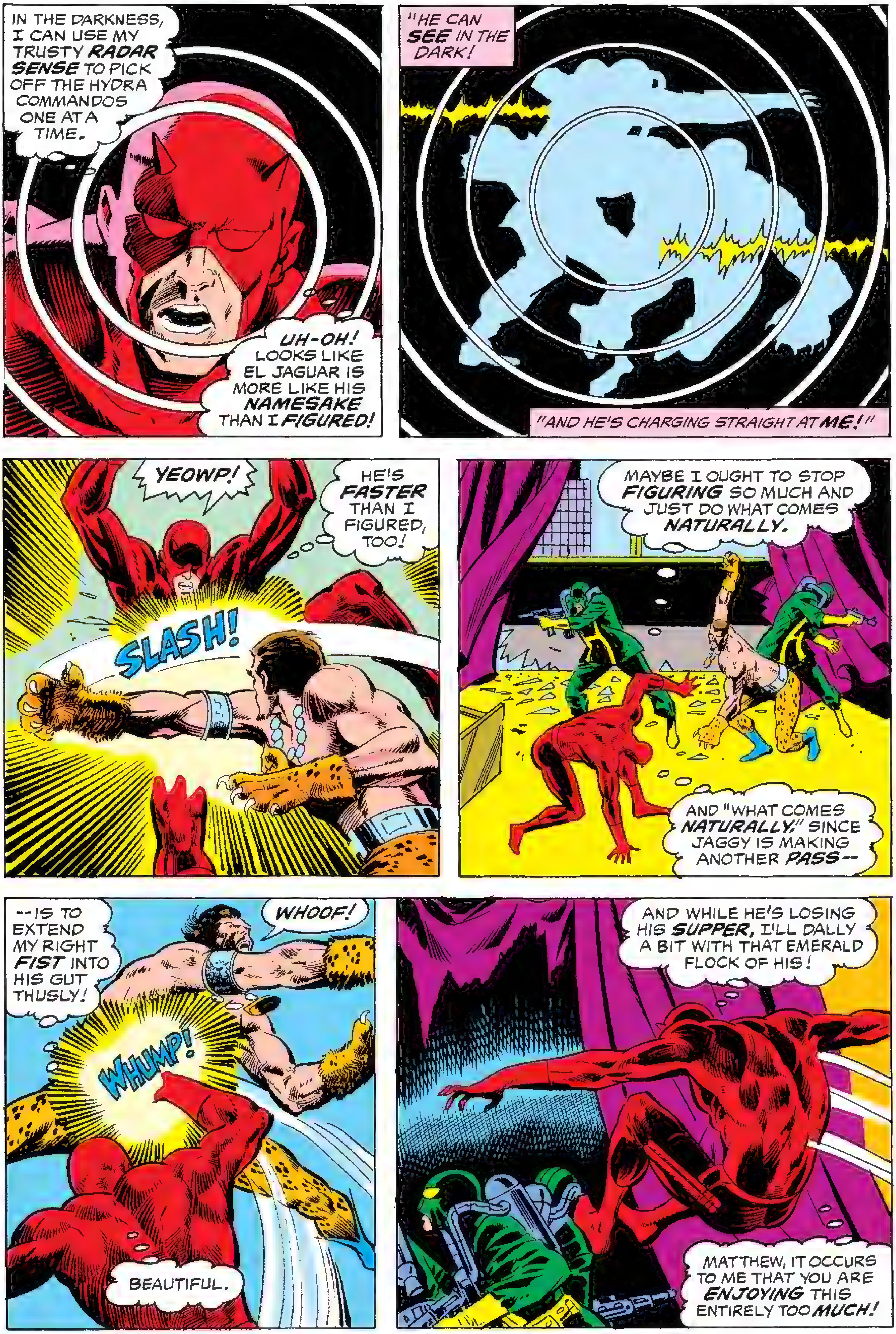

FOR THERE HAS ALWAYS BEEN SOMEONE IN THE WINGS TO TAKE UP THE MANTLE OF THE SUPREME HYDRA-- TO AGAIN TAKE UP THEIR CAUSE OF GLOBAL DOMINATION.*
*AND IF YOU WANT MORE INFO, CHECK OUT THIS ISSUE'S SPECIAL TEXT FEATURE. IN THE MEANTIME--
--BACK TO THE ACTION!
ARE YOU READY, COMMANDO SQUAD ONE?
WHERE IS EL JAGUAR?
HE HANGS BACK IN CASE THE ACCURSED DAREDEVIL IS GUARDING HIS FRIENDS. HE'LL JOIN US INSIDE ONCE HE'S CONVINCED OUR MISSION WILL NOT BE THREATENED.
SHE DOES HOLD A GRUDGE, DOESN'T SHE?
LIKE A VICE, FOGGY.
WELL, I THINK I'VE GOT AN ANGLE, MATTHEW MY BOY. CAN YOU GUESS WHAT SHE'S STANDING UNDER?
YOU'RE LIVING DANGEROUSLY, OLD FRIEND.
YOU KNOW WHERE TO SEND MY MORTAL REMAINS.
AHEM! MADAME ROMANOFF--
YES, MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY?
MISTLETOE.
MISTLETOE?
MISTLETOE.
WHAT ARE YOU SUGGESTING, MR. NELSON?
ME? SUGGESTIVE?

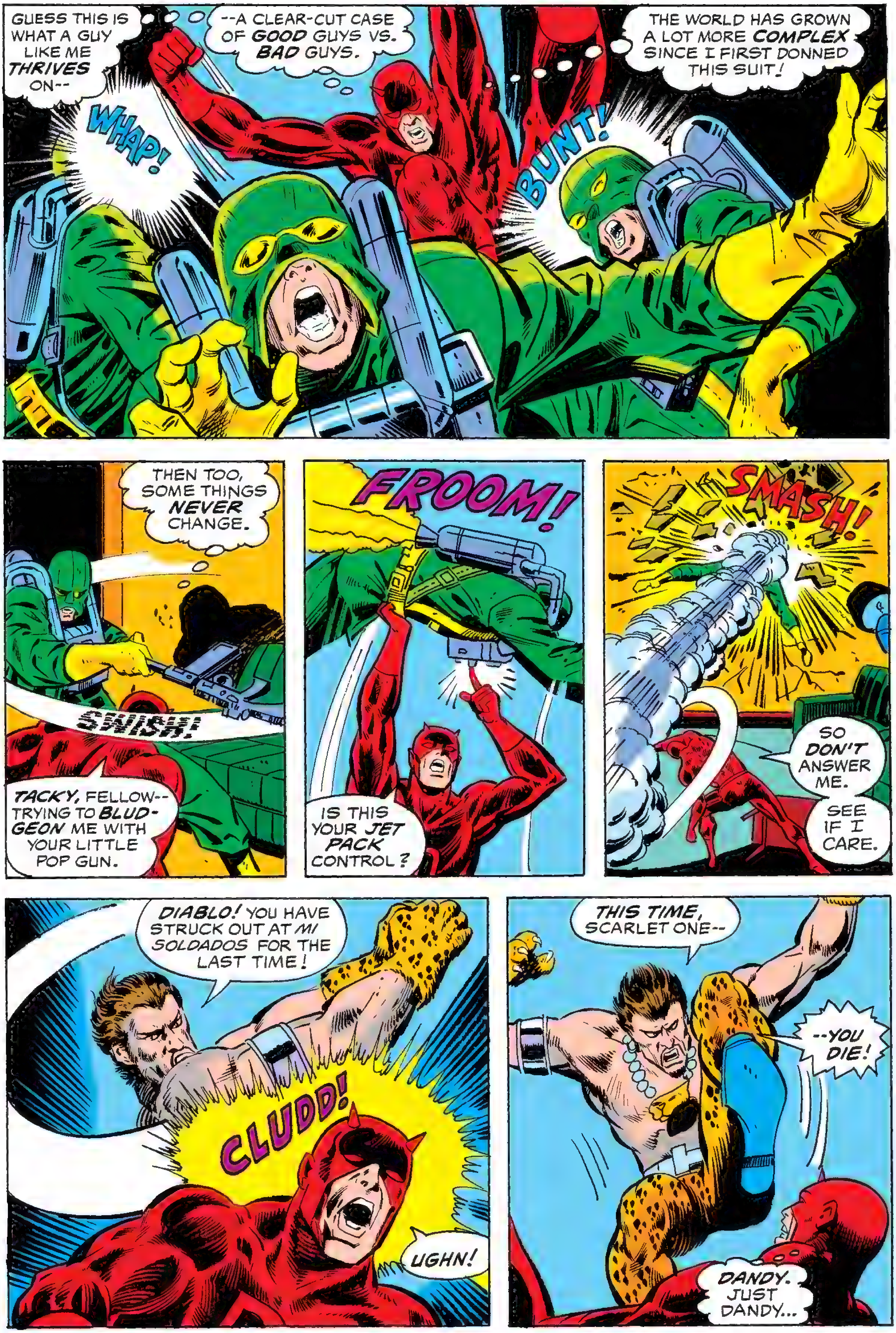

LET'S SAY I RESPECT *TRADITION*.
YOU'RE A *BRAVE MAN*, MR. NELSON-- IN YOUR *OWN* FASHION.
OKAY, THEN LET'S SAY I'M THE NEW *EVEL KNIEVEL*.
EITHER WAY--
--I'M SORRY.
HAIL HYDRA!
KRASH!
UGNNN!
DIDN'T HEAR THEM *COMING!* HAVE TO *BRACE* MYSELF BEFORE I HIT THE FLOOR-- *ROLL* WITH THE IMPACT!
GET OUT OF HERE, MISS HARRIS! THESE THUGS HAVE--*AGKKK!*
GAS GUNS, YOU RUSSIAN IDIOT!
FWOOSH!
CAN'T *BREATHE!* I DON'T KNOW WHAT THESE GOONS *WANT*, BUT IT'LL BE UP TO MATT TO STOP THEMMM--

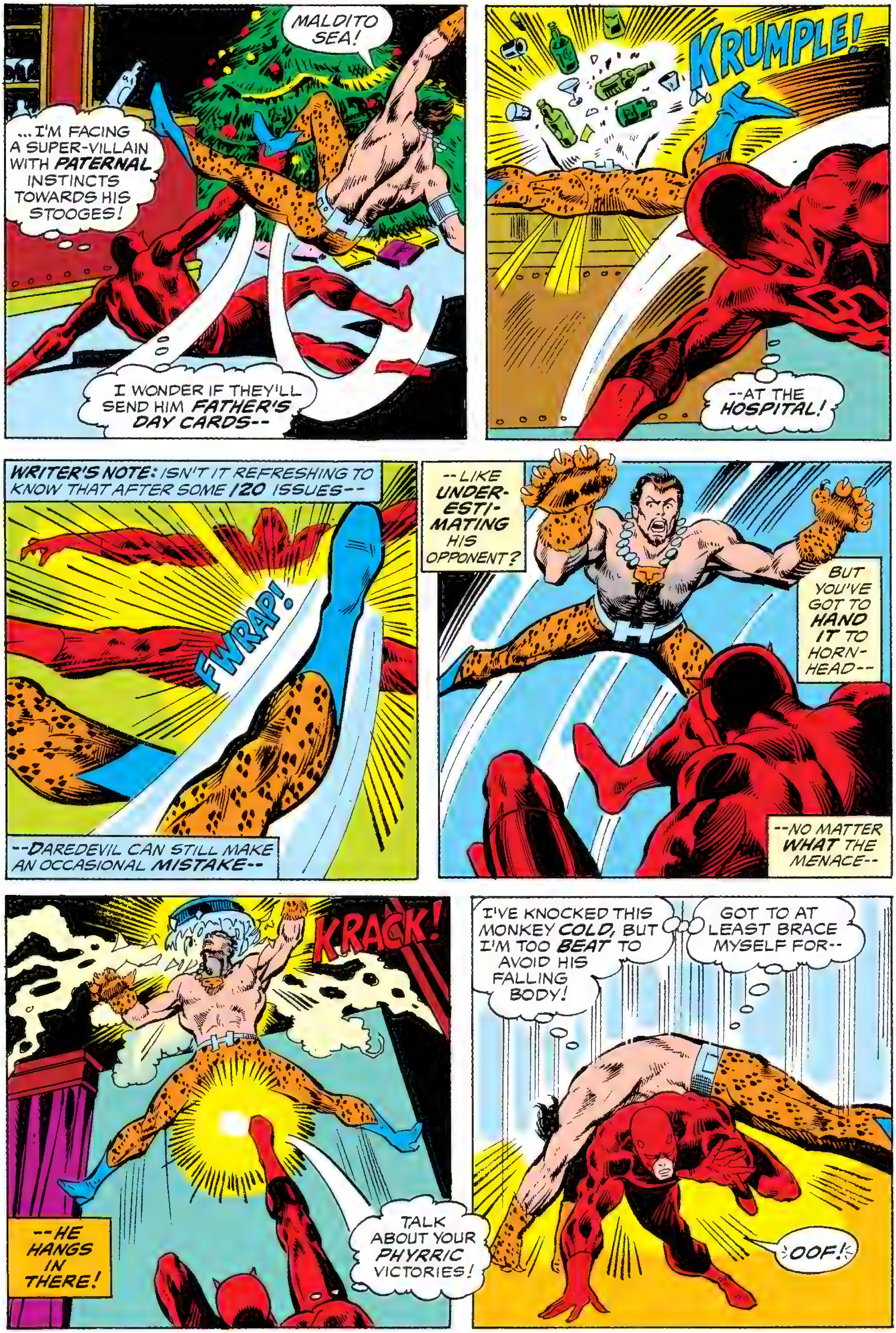

AND, AS IF TO CONFIRM IVAN'S UNSPOKEN THOUGHT--
MURDOCK'S MAKING A RUN FOR IT!
DOES HE SERIOUSLY THINK--
--A BLIND MAN CAN ELUDE THE HORDES OF HYDRA?
ERR, WHERE IS HE?
HE'S GONE!
NO! THAT OPEN WINDOW--THE POOR BLIND FOOL MUST'VE RUN STRAIGHT TOWARD IT. THAT'LL BRING THE POLICE HERE IN MINUTES!
ALERT THE OTHERS! WE'LL HAVE TO SPEED UP OUR SCHEDULE!
I'M GLAD MY HOODED FRIEND DIDN'T BOTHER TO CHECK OUT MATT MURDOCK'S UNTIMELY DEMISE.
OTHERWISE, HE WOULD HAVE SEEN THE STRANGEST STRIP TEASE IN THE ANNALS OF MANHATTAN BUILDING LEDGES.
I CAN HEAR THE HYDRA AGENTS TALKING INSIDE. THEY'RE HERE TO KIDNAP FOGGY! BUT WHY?
GUESS I'LL FIND OUT AFTER I DEMOLISH THEM-- WHOOPS! I'M NOT ALONE OUT HERE! THERE'S A MAN CRAWLING UP THE WALL! SPIDER-MAN?
NO, HE'S USING SOME KIND OF METAL HOOKS.
CURIOUSER AND CURIOUSER.
NELSON'S PUTTING UP MORE OF A STRUGGLE THAN THEY EXPECTED.
GOOD.
IT GIVES ME AN OPPORTUNITY TO USE--
--THE WIDOW'S BITE!

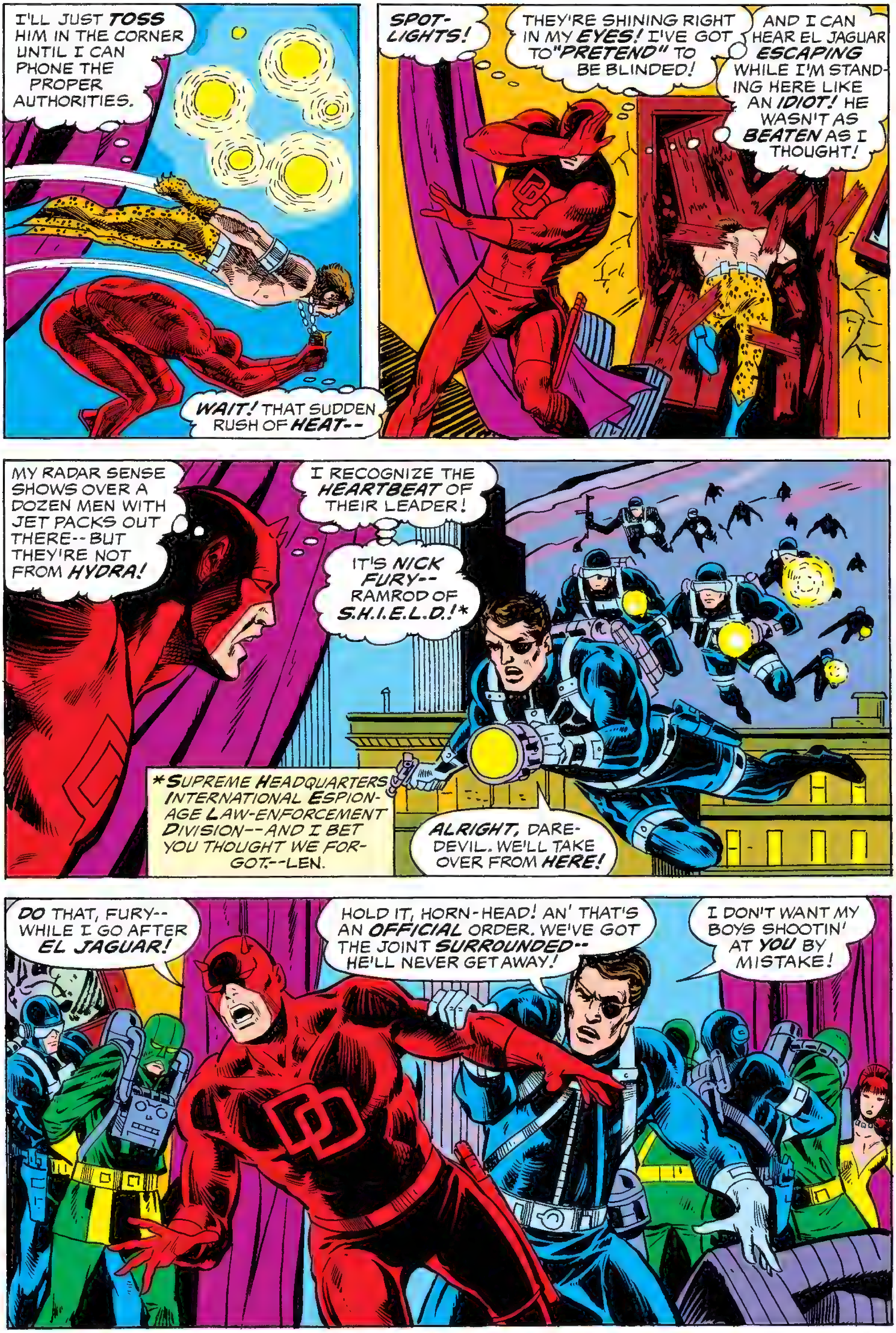

BWUDD!
URGH!
BRUJA!* YOU WOULD USE YOUR HELLISH DEVICE ON THESE COMPAÑEROS OF--
--EL JAGUAR!
LITTLE FOOL! AS LEADER OF HYDRA'S BRAVOS COMMANDOS, I AM LIKE THE FAITHFUL SHEPHERD THAT WATCHES OVER HIS OWN FLOCK!
BAH! YOU DO NOT EVEN HEAR ME, DO YOU, SEÑORITA? YOU HAVE ALREADY RETREATED INTO UNCONSCIOUSNESS.
AMIGOS! TAKE HER WITH US. AS A FORMER AGENT OF SHIELD, SHE MAY POSSESS VALUABLE INFORMATION.
AND, IF NOT, THERE ARE ALWAYS OTHER USES FOR HER. HEY, MI CABALLEROS?
*WITCH-- LINGUISTIC LEN.

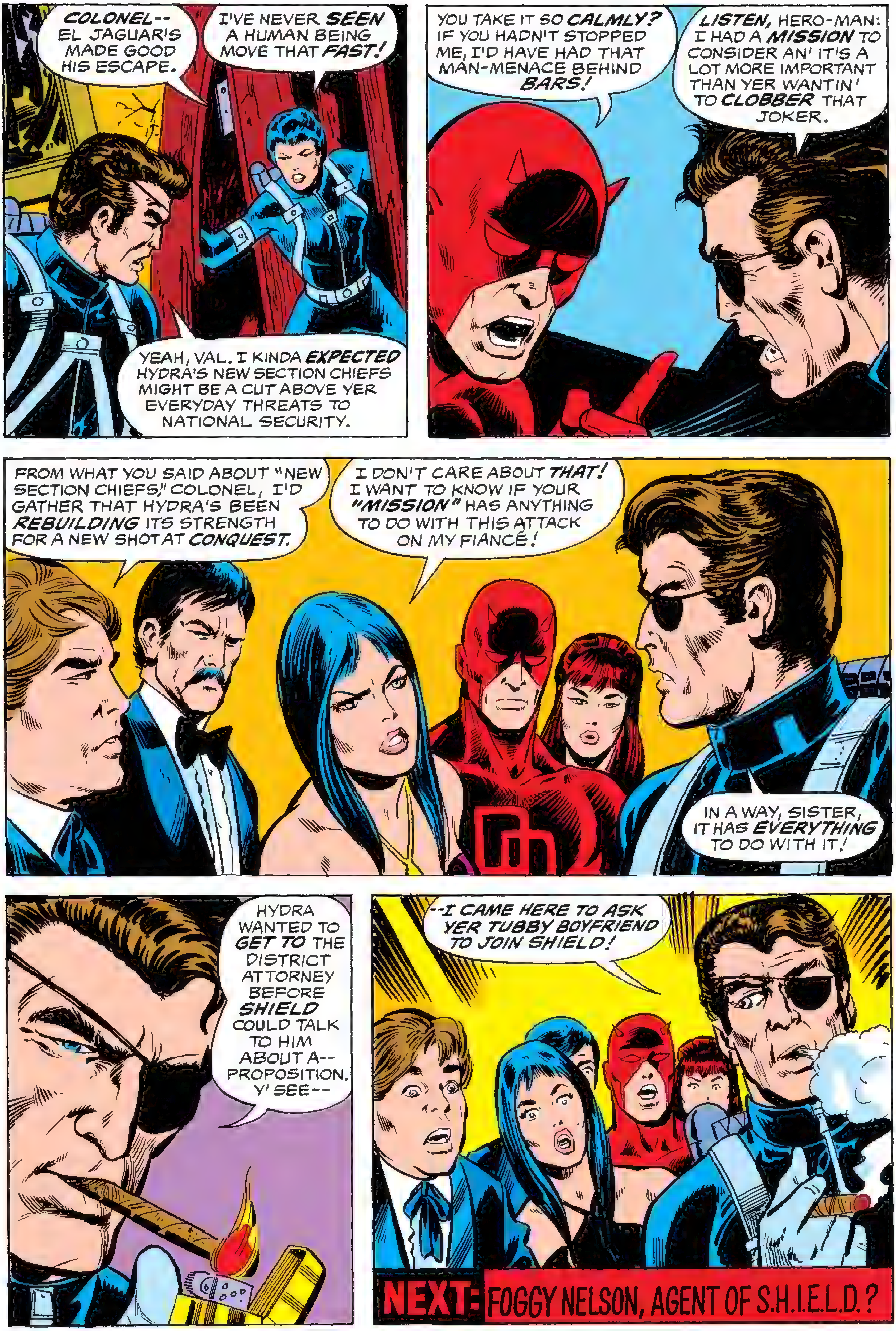

IN TWO WORDS: *FORGET IT!*
CAREMBA! DAREDEVIL!
THWAM!
GOOD-- YOU GOT THE NAME RIGHT THE FIRST TIME OUT!
NOW LET'S SEE IF YOU CAN PRONOUNCE IT WITHOUT YOUR *TEETH!*
'CAUSE I DON'T LIKE WHAT YOU DID TO THE LADY AT *ALL!*
YOU DARE THREATEN *ME?*
I'LL SLICE YOU OPEN FROM *END* TO *END!*
WRONG! YOU DON'T EVEN COME CLOSE!
NOT THAT I WAS *PLANNING* ON GIVING YOU EVEN *HALF* A CHANCE TO GET A PIECE OF ME!
KLIK
LIGHTS OUT, RADIO BUFFS!


IN THE DARKNESS, I CAN USE MY TRUSTY **RADAR SENSE** TO PICK OFF THE HYDRA COMMANDOS ONE AT A TIME.
UH-OH! LOOKS LIKE EL JAGUAR IS MORE LIKE HIS **NAMESAKE** THAN I **FIGURED!**
"HE CAN **SEE** IN THE DARK!
"AND HE'S CHARGING STRAIGHT AT **ME!**"
YEOWP!
HE'S **FASTER** THAN I FIGURED, TOO!
SLASH!
MAYBE I OUGHT TO STOP **FIGURING** SO MUCH AND JUST DO WHAT COMES **NATURALLY.**
AND "WHAT COMES **NATURALLY,**" SINCE JAGGY IS MAKING ANOTHER **PASS--**
--IS TO EXTEND MY RIGHT **FIST** INTO HIS GUT THUSLY!
WHOOF!
WHUMP!
BEAUTIFUL.
AND WHILE HE'S LOSING HIS **SUPPER,** I'LL DALLY A BIT WITH THAT EMERALD FLOCK OF HIS!
MATTHEW, IT OCCURS TO ME THAT YOU ARE **ENJOYING** THIS ENTIRELY TOO **MUCH!**


GUESS THIS IS WHAT A GUY LIKE ME THRIVES ON--
--A CLEAR-CUT CASE OF GOOD GUYS VS. BAD GUYS.
THE WORLD HAS GROWN A LOT MORE COMPLEX SINCE I FIRST DONNED THIS SUIT!
WHAP!
BUNT!
THEN TOO, SOME THINGS NEVER CHANGE.
SWISH!
TACKY, FELLOW--TRYING TO BLUDGEON ME WITH YOUR LITTLE POP GUN.
FROOM!
IS THIS YOUR JET PACK CONTROL?
SMASH!
SO DON'T ANSWER ME.
SEE IF I CARE.
DIABLO! YOU HAVE STRUCK OUT AT MI SOLDADOS FOR THE LAST TIME!
CLUDD!
UGHN!
THIS TIME, SCARLET ONE--
--YOU DIE!
DANDY. JUST DANDY...


MALDITO SEA!
...I'M FACING A SUPER-VILLAIN WITH PATERNAL INSTINCTS TOWARDS HIS STOOGES!
I WONDER IF THEY'LL SEND HIM FATHER'S DAY CARDS--
KRUMPLE!
--AT THE HOSPITAL!
WRITER'S NOTE: ISN'T IT REFRESHING TO KNOW THAT AFTER SOME 120 ISSUES--
FWRAP!
--DAREDEVIL CAN STILL MAKE AN OCCASIONAL MISTAKE--
--LIKE UNDER-ESTIMATING HIS OPPONENT?
BUT YOU'VE GOT TO HAND IT TO HORN-HEAD--
--NO MATTER WHAT THE MENACE--
KRACK!
--HE HANGS IN THERE!
TALK ABOUT YOUR PHYRRIC VICTORIES!
I'VE KNOCKED THIS MONKEY COLD, BUT I'M TOO BEAT TO AVOID HIS FALLING BODY!
GOT TO AT LEAST BRACE MYSELF FOR--
OOF!


I'LL JUST **TOSS** HIM IN THE CORNER UNTIL I CAN PHONE THE PROPER AUTHORITIES.
WAIT! THAT SUDDEN RUSH OF **HEAT--**
SPOT-LIGHTS!
THEY'RE SHINING RIGHT IN MY **EYES!** I'VE GOT TO **"PRETEND"** TO BE BLINDED!
AND I CAN HEAR EL JAGUAR **ESCAPING** WHILE I'M STANDING HERE LIKE AN **IDIOT!** HE WASN'T AS **BEATEN** AS I THOUGHT!
MY RADAR SENSE SHOWS OVER A DOZEN MEN WITH JET PACKS OUT THERE-- BUT THEY'RE NOT FROM **HYDRA!**
I RECOGNIZE THE **HEARTBEAT** OF THEIR LEADER!
IT'S **NICK FURY--** RAMROD OF **S.H.I.E.L.D.!***
*SUPREME HEADQUARTERS INTERNATIONAL ESPIONAGE LAW-ENFORCEMENT DIVISION--AND I BET YOU THOUGHT WE FORGOT.--LEN.
ALRIGHT, DAREDEVIL. WE'LL TAKE OVER FROM **HERE!**
DO THAT, FURY-- WHILE I GO AFTER **EL JAGUAR!**
HOLD IT, HORN-HEAD! AN' THAT'S AN **OFFICIAL** ORDER. WE'VE GOT THE JOINT **SURROUNDED--** HE'LL NEVER GET AWAY!
I DON'T WANT MY BOYS SHOOTIN' AT **YOU** BY MISTAKE!


COLONEL-- EL JAGUAR'S MADE GOOD HIS ESCAPE.
I'VE NEVER SEEN A HUMAN BEING MOVE THAT FAST!
YEAH, VAL. I KINDA EXPECTED HYDRA'S NEW SECTION CHIEFS MIGHT BE A CUT ABOVE YER EVERYDAY THREATS TO NATIONAL SECURITY.
YOU TAKE IT SO CALMLY? IF YOU HADN'T STOPPED ME, I'D HAVE HAD THAT MAN-MENACE BEHIND BARS!
LISTEN, HERO-MAN: I HAD A MISSION TO CONSIDER AN' IT'S A LOT MORE IMPORTANT THAN YER WANTIN' TO CLOBBER THAT JOKER.
FROM WHAT YOU SAID ABOUT "NEW SECTION CHIEFS," COLONEL, I'D GATHER THAT HYDRA'S BEEN REBUILDING ITS STRENGTH FOR A NEW SHOT AT CONQUEST.
I DON'T CARE ABOUT THAT! I WANT TO KNOW IF YOUR "MISSION" HAS ANYTHING TO DO WITH THIS ATTACK ON MY FIANCÉ!
IN A WAY, SISTER, IT HAS EVERYTHING TO DO WITH IT!
HYDRA WANTED TO GET TO THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY BEFORE SHIELD COULD TALK TO HIM ABOUT A-- PROPOSITION. Y' SEE--
--I CAME HERE TO ASK YER TUBBY BOYFRIEND TO JOIN SHIELD!
NEXT: FOGGY NELSON, AGENT OF S.H.I.E.L.D.?

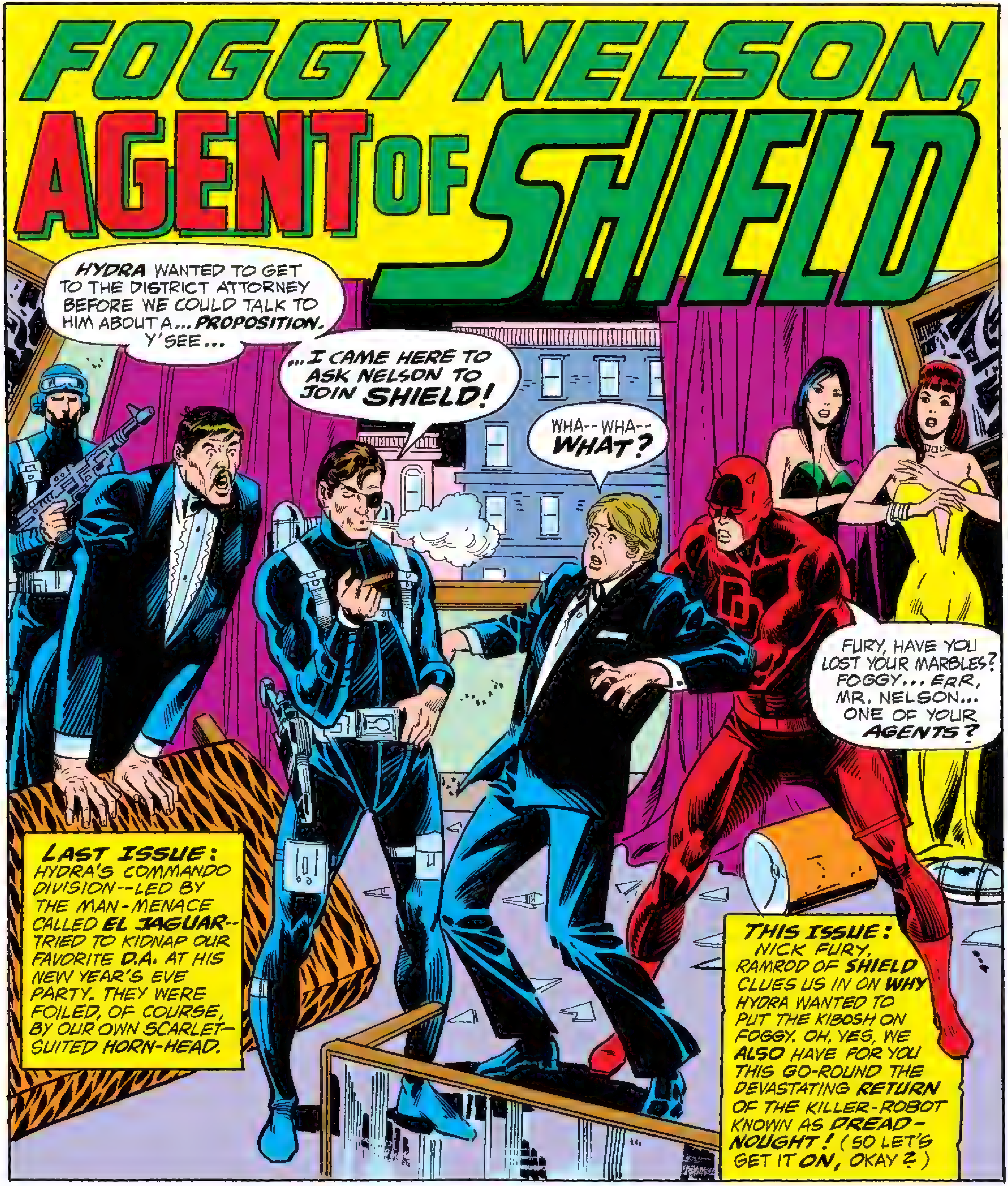
DAREDEVIL
MARVEL COMICS GROUP™
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
25¢
CC
121
MAY
02459
DAREDEVIL®
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!
™
™
CO-STARRING: The DEADLY BLACK WIDOW!
DANGER IS THE DREADNAUGHT!*
*THE HYDRA SUPER ROBOT WITH A LICENSE TO ANNIHILATE DD!
THE MIGHTY MARVEL RENAISSANCE MOVES AHEAD!
PLUS: THE UNPARALLELED EXCITEMENT OF
FOGGY NELSON, AGENT OF S.H.I.E.L.D.?
DON'T ASK HOW--JUST DON'T MISS IT!

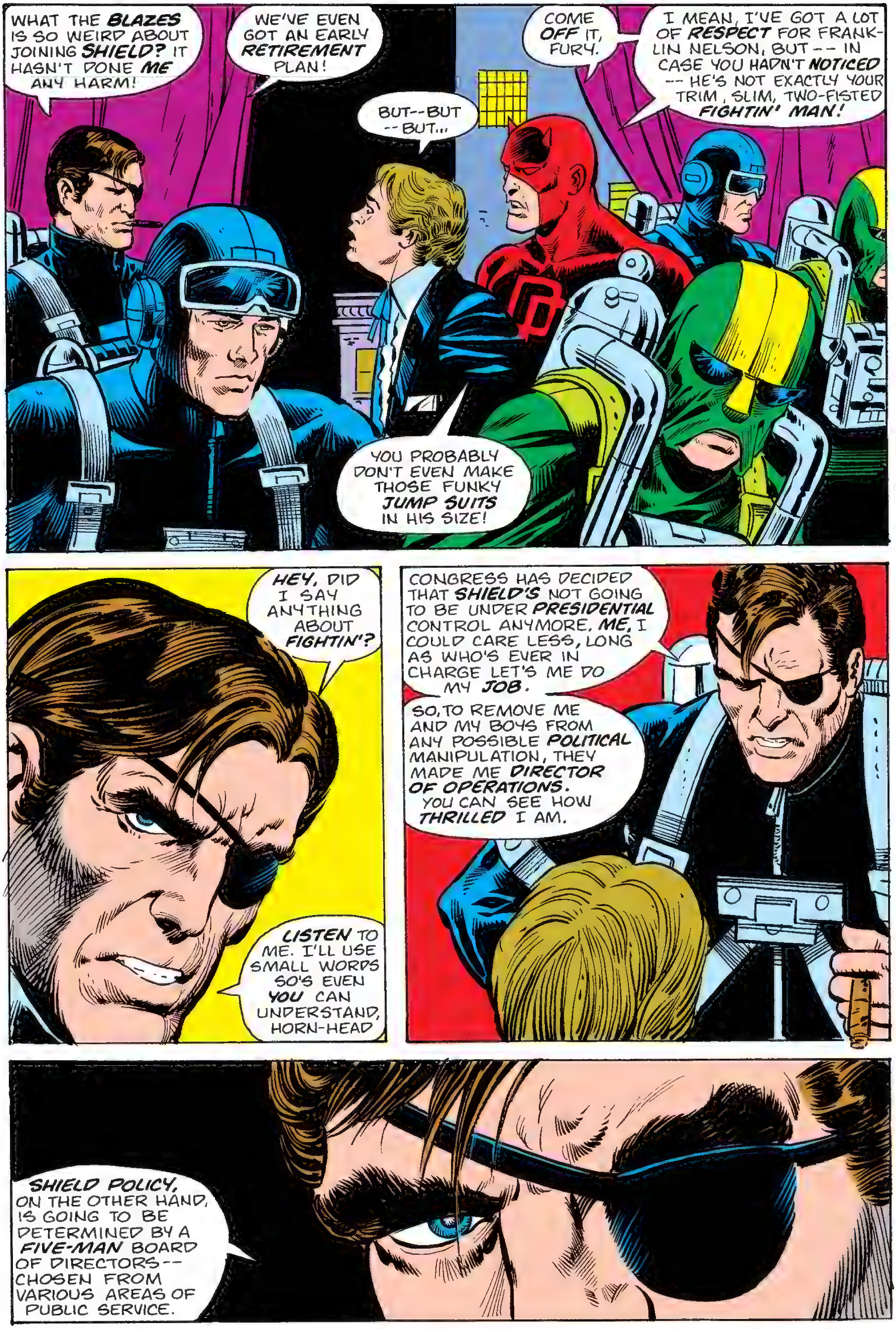
He dwells in eternal night— but the blackness is filled with sounds and scents, tastes and textures other men cannot perceive. For though attorney MATT MURDOCK is *blind,* his other four senses function with *superhuman sharpness*—his uncanny *radar sense* guides him over every obstacle! Armed only with his *billy club,* his fighting skill, and his courage, he stalks the streets by night, a relentless red-garbed foe of evil!

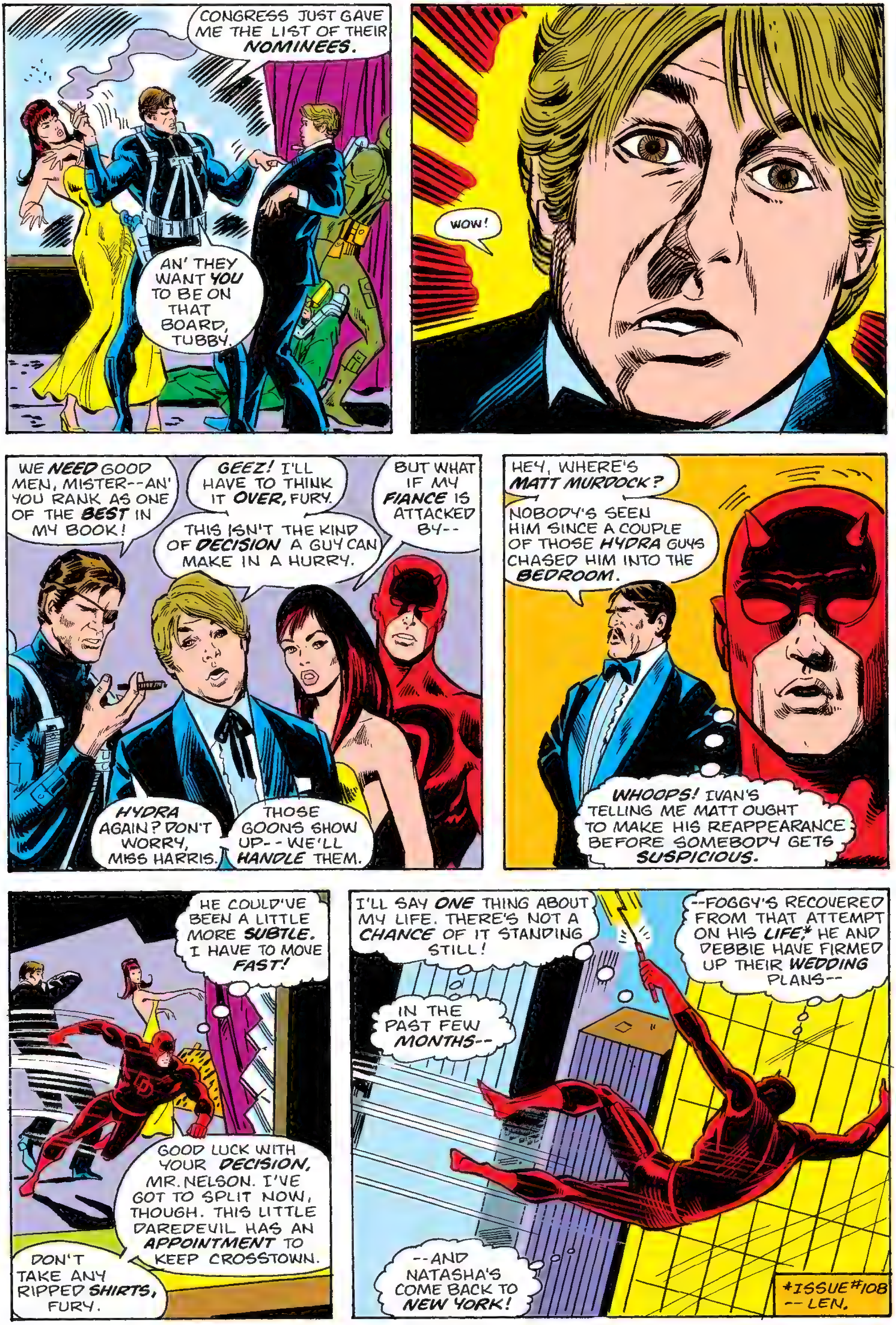
Stan Lee PRESENTS: DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!™

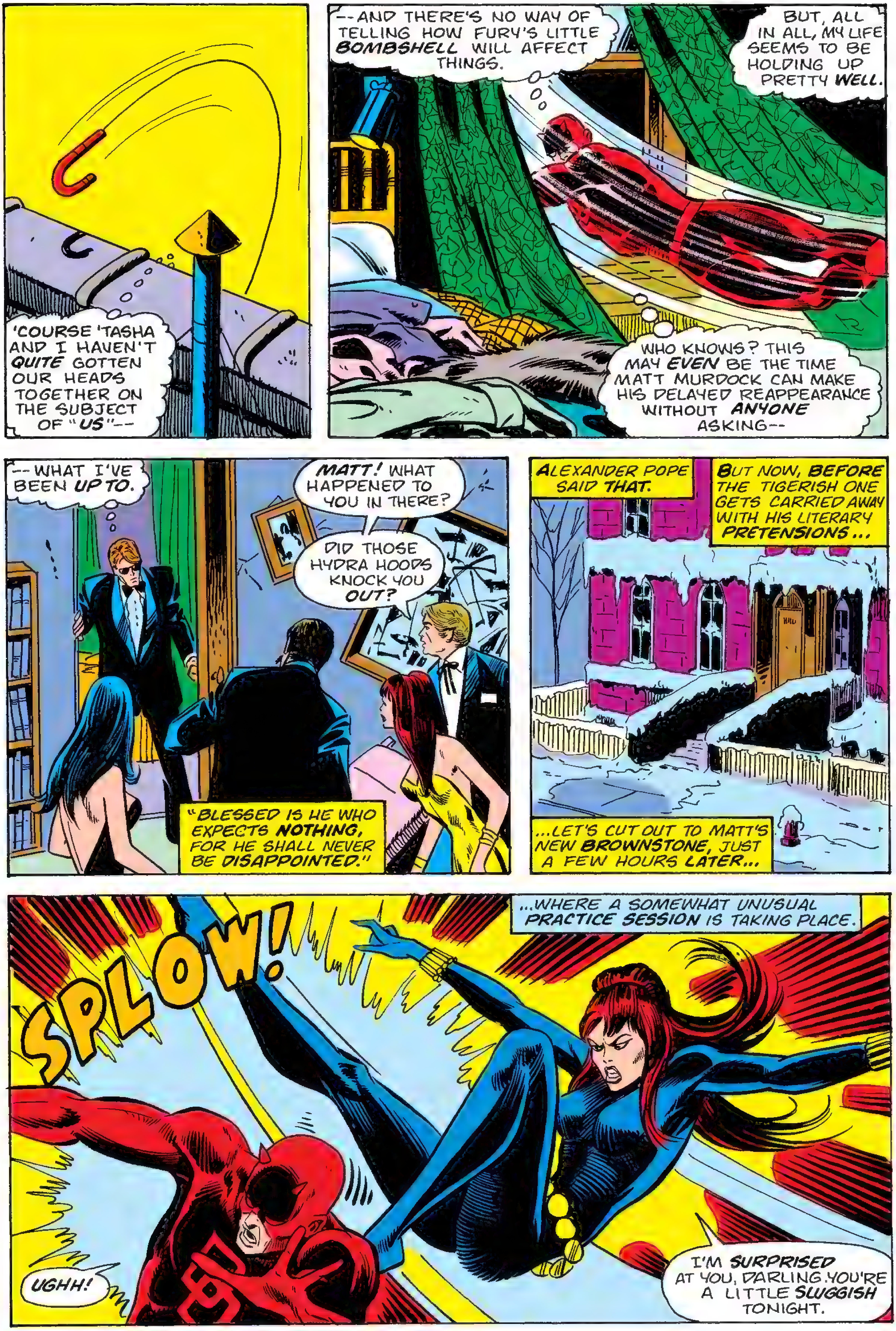
TONY ISABELLA & BOB BROWN / VINCE COLLETTA / LETTERER • KAREN MANTLO / LEN WEIN
WRITER--STORY TELLERS--ARTIST / INKER / COLORIST • DON WARFIELD / EDITOR

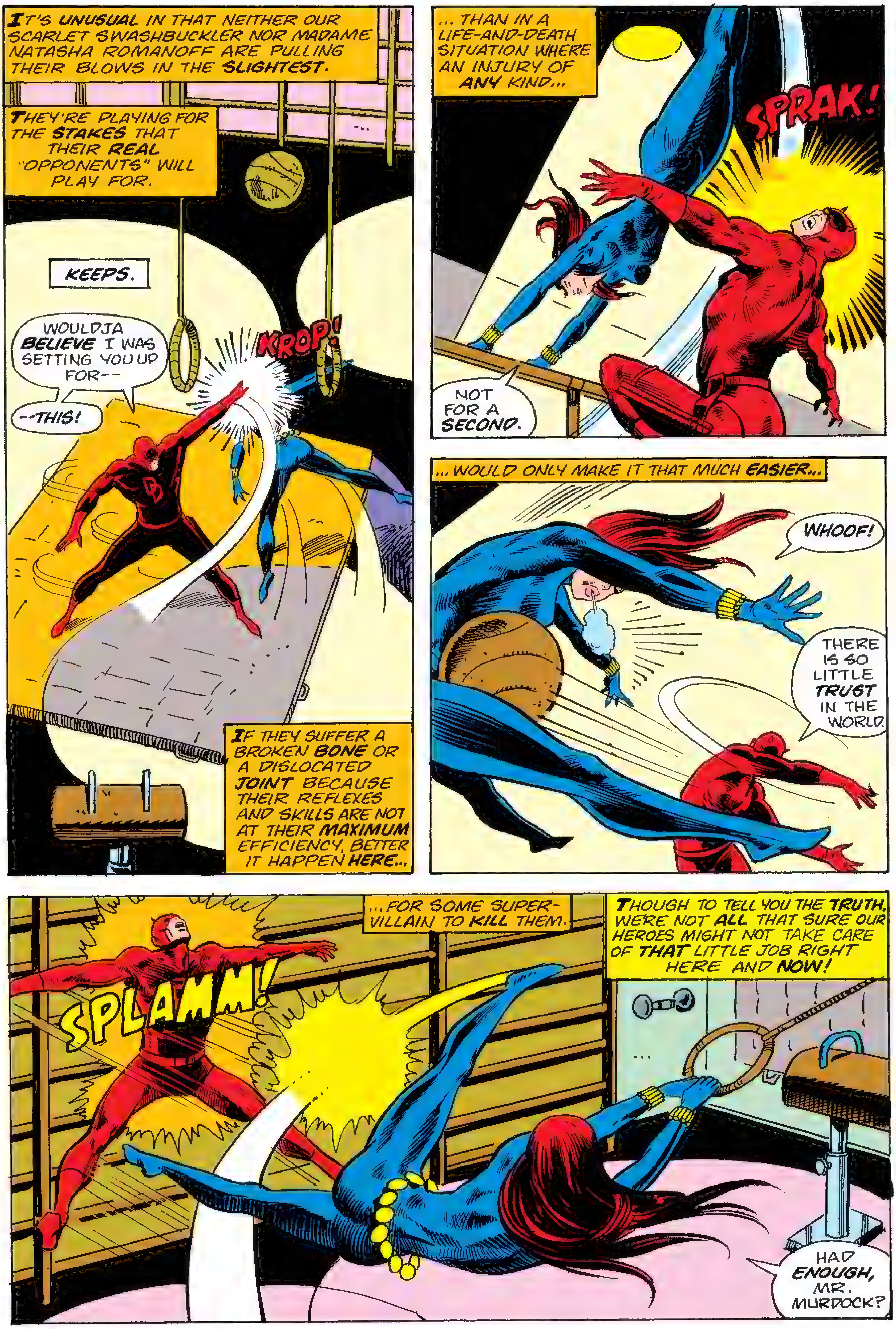
FOGGY NELSON, AGENT OF SHIELD

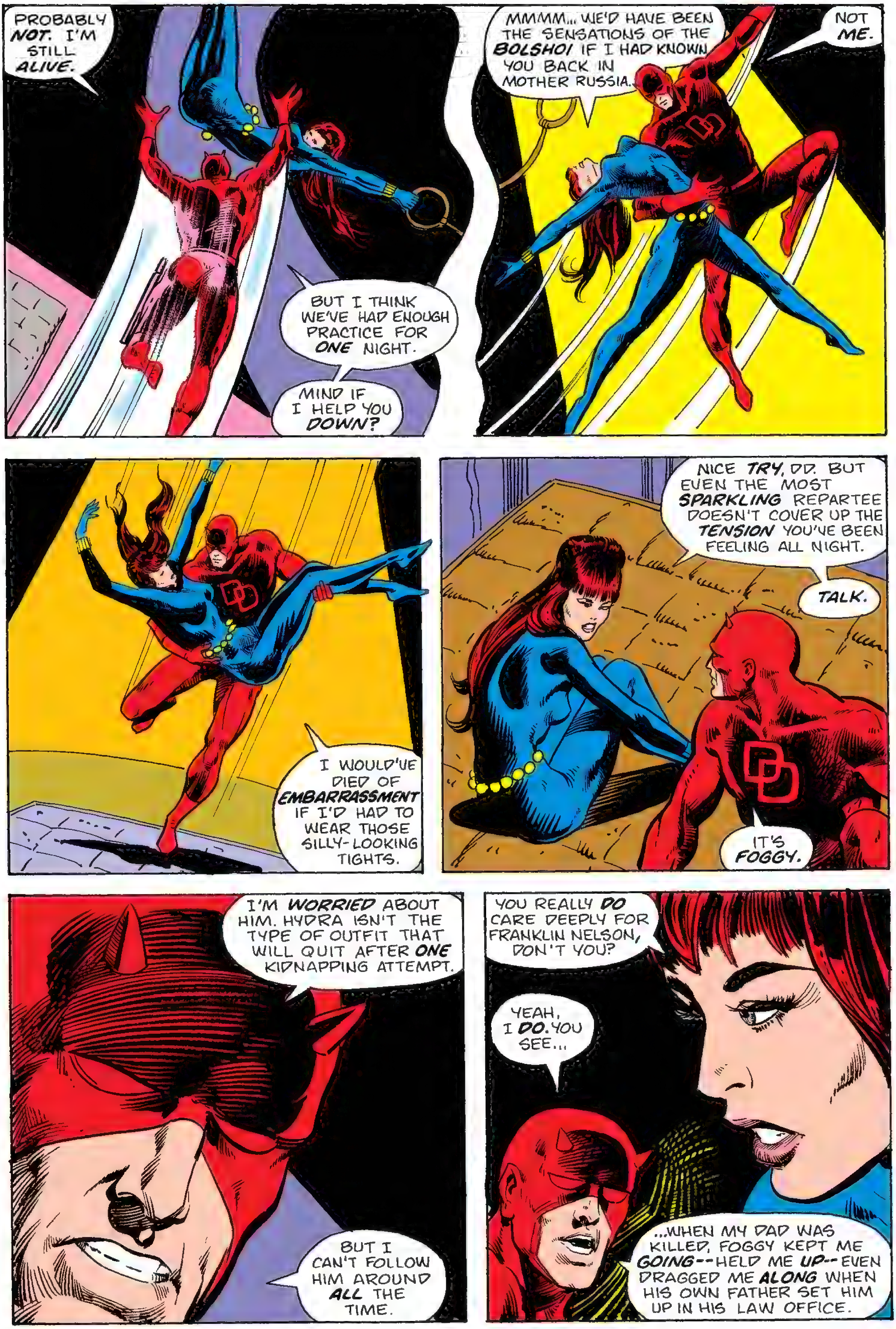

HYDRA WANTED TO GET TO THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY BEFORE WE COULD TALK TO HIM ABOUT A... PROPOSITION. Y'SEE...
...I CAME HERE TO ASK NELSON TO JOIN SHIELD!
WHA--WHA-- WHAT?
FURY, HAVE YOU LOST YOUR MARBLES? FOGGY... ERR, MR. NELSON... ONE OF YOUR AGENTS?
LAST ISSUE: HYDRA'S COMMANDO DIVISION--LED BY THE MAN-MENACE CALLED EL JAGUAR--TRIED TO KIDNAP OUR FAVORITE D.A. AT HIS NEW YEAR'S EVE PARTY. THEY WERE FOILED, OF COURSE, BY OUR OWN SCARLET-SUITED HORN-HEAD.
THIS ISSUE: NICK FURY, RAMROD OF SHIELD CLUES US IN ON WHY HYDRA WANTED TO PUT THE KIBOSH ON FOGGY. OH, YES, WE ALSO HAVE FOR YOU THIS GO-ROUND THE DEVASTATING RETURN OF THE KILLER-ROBOT KNOWN AS DREAD-NOUGHT! (SO LET'S GET IT ON, OKAY?)

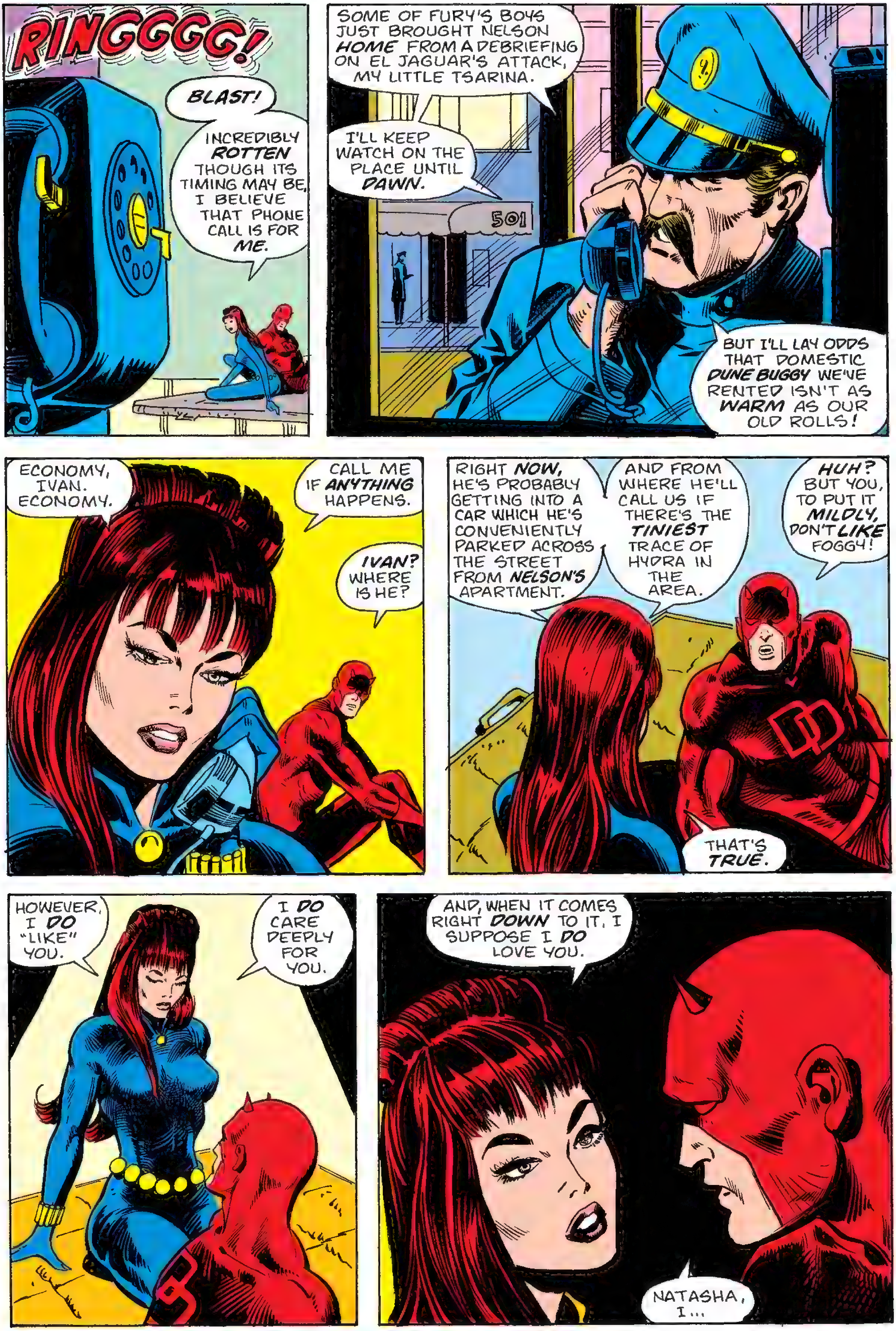

WHAT THE **BLAZES** IS SO WEIRD ABOUT JOINING **SHIELD?** IT HASN'T DONE **ME** ANY HARM!
WE'VE EVEN GOT AN EARLY **RETIREMENT** PLAN!
BUT--BUT --BUT...
COME **OFF** IT, FURY.
I MEAN, I'VE GOT A LOT OF **RESPECT** FOR FRANKLIN NELSON, BUT -- IN CASE YOU HADN'T **NOTICED** -- HE'S NOT EXACTLY YOUR TRIM, SLIM, TWO-FISTED **FIGHTIN' MAN!**
YOU PROBABLY DON'T EVEN MAKE THOSE FUNKY **JUMP SUITS** IN HIS SIZE!
HEY, DID I SAY ANYTHING ABOUT **FIGHTIN'?**
LISTEN TO ME. I'LL USE SMALL WORDS SO'S EVEN **YOU** CAN UNDERSTAND, HORN-HEAD
CONGRESS HAS DECIDED THAT **SHIELD'S** NOT GOING TO BE UNDER **PRESIDENTIAL** CONTROL ANYMORE. **ME,** I COULD CARE LESS, LONG AS WHO'S EVER IN CHARGE LET'S ME DO MY **JOB.**
SO, TO REMOVE ME AND MY BOYS FROM ANY POSSIBLE **POLITICAL** MANIPULATION, THEY MADE ME **DIRECTOR OF OPERATIONS.** YOU CAN SEE HOW **THRILLED** I AM.
SHIELD POLICY, ON THE OTHER HAND, IS GOING TO BE DETERMINED BY A **FIVE-MAN** BOARD OF DIRECTORS-- CHOSEN FROM VARIOUS AREAS OF PUBLIC SERVICE.

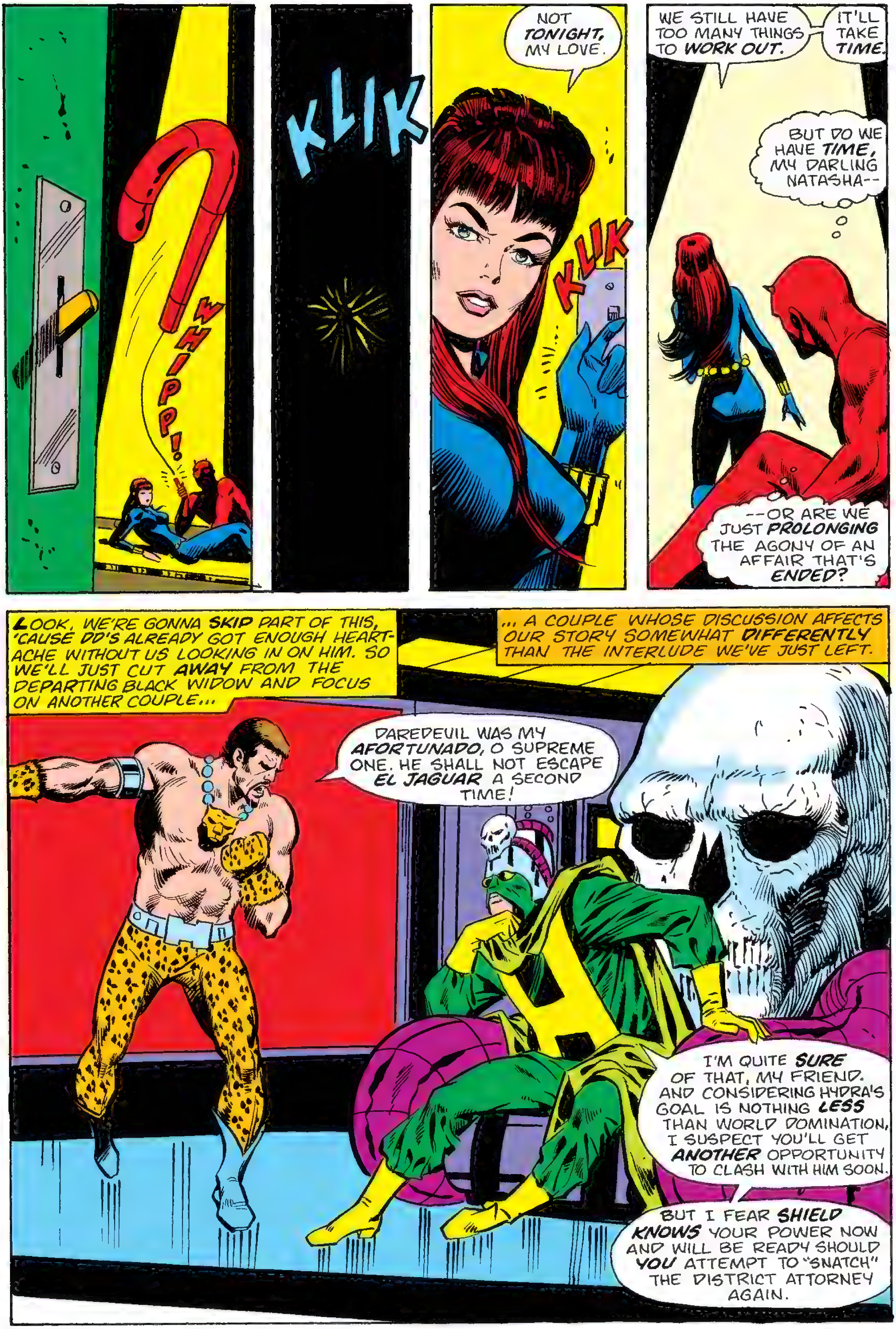

CONGRESS JUST GAVE ME THE LIST OF THEIR NOMINEES.
AN' THEY WANT YOU TO BE ON THAT BOARD, TUBBY.
WOW!
WE NEED GOOD MEN, MISTER--AN' YOU RANK AS ONE OF THE BEST IN MY BOOK!
GEEZ! I'LL HAVE TO THINK IT OVER, FURY.
THIS ISN'T THE KIND OF DECISION A GUY CAN MAKE IN A HURRY.
BUT WHAT IF MY FIANCE IS ATTACKED BY--
HYDRA AGAIN? DON'T WORRY, MISS HARRIS.
THOSE GOONS SHOW UP--WE'LL HANDLE THEM.
HEY, WHERE'S MATT MURDOCK?
NOBODY'S SEEN HIM SINCE A COUPLE OF THOSE HYDRA GUYS CHASED HIM INTO THE BEDROOM.
WHOOPS! IVAN'S TELLING ME MATT OUGHT TO MAKE HIS REAPPEARANCE BEFORE SOMEBODY GETS SUSPICIOUS.
HE COULD'VE BEEN A LITTLE MORE SUBTLE. I HAVE TO MOVE FAST!
GOOD LUCK WITH YOUR DECISION, MR. NELSON. I'VE GOT TO SPLIT NOW, THOUGH. THIS LITTLE DAREDEVIL HAS AN APPOINTMENT TO KEEP CROSSTOWN.
DON'T TAKE ANY RIPPED SHIRTS, FURY.
I'LL SAY ONE THING ABOUT MY LIFE. THERE'S NOT A CHANCE OF IT STANDING STILL!
IN THE PAST FEW MONTHS--
--FOGGY'S RECOVERED FROM THAT ATTEMPT ON HIS LIFE,* HE AND DEBBIE HAVE FIRMED UP THEIR WEDDING PLANS--
--AND NATASHA'S COME BACK TO NEW YORK!
*ISSUE #108 --LEN.

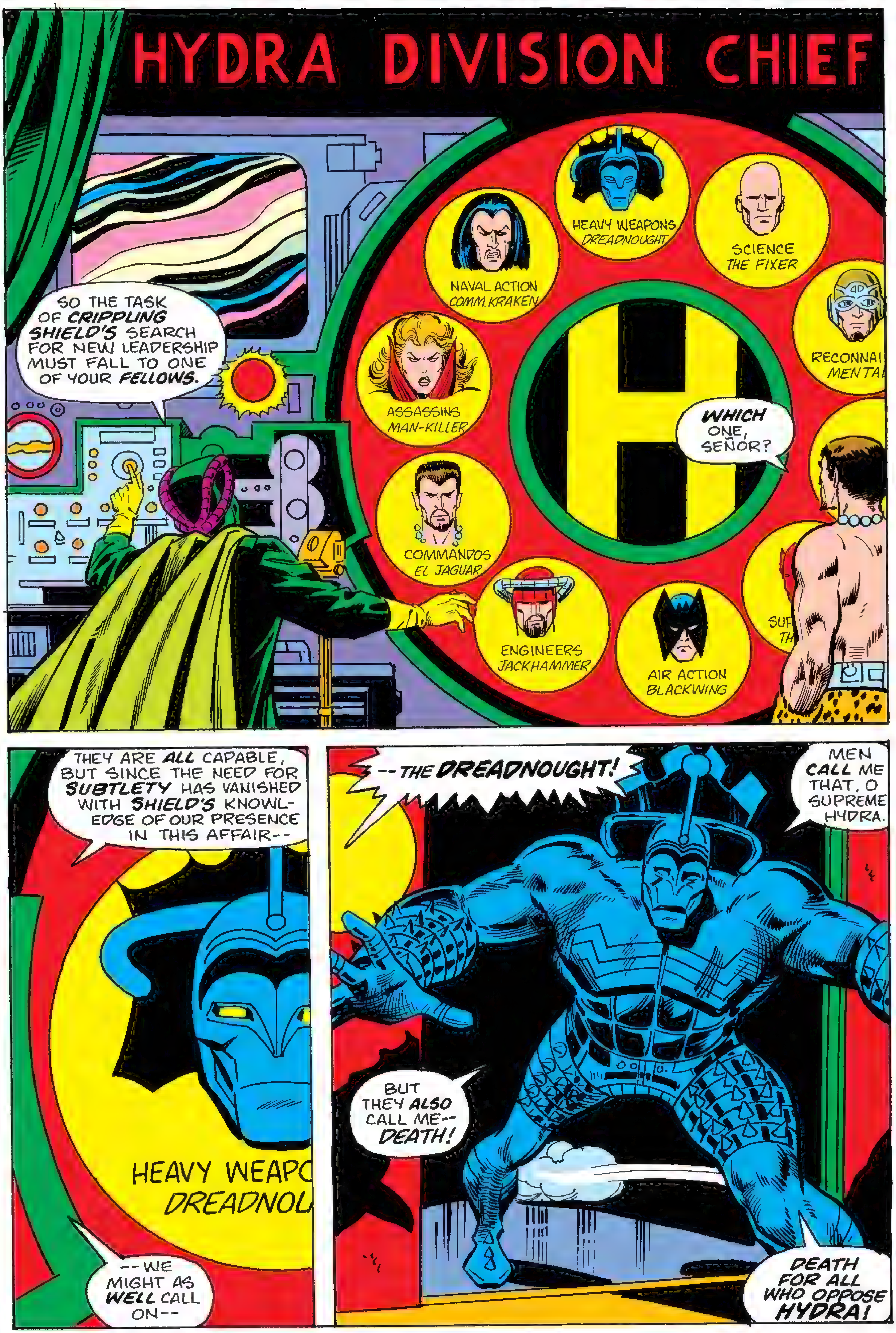

'COURSE 'TASHA AND I HAVEN'T QUITE GOTTEN OUR HEADS TOGETHER ON THE SUBJECT OF "US"--
--AND THERE'S NO WAY OF TELLING HOW FURY'S LITTLE BOMBSHELL WILL AFFECT THINGS.
BUT, ALL IN ALL, MY LIFE SEEMS TO BE HOLDING UP PRETTY WELL.
WHO KNOWS? THIS MAY EVEN BE THE TIME MATT MURDOCK CAN MAKE HIS DELAYED REAPPEARANCE WITHOUT ANYONE ASKING--
--WHAT I'VE BEEN UP TO.
MATT! WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU IN THERE?
DID THOSE HYDRA HOODS KNOCK YOU OUT?
"BLESSED IS HE WHO EXPECTS NOTHING, FOR HE SHALL NEVER BE DISAPPOINTED."
ALEXANDER POPE SAID THAT.
BUT NOW, BEFORE THE TIGERISH ONE GETS CARRIED AWAY WITH HIS LITERARY PRETENSIONS...
...LET'S CUT OUT TO MATT'S NEW BROWNSTONE, JUST A FEW HOURS LATER...
...WHERE A SOMEWHAT UNUSUAL PRACTICE SESSION IS TAKING PLACE.
SPLOW!
UGHH!
I'M SURPRISED AT YOU, DARLING. YOU'RE A LITTLE SLUGGISH TONIGHT.

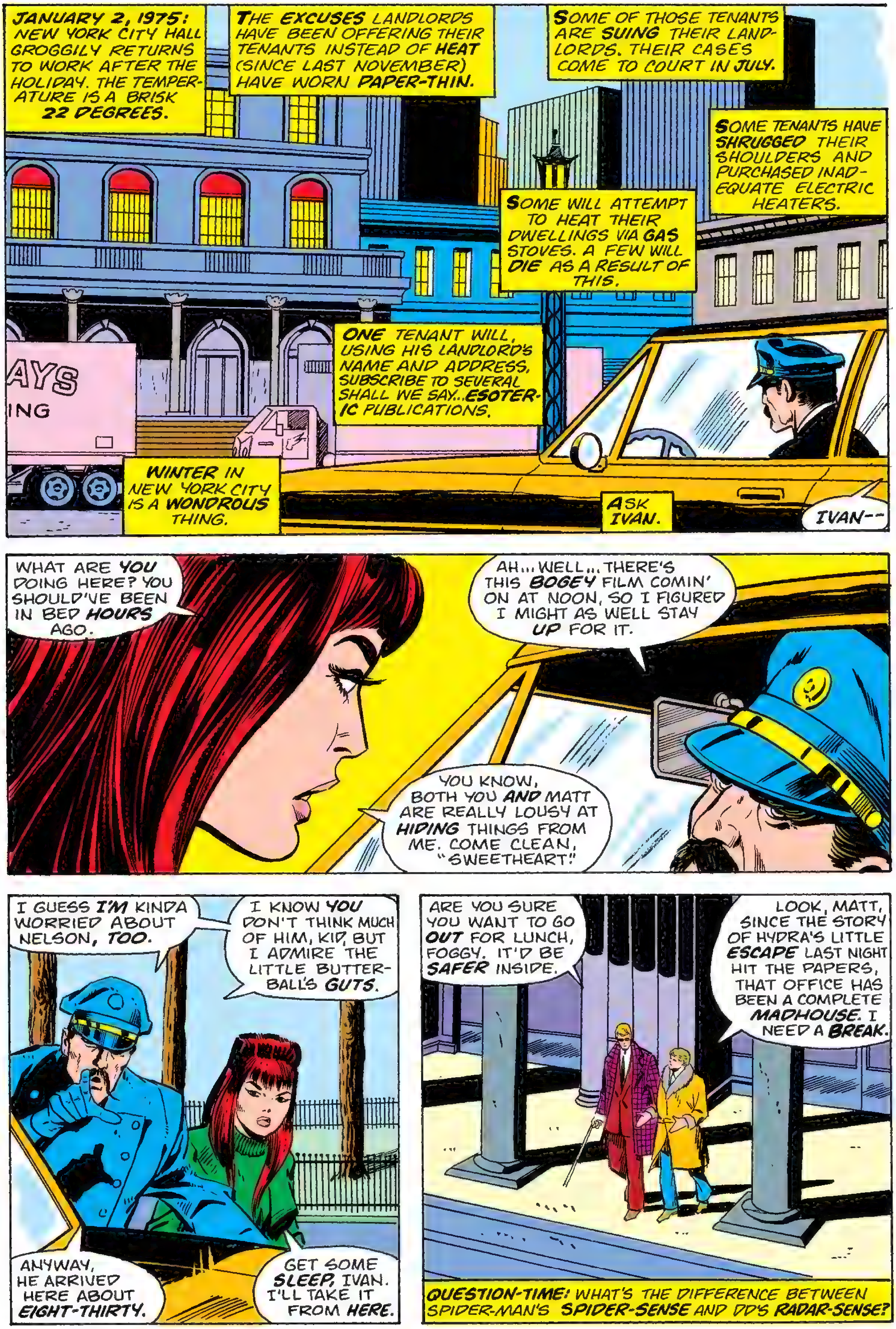

IT'S UNUSUAL IN THAT NEITHER OUR SCARLET SWASHBUCKLER NOR MADAME NATASHA ROMANOFF ARE PULLING THEIR BLOWS IN THE SLIGHTEST.
THEY'RE PLAYING FOR THE STAKES THAT THEIR REAL "OPPONENTS" WILL PLAY FOR.
KEEPS.
WOULDJA BELIEVE I WAS SETTING YOU UP FOR--
--THIS!
KROP!
IF THEY SUFFER A BROKEN BONE OR A DISLOCATED JOINT BECAUSE THEIR REFLEXES AND SKILLS ARE NOT AT THEIR MAXIMUM EFFICIENCY, BETTER IT HAPPEN HERE...
...THAN IN A LIFE-AND-DEATH SITUATION WHERE AN INJURY OF ANY KIND...
SPRAK!
NOT FOR A SECOND.
...WOULD ONLY MAKE IT THAT MUCH EASIER...
WHOOF!
THERE IS SO LITTLE TRUST IN THE WORLD.
...FOR SOME SUPER-VILLAIN TO KILL THEM.
THOUGH TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH, WE'RE NOT ALL THAT SURE OUR HEROES MIGHT NOT TAKE CARE OF THAT LITTLE JOB RIGHT HERE AND NOW!
SPLAMM!
HAD ENOUGH, MR. MURDOCK?

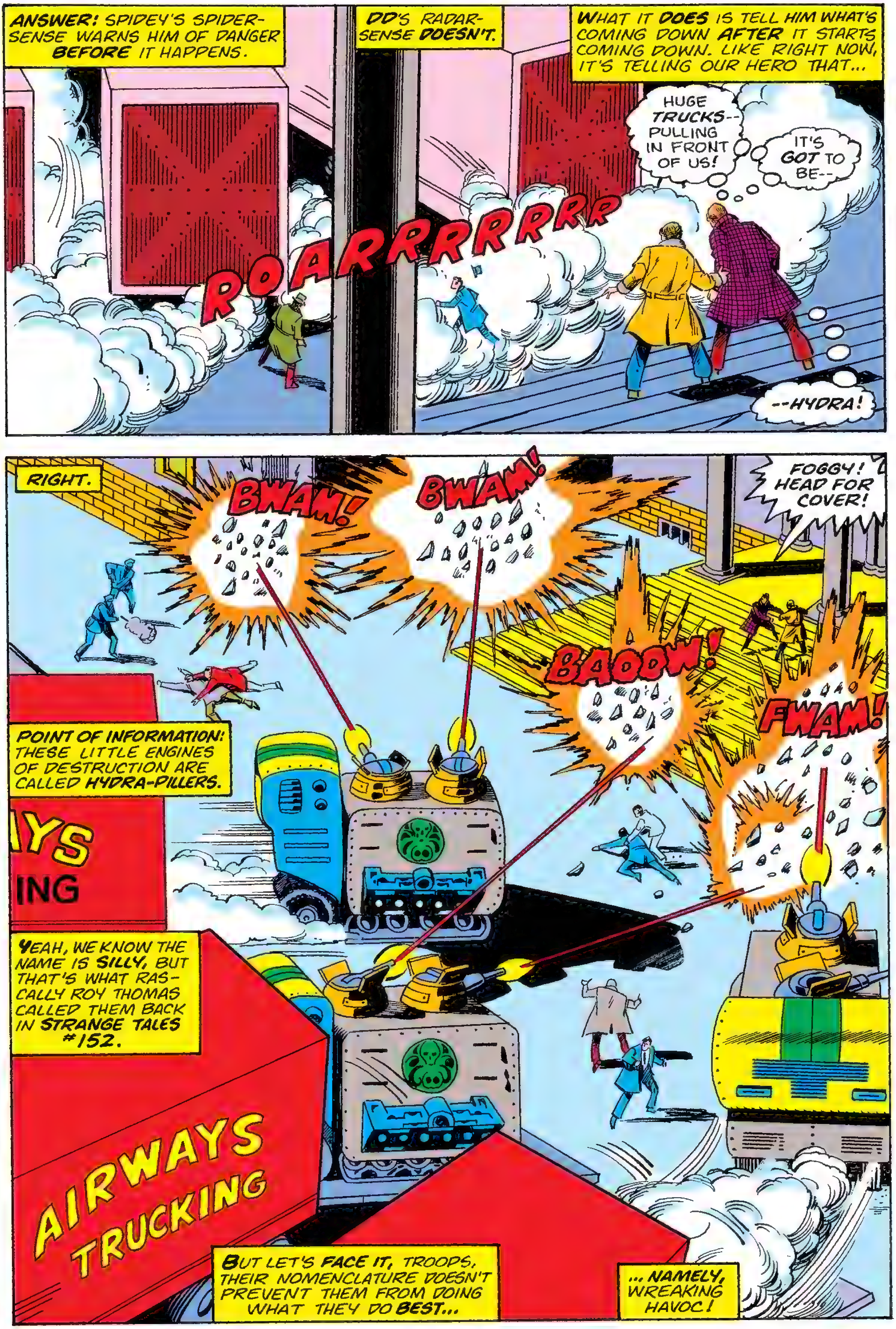

PROBABLY **NOT**. I'M STILL **ALIVE**.
BUT I THINK WE'VE HAD ENOUGH PRACTICE FOR **ONE** NIGHT.
MIND IF I HELP YOU **DOWN?**
MMMM... WE'D HAVE BEEN THE SENSATIONS OF THE **BOLSHOI** IF I HAD KNOWN YOU BACK IN MOTHER RUSSIA.
NOT **ME**.
I WOULD'VE DIED OF **EMBARRASSMENT** IF I'D HAD TO WEAR THOSE SILLY-LOOKING TIGHTS.
NICE **TRY**, DD. BUT EVEN THE MOST **SPARKLING** REPARTEE DOESN'T COVER UP THE **TENSION** YOU'VE BEEN FEELING ALL NIGHT.
TALK.
IT'S **FOGGY.**
I'M **WORRIED** ABOUT HIM. HYDRA ISN'T THE TYPE OF OUTFIT THAT WILL QUIT AFTER **ONE** KIDNAPPING ATTEMPT.
BUT I CAN'T FOLLOW HIM AROUND **ALL** THE TIME.
YOU REALLY **DO** CARE DEEPLY FOR FRANKLIN NELSON, DON'T YOU?
YEAH, I **DO**. YOU SEE...
...WHEN MY DAD WAS KILLED, FOGGY KEPT ME **GOING**--HELD ME **UP**--EVEN DRAGGED ME **ALONG** WHEN HIS OWN FATHER SET HIM UP IN HIS LAW OFFICE.

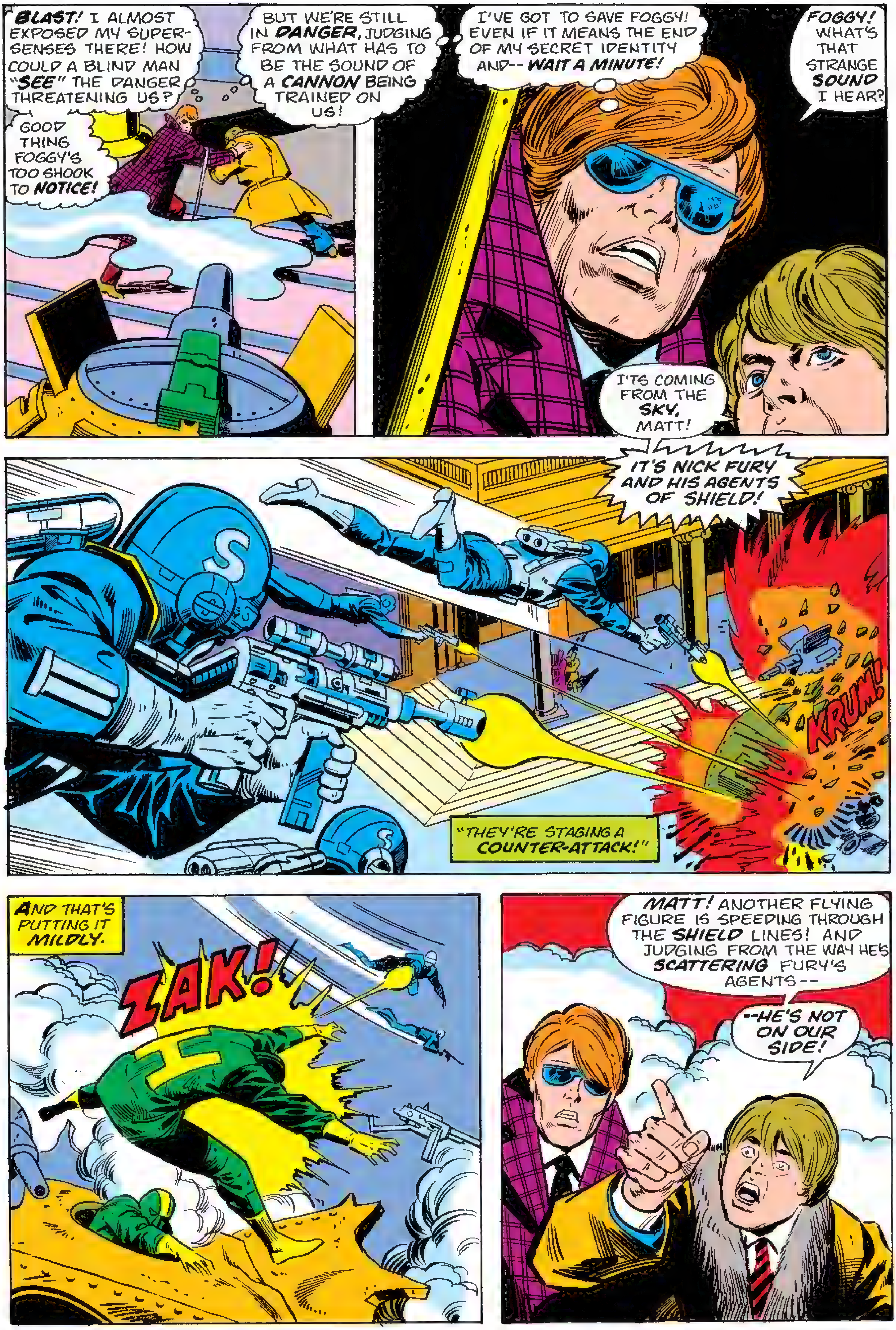

RINGGGG!
BLAST!
INCREDIBLY *ROTTEN* THOUGH ITS TIMING MAY BE, I BELIEVE THAT PHONE CALL IS FOR *ME.*
SOME OF FURY'S BOYS JUST BROUGHT NELSON *HOME* FROM A DEBRIEFING ON EL JAGUAR'S ATTACK, MY LITTLE TSARINA.
I'LL KEEP WATCH ON THE PLACE UNTIL *DAWN.*
501
BUT I'LL LAY ODDS THAT DOMESTIC *DUNE BUGGY* WE'VE RENTED ISN'T AS *WARM* AS OUR OLD ROLLS!
ECONOMY, IVAN. ECONOMY.
CALL ME IF *ANYTHING* HAPPENS.
IVAN? WHERE IS HE?
RIGHT *NOW,* HE'S PROBABLY GETTING INTO A CAR WHICH HE'S CONVENIENTLY PARKED ACROSS THE STREET FROM *NELSON'S* APARTMENT.
AND FROM WHERE HE'LL CALL US IF THERE'S THE *TINIEST* TRACE OF HYDRA IN THE AREA.
HUH? BUT YOU, TO PUT IT *MILDLY,* DON'T *LIKE* FOGGY!
THAT'S *TRUE.*
HOWEVER, I *DO* "LIKE" YOU.
I *DO* CARE DEEPLY FOR YOU.
AND, WHEN IT COMES RIGHT *DOWN* TO IT, I SUPPOSE I *DO* LOVE YOU.
NATASHA, I...

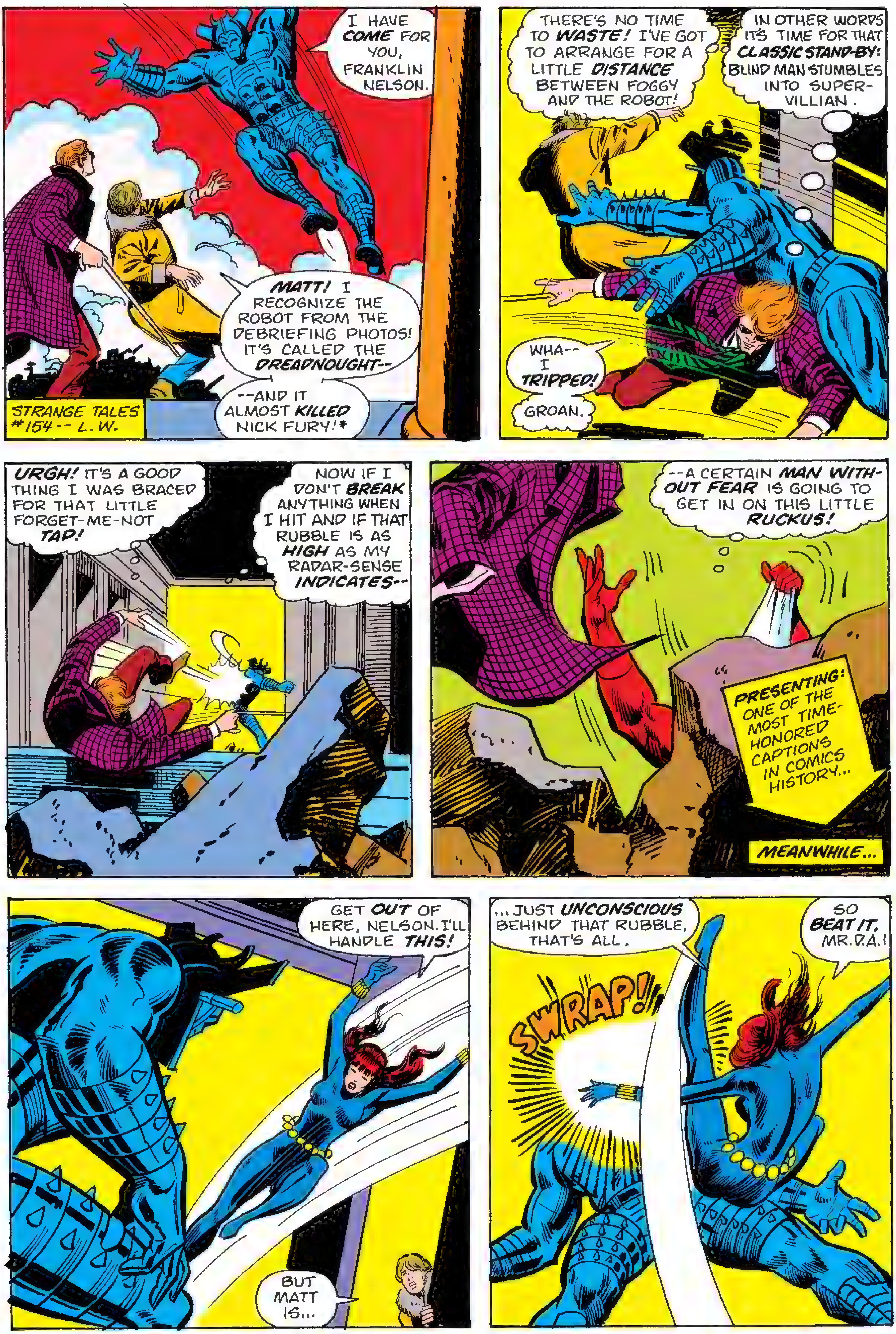

WHIPP!
KLIK
NOT *TONIGHT,* MY LOVE.
KLIK
WE STILL HAVE TOO MANY THINGS TO *WORK OUT.*
IT'LL TAKE *TIME.*
BUT DO WE HAVE *TIME,* MY DARLING NATASHA--
--OR ARE WE JUST *PROLONGING* THE AGONY OF AN AFFAIR THAT'S *ENDED?*
LOOK, WE'RE GONNA *SKIP* PART OF THIS, 'CAUSE *DD'S* ALREADY GOT ENOUGH HEARTACHE WITHOUT US LOOKING IN ON HIM. SO WE'LL JUST CUT *AWAY* FROM THE DEPARTING BLACK WIDOW AND FOCUS ON ANOTHER COUPLE...
... A COUPLE WHOSE DISCUSSION AFFECTS OUR STORY SOMEWHAT *DIFFERENTLY* THAN THE INTERLUDE WE'VE JUST LEFT.
DAREDEVIL WAS MY *AFORTUNADO,* O SUPREME ONE. HE SHALL NOT ESCAPE *EL JAGUAR* A SECOND TIME!
I'M QUITE *SURE* OF THAT, MY FRIEND. AND CONSIDERING HYDRA'S GOAL IS NOTHING *LESS* THAN WORLD DOMINATION, I SUSPECT YOU'LL GET *ANOTHER* OPPORTUNITY TO CLASH WITH HIM SOON.
BUT I FEAR *SHIELD KNOWS* YOUR POWER NOW AND WILL BE READY SHOULD *YOU* ATTEMPT TO "SNATCH" THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY AGAIN.

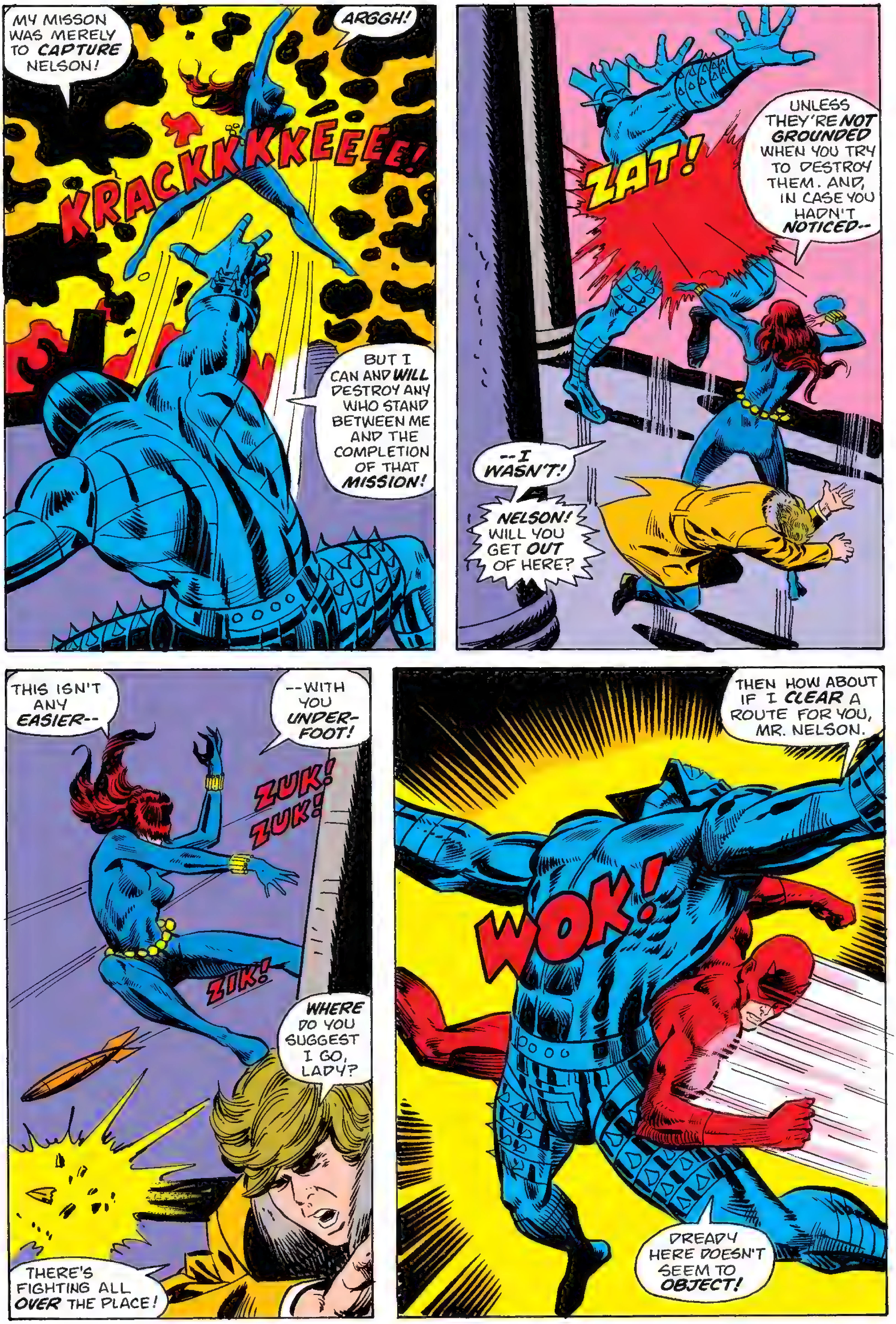

HYDRA DIVISION CHIEF
SO THE TASK OF CRIPPLING SHIELD'S SEARCH FOR NEW LEADERSHIP MUST FALL TO ONE OF YOUR FELLOWS.
NAVAL ACTION COMM. KRAKEN
HEAVY WEAPONS DREADNOUGHT
SCIENCE THE FIXER
RECONNAI MENTA
ASSASSINS MAN-KILLER
COMMANDOS EL JAGUAR
ENGINEERS JACKHAMMER
AIR ACTION BLACKWING
SUP TH
WHICH ONE, SEÑOR?
THEY ARE ALL CAPABLE, BUT SINCE THE NEED FOR SUBTLETY HAS VANISHED WITH SHIELD'S KNOWLEDGE OF OUR PRESENCE IN THIS AFFAIR--
HEAVY WEAPO DREADNOU
--WE MIGHT AS WELL CALL ON--
--THE DREADNOUGHT!
MEN CALL ME THAT, O SUPREME HYDRA.
BUT THEY ALSO CALL ME-- DEATH!
DEATH FOR ALL WHO OPPOSE HYDRA!

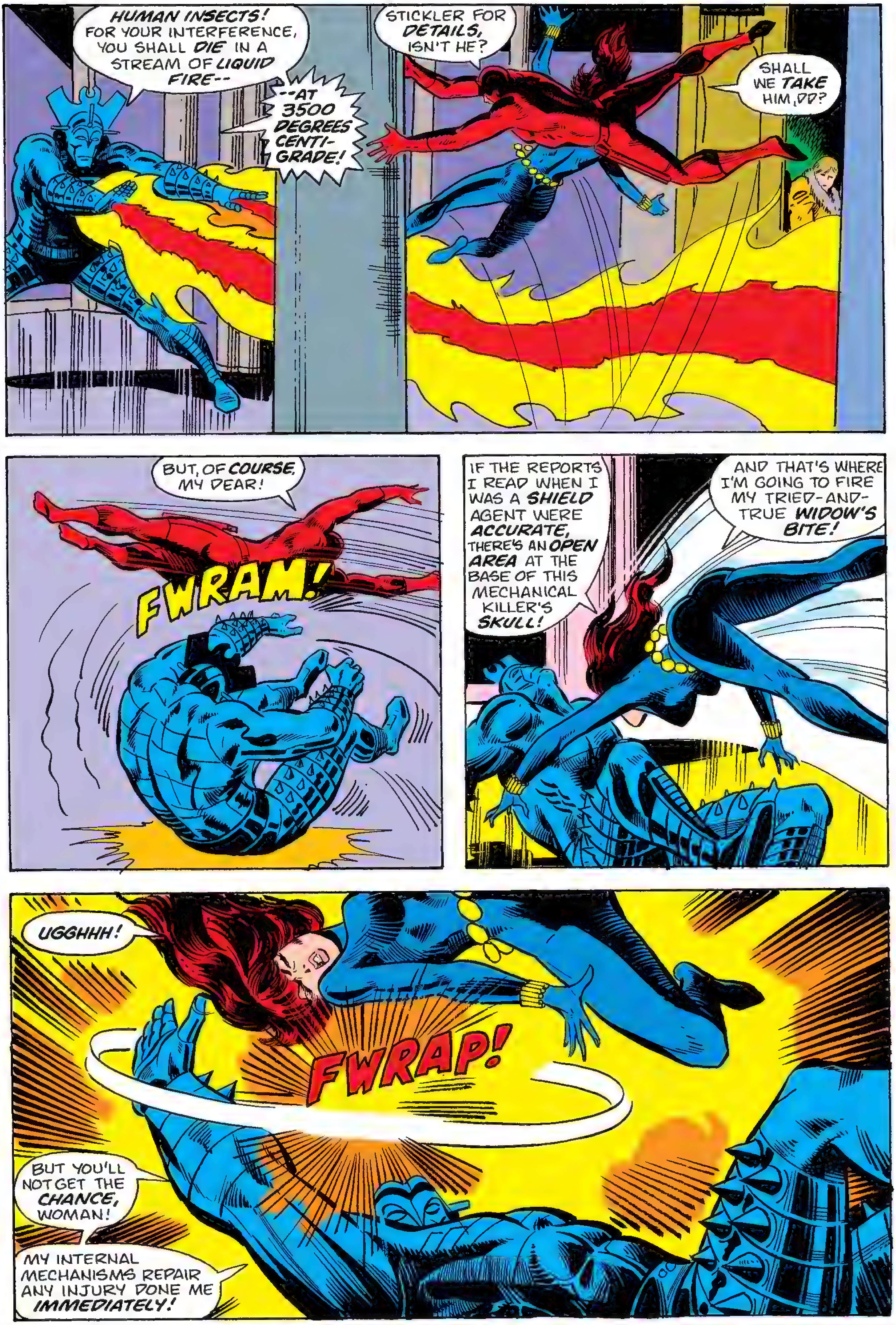

JANUARY 2, 1975: NEW YORK CITY HALL GROGGILY RETURNS TO WORK AFTER THE HOLIDAY. THE TEMPERATURE IS A BRISK 22 DEGREES.
THE EXCUSES LANDLORDS HAVE BEEN OFFERING THEIR TENANTS INSTEAD OF HEAT (SINCE LAST NOVEMBER) HAVE WORN PAPER-THIN.
SOME OF THOSE TENANTS ARE SUING THEIR LANDLORDS. THEIR CASES COME TO COURT IN JULY.
SOME TENANTS HAVE SHRUGGED THEIR SHOULDERS AND PURCHASED INADEQUATE ELECTRIC HEATERS.
SOME WILL ATTEMPT TO HEAT THEIR DWELLINGS VIA GAS STOVES. A FEW WILL DIE AS A RESULT OF THIS.
ONE TENANT WILL, USING HIS LANDLORD'S NAME AND ADDRESS, SUBSCRIBE TO SEVERAL SHALL WE SAY...ESOTERIC PUBLICATIONS.
AYS
ING
WINTER IN NEW YORK CITY IS A WONDROUS THING.
ASK IVAN.
IVAN--
WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? YOU SHOULD'VE BEEN IN BED HOURS AGO.
AH... WELL... THERE'S THIS BOGEY FILM COMIN' ON AT NOON, SO I FIGURED I MIGHT AS WELL STAY UP FOR IT.
YOU KNOW, BOTH YOU AND MATT ARE REALLY LOUSY AT HIDING THINGS FROM ME. COME CLEAN, "SWEETHEART."
I GUESS I'M KINDA WORRIED ABOUT NELSON, TOO.
I KNOW YOU DON'T THINK MUCH OF HIM, KID, BUT I ADMIRE THE LITTLE BUTTERBALL'S GUTS.
ANYWAY, HE ARRIVED HERE ABOUT EIGHT-THIRTY.
GET SOME SLEEP, IVAN. I'LL TAKE IT FROM HERE.
ARE YOU SURE YOU WANT TO GO OUT FOR LUNCH, FOGGY. IT'D BE SAFER INSIDE.
LOOK, MATT, SINCE THE STORY OF HYDRA'S LITTLE ESCAPE LAST NIGHT HIT THE PAPERS, THAT OFFICE HAS BEEN A COMPLETE MADHOUSE. I NEED A BREAK.
QUESTION-TIME: WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN SPIDER-MAN'S SPIDER-SENSE AND DD'S RADAR-SENSE?

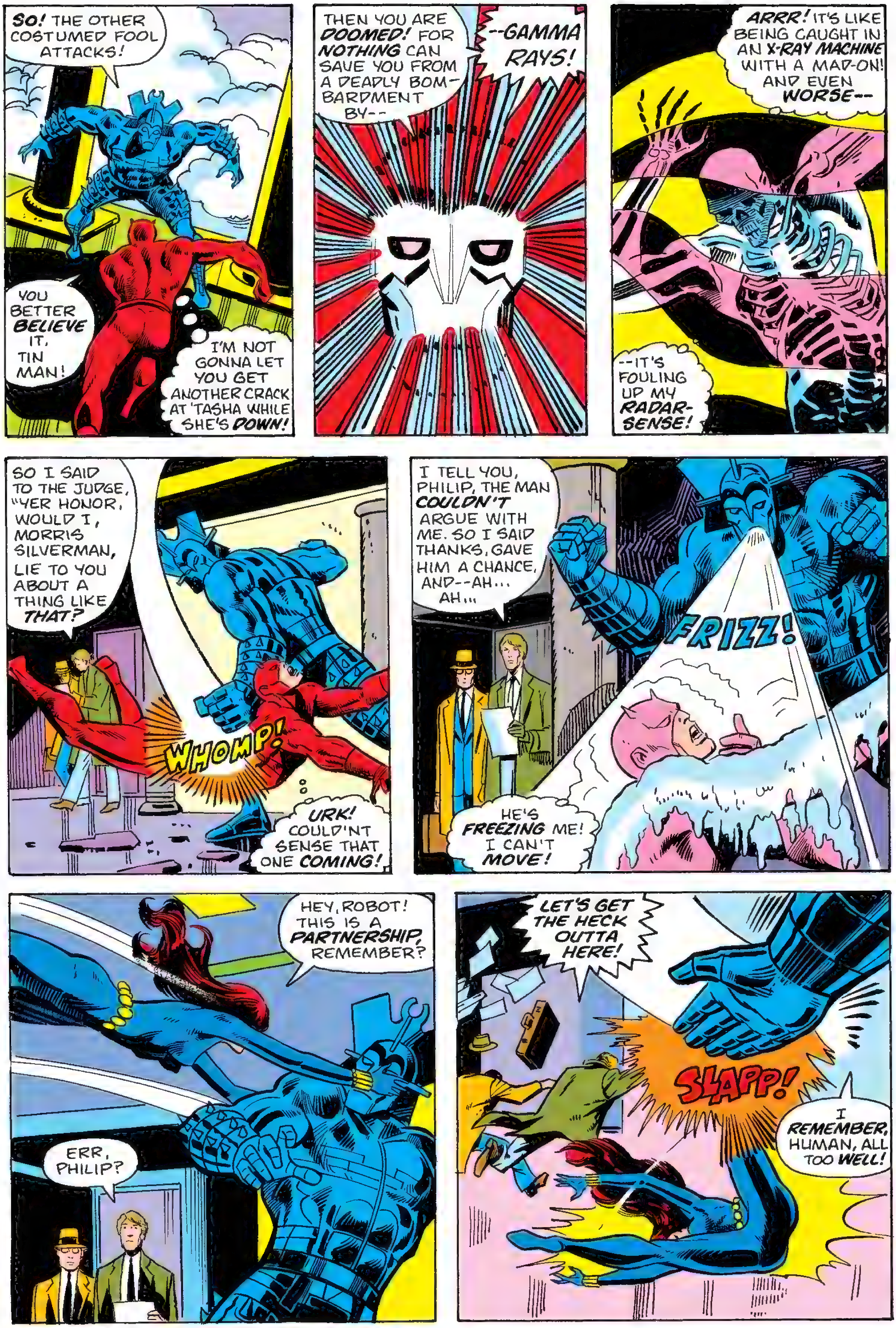

ANSWER: SPIDEY'S SPIDER-SENSE WARNS HIM OF DANGER BEFORE IT HAPPENS.
DD'S RADAR-SENSE DOESN'T.
WHAT IT DOES IS TELL HIM WHAT'S COMING DOWN AFTER IT STARTS COMING DOWN. LIKE RIGHT NOW, IT'S TELLING OUR HERO THAT...
ROARRRRRRRR
HUGE TRUCKS-- PULLING IN FRONT OF US!
IT'S GOT TO BE--
--HYDRA!
RIGHT.
BWAM!
BWAM!
FOGGY! HEAD FOR COVER!
BAOOW!
FWAM!
POINT OF INFORMATION: THESE LITTLE ENGINES OF DESTRUCTION ARE CALLED HYDRA-PILLERS.
YEAH, WE KNOW THE NAME IS SILLY, BUT THAT'S WHAT RASCALLY ROY THOMAS CALLED THEM BACK IN STRANGE TALES #152.
AIRWAYS TRUCKING
BUT LET'S FACE IT, TROOPS, THEIR NOMENCLATURE DOESN'T PREVENT THEM FROM DOING WHAT THEY DO BEST...
...NAMELY, WREAKING HAVOC!

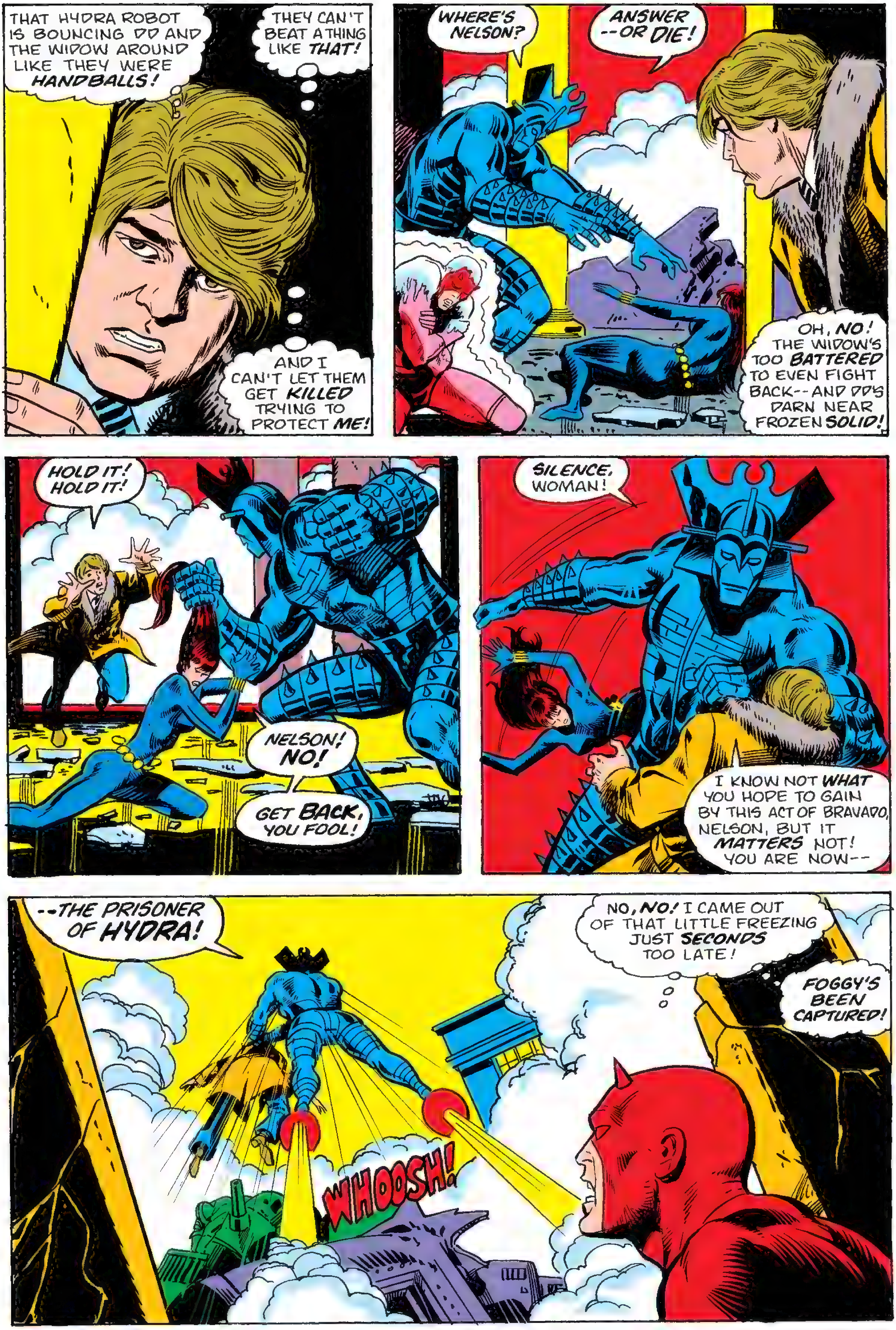

BLAST! I ALMOST EXPOSED MY SUPER-SENSES THERE! HOW COULD A BLIND MAN "SEE" THE DANGER THREATENING US?
GOOD THING FOGGY'S TOO SHOOK TO NOTICE!
BUT WE'RE STILL IN DANGER, JUDGING FROM WHAT HAS TO BE THE SOUND OF A CANNON BEING TRAINED ON US!
I'VE GOT TO SAVE FOGGY! EVEN IF IT MEANS THE END OF MY SECRET IDENTITY AND-- WAIT A MINUTE!
FOGGY! WHAT'S THAT STRANGE SOUND I HEAR?
IT'S COMING FROM THE SKY, MATT!
IT'S NICK FURY AND HIS AGENTS OF SHIELD!
KRUM!
"THEY'RE STAGING A COUNTER-ATTACK!"
AND THAT'S PUTTING IT MILDLY.
ZAK!
MATT! ANOTHER FLYING FIGURE IS SPEEDING THROUGH THE SHIELD LINES! AND JUDGING FROM THE WAY HE'S SCATTERING FURY'S AGENTS --
--HE'S NOT ON OUR SIDE!

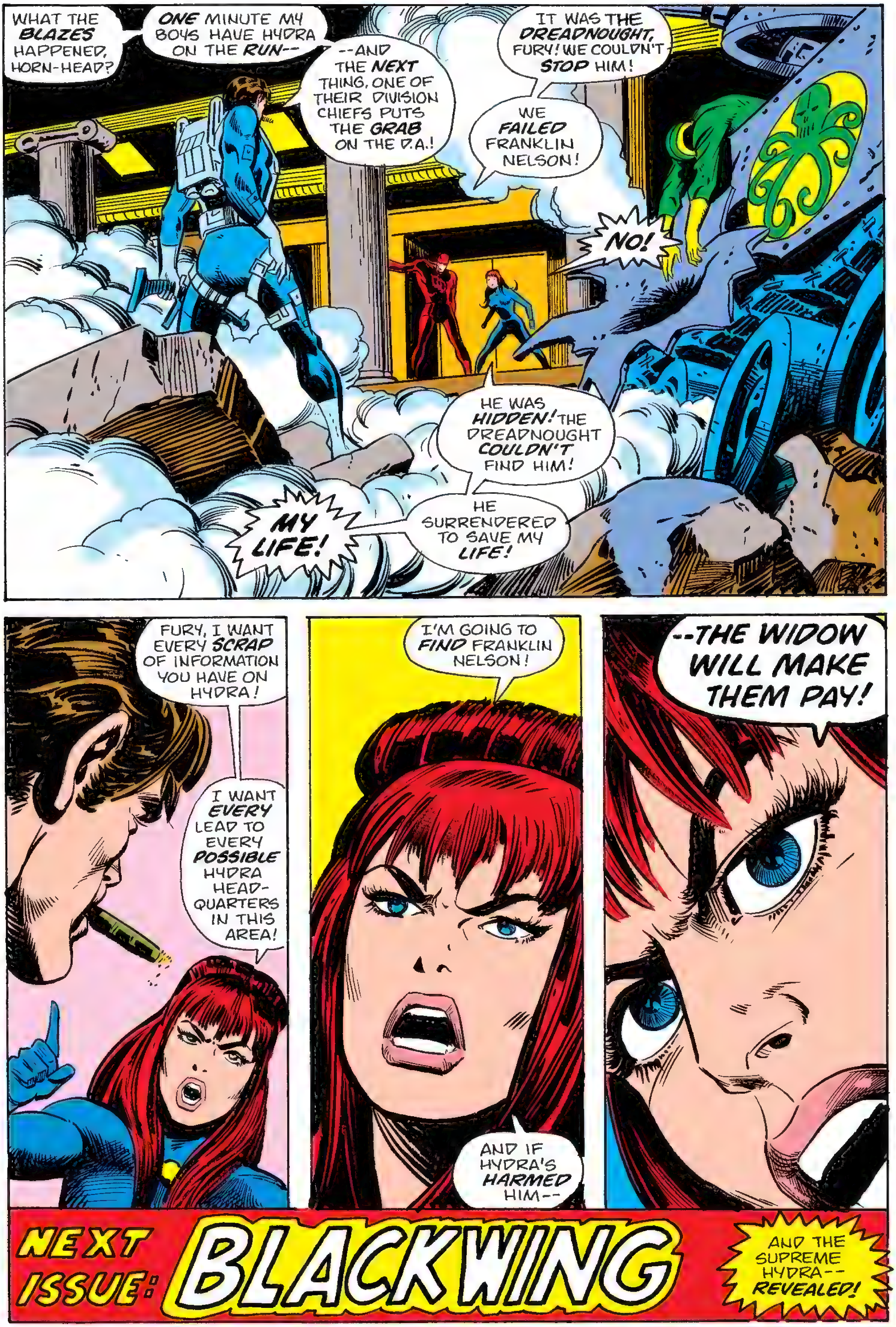

I HAVE COME FOR YOU, FRANKLIN NELSON.
MATT! I RECOGNIZE THE ROBOT FROM THE DEBRIEFING PHOTOS! IT'S CALLED THE DREADNOUGHT--
--AND IT ALMOST KILLED NICK FURY!*
STRANGE TALES #154 -- L.W.
THERE'S NO TIME TO WASTE! I'VE GOT TO ARRANGE FOR A LITTLE DISTANCE BETWEEN FOGGY AND THE ROBOT!
IN OTHER WORDS IT'S TIME FOR THAT CLASSIC STAND-BY: BLIND MAN STUMBLES INTO SUPER-VILLIAN.
WHA-- I TRIPPED!
GROAN.
URGH! IT'S A GOOD THING I WAS BRACED FOR THAT LITTLE FORGET-ME-NOT TAP!
NOW IF I DON'T BREAK ANYTHING WHEN I HIT AND IF THAT RUBBLE IS AS HIGH AS MY RADAR-SENSE INDICATES--
--A CERTAIN MAN WITHOUT FEAR IS GOING TO GET IN ON THIS LITTLE RUCKUS!
PRESENTING: ONE OF THE MOST TIME-HONORED CAPTIONS IN COMICS HISTORY...
MEANWHILE...
GET OUT OF HERE, NELSON. I'LL HANDLE THIS!
BUT MATT IS...
...JUST UNCONSCIOUS BEHIND THAT RUBBLE, THAT'S ALL.
SO BEAT IT, MR. D.A.!
SWRAP!


MY MISSON WAS MERELY TO CAPTURE NELSON!
ARGGH!
KRACKKKKKEEEEE!
BUT I CAN AND WILL DESTROY ANY WHO STAND BETWEEN ME AND THE COMPLETION OF THAT MISSION!
ZAT!
UNLESS THEY'RE NOT GROUNDED WHEN YOU TRY TO DESTROY THEM. AND, IN CASE YOU HADN'T NOTICED--
--I WASN'T!
NELSON! WILL YOU GET OUT OF HERE?
THIS ISN'T ANY EASIER--
--WITH YOU UNDER-FOOT!
ZUK! ZUK!
ZIK!
WHERE DO YOU SUGGEST I GO, LADY?
THERE'S FIGHTING ALL OVER THE PLACE!
THEN HOW ABOUT IF I CLEAR A ROUTE FOR YOU, MR. NELSON.
WOK!
DREADY HERE DOESN'T SEEM TO OBJECT!


HUMAN INSECTS! FOR YOUR INTERFERENCE, YOU SHALL DIE IN A STREAM OF LIQUID FIRE--
--AT 3500 DEGREES CENTI-GRADE!
STICKLER FOR DETAILS, ISN'T HE?
SHALL WE TAKE HIM, DD?
BUT, OF COURSE, MY DEAR!
FWRAM!
IF THE REPORTS I READ WHEN I WAS A SHIELD AGENT WERE ACCURATE, THERE'S AN OPEN AREA AT THE BASE OF THIS MECHANICAL KILLER'S SKULL!
AND THAT'S WHERE I'M GOING TO FIRE MY TRIED-AND-TRUE WIDOW'S BITE!
UGGHHH!
FWRAP!
BUT YOU'LL NOT GET THE CHANCE, WOMAN!
MY INTERNAL MECHANISMS REPAIR ANY INJURY DONE ME IMMEDIATELY!


SO! THE OTHER COSTUMED FOOL ATTACKS!
YOU BETTER BELIEVE IT, TIN MAN!
I'M NOT GONNA LET YOU GET ANOTHER CRACK AT 'TASHA WHILE SHE'S DOWN!
THEN YOU ARE DOOMED! FOR NOTHING CAN SAVE YOU FROM A DEADLY BOMBARDMENT BY--
--GAMMA RAYS!
ARRR! IT'S LIKE BEING CAUGHT IN AN X-RAY MACHINE WITH A MAD-ON! AND EVEN WORSE--
--IT'S FOULING UP MY RADAR-SENSE!
SO I SAID TO THE JUDGE, "YER HONOR, WOULD I, MORRIS SILVERMAN, LIE TO YOU ABOUT A THING LIKE THAT?
WHOMP!
URK! COULD'NT SENSE THAT ONE COMING!
I TELL YOU, PHILIP, THE MAN COULDN'T ARGUE WITH ME. SO I SAID THANKS, GAVE HIM A CHANCE, AND--AH... AH...
FRIZZ!
HE'S FREEZING ME! I CAN'T MOVE!
HEY, ROBOT! THIS IS A PARTNERSHIP, REMEMBER?
ERR, PHILIP?
LET'S GET THE HECK OUTTA HERE!
SLAPP!
I REMEMBER, HUMAN, ALL TOO WELL!


THAT HYDRA ROBOT IS BOUNCING DD AND THE WIDOW AROUND LIKE THEY WERE HANDBALLS!
THEY CAN'T BEAT A THING LIKE THAT!
AND I CAN'T LET THEM GET KILLED TRYING TO PROTECT ME!
WHERE'S NELSON?
ANSWER --OR DIE!
OH, NO! THE WIDOW'S TOO BATTERED TO EVEN FIGHT BACK--AND DD'S DARN NEAR FROZEN SOLID!
HOLD IT! HOLD IT!
NELSON! NO!
GET BACK, YOU FOOL!
SILENCE, WOMAN!
I KNOW NOT WHAT YOU HOPE TO GAIN BY THIS ACT OF BRAVADO, NELSON, BUT IT MATTERS NOT! YOU ARE NOW--
--THE PRISONER OF HYDRA!
NO, NO! I CAME OUT OF THAT LITTLE FREEZING JUST SECONDS TOO LATE!
FOGGY'S BEEN CAPTURED!
WHOOSH!

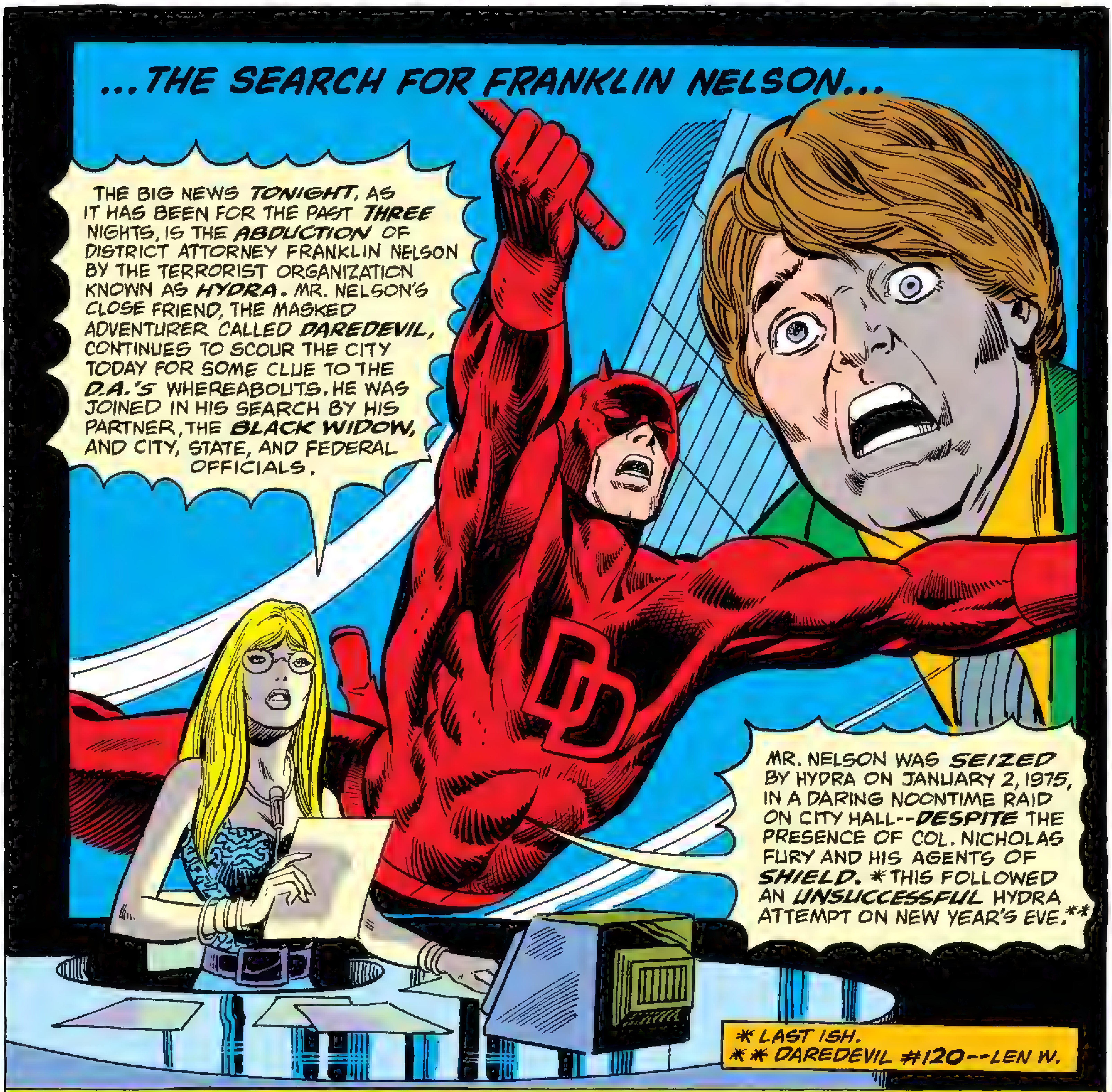

WHAT THE BLAZES HAPPENED, HORN-HEAD?
ONE MINUTE MY BOYS HAVE HYDRA ON THE RUN--
--AND THE NEXT THING, ONE OF THEIR DIVISION CHIEFS PUTS THE GRAB ON THE D.A.!
IT WAS THE DREADNOUGHT, FURY! WE COULDN'T STOP HIM!
WE FAILED FRANKLIN NELSON!
NO!
HE WAS HIDDEN! THE DREADNOUGHT COULDN'T FIND HIM!
HE SURRENDERED TO SAVE MY LIFE!
MY LIFE!
FURY, I WANT EVERY SCRAP OF INFORMATION YOU HAVE ON HYDRA!
I WANT EVERY LEAD TO EVERY POSSIBLE HYDRA HEAD-QUARTERS IN THIS AREA!
I'M GOING TO FIND FRANKLIN NELSON!
AND IF HYDRA'S HARMED HIM--
--THE WIDOW WILL MAKE THEM PAY!
NEXT ISSUE: BLACKWING
AND THE SUPREME HYDRA--REVEALED!

DAREDEVIL
MARVEL COMICS GROUP™
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
25¢
122
JUNE
02459
DAREDEVIL®
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!
™
™
FEATURING: The DEADLY BLACK WIDOW VS. THE SAVAGE EL JAGUAR!
IT'S GONNA BE ONE OF THOSE REALLY BAD DAYS!
AND JUST WHEN YOU THOUGHT THINGS COULDN'T GET ANY WORSE FOR OL' DD-- ENTER:
BLACKWING!

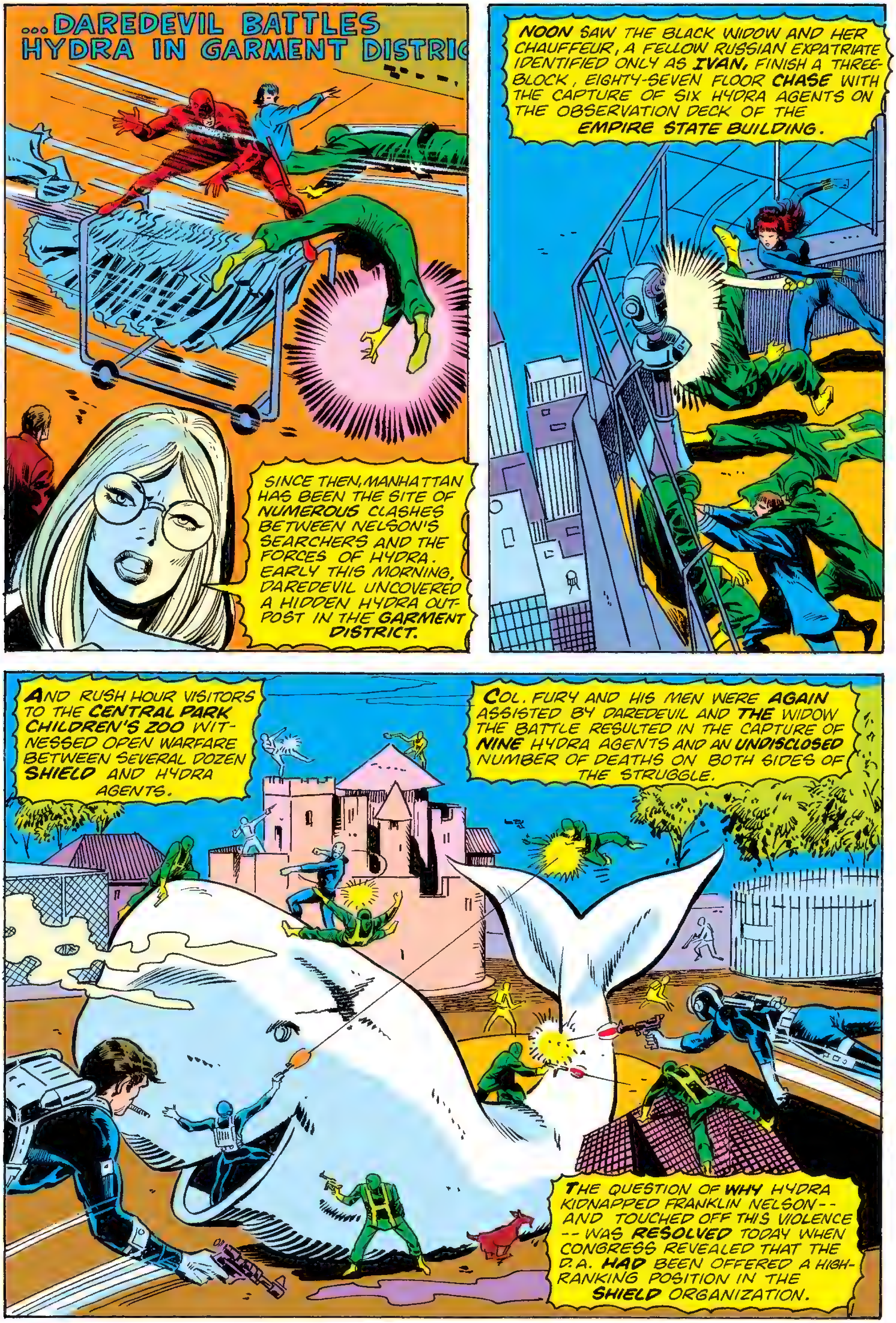
He dwells in eternal night— but the blackness is filled with sounds and scents, tastes and textures other men cannot perceive. For though attorney MATT MURDOCK is *blind*, his other four senses function with *superhuman sharpness*—his uncanny *radar sense* guides him over every obstacle! Armed only with his *billy club*, his fighting skill, and his courage, he stalks the streets by night, a relentless red-garbed foe of evil!

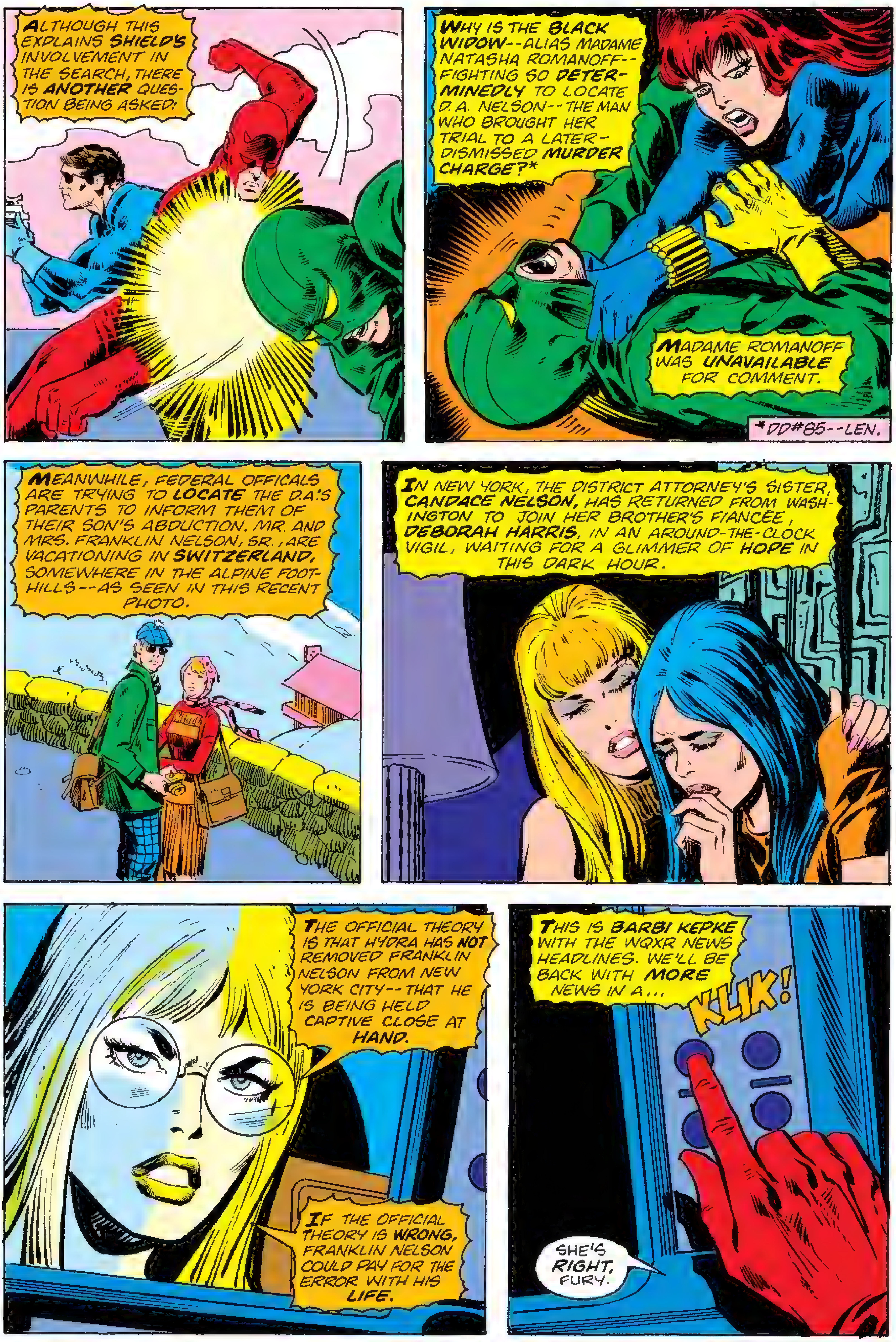
Stan Lee PRESENTS: DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!™

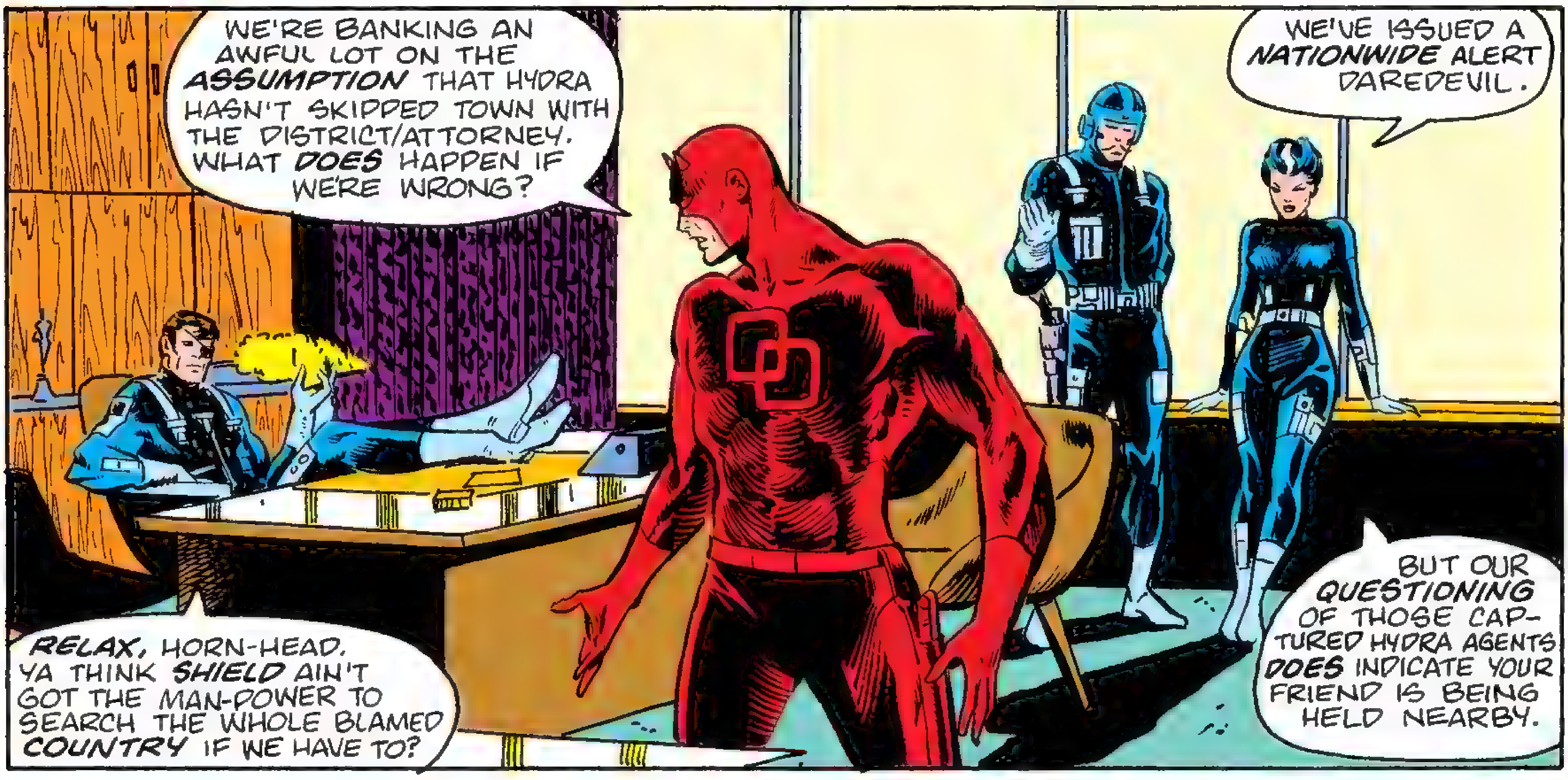
TONY ISABELLA & BOB BROWN WRITER--STORY-TELLERS--ARTIST | VINCE COLLETTA INKER | KAREN MANTLO · LETTERER JANICE COHEN · COLORIST | LEN WEIN EDITOR

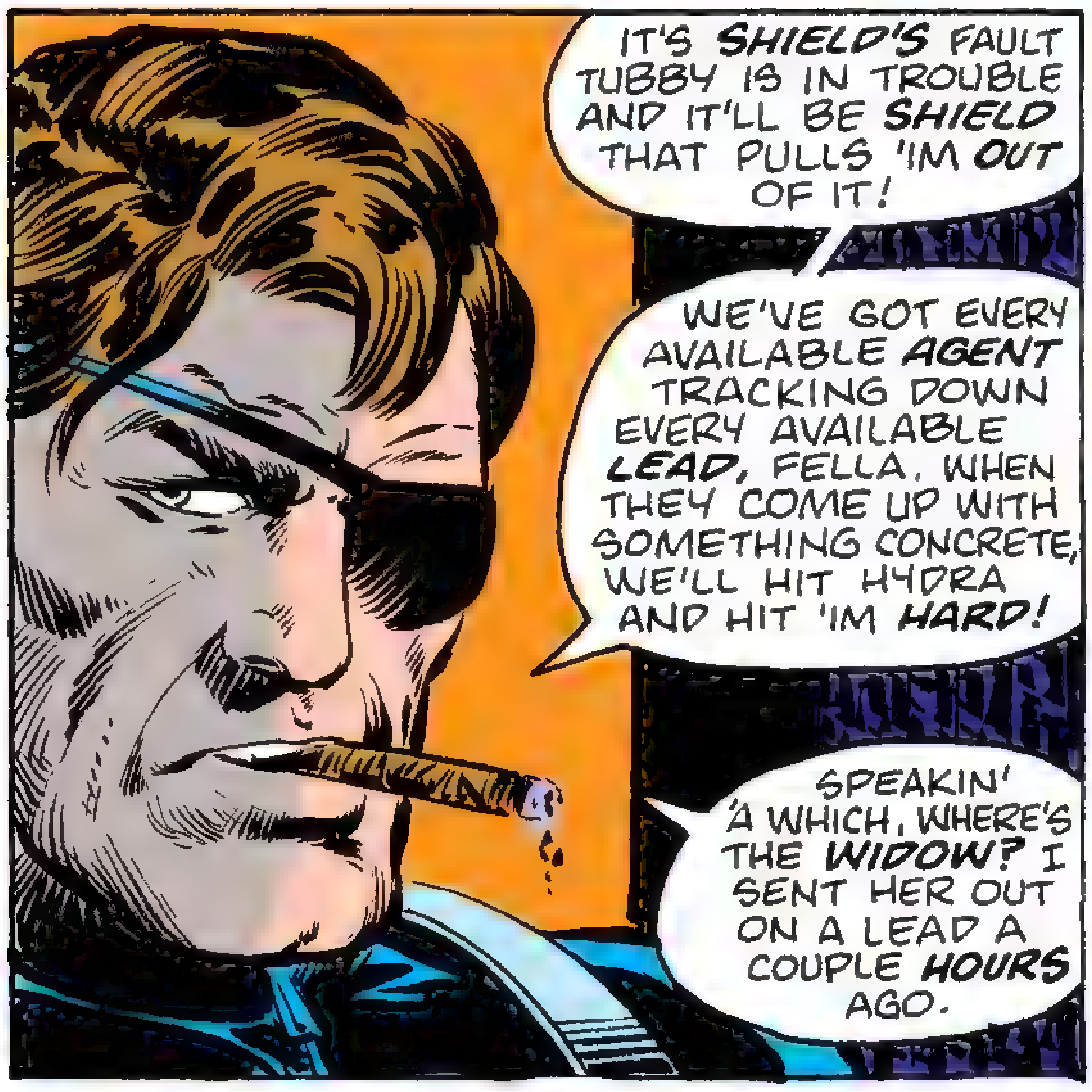

...THE SEARCH FOR FRANKLIN NELSON...
THE BIG NEWS TONIGHT, AS IT HAS BEEN FOR THE PAST THREE NIGHTS, IS THE ABDUCTION OF DISTRICT ATTORNEY FRANKLIN NELSON BY THE TERRORIST ORGANIZATION KNOWN AS HYDRA. MR. NELSON'S CLOSE FRIEND, THE MASKED ADVENTURER CALLED DAREDEVIL, CONTINUES TO SCOUR THE CITY TODAY FOR SOME CLUE TO THE D.A.'S WHEREABOUTS. HE WAS JOINED IN HIS SEARCH BY HIS PARTNER, THE BLACK WIDOW, AND CITY, STATE, AND FEDERAL OFFICIALS.
DD
MR. NELSON WAS SEIZED BY HYDRA ON JANUARY 2, 1975, IN A DARING NOONTIME RAID ON CITY HALL--DESPITE THE PRESENCE OF COL. NICHOLAS FURY AND HIS AGENTS OF SHIELD.* THIS FOLLOWED AN UNSUCCESSFUL HYDRA ATTEMPT ON NEW YEAR'S EVE.**
* LAST ISH.
** DAREDEVIL #120--LEN W.

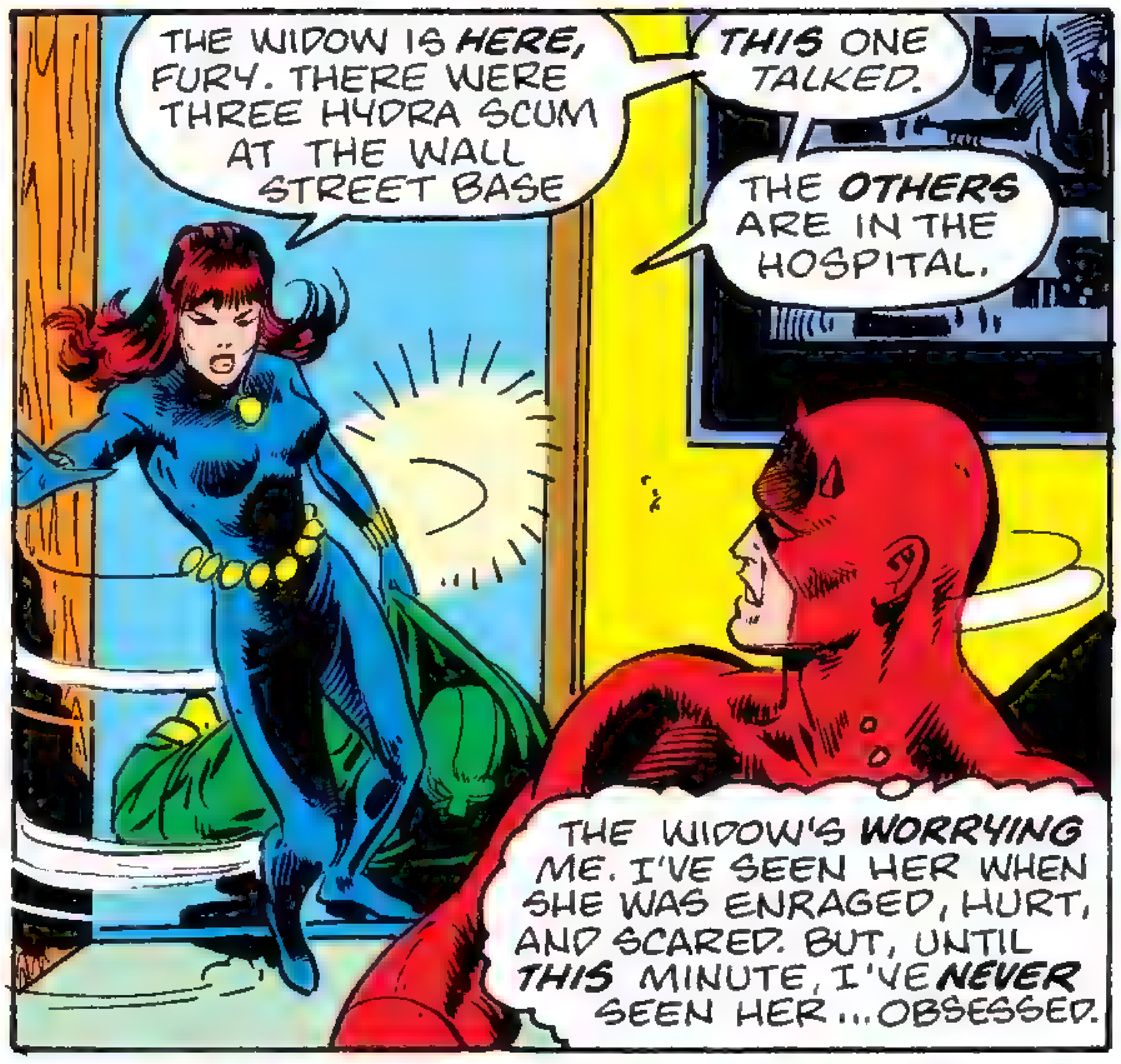
HYDRA-AND-SEEK

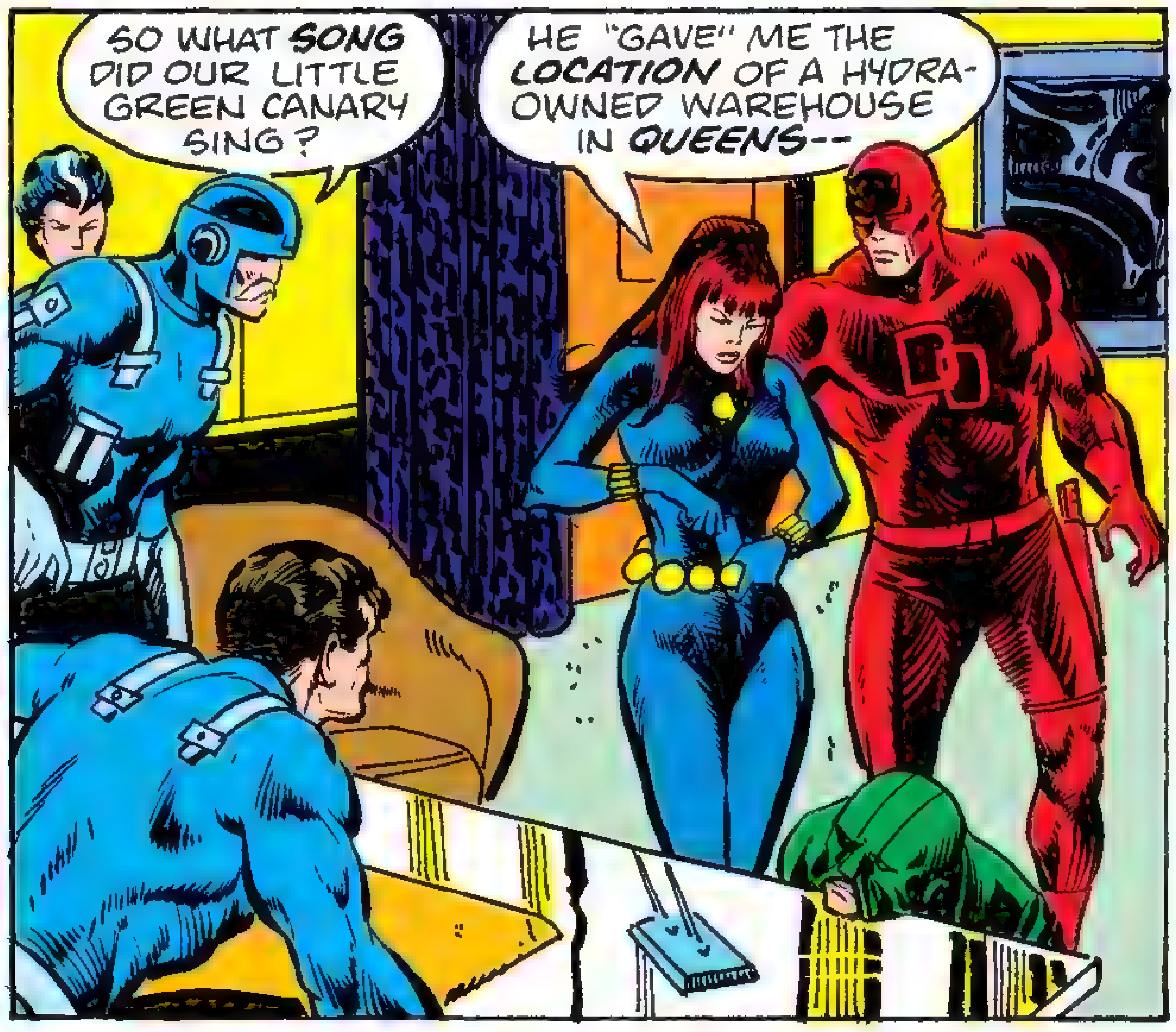

...DAREDEVIL BATTLES HYDRA IN GARMENT DISTRIC
SINCE THEN, MANHATTAN HAS BEEN THE SITE OF **NUMEROUS** CLASHES BETWEEN NELSON'S SEARCHERS AND THE FORCES OF HYDRA. EARLY THIS MORNING, DAREDEVIL UNCOVERED A HIDDEN HYDRA OUTPOST IN THE **GARMENT DISTRICT.**
NOON SAW THE BLACK WIDOW AND HER CHAUFFEUR, A FELLOW RUSSIAN EXPATRIATE IDENTIFIED ONLY AS **IVAN,** FINISH A THREE-BLOCK, EIGHTY-SEVEN FLOOR **CHASE** WITH THE CAPTURE OF SIX HYDRA AGENTS ON THE OBSERVATION DECK OF THE **EMPIRE STATE BUILDING.**
AND RUSH HOUR VISITORS TO THE **CENTRAL PARK CHILDREN'S ZOO** WITNESSED OPEN WARFARE BETWEEN SEVERAL DOZEN **SHIELD** AND HYDRA AGENTS.
COL. FURY AND HIS MEN WERE **AGAIN** ASSISTED BY DAREDEVIL AND **THE** WIDOW. THE BATTLE RESULTED IN THE CAPTURE OF **NINE** HYDRA AGENTS AND AN **UNDISCLOSED** NUMBER OF DEATHS ON BOTH SIDES OF THE STRUGGLE.
THE QUESTION OF **WHY** HYDRA KIDNAPPED FRANKLIN NELSON -- AND TOUCHED OFF THIS VIOLENCE -- WAS **RESOLVED** TODAY WHEN CONGRESS REVEALED THAT THE D.A. **HAD** BEEN OFFERED A HIGH-RANKING POSITION IN THE **SHIELD** ORGANIZATION.

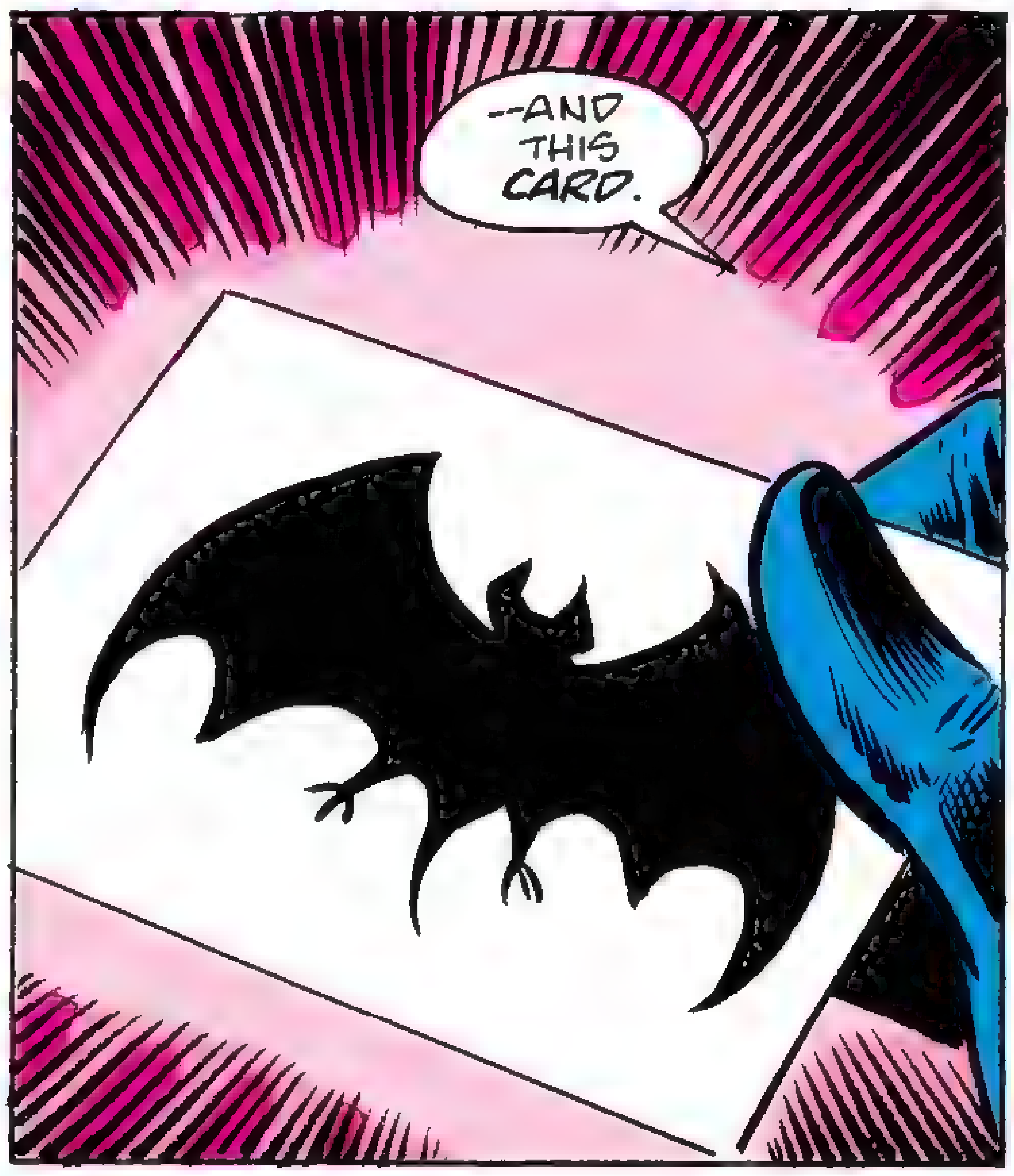

ALTHOUGH THIS EXPLAINS SHIELD'S INVOLVEMENT IN THE SEARCH, THERE IS ANOTHER QUESTION BEING ASKED:
WHY IS THE BLACK WIDOW--ALIAS MADAME NATASHA ROMANOFF--FIGHTING SO DETERMINEDLY TO LOCATE D.A. NELSON--THE MAN WHO BROUGHT HER TRIAL TO A LATER-DISMISSED MURDER CHARGE?*
MADAME ROMANOFF WAS UNAVAILABLE FOR COMMENT.
*DD#85--LEN.
MEANWHILE, FEDERAL OFFICALS ARE TRYING TO LOCATE THE D.A.'S PARENTS TO INFORM THEM OF THEIR SON'S ABDUCTION. MR. AND MRS. FRANKLIN NELSON, SR., ARE VACATIONING IN SWITZERLAND, SOMEWHERE IN THE ALPINE FOOTHILLS--AS SEEN IN THIS RECENT PHOTO.
IN NEW YORK, THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S SISTER, CANDACE NELSON, HAS RETURNED FROM WASHINGTON TO JOIN HER BROTHER'S FIANCÉE, DEBORAH HARRIS, IN AN AROUND-THE-CLOCK VIGIL, WAITING FOR A GLIMMER OF HOPE IN THIS DARK HOUR.
THE OFFICIAL THEORY IS THAT HYDRA HAS NOT REMOVED FRANKLIN NELSON FROM NEW YORK CITY--THAT HE IS BEING HELD CAPTIVE CLOSE AT HAND.
IF THE OFFICIAL THEORY IS WRONG, FRANKLIN NELSON COULD PAY FOR THE ERROR WITH HIS LIFE.
THIS IS BARBI KEPKE WITH THE WQXR NEWS HEADLINES. WE'LL BE BACK WITH MORE NEWS IN A...
KLIK!
SHE'S RIGHT, FURY.

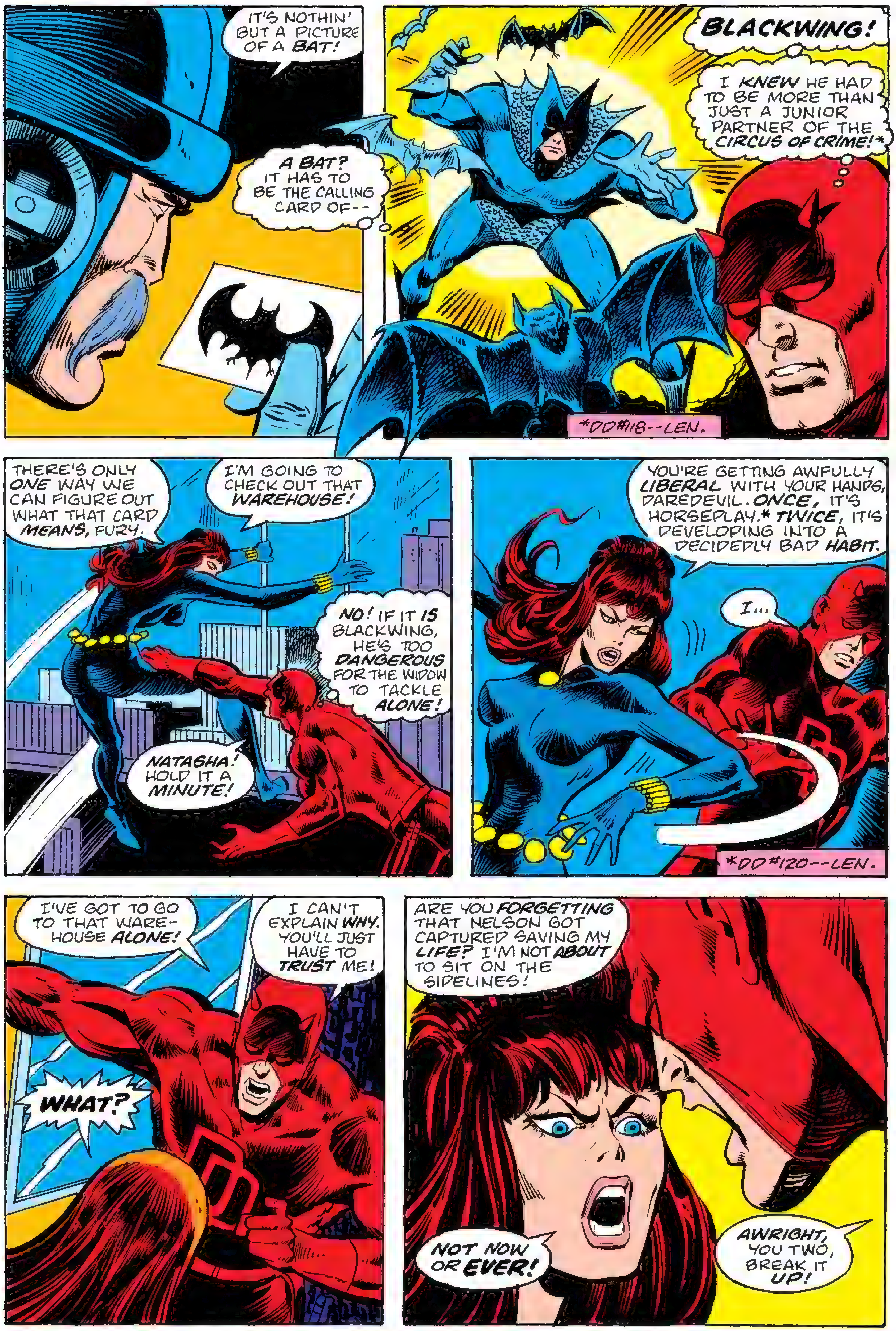

WE'RE BANKING AN AWFUL LOT ON THE **ASSUMPTION** THAT HYDRA HASN'T SKIPPED TOWN WITH THE DISTRICT/ATTORNEY. WHAT **DOES** HAPPEN IF WE'RE WRONG?
WE'VE ISSUED A **NATIONWIDE** ALERT DAREDEVIL.
RELAX, HORN-HEAD. YA THINK **SHIELD** AIN'T GOT THE MAN-POWER TO SEARCH THE WHOLE BLAMED **COUNTRY** IF WE HAVE TO?
BUT OUR **QUESTIONING** OF THOSE CAPTURED HYDRA AGENTS **DOES** INDICATE YOUR FRIEND IS BEING HELD NEARBY.

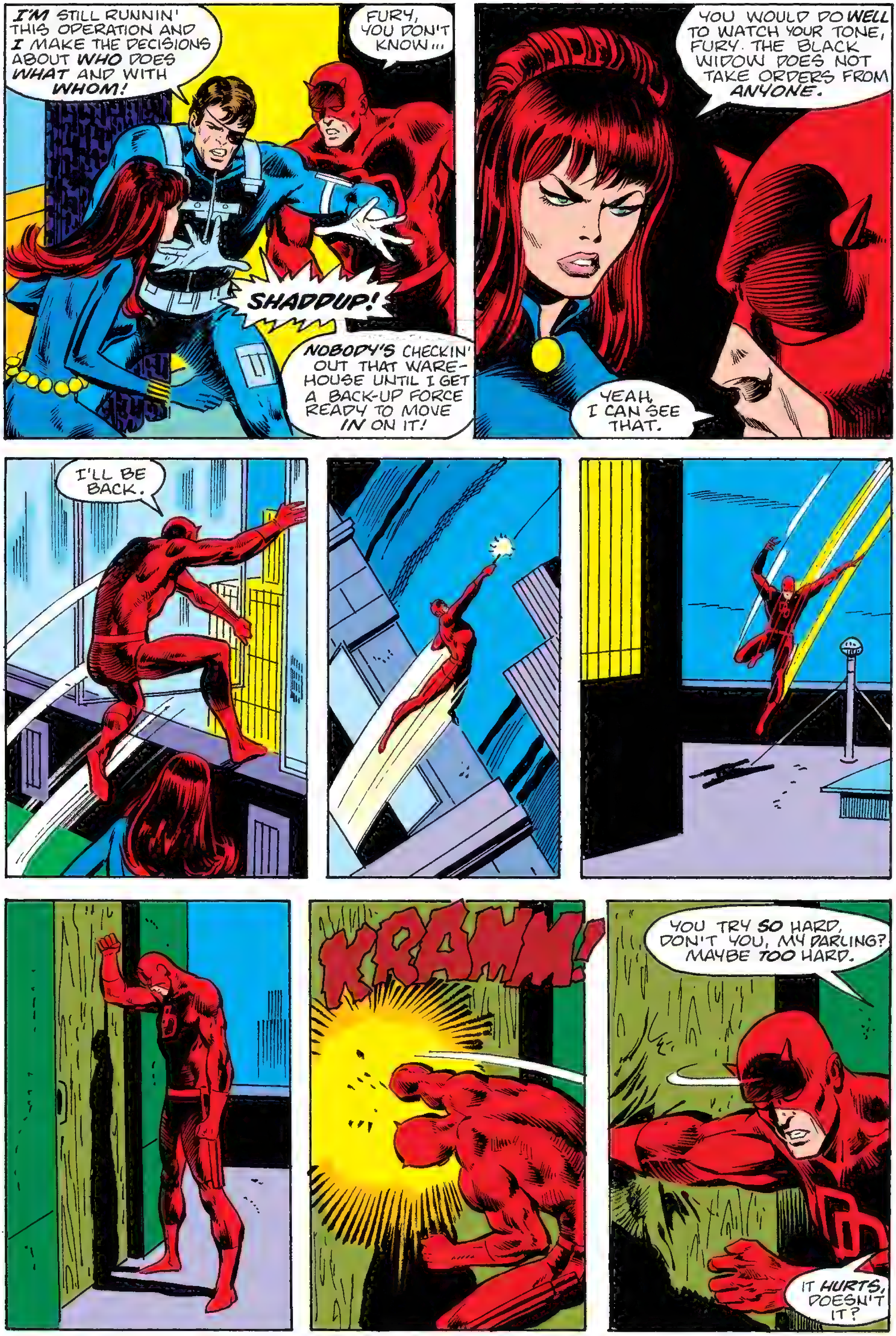

IT'S **SHIELD'S** FAULT TUBBY IS IN TROUBLE AND IT'LL BE **SHIELD** THAT PULLS 'IM **OUT** OF IT!
WE'VE GOT EVERY AVAILABLE **AGENT** TRACKING DOWN EVERY AVAILABLE **LEAD,** FELLA. WHEN THEY COME UP WITH SOMETHING CONCRETE, WE'LL HIT HYDRA AND HIT 'IM **HARD!**
SPEAKIN' 'A WHICH, WHERE'S THE **WIDOW?** I SENT HER OUT ON A LEAD A COUPLE **HOURS** AGO.

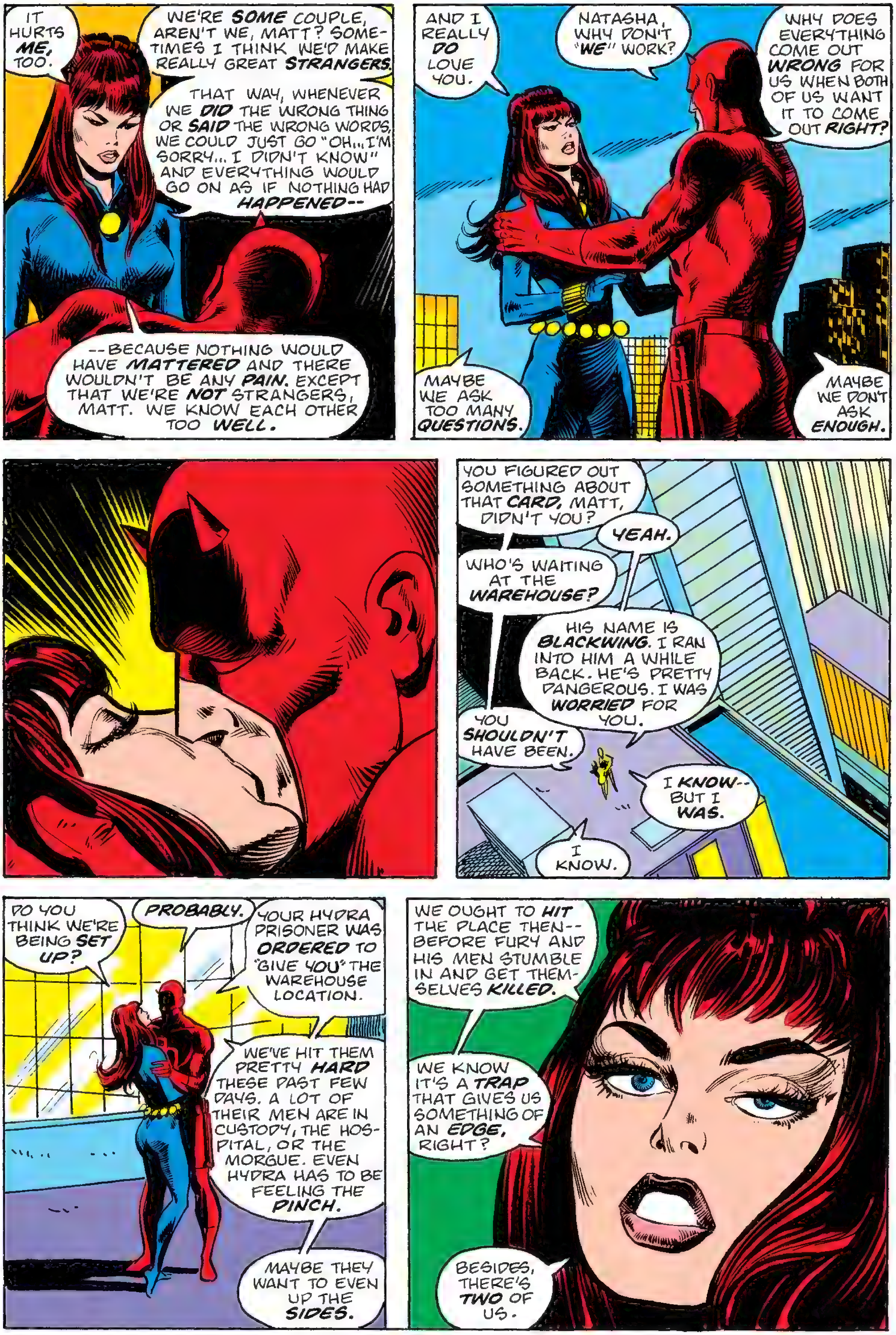

THE WIDOW IS **HERE,** FURY. THERE WERE THREE HYDRA SCUM AT THE WALL STREET BASE
THIS ONE TALKED.
THE **OTHERS** ARE IN THE HOSPITAL.
THE WIDOW'S **WORRYING** ME. I'VE SEEN HER WHEN SHE WAS ENRAGED, HURT, AND SCARED. BUT, UNTIL **THIS** MINUTE, I'VE **NEVER** SEEN HER... OBSESSED.

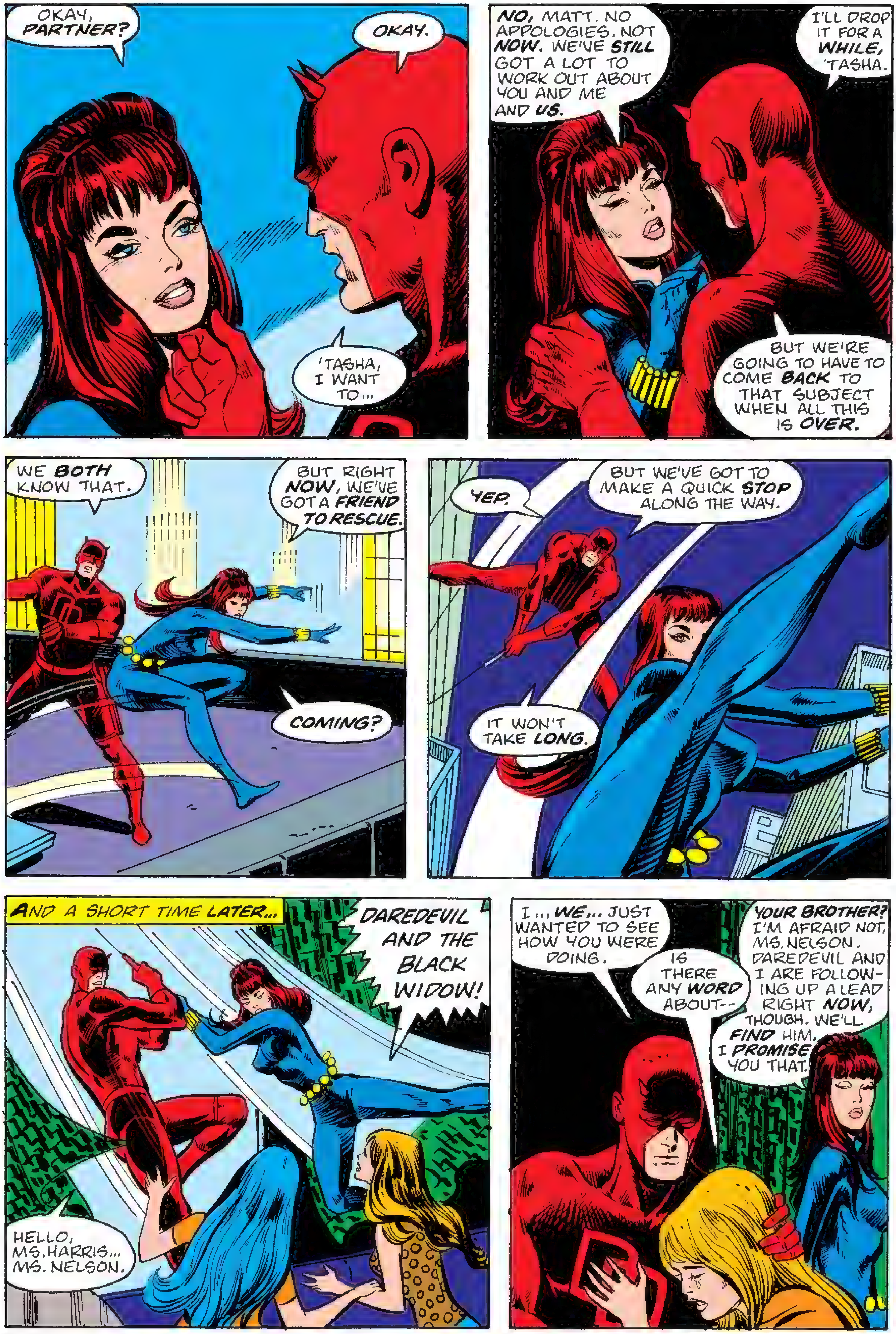

SO WHAT **SONG** DID OUR LITTLE GREEN CANARY SING?
HE "GAVE" ME THE **LOCATION** OF A HYDRA-OWNED WAREHOUSE IN **QUEENS**--

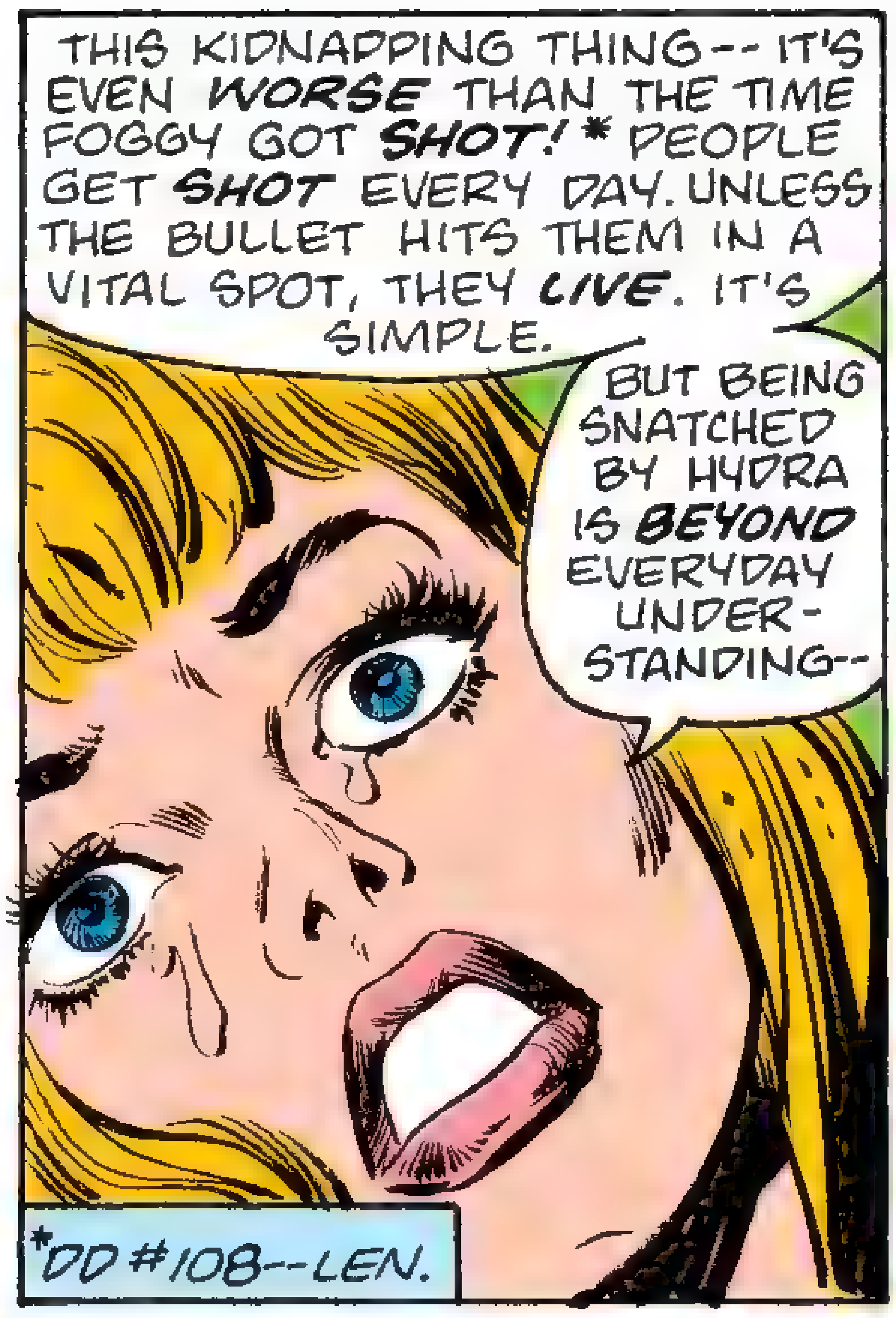

--AND THIS **CARD.**

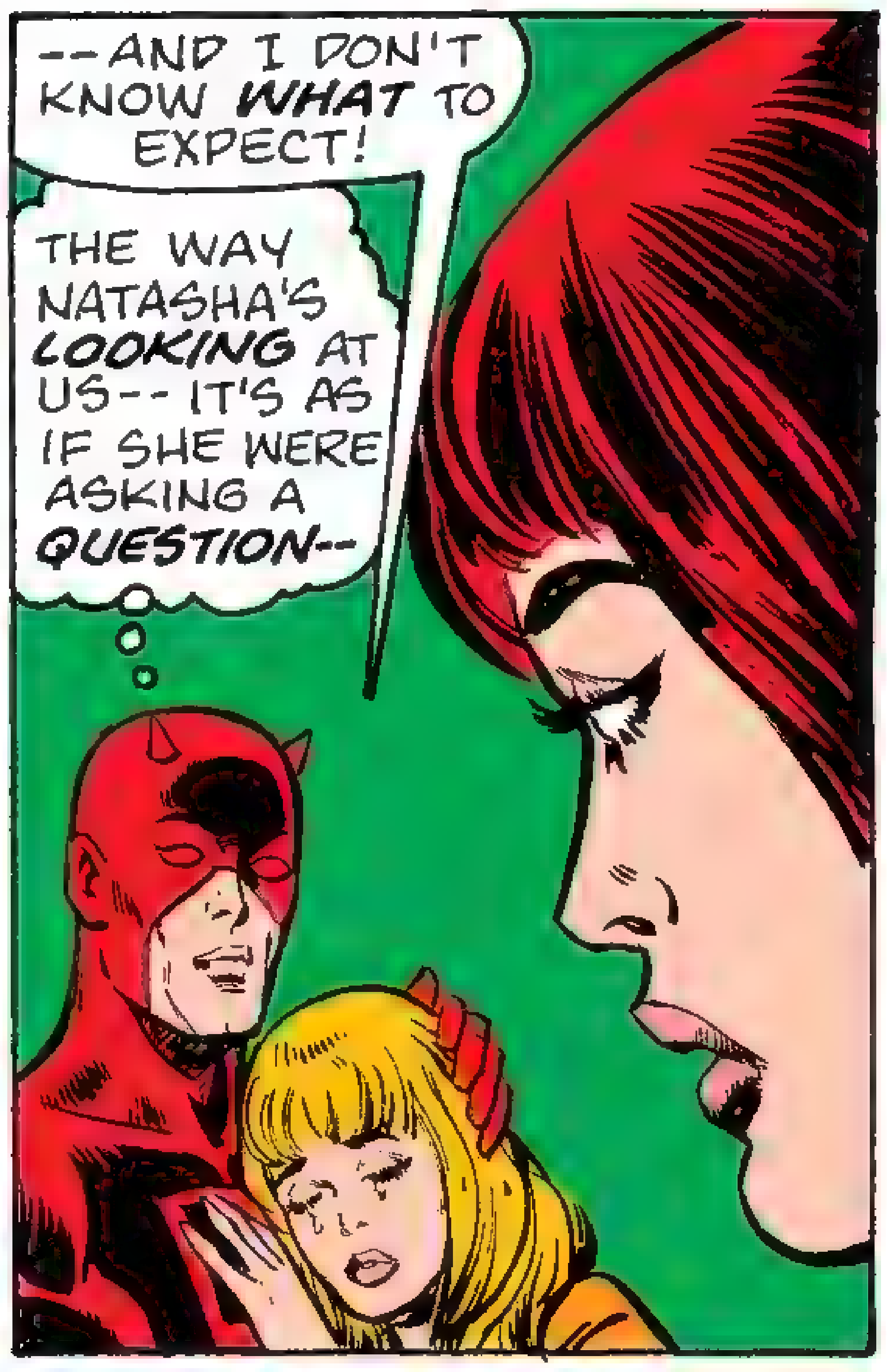

IT'S NOTHIN' BUT A PICTURE OF A BAT!
A BAT? IT HAS TO BE THE CALLING CARD OF--
BLACKWING!
I KNEW HE HAD TO BE MORE THAN JUST A JUNIOR PARTNER OF THE CIRCUS OF CRIME!*
*DD#118--LEN.
THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY WE CAN FIGURE OUT WHAT THAT CARD MEANS, FURY.
I'M GOING TO CHECK OUT THAT WAREHOUSE!
NO! IF IT IS BLACKWING, HE'S TOO DANGEROUS FOR THE WIDOW TO TACKLE ALONE!
NATASHA! HOLD IT A MINUTE!
YOU'RE GETTING AWFULLY LIBERAL WITH YOUR HANDS, DAREDEVIL. ONCE, IT'S HORSEPLAY.* TWICE, IT'S DEVELOPING INTO A DECIDEDLY BAD HABIT.
I...
*DD#120--LEN.
I'VE GOT TO GO TO THAT WAREHOUSE ALONE!
I CAN'T EXPLAIN WHY. YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO TRUST ME!
WHAT?
ARE YOU FORGETTING THAT NELSON GOT CAPTURED SAVING MY LIFE? I'M NOT ABOUT TO SIT ON THE SIDELINES!
NOT NOW OR EVER!
AWRIGHT, YOU TWO, BREAK IT UP!

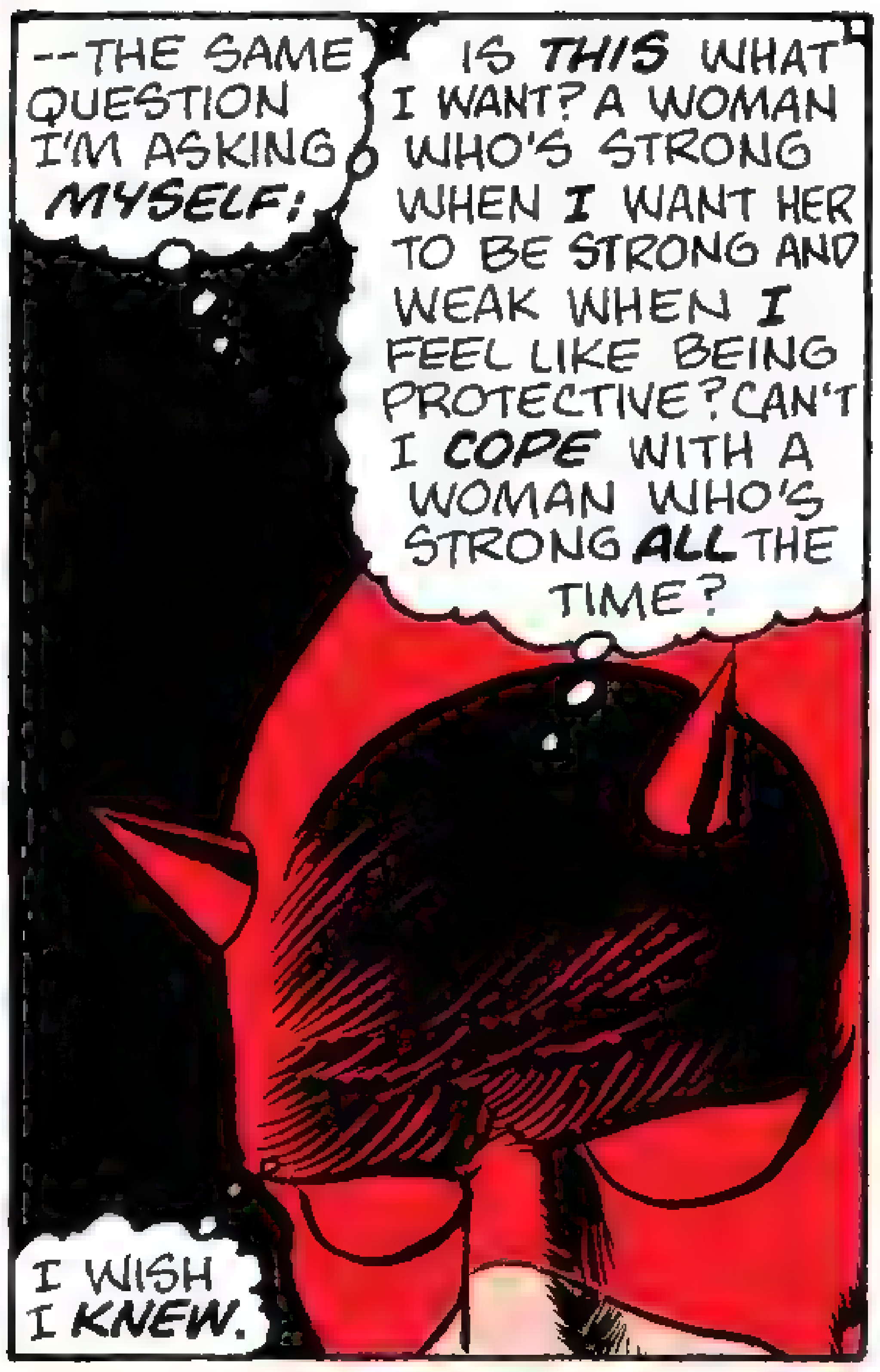

I'M STILL RUNNIN' THIS OPERATION AND I MAKE THE DECISIONS ABOUT WHO DOES WHAT AND WITH WHOM!
FURY, YOU DON'T KNOW...
SHADDUP!
NOBODY'S CHECKIN' OUT THAT WAREHOUSE UNTIL I GET A BACK-UP FORCE READY TO MOVE IN ON IT!
YOU WOULD DO WELL TO WATCH YOUR TONE, FURY. THE BLACK WIDOW DOES NOT TAKE ORDERS FROM ANYONE.
YEAH, I CAN SEE THAT.
I'LL BE BACK.
KRAMM!
YOU TRY SO HARD, DON'T YOU, MY DARLING? MAYBE TOO HARD.
IT HURTS, DOESN'T IT?

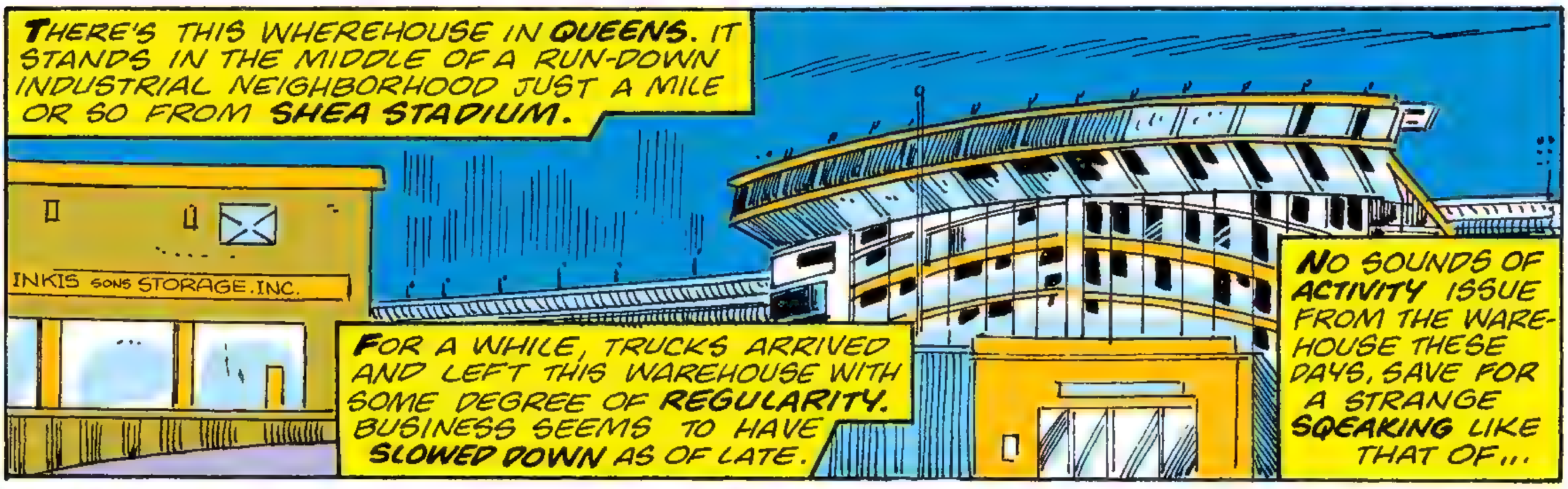

IT HURTS **ME,** TOO.
WE'RE **SOME** COUPLE, AREN'T WE, MATT? SOMETIMES I THINK WE'D MAKE REALLY GREAT **STRANGERS.**
THAT WAY, WHENEVER WE **DID** THE WRONG THING OR **SAID** THE WRONG WORDS, WE COULD JUST GO "OH... I'M SORRY... I DIDN'T KNOW" AND EVERYTHING WOULD GO ON AS IF NOTHING HAD **HAPPENED--**
--BECAUSE NOTHING WOULD HAVE **MATTERED** AND THERE WOULDN'T BE ANY **PAIN.** EXCEPT THAT WE'RE **NOT** STRANGERS, MATT. WE KNOW EACH OTHER TOO **WELL.**
AND I REALLY **DO** LOVE YOU.
NATASHA, WHY DON'T "**WE**" WORK?
WHY DOES EVERYTHING COME OUT **WRONG** FOR US WHEN BOTH OF US WANT IT TO COME OUT **RIGHT?**
MAYBE WE ASK TOO MANY **QUESTIONS.**
MAYBE WE DON'T ASK **ENOUGH.**
YOU FIGURED OUT SOMETHING ABOUT THAT **CARD,** MATT, DIDN'T YOU?
YEAH.
WHO'S WAITING AT THE **WAREHOUSE?**
HIS NAME IS **BLACKWING.** I RAN INTO HIM A WHILE BACK. HE'S PRETTY DANGEROUS. I WAS **WORRIED** FOR YOU.
YOU **SHOULDN'T** HAVE BEEN.
I **KNOW--** BUT I **WAS.**
I KNOW.
DO YOU THINK WE'RE BEING **SET UP?**
PROBABLY.
YOUR HYDRA PRISONER WAS **ORDERED** TO "GIVE **YOU**" THE WAREHOUSE LOCATION.
WE'VE HIT THEM PRETTY **HARD** THESE PAST FEW DAYS. A LOT OF THEIR MEN ARE IN CUSTODY, THE HOSPITAL, OR THE MORGUE. EVEN HYDRA HAS TO BE FEELING THE **PINCH.**
MAYBE THEY WANT TO EVEN UP THE **SIDES.**
WE OUGHT TO **HIT** THE PLACE THEN-- BEFORE FURY AND HIS MEN STUMBLE IN AND GET THEMSELVES **KILLED.**
WE KNOW IT'S A **TRAP** THAT GIVES US SOMETHING OF AN **EDGE,** RIGHT?
BESIDES, THERE'S **TWO** OF US.

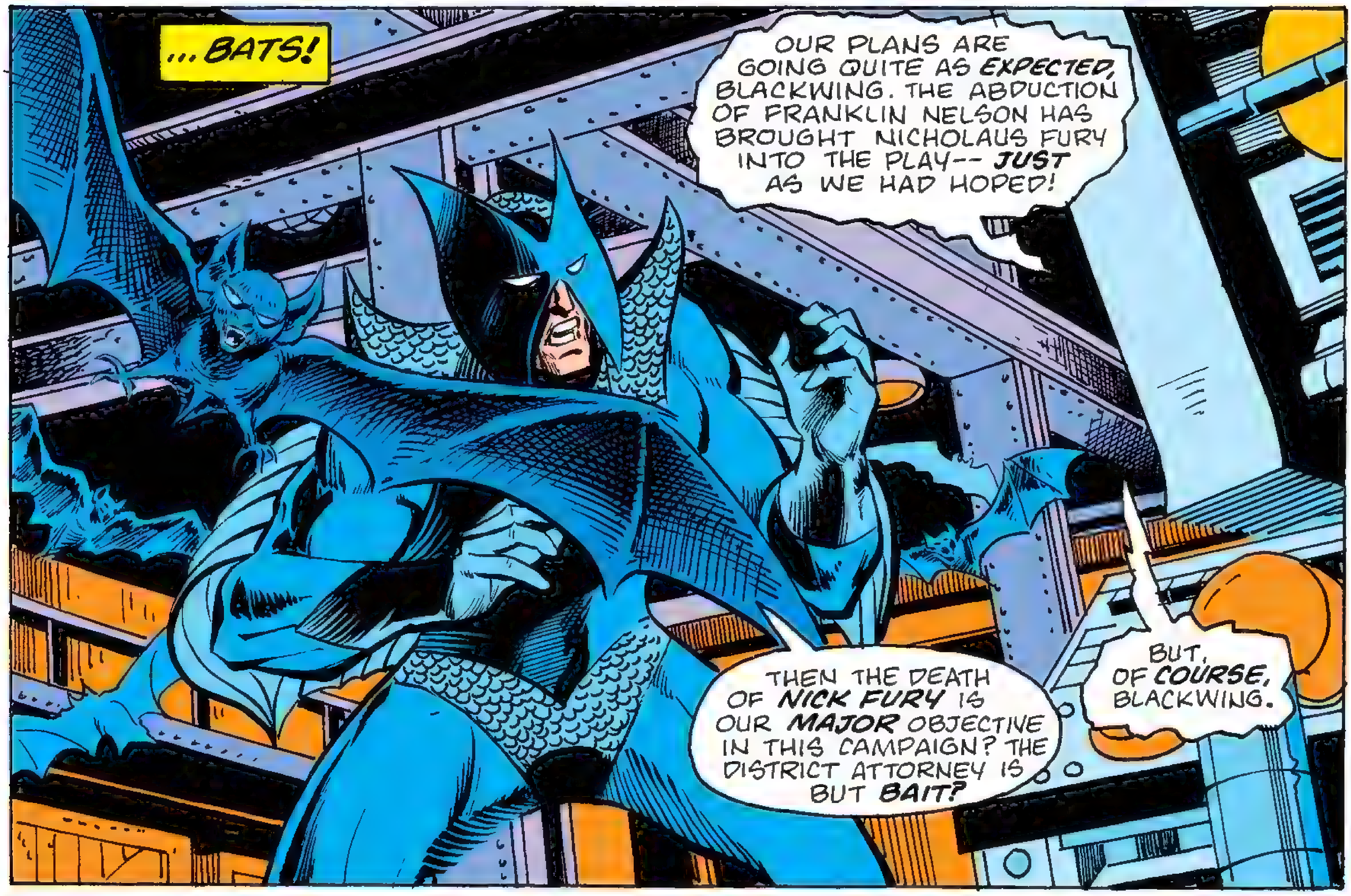

OKAY, **PARTNER?**
OKAY.
'TASHA, I WANT TO...
NO, MATT. NO APPOLOGIES. NOT **NOW.** WE'VE **STILL** GOT A LOT TO WORK OUT ABOUT YOU AND ME AND **US.**
I'LL DROP IT FOR A **WHILE,** 'TASHA.
BUT WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO COME **BACK** TO THAT SUBJECT WHEN ALL THIS IS **OVER.**
WE **BOTH** KNOW THAT.
BUT RIGHT **NOW,** WE'VE GOT A **FRIEND TO RESCUE.**
COMING?
YEP.
BUT WE'VE GOT TO MAKE A QUICK **STOP** ALONG THE WAY.
IT WON'T TAKE **LONG.**
AND A SHORT TIME **LATER...**
DAREDEVIL AND THE BLACK WIDOW!
HELLO, MS. HARRIS... MS. NELSON.
I... **WE...** JUST WANTED TO SEE HOW YOU WERE DOING.
IS THERE ANY **WORD** ABOUT--
YOUR BROTHER? I'M AFRAID NOT, MS. NELSON. DAREDEVIL AND I ARE FOLLOWING UP A LEAD RIGHT **NOW,** THOUGH. WE'LL **FIND** HIM. I **PROMISE** YOU THAT.

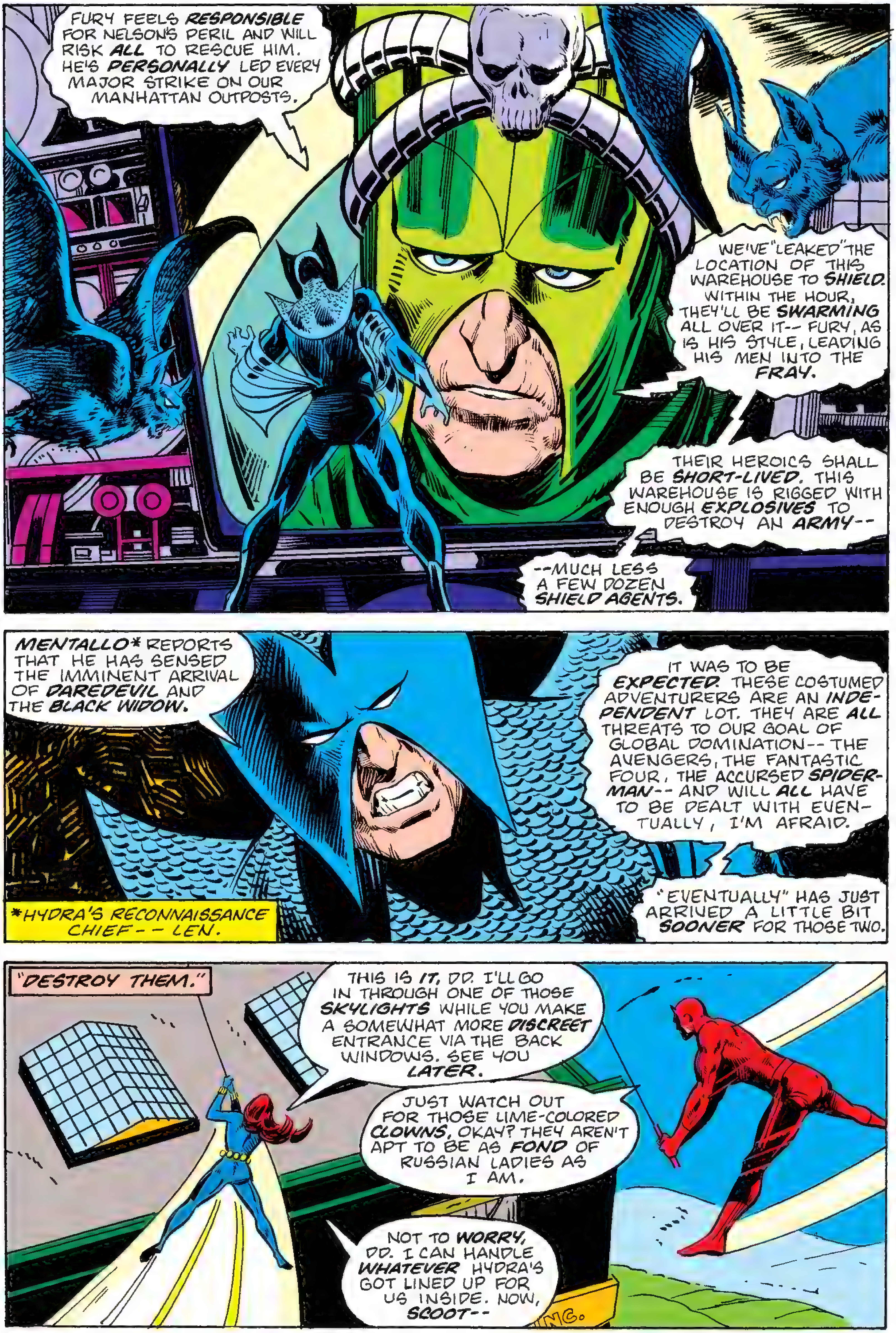

THIS KIDNAPPING THING-- IT'S EVEN **WORSE** THAN THE TIME FOGGY GOT **SHOT!*** PEOPLE GET **SHOT** EVERY DAY. UNLESS THE BULLET HITS THEM IN A VITAL SPOT, THEY **LIVE**. IT'S SIMPLE.
BUT BEING SNATCHED BY HYDRA IS **BEYOND** EVERYDAY UNDER-STANDING--
*DD #108--LEN.

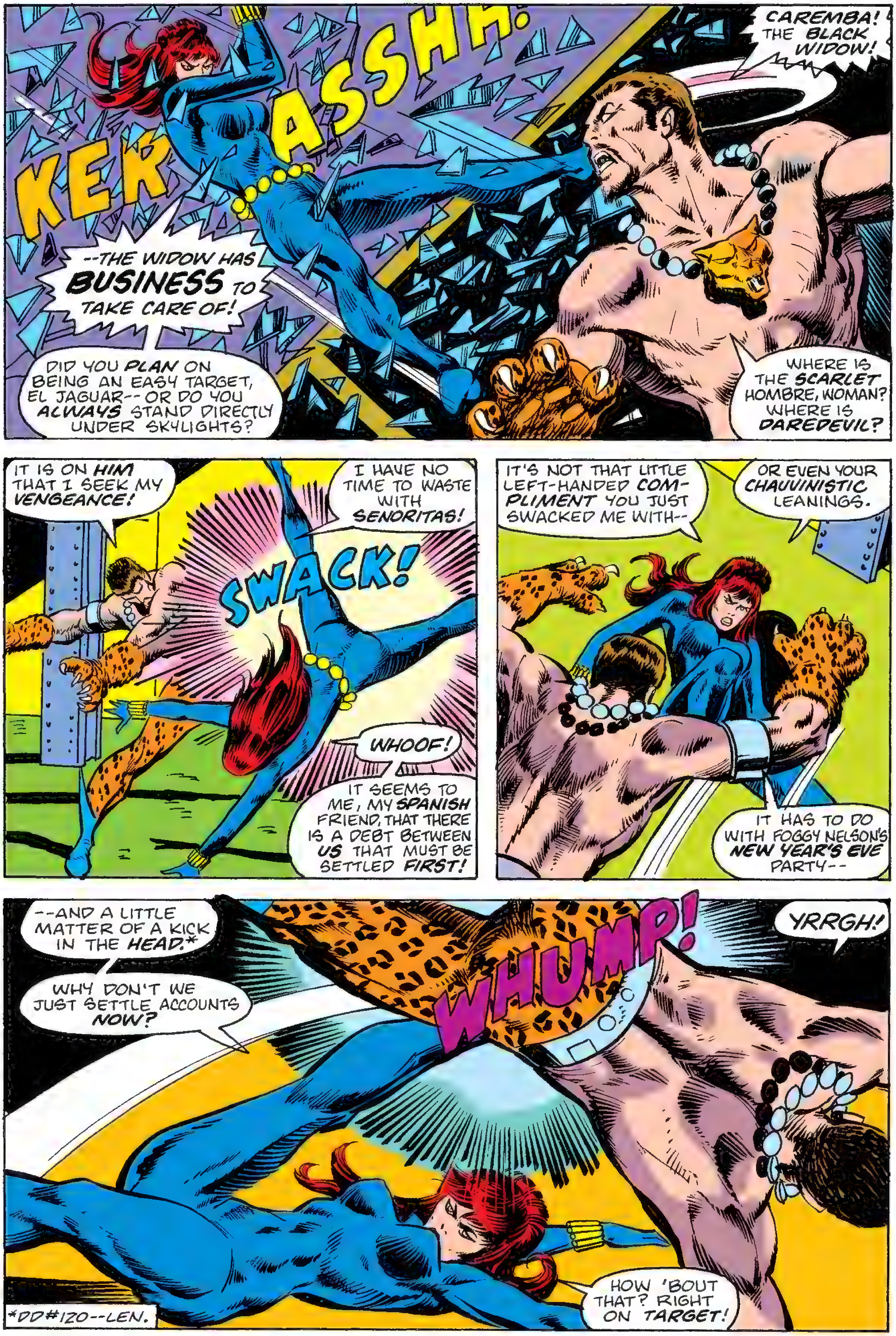

--AND I DON'T KNOW **WHAT** TO EXPECT!
THE WAY NATASHA'S **LOOKING** AT US-- IT'S AS IF SHE WERE ASKING A **QUESTION**--

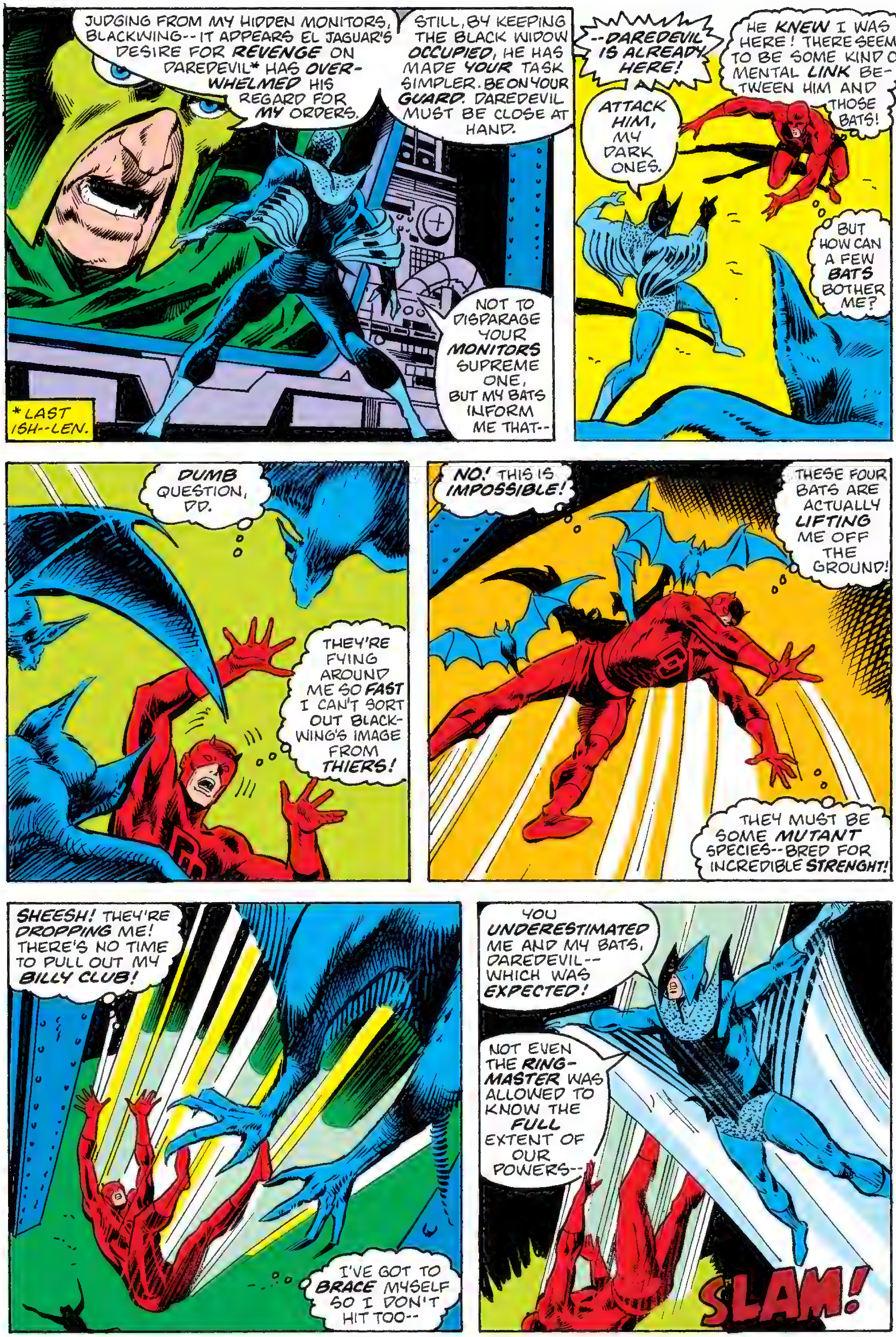

--THE SAME QUESTION I'M ASKING **MYSELF:**
IS **THIS** WHAT I WANT? A WOMAN WHO'S STRONG WHEN **I** WANT HER TO BE STRONG AND WEAK WHEN **I** FEEL LIKE BEING PROTECTIVE? CAN'T I **COPE** WITH A WOMAN WHO'S STRONG **ALL** THE TIME?
I WISH I **KNEW**.

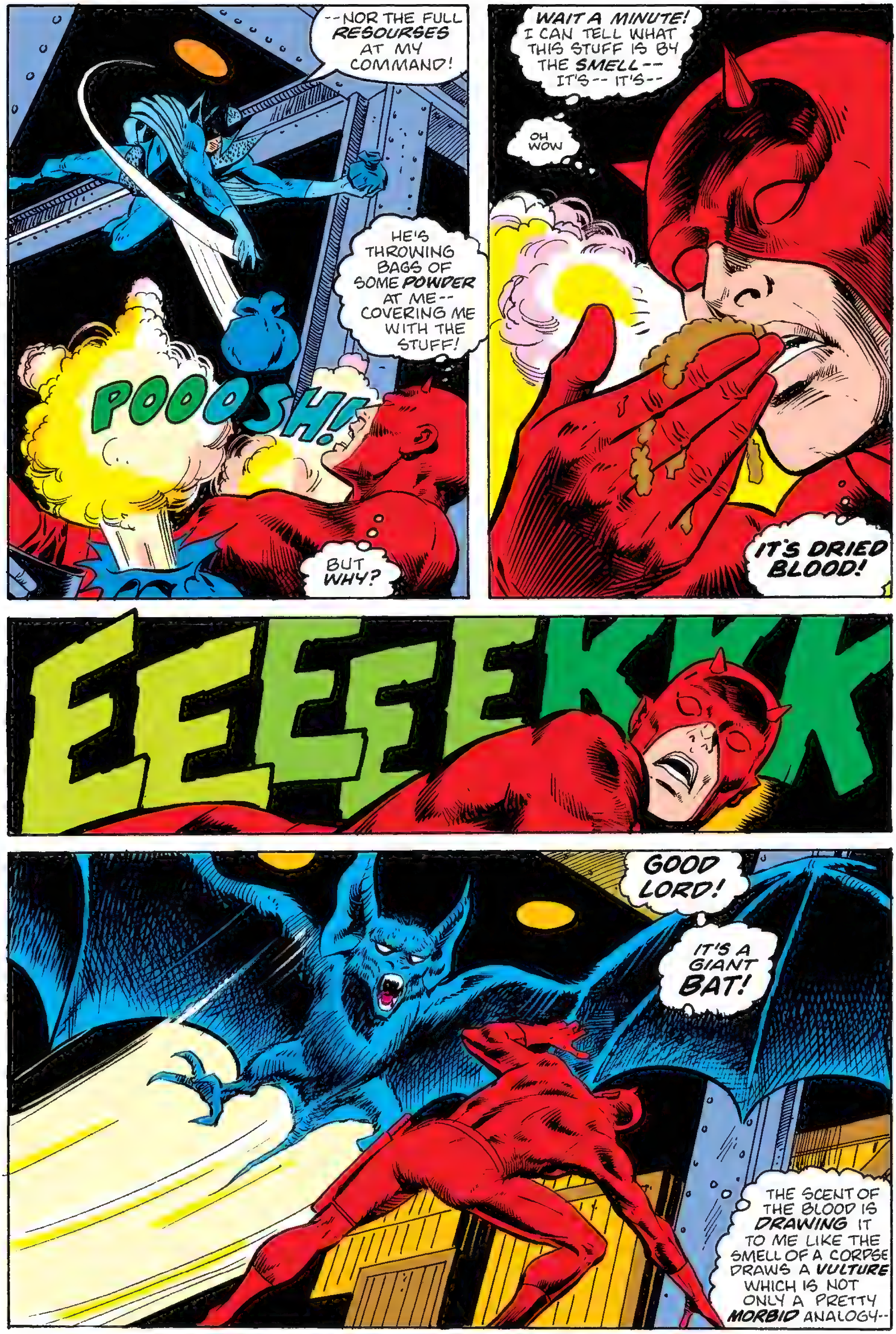

THERE'S THIS WHEREHOUSE IN **QUEENS**. IT STANDS IN THE MIDDLE OF A RUN-DOWN INDUSTRIAL NEIGHBORHOOD JUST A MILE OR SO FROM **SHEA STADIUM**.
INKIS SONS STORAGE, INC.
FOR A WHILE, TRUCKS ARRIVED AND LEFT THIS WAREHOUSE WITH SOME DEGREE OF **REGULARITY**. BUSINESS SEEMS TO HAVE **SLOWED DOWN** AS OF LATE.
NO SOUNDS OF **ACTIVITY** ISSUE FROM THE WARE-HOUSE THESE DAYS, SAVE FOR A STRANGE **SQEAKING** LIKE THAT OF...

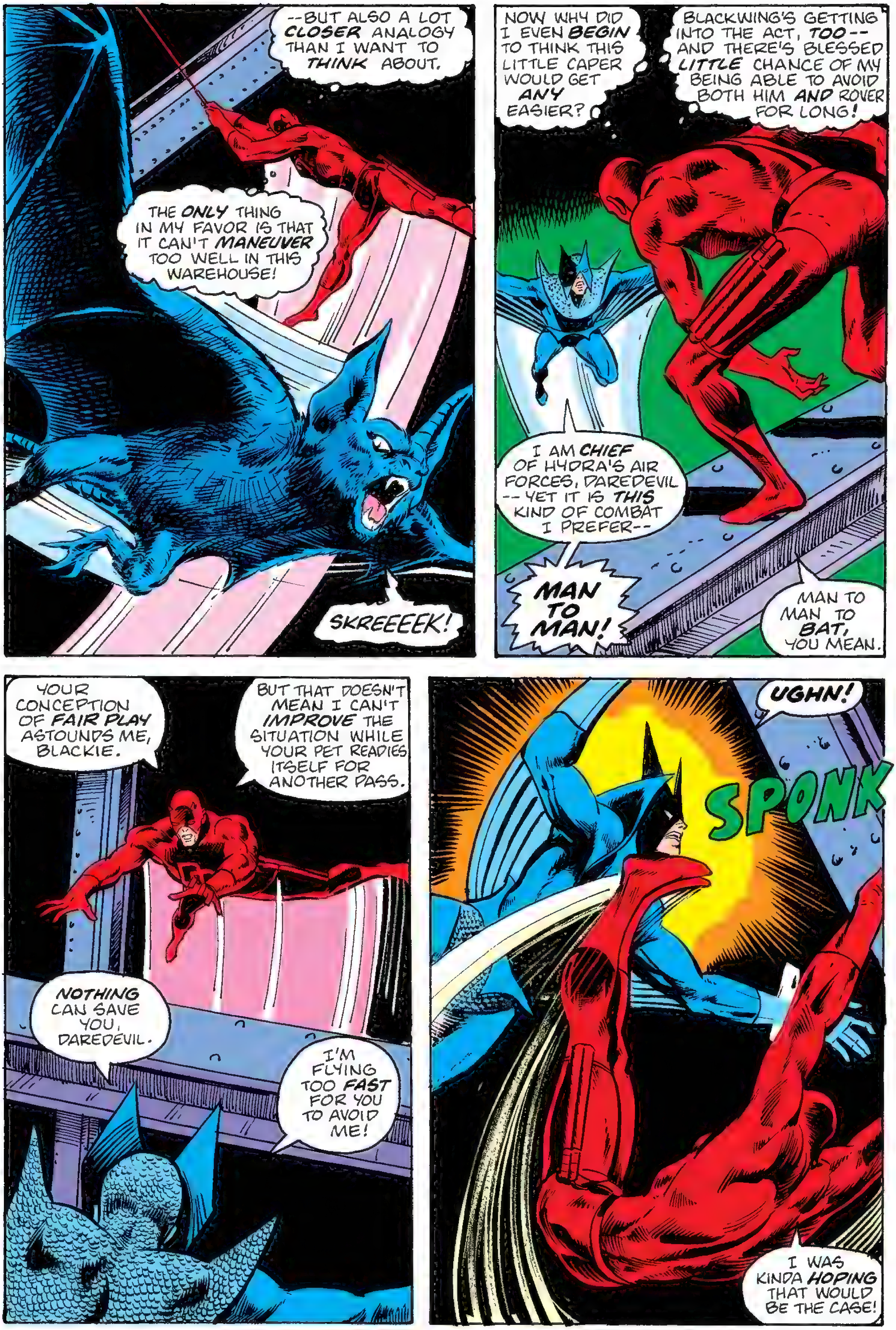

...BATS!
OUR PLANS ARE GOING QUITE AS **EXPECTED**, BLACKWING. THE ABDUCTION OF FRANKLIN NELSON HAS BROUGHT NICHOLAUS FURY INTO THE PLAY-- **JUST** AS WE HAD HOPED!
THEN THE DEATH OF **NICK FURY** IS OUR **MAJOR** OBJECTIVE IN THIS CAMPAIGN? THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY IS BUT **BAIT?**
BUT, OF **COURSE**, BLACKWING.

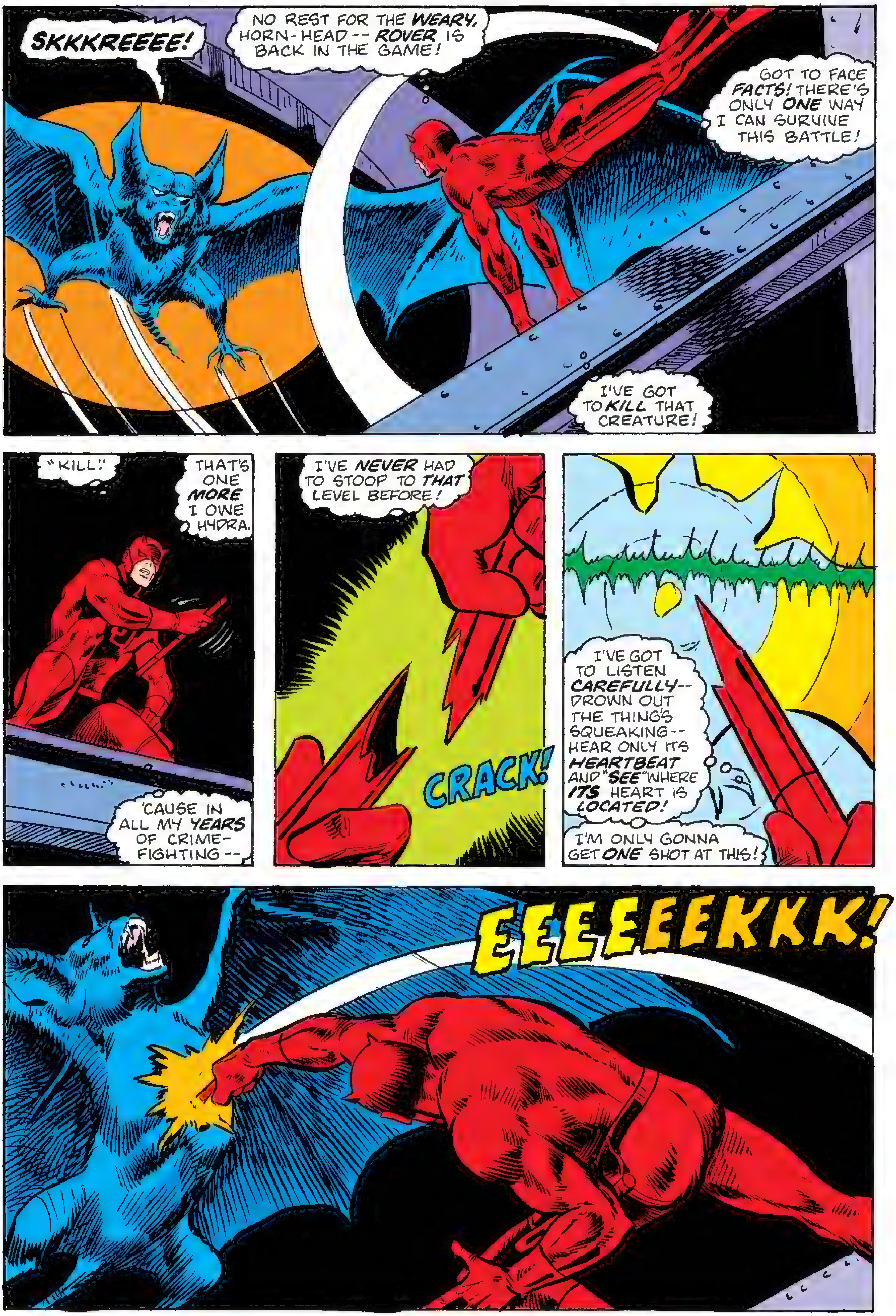

FURY FEELS **RESPONSIBLE** FOR NELSON'S PERIL AND WILL RISK **ALL** TO RESCUE HIM. HE'S **PERSONALLY** LED EVERY MAJOR STRIKE ON OUR MANHATTAN OUTPOSTS.
WE'VE "LEAKED" THE LOCATION OF THIS WAREHOUSE TO **SHIELD**. WITHIN THE HOUR, THEY'LL BE **SWARMING** ALL OVER IT-- FURY, AS IS HIS STYLE, LEADING HIS MEN INTO THE **FRAY**.
THEIR HEROICS SHALL BE **SHORT-LIVED**. THIS WAREHOUSE IS RIGGED WITH ENOUGH **EXPLOSIVES** TO DESTROY AN **ARMY**--
--MUCH LESS A FEW DOZEN **SHIELD AGENTS**.
MENTALLO* REPORTS THAT HE HAS SENSED THE IMMINENT ARRIVAL OF **DAREDEVIL** AND THE **BLACK WIDOW**.
IT WAS TO BE **EXPECTED**. THESE COSTUMED ADVENTURERS ARE AN **INDEPENDENT** LOT. THEY ARE **ALL** THREATS TO OUR GOAL OF GLOBAL DOMINATION-- THE AVENGERS, THE FANTASTIC FOUR, THE ACCURSED **SPIDER-MAN**-- AND WILL **ALL** HAVE TO BE DEALT WITH EVENTUALLY, I'M AFRAID.
*HYDRA'S RECONNAISSANCE CHIEF -- LEN.
"EVENTUALLY" HAS JUST ARRIVED A LITTLE BIT **SOONER** FOR THOSE TWO.
"DESTROY THEM."
THIS IS **IT**, DD. I'LL GO IN THROUGH ONE OF THOSE **SKYLIGHTS** WHILE YOU MAKE A SOMEWHAT MORE **DISCREET** ENTRANCE VIA THE BACK WINDOWS. SEE YOU **LATER**.
JUST WATCH OUT FOR THOSE LIME-COLORED **CLOWNS**, OKAY? THEY AREN'T APT TO BE AS **FOND** OF RUSSIAN LADIES AS I AM.
NOT TO **WORRY**, DD. I CAN HANDLE **WHATEVER** HYDRA'S GOT LINED UP FOR US INSIDE. NOW, **SCOOT**--
ING.

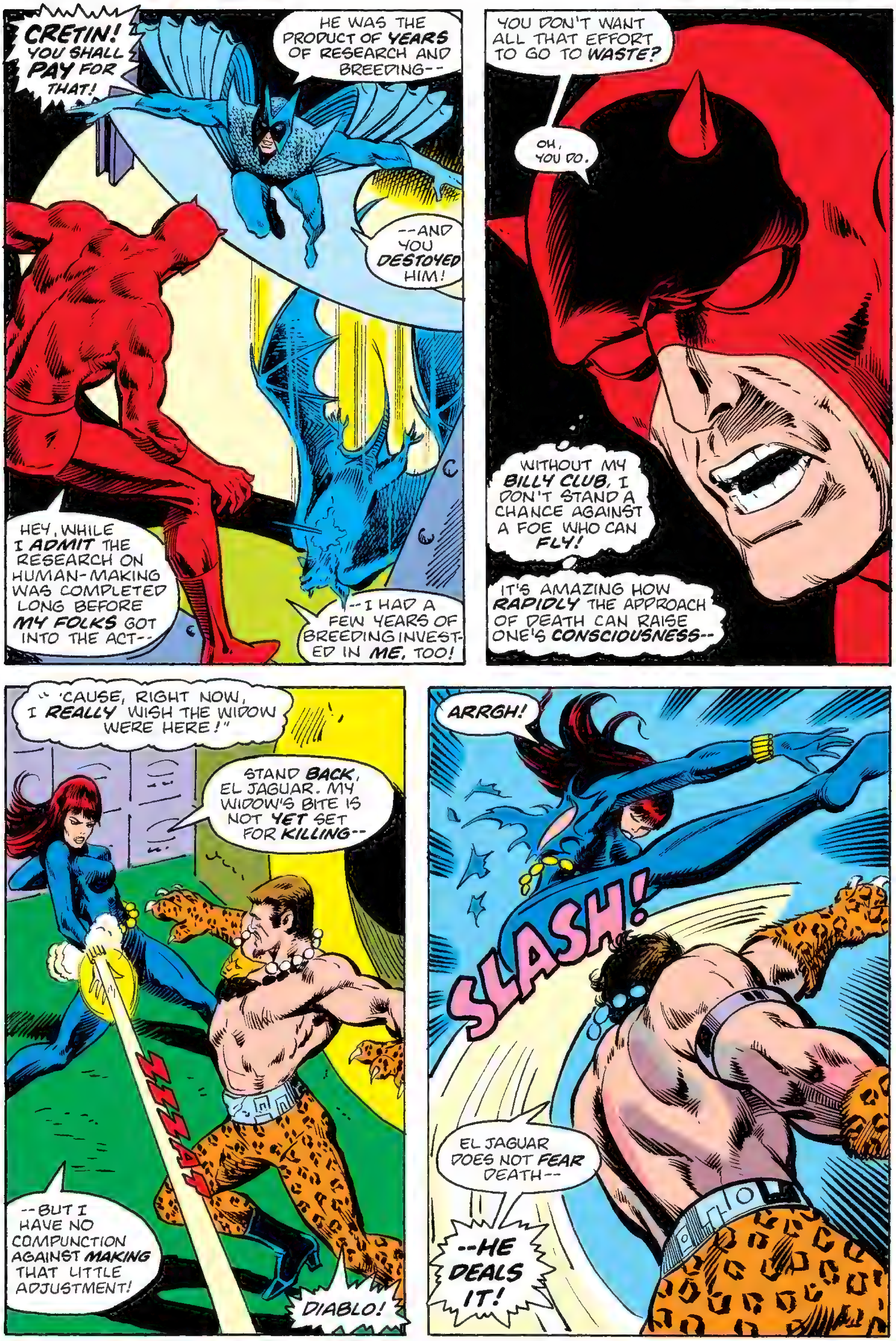

KERASSHH!
CAREMBA! THE BLACK WIDOW!
--THE WIDOW HAS BUSINESS TO TAKE CARE OF!
DID YOU PLAN ON BEING AN EASY TARGET, EL JAGUAR-- OR DO YOU ALWAYS STAND DIRECTLY UNDER SKYLIGHTS?
WHERE IS THE SCARLET HOMBRE, WOMAN? WHERE IS DAREDEVIL?
IT IS ON HIM THAT I SEEK MY VENGEANCE!
I HAVE NO TIME TO WASTE WITH SENORITAS!
SWACK!
WHOOF!
IT SEEMS TO ME, MY SPANISH FRIEND, THAT THERE IS A DEBT BETWEEN US THAT MUST BE SETTLED FIRST!
IT'S NOT THAT LITTLE LEFT-HANDED COMPLIMENT YOU JUST SWACKED ME WITH--
OR EVEN YOUR CHAUVINISTIC LEANINGS.
IT HAS TO DO WITH FOGGY NELSON'S NEW YEAR'S EVE PARTY--
--AND A LITTLE MATTER OF A KICK IN THE HEAD.*
WHY DON'T WE JUST SETTLE ACCOUNTS NOW?
WHUMP!
YRRGH!
HOW 'BOUT THAT? RIGHT ON TARGET!
*DD#120--LEN.

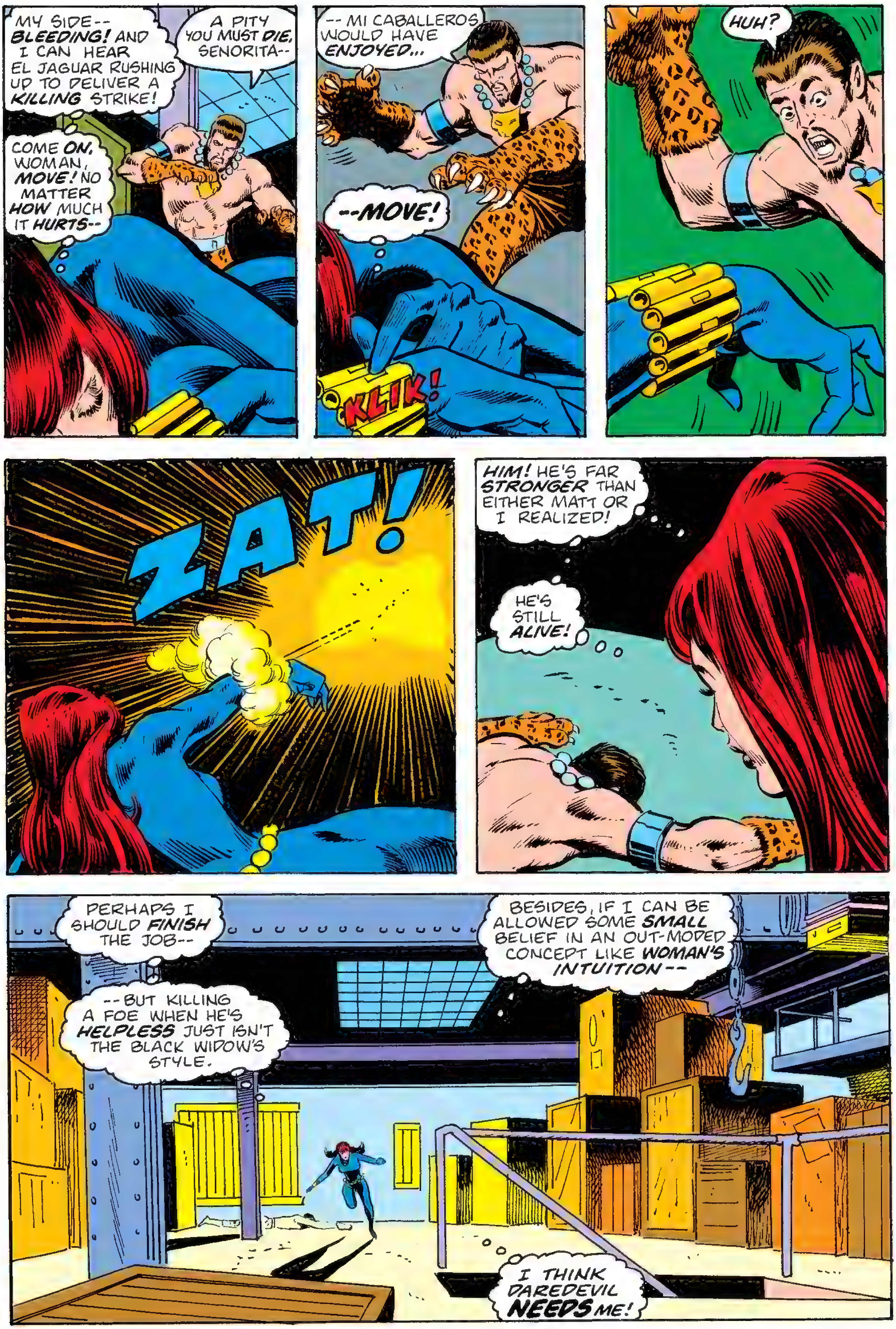

JUDGING FROM MY HIDDEN MONITORS, BLACKWING--IT APPEARS EL JAGUAR'S DESIRE FOR **REVENGE** ON DAREDEVIL* HAS **OVERWHELMED** HIS REGARD FOR **MY** ORDERS.
STILL, BY KEEPING THE BLACK WIDOW **OCCUPIED**, HE HAS MADE **YOUR** TASK SIMPLER. BE ON YOUR **GUARD**. DAREDEVIL MUST BE CLOSE AT HAND.
NOT TO DISPARAGE YOUR **MONITORS** SUPREME ONE, BUT MY BATS INFORM ME THAT--
*LAST ISH--LEN.
--**DAREDEVIL IS ALREADY HERE!**
ATTACK HIM, MY DARK ONES.
HE **KNEW** I WAS HERE! THERE SEEMS TO BE SOME KIND OF MENTAL **LINK** BETWEEN HIM AND THOSE BATS!
BUT HOW CAN A FEW **BATS** BOTHER ME?
DUMB QUESTION, DD.
THEY'RE FYING AROUND ME SO **FAST** I CAN'T SORT OUT BLACKWING'S IMAGE FROM **THIERS!**
NO! THIS IS **IMPOSSIBLE!**
THESE FOUR BATS ARE ACTUALLY **LIFTING** ME OFF THE GROUND!
THEY MUST BE SOME **MUTANT** SPECIES--BRED FOR INCREDIBLE **STRENGHT!**
SHEESH! THEY'RE **DROPPING** ME! THERE'S NO TIME TO PULL OUT MY **BILLY CLUB!**
I'VE GOT TO **BRACE** MYSELF SO I DON'T HIT TOO--
YOU **UNDERESTIMATED** ME AND MY BATS, DAREDEVIL--WHICH WAS **EXPECTED!**
NOT EVEN THE **RINGMASTER** WAS ALLOWED TO KNOW THE **FULL** EXTENT OF OUR POWERS--
SLAM!

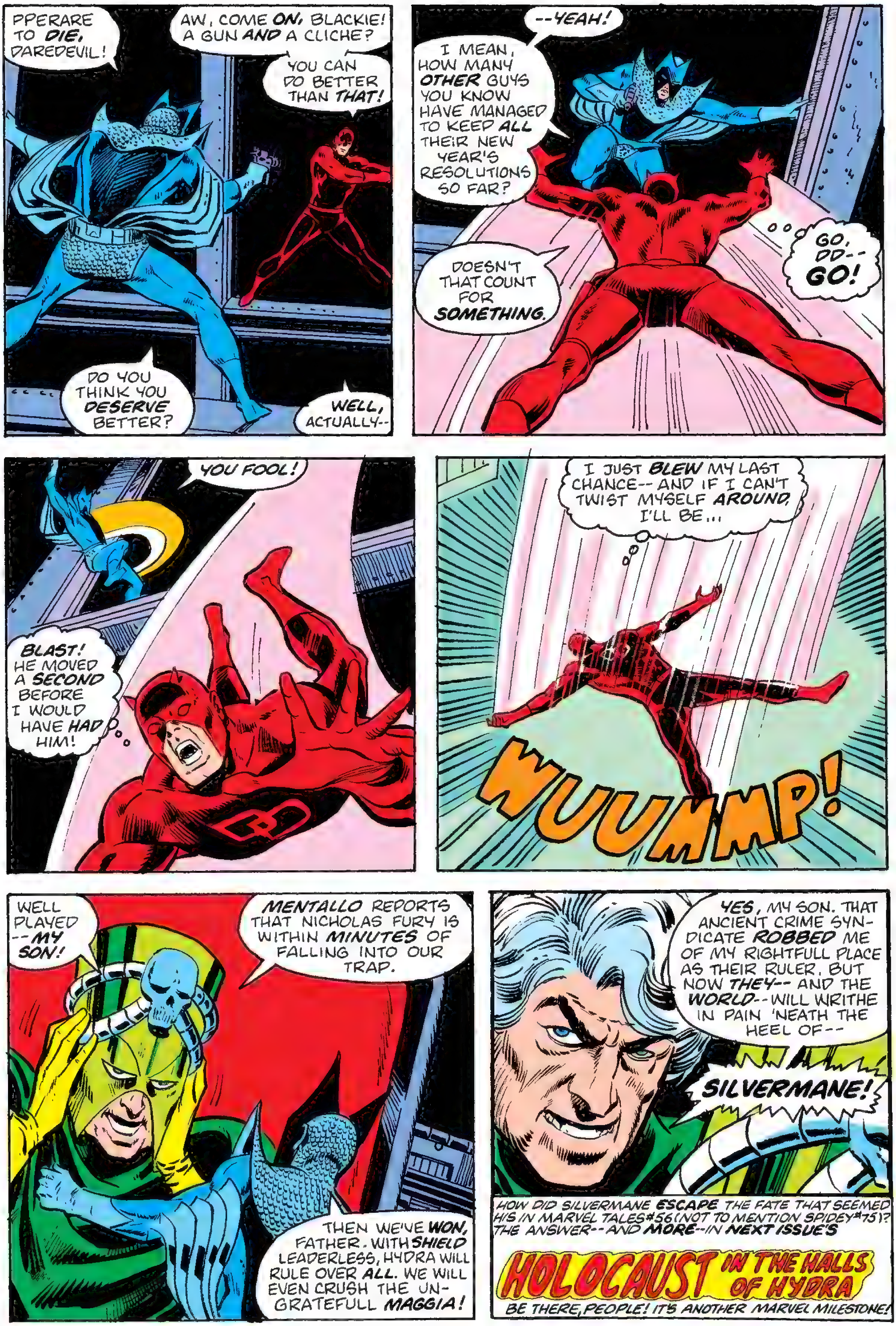

--NOR THE FULL **RESOURSES** AT MY COMMAND!
HE'S THROWING BAGS OF SOME **POWDER** AT ME-- COVERING ME WITH THE STUFF!
POOOSH!!
BUT *WHY?*
WAIT A MINUTE! I CAN TELL WHAT THIS STUFF IS BY THE **SMELL**-- IT'S-- IT'S--
OH WOW
IT'S DRIED BLOOD!
EEEEEKKK
GOOD LORD!
IT'S A GIANT **BAT!**
THE SCENT OF THE BLOOD IS ***DRAWING*** IT TO ME LIKE THE SMELL OF A CORPSE DRAWS A ***VULTURE*** WHICH IS NOT ONLY A PRETTY ***MORBID*** ANALOGY--


--BUT ALSO A LOT *CLOSER* ANALOGY THAN I WANT TO *THINK* ABOUT.
THE *ONLY* THING IN MY FAVOR IS THAT IT CAN'T *MANEUVER* TOO WELL IN THIS WAREHOUSE!
SKREEEEK!
NOW WHY DID I EVEN *BEGIN* TO THINK THIS LITTLE CAPER WOULD GET *ANY* EASIER?
BLACKWING'S GETTING INTO THE ACT, *TOO*-- AND THERE'S BLESSED *LITTLE* CHANCE OF MY BEING ABLE TO AVOID BOTH HIM *AND* ROVER FOR LONG!
I AM *CHIEF* OF HYDRA'S AIR FORCES, DAREDEVIL -- YET IT IS *THIS* KIND OF COMBAT I PREFER--
MAN TO MAN!
MAN TO MAN TO *BAT,* YOU MEAN.
YOUR CONCEPTION OF *FAIR PLAY* ASTOUNDS ME, BLACKIE.
BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN I CAN'T *IMPROVE* THE SITUATION WHILE YOUR PET READIES ITSELF FOR ANOTHER PASS.
NOTHING CAN SAVE YOU, DAREDEVIL.
I'M FLYING TOO *FAST* FOR YOU TO AVOID ME!
UGHN!
SPONK
I WAS KINDA *HOPING* THAT WOULD BE THE CASE!


SKKKREEEE!
NO REST FOR THE WEARY, HORN-HEAD -- ROVER IS BACK IN THE GAME!
GOT TO FACE FACTS! THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY I CAN SURVIVE THIS BATTLE!
I'VE GOT TO KILL THAT CREATURE!
"KILL."
THAT'S ONE MORE I OWE HYDRA.
'CAUSE IN ALL MY YEARS OF CRIME-FIGHTING --
I'VE NEVER HAD TO STOOP TO THAT LEVEL BEFORE!
CRACK!
I'VE GOT TO LISTEN CAREFULLY-- DROWN OUT THE THING'S SQUEAKING-- HEAR ONLY ITS HEARTBEAT AND "SEE" WHERE ITS HEART IS LOCATED!
I'M ONLY GONNA GET ONE SHOT AT THIS!
EEEEEEKKK!


CRETIN! YOU SHALL PAY FOR THAT!
HE WAS THE PRODUCT OF YEARS OF RESEARCH AND BREEDING--
--AND YOU DESTOYED HIM!
HEY, WHILE I ADMIT THE RESEARCH ON HUMAN-MAKING WAS COMPLETED LONG BEFORE MY FOLKS GOT INTO THE ACT--
--I HAD A FEW YEARS OF BREEDING INVESTED IN ME, TOO!
YOU DON'T WANT ALL THAT EFFORT TO GO TO WASTE?
OH, YOU DO.
WITHOUT MY BILLY CLUB, I DON'T STAND A CHANCE AGAINST A FOE WHO CAN FLY!
IT'S AMAZING HOW RAPIDLY THE APPROACH OF DEATH CAN RAISE ONE'S CONSCIOUSNESS--
"'CAUSE, RIGHT NOW, I REALLY WISH THE WIDOW WERE HERE!"
STAND BACK, EL JAGUAR. MY WIDOW'S BITE IS NOT YET SET FOR KILLING--
--BUT I HAVE NO COMPUNCTION AGAINST MAKING THAT LITTLE ADJUSTMENT!
ZZZAP
DIABLO!
ARRGH!
SLASH!
EL JAGUAR DOES NOT FEAR DEATH--
--HE DEALS IT!


MY SIDE-- BLEEDING! AND I CAN HEAR EL JAGUAR RUSHING UP TO DELIVER A KILLING STRIKE!
A PITY YOU MUST DIE, SENORITA--
COME ON, WOMAN, MOVE! NO MATTER HOW MUCH IT HURTS--
-- MI CABALLEROS WOULD HAVE ENJOYED...
--MOVE!
KLIK!
HUH?
ZAT!
HIM! HE'S FAR STRONGER THAN EITHER MATT OR I REALIZED!
HE'S STILL ALIVE!
PERHAPS I SHOULD FINISH THE JOB--
--BUT KILLING A FOE WHEN HE'S HELPLESS JUST ISN'T THE BLACK WIDOW'S STYLE.
BESIDES, IF I CAN BE ALLOWED SOME SMALL BELIEF IN AN OUT-MODED CONCEPT LIKE WOMAN'S INTUITION--
I THINK DAREDEVIL NEEDS ME!

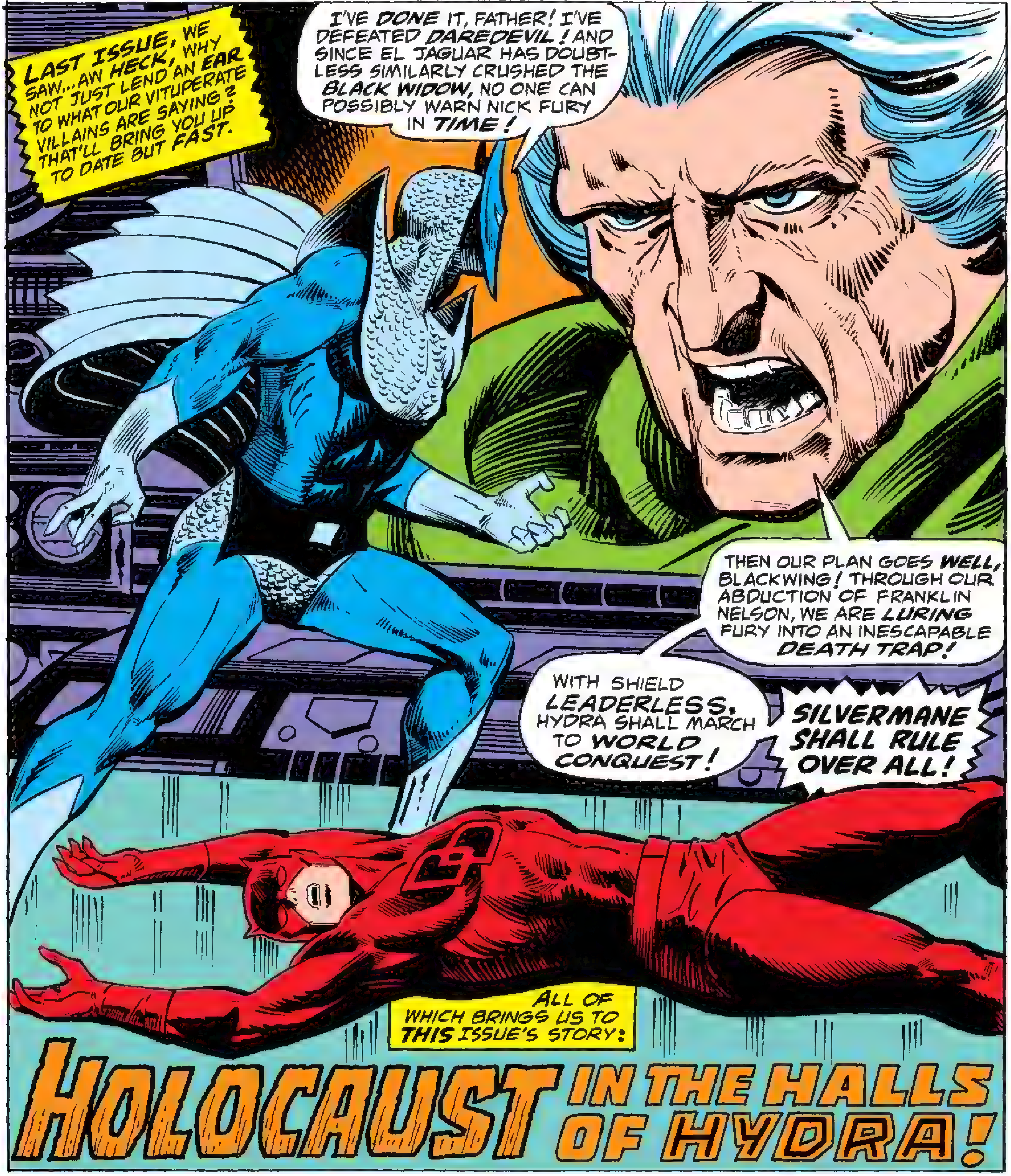

PPERARE TO DIE, DAREDEVIL!
AW, COME ON, BLACKIE! A GUN AND A CLICHE?
YOU CAN DO BETTER THAN THAT!
DO YOU THINK YOU DESERVE BETTER?
WELL, ACTUALLY--
--YEAH!
I MEAN, HOW MANY OTHER GUYS YOU KNOW HAVE MANAGED TO KEEP ALL THEIR NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS SO FAR?
DOESN'T THAT COUNT FOR SOMETHING.
GO, DD-- GO!
YOU FOOL!
BLAST! HE MOVED A SECOND BEFORE I WOULD HAVE HAD HIM!
I JUST BLEW MY LAST CHANCE-- AND IF I CAN'T TWIST MYSELF AROUND, I'LL BE...
WUUMMP!
WELL PLAYED --MY SON!
MENTALLO REPORTS THAT NICHOLAS FURY IS WITHIN MINUTES OF FALLING INTO OUR TRAP.
THEN WE'VE WON, FATHER. WITH SHIELD LEADERLESS, HYDRA WILL RULE OVER ALL. WE WILL EVEN CRUSH THE UNGRATEFULL MAGGIA!
YES, MY SON. THAT ANCIENT CRIME SYNDICATE ROBBED ME OF MY RIGHTFULL PLACE AS THEIR RULER. BUT NOW THEY-- AND THE WORLD--WILL WRITHE IN PAIN 'NEATH THE HEEL OF--
SILVERMANE!
HOW DID SILVERMANE ESCAPE THE FATE THAT SEEMED HIS IN MARVEL TALES #56 (NOT TO MENTION SPIDEY #75)? THE ANSWER--AND MORE--IN NEXT ISSUE'S
HOLOCAUST IN THE HALLS OF HYDRA
BE THERE, PEOPLE! IT'S ANOTHER MARVEL MILESTONE!

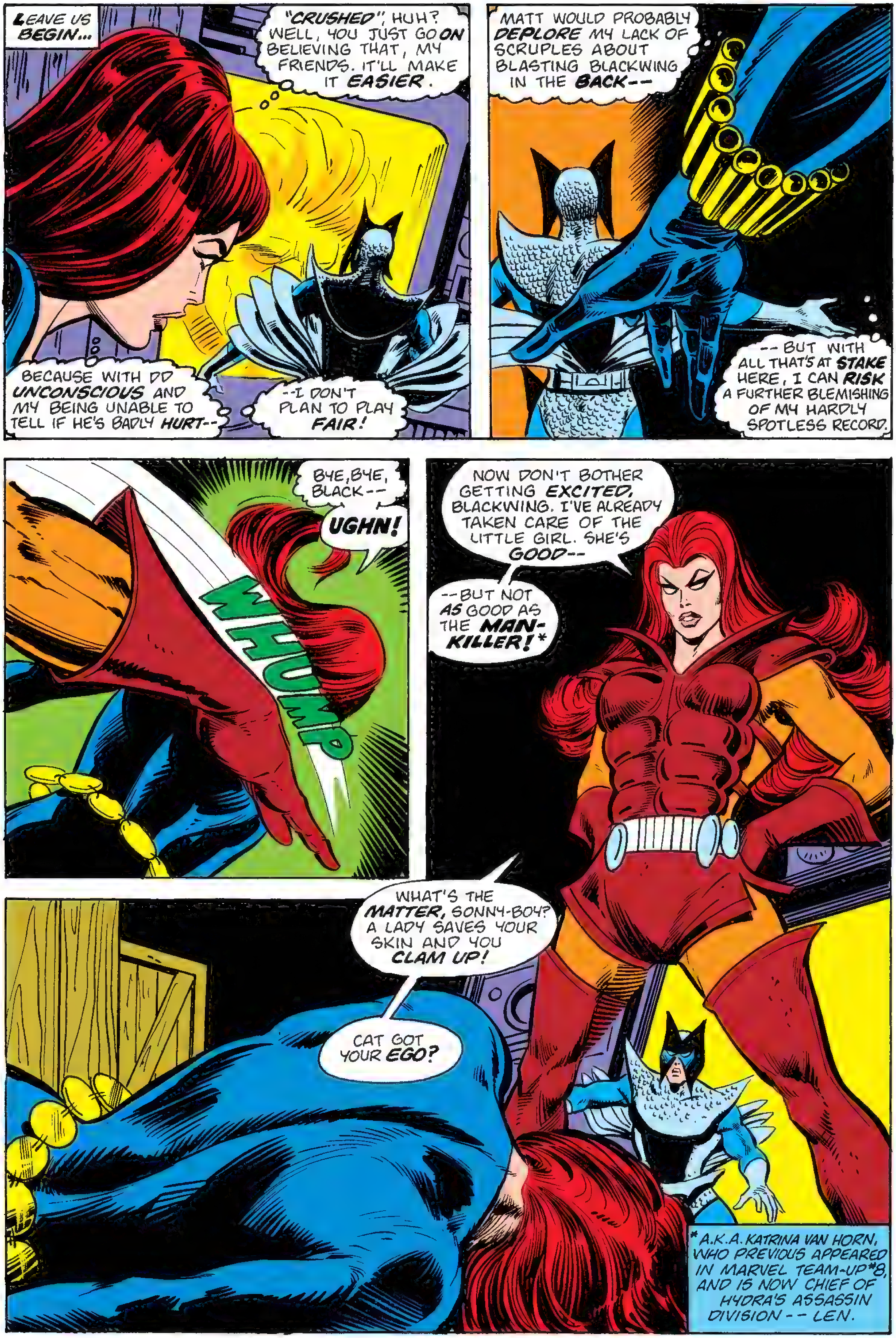
DAREDEVIL
MARVEL COMICS GROUP™
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
25¢
123
JULY
02459
DAREDEVIL®
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!
CLOCKWISE FROM THE TOP, THEY'RE SILVERMANE! MAN-KILLER! DREADNAUGHT! BLACKWING! AND THE SAVAGE EL JAGUAR!
WHAT DO YOU CALL A FINAL, CLIMACTIC BATTLE--
--WITH FIVE SUPER VILLAINS?
HOW ABOUT... HOLOCAUST!
Sal Buscema

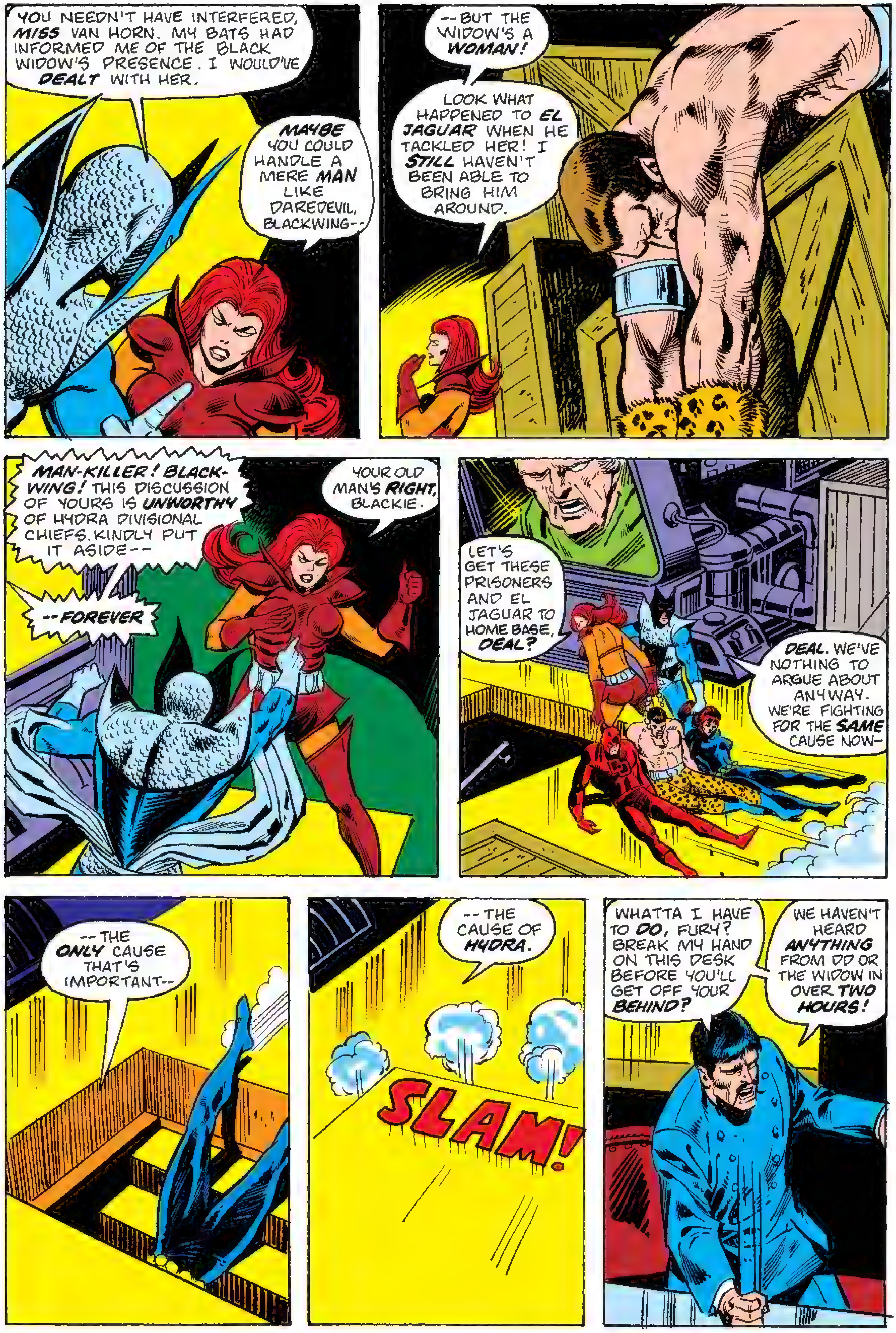
He dwells in eternal night— but the blackness is filled with sounds and scents, tastes and textures other men cannot perceive. For though attorney MATT MURDOCK is *blind,* his other four senses function with *superhuman sharpness*—his uncanny *radar sense* guides him over every obstacle! Armed only with his *billy club,* his fighting skill, and his courage, he stalks the streets by night, a relentless red-garbed foe of evil!

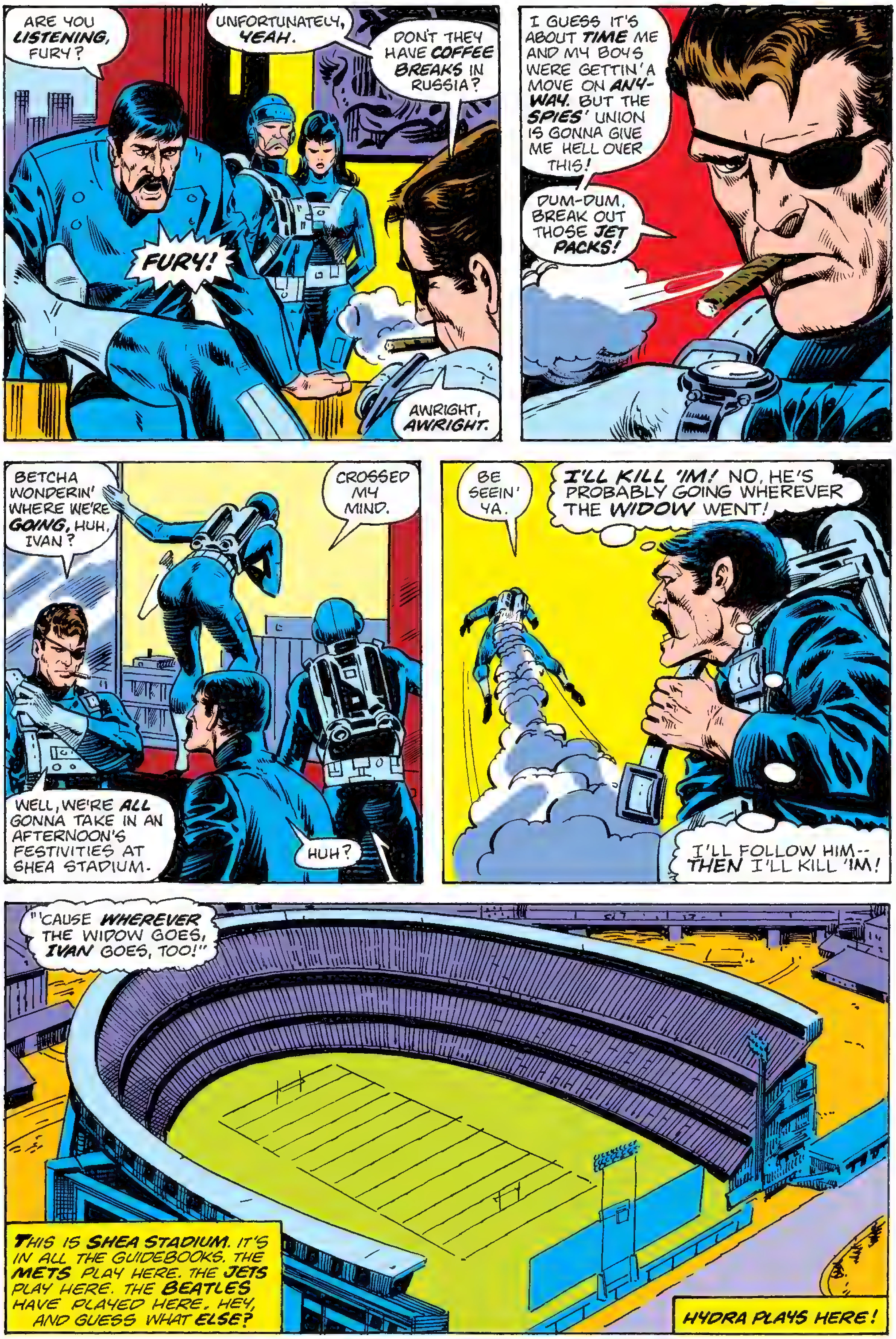
Stan Lee PRESENTS: DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!™

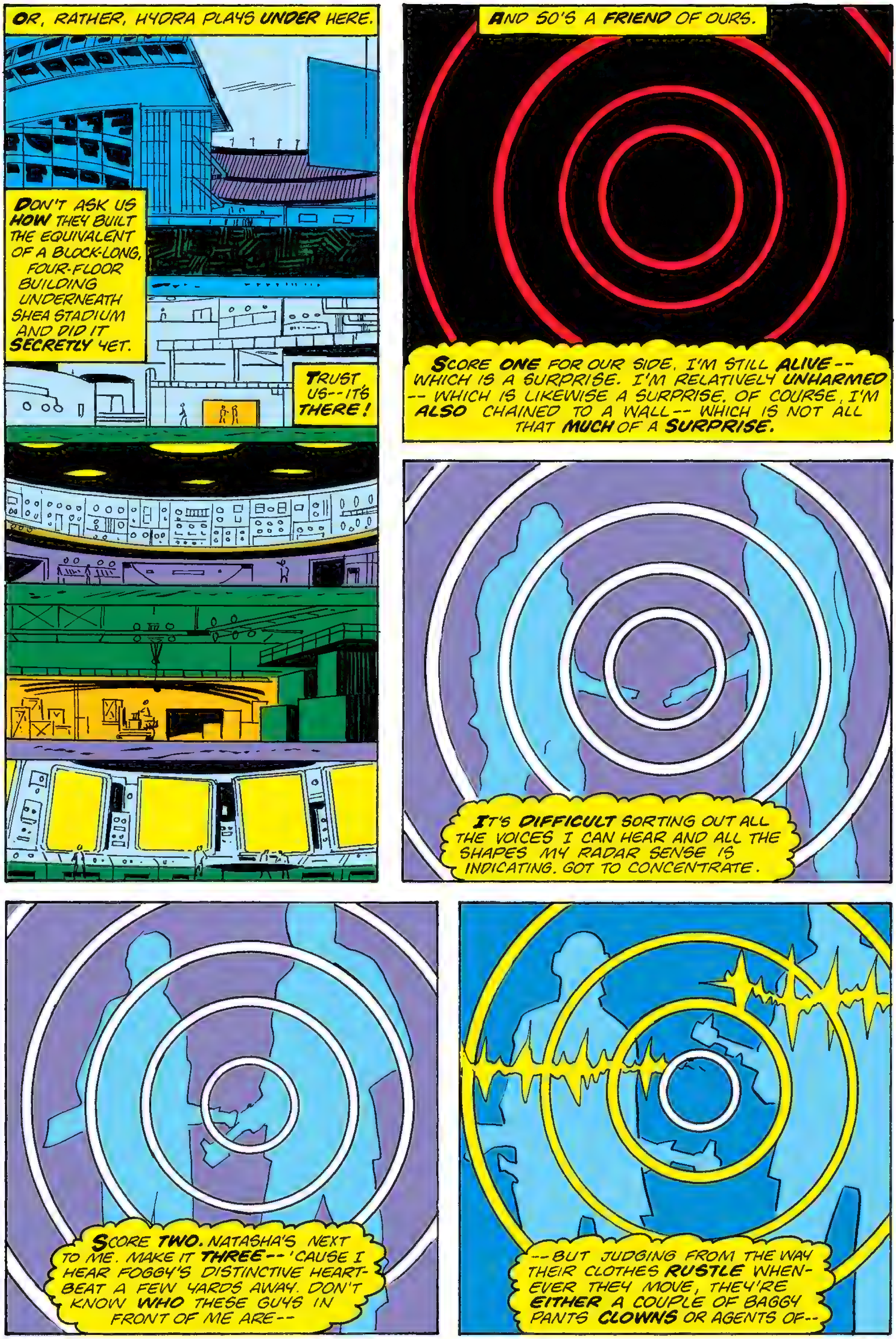
TONY ISABELLA AND **BOB BROWN** WRITER--STORY-TELLERS--ARTIST / **V. COLLETTA** INKER / **KAREN MANTLO** LETTERER / **G. ROUSSOS** COLORIST / **LEN WEIN** EDITOR

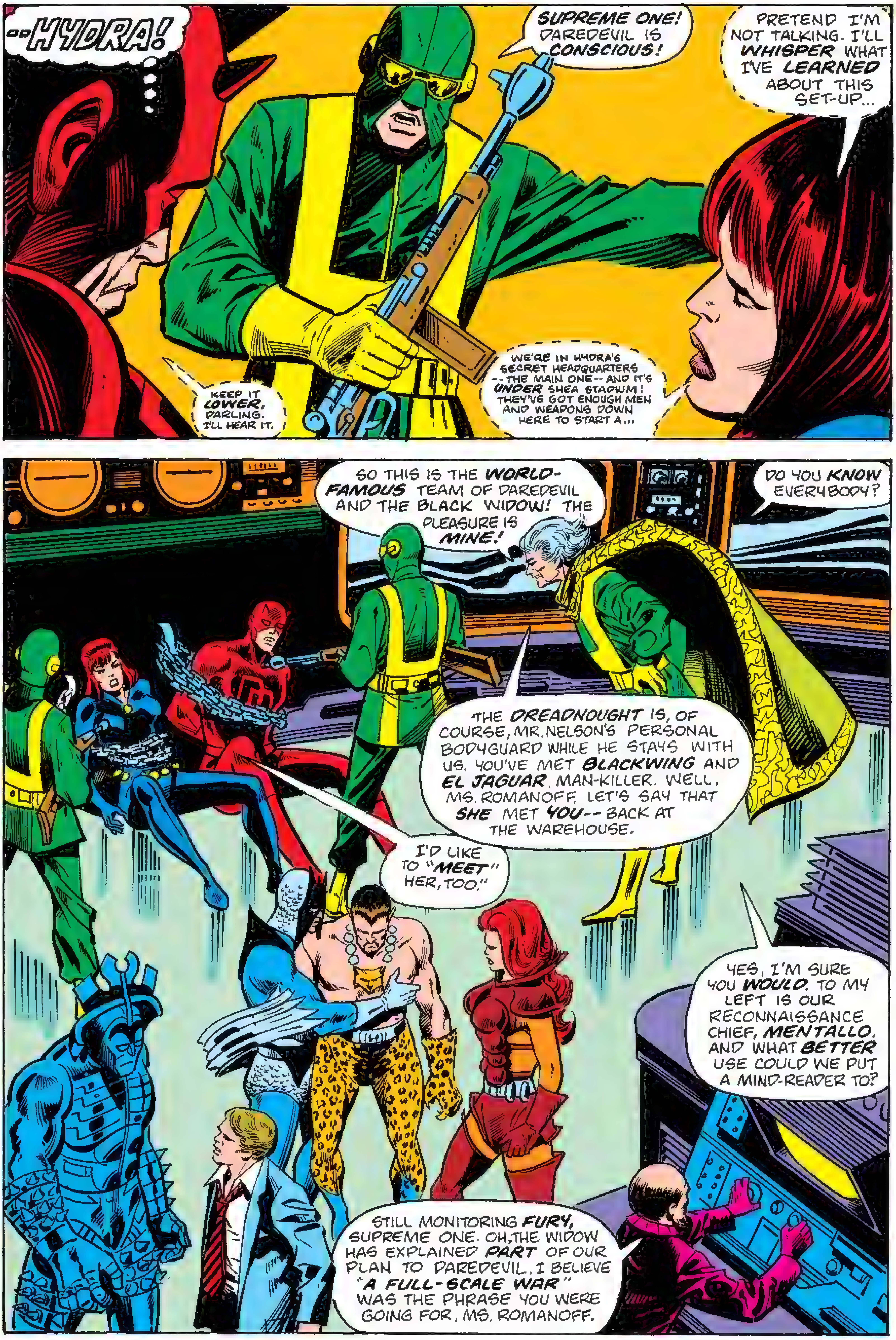

LAST ISSUE, WE SAW...AW HECK, WHY NOT JUST LEND AN EAR TO WHAT OUR VITUPERATE VILLAINS ARE SAYING? THAT'LL BRING YOU UP TO DATE BUT FAST.
I'VE DONE IT, FATHER! I'VE DEFEATED DAREDEVIL! AND SINCE EL JAGUAR HAS DOUBTLESS SIMILARLY CRUSHED THE BLACK WIDOW, NO ONE CAN POSSIBLY WARN NICK FURY IN TIME!
THEN OUR PLAN GOES WELL, BLACKWING! THROUGH OUR ABDUCTION OF FRANKLIN NELSON, WE ARE LURING FURY INTO AN INESCAPABLE DEATH TRAP!
WITH SHIELD LEADERLESS, HYDRA SHALL MARCH TO WORLD CONQUEST!
SILVERMANE SHALL RULE OVER ALL!
ALL OF WHICH BRINGS US TO THIS ISSUE'S STORY:
HOLOCAUST IN THE HALLS OF HYDRA!

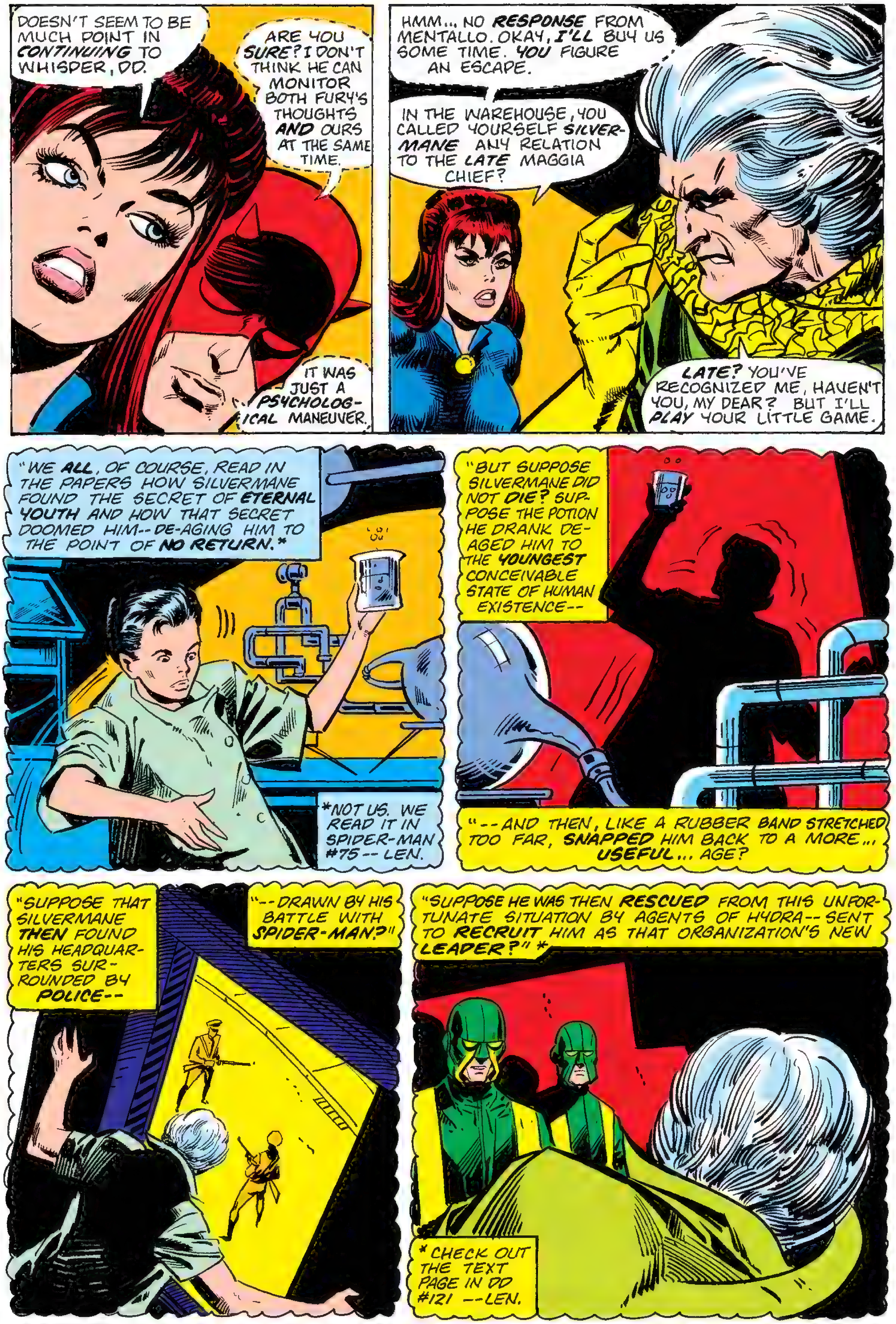

LEAVE US BEGIN...
"CRUSHED", HUH? WELL, YOU JUST GO ON BELIEVING THAT, MY FRIENDS. IT'LL MAKE IT EASIER.
BECAUSE WITH DD UNCONSCIOUS AND MY BEING UNABLE TO TELL IF HE'S BADLY HURT--
--I DON'T PLAN TO PLAY FAIR!
MATT WOULD PROBABLY DEPLORE MY LACK OF SCRUPLES ABOUT BLASTING BLACKWING IN THE BACK--
--BUT WITH ALL THAT'S AT STAKE HERE, I CAN RISK A FURTHER BLEMISHING OF MY HARDLY SPOTLESS RECORD.
BYE, BYE, BLACK--
UGHN!
WHUMP
NOW DON'T BOTHER GETTING EXCITED, BLACKWING. I'VE ALREADY TAKEN CARE OF THE LITTLE GIRL. SHE'S GOOD--
--BUT NOT AS GOOD AS THE MAN-KILLER!*
WHAT'S THE MATTER, SONNY-BOY? A LADY SAVES YOUR SKIN AND YOU CLAM UP!
CAT GOT YOUR EGO?
*A.K.A. KATRINA VAN HORN, WHO PREVIOUS APPEARED IN MARVEL TEAM-UP #8, AND IS NOW CHIEF OF HYDRA'S ASSASSIN DIVISION -- LEN.


YOU NEEDN'T HAVE INTERFERED, MISS VAN HORN. MY BATS HAD INFORMED ME OF THE BLACK WIDOW'S PRESENCE. I WOULD'VE DEALT WITH HER.
MAYBE YOU COULD HANDLE A MERE MAN LIKE DAREDEVIL, BLACKWING--
--BUT THE WIDOW'S A WOMAN!
LOOK WHAT HAPPENED TO EL JAGUAR WHEN HE TACKLED HER! I STILL HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO BRING HIM AROUND.
MAN-KILLER! BLACKWING! THIS DISCUSSION OF YOURS IS UNWORTHY OF HYDRA DIVISIONAL CHIEFS. KINDLY PUT IT ASIDE--
--FOREVER
YOUR OLD MAN'S RIGHT, BLACKIE.
LET'S GET THESE PRISONERS AND EL JAGUAR TO HOME BASE, DEAL?
DEAL. WE'VE NOTHING TO ARGUE ABOUT ANYWAY. WE'RE FIGHTING FOR THE SAME CAUSE NOW--
--THE ONLY CAUSE THAT'S IMPORTANT--
--THE CAUSE OF HYDRA.
SLAM!
WHATTA I HAVE TO DO, FURY? BREAK MY HAND ON THIS DESK BEFORE YOU'LL GET OFF YOUR BEHIND?
WE HAVEN'T HEARD ANYTHING FROM DD OR THE WIDOW IN OVER TWO HOURS!

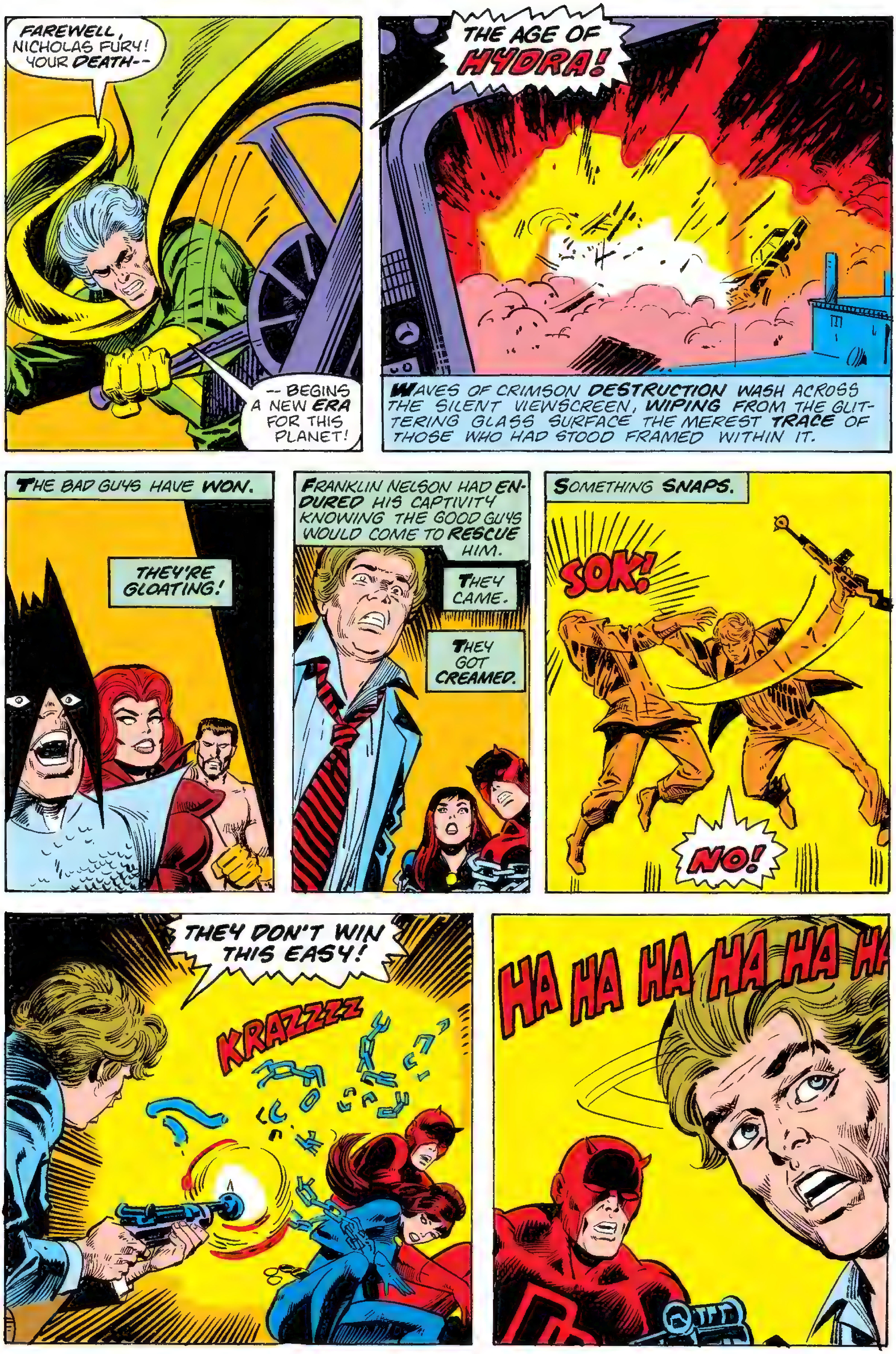

ARE YOU *LISTENING*, FURY?
UNFORTUNATELY, *YEAH*.
DON'T THEY HAVE *COFFEE BREAKS* IN RUSSIA?
FURY!
AWRIGHT, *AWRIGHT*.
I GUESS IT'S ABOUT *TIME* ME AND MY BOYS WERE GETTIN' A MOVE ON *ANYWAY*. BUT THE *SPIES'* UNION IS GONNA GIVE ME HELL OVER THIS!
DUM-DUM, BREAK OUT THOSE *JET PACKS!*
BETCHA WONDERIN' WHERE WE'RE *GOING*, HUH, IVAN?
CROSSED MY MIND.
WELL, WE'RE *ALL* GONNA TAKE IN AN AFTERNOON'S FESTIVITIES AT SHEA STADIUM.
HUH?
BE SEEIN' YA.
I'LL KILL 'IM! NO, HE'S PROBABLY GOING WHEREVER THE *WIDOW* WENT!
I'LL FOLLOW HIM-- *THEN* I'LL KILL 'IM!
"'CAUSE *WHEREVER* THE WIDOW GOES, *IVAN* GOES, TOO!"
THIS IS SHEA STADIUM. IT'S IN ALL THE GUIDEBOOKS. THE METS PLAY HERE. THE JETS PLAY HERE. THE BEATLES HAVE PLAYED HERE. HEY, AND GUESS WHAT ELSE?
HYDRA PLAYS HERE!

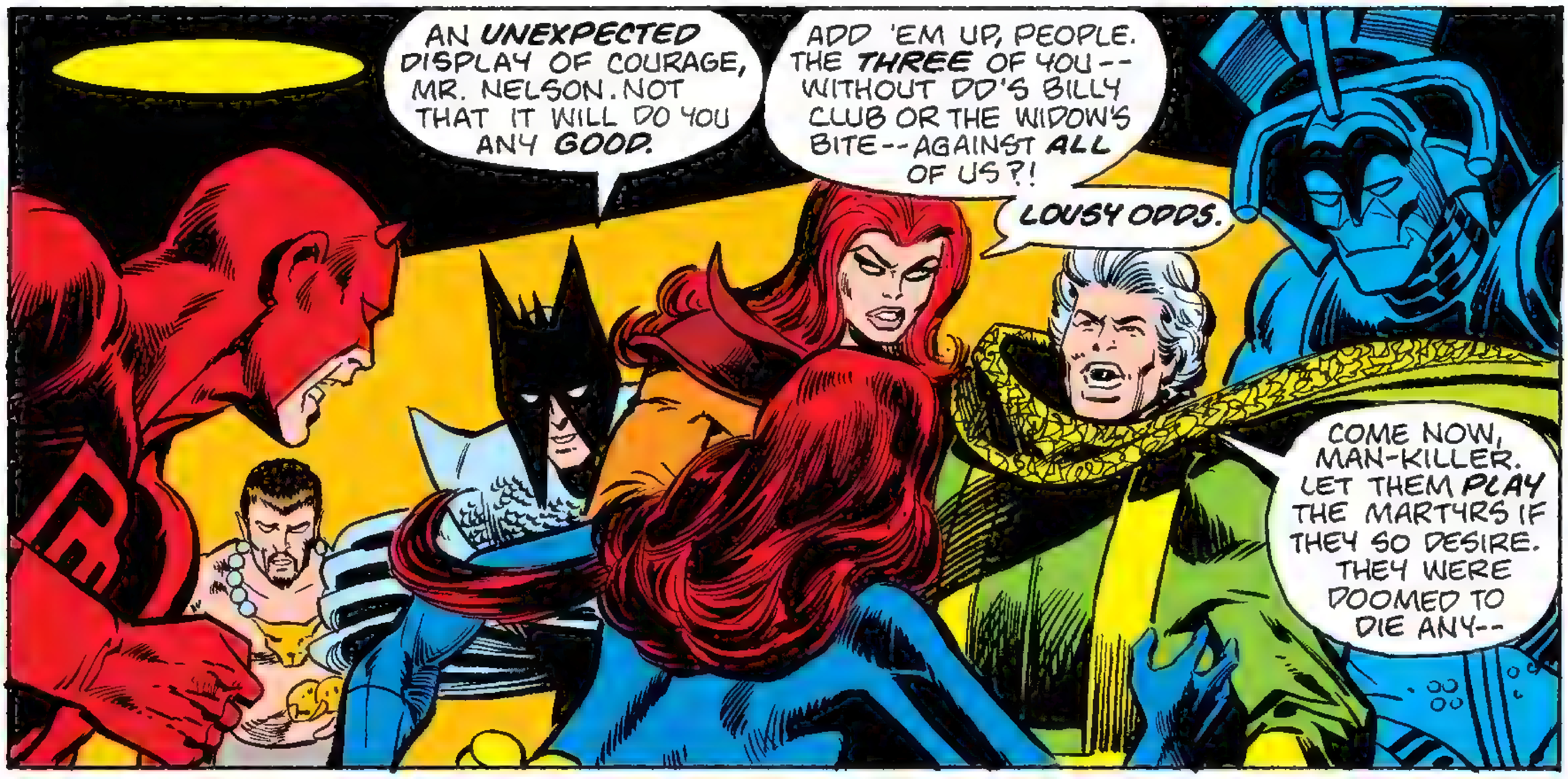

OR, RATHER, HYDRA PLAYS UNDER HERE.
DON'T ASK US HOW THEY BUILT THE EQUIVALENT OF A BLOCK-LONG, FOUR-FLOOR BUILDING UNDERNEATH SHEA STADIUM AND DID IT SECRETLY YET.
TRUST US--IT'S THERE!
AND SO'S A FRIEND OF OURS.
SCORE ONE FOR OUR SIDE. I'M STILL ALIVE-- WHICH IS A SURPRISE. I'M RELATIVELY UNHARMED -- WHICH IS LIKEWISE A SURPRISE. OF COURSE, I'M ALSO CHAINED TO A WALL-- WHICH IS NOT ALL THAT MUCH OF A SURPRISE.
IT'S DIFFICULT SORTING OUT ALL THE VOICES I CAN HEAR AND ALL THE SHAPES MY RADAR SENSE IS INDICATING. GOT TO CONCENTRATE.
SCORE TWO. NATASHA'S NEXT TO ME. MAKE IT THREE-- 'CAUSE I HEAR FOGGY'S DISTINCTIVE HEART-BEAT A FEW YARDS AWAY. DON'T KNOW WHO THESE GUYS IN FRONT OF ME ARE--
--BUT JUDGING FROM THE WAY THEIR CLOTHES RUSTLE WHEN-EVER THEY MOVE, THEY'RE EITHER A COUPLE OF BAGGY PANTS CLOWNS OR AGENTS OF--

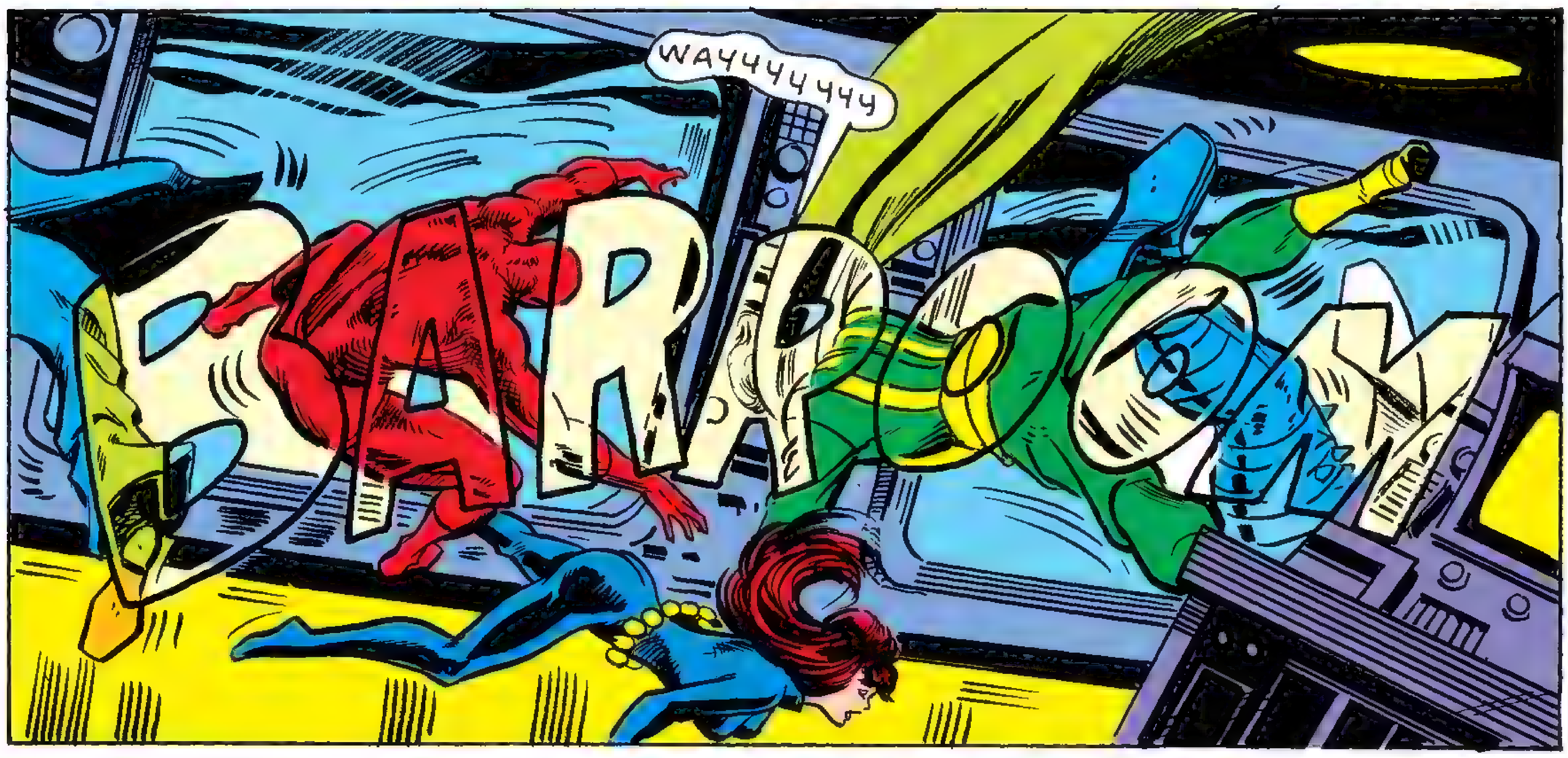

--HYDRA!
SUPREME ONE! DAREDEVIL IS CONSCIOUS!
PRETEND I'M NOT TALKING. I'LL WHISPER WHAT I'VE LEARNED ABOUT THIS SET-UP...
KEEP IT LOWER, DARLING. I'LL HEAR IT.
WE'RE IN HYDRA'S SECRET HEADQUARTERS--THE MAIN ONE--AND IT'S UNDER SHEA STADIUM! THEY'VE GOT ENOUGH MEN AND WEAPONS DOWN HERE TO START A...
SO THIS IS THE WORLD-FAMOUS TEAM OF DAREDEVIL AND THE BLACK WIDOW! THE PLEASURE IS MINE!
DO YOU KNOW EVERYBODY?
THE DREADNOUGHT IS, OF COURSE, MR. NELSON'S PERSONAL BODYGUARD WHILE HE STAYS WITH US. YOU'VE MET BLACKWING AND EL JAGUAR. MAN-KILLER. WELL, MS. ROMANOFF, LET'S SAY THAT SHE MET YOU-- BACK AT THE WAREHOUSE.
I'D LIKE TO "MEET" HER, TOO.
YES, I'M SURE YOU WOULD. TO MY LEFT IS OUR RECONNAISSANCE CHIEF, MENTALLO. AND WHAT BETTER USE COULD WE PUT A MIND-READER TO?
STILL MONITORING FURY, SUPREME ONE. OH, THE WIDOW HAS EXPLAINED PART OF OUR PLAN TO DAREDEVIL. I BELIEVE "A FULL-SCALE WAR" WAS THE PHRASE YOU WERE GOING FOR, MS. ROMANOFF.

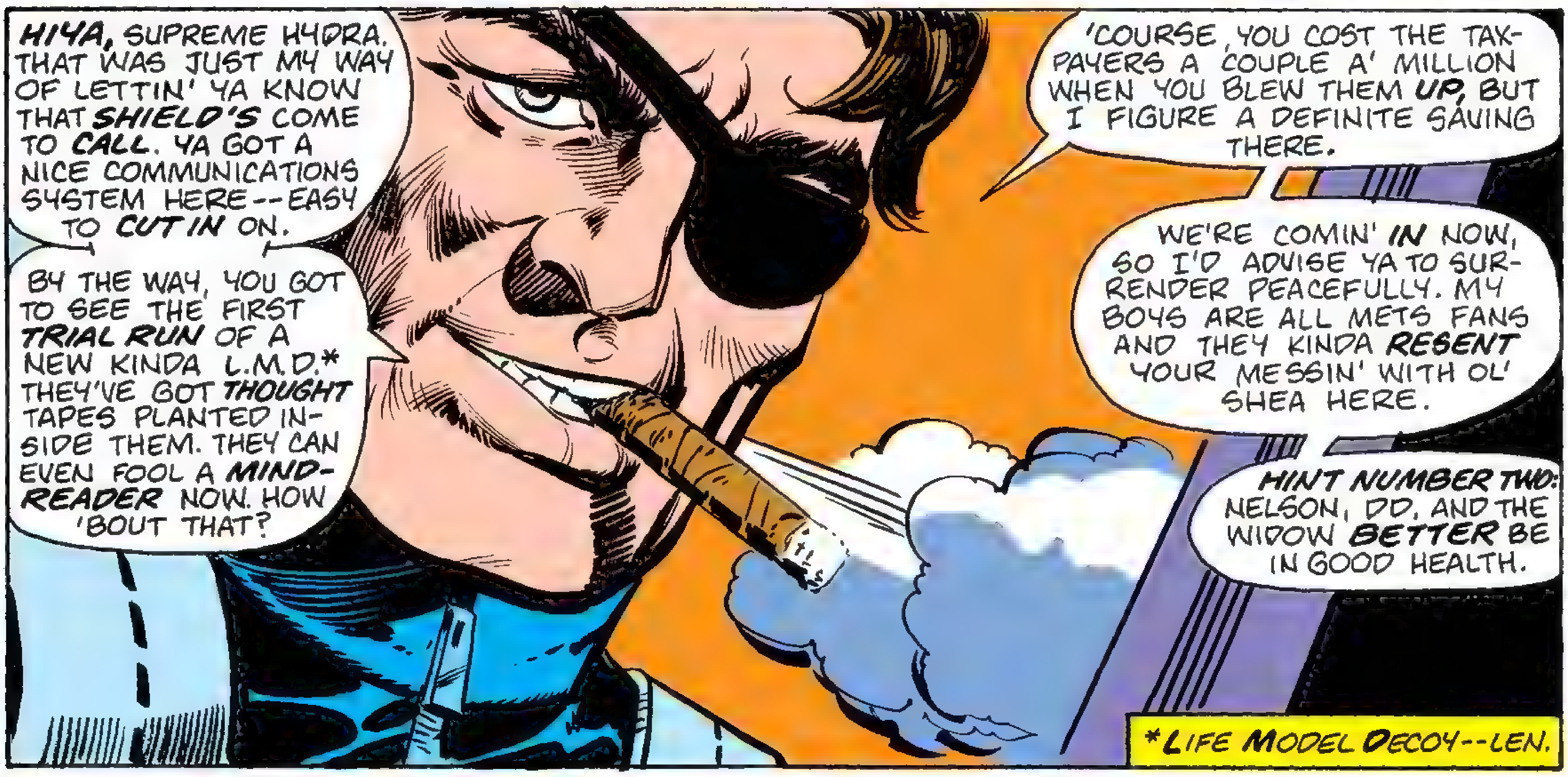

DOESN'T SEEM TO BE MUCH POINT IN *CONTINUING* TO WHISPER, DD.
ARE YOU *SURE?* I DON'T THINK HE CAN MONITOR BOTH FURY'S THOUGHTS *AND* OURS AT THE SAME TIME.
IT WAS JUST A *PSYCHOLOGICAL* MANEUVER.
HMM... NO *RESPONSE* FROM MENTALLO. OKAY, *I'LL* BUY US SOME TIME. *YOU* FIGURE AN ESCAPE.
IN THE WAREHOUSE, YOU CALLED YOURSELF *SILVERMANE*. ANY RELATION TO THE *LATE* MAGGIA CHIEF?
LATE? YOU'VE RECOGNIZED ME, HAVEN'T YOU, MY DEAR? BUT I'LL *PLAY* YOUR LITTLE GAME.
"WE *ALL*, OF COURSE, READ IN THE PAPERS HOW SILVERMANE FOUND THE SECRET OF *ETERNAL YOUTH* AND HOW THAT SECRET DOOMED HIM--DE-AGING HIM TO THE POINT OF *NO RETURN*.*
*NOT US. WE READ IT IN SPIDER-MAN #75 -- LEN.
"BUT SUPPOSE SILVERMANE DID NOT *DIE?* SUPPOSE THE POTION HE DRANK DE-AGED HIM TO THE *YOUNGEST* CONCEIVABLE STATE OF HUMAN EXISTENCE--
"--AND THEN, LIKE A RUBBER BAND STRETCHED TOO FAR, *SNAPPED* HIM BACK TO A MORE... *USEFUL*... AGE?
"SUPPOSE THAT SILVERMANE *THEN* FOUND HIS HEADQUARTERS SURROUNDED BY *POLICE*--
"--DRAWN BY HIS BATTLE WITH *SPIDER-MAN?*"
"SUPPOSE HE WAS THEN *RESCUED* FROM THIS UNFORTUNATE SITUATION BY AGENTS OF HYDRA--SENT TO *RECRUIT* HIM AS THAT ORGANIZATION'S NEW *LEADER?*" *
*CHECK OUT THE TEXT PAGE IN DD #121 --LEN.

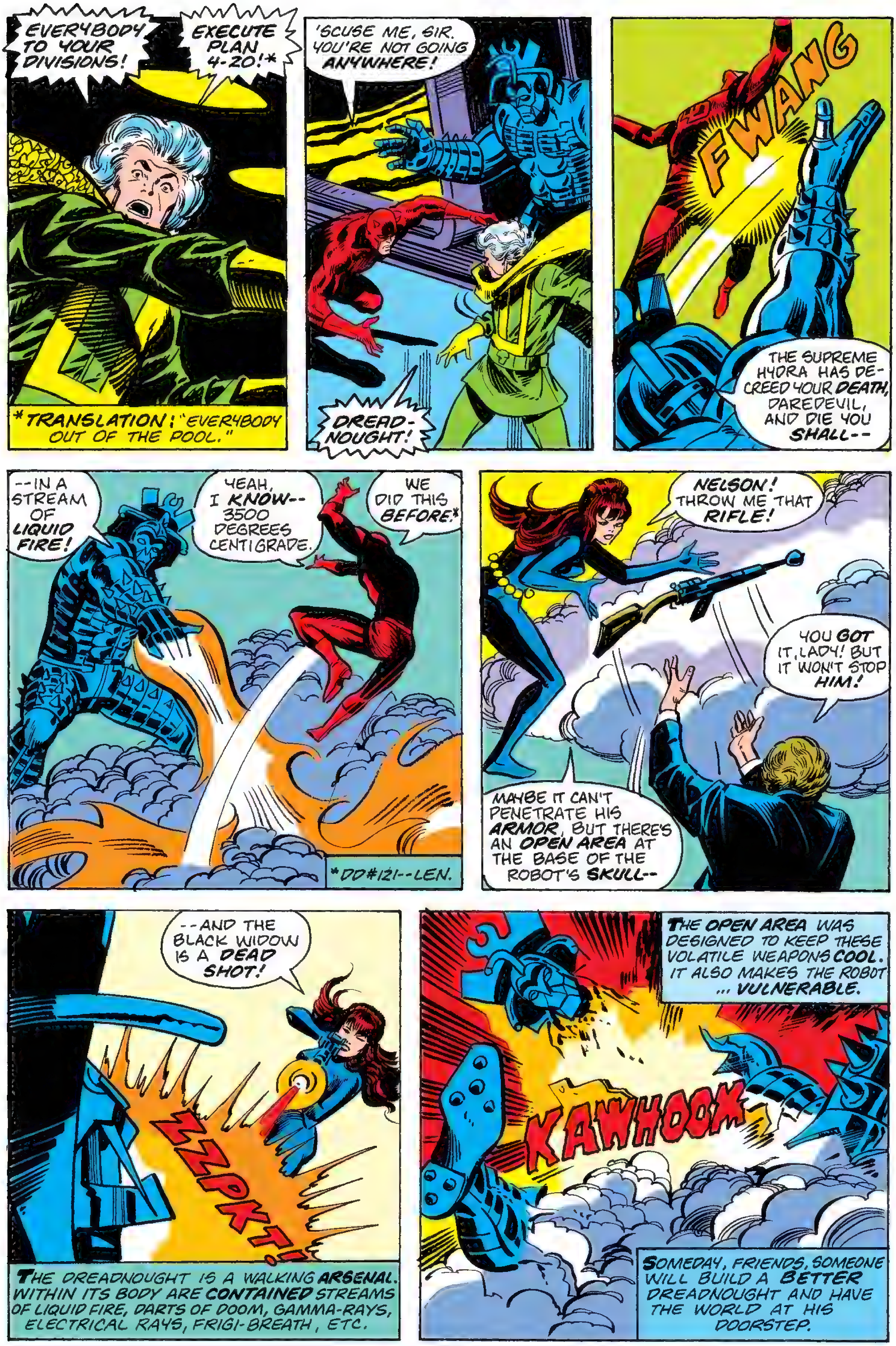
WOULD HE NOT **GLADLY** FORFEIT HIS RULE OF THE MAGGIA THAT HE MIGHT SOMEDAY RULE THE **WORLD?**
HE **WOULD,** MY DEAR BLACK WIDOW! I CAN ASSURE YOU OF **THAT!**
FOR I **AM** SILVERMANE! AND MORE--
--I AM THE SILVERMANE OF **OLD!**
YOUNG AND STRONG ENOUGH TO SHAKE THE EARTH ITSELF!
AND I AM HIS **SON,** DAREDEVIL.
FROM THE MOMENT YOU FIRST LEARNED OF ME,* I HAVE BEEN WORKING IN THE NAME OF **HYDRA!**
DON'T BOTHER TO **ELABORATE,** BLACKIE. I CAN FIGURE IT OUT FROM HERE.
*DD#118--LEN.
"YOU JUST JOINED THE RINGMASTER TO **PREVENT** HIM FROM DISCOVERING HYDRA'S H.Q. THAT'S WHY YOU CUT OUT WHEN I SHOWED UP. YOU **WANTED** THE CIRCUS OF CRIME CAPTURED."
"I WAS QUITE PREPARED TO **HELP** YOU CAPTURE THEM HAD THE NEED ARISEN."
SUPREME ONE...
THEY'RE HERE!
AHH... COLONEL NICHOLAS FURY... DUM-DUM DUGAN ... THE CONTESSA VALENTINA ALLEGRO DE FONTAINE... **SHIELD'S** DAUNTLESS **LEADER** AND HIS **TOP** AGENTS.
PERFECT! THE BLUNDERING FOOLS HAVE WALKED INTO A WAREHOUSE OF WALL-TO-WALL **EXPLOSIVES!**


FAREWELL, NICHOLAS FURY! YOUR DEATH--
-- BEGINS A NEW ERA FOR THIS PLANET!
THE AGE OF HYDRA!
WAVES OF CRIMSON DESTRUCTION WASH ACROSS THE SILENT VIEWSCREEN, WIPING FROM THE GLITTERING GLASS SURFACE THE MEREST TRACE OF THOSE WHO HAD STOOD FRAMED WITHIN IT.
THE BAD GUYS HAVE WON.
THEY'RE GLOATING!
FRANKLIN NELSON HAD ENDURED HIS CAPTIVITY KNOWING THE GOOD GUYS WOULD COME TO RESCUE HIM.
THEY CAME.
THEY GOT CREAMED.
SOMETHING SNAPS.
SOK!
NO!
THEY DON'T WIN THIS EASY!
KRAZZZZ
HA HA HA HA HA H

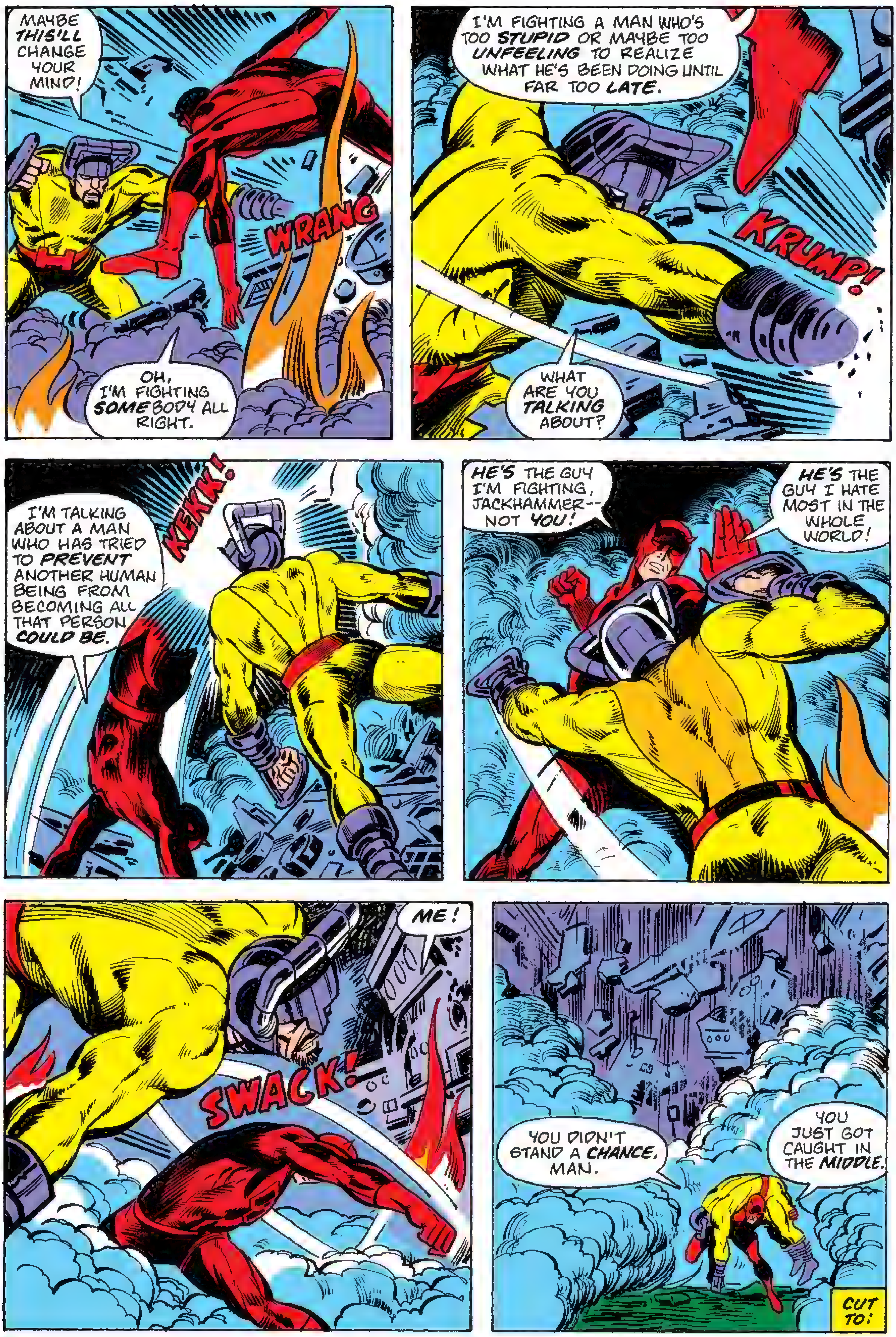

AN **UNEXPECTED** DISPLAY OF COURAGE, MR. NELSON. NOT THAT IT WILL DO YOU ANY **GOOD.**
ADD 'EM UP, PEOPLE. THE **THREE** OF YOU--WITHOUT DD'S BILLY CLUB OR THE WIDOW'S BITE--AGAINST **ALL** OF US?!
LOUSY ODDS.
COME NOW, MAN-KILLER. LET THEM **PLAY** THE MARTYRS IF THEY SO DESIRE. THEY WERE DOOMED TO DIE ANY--

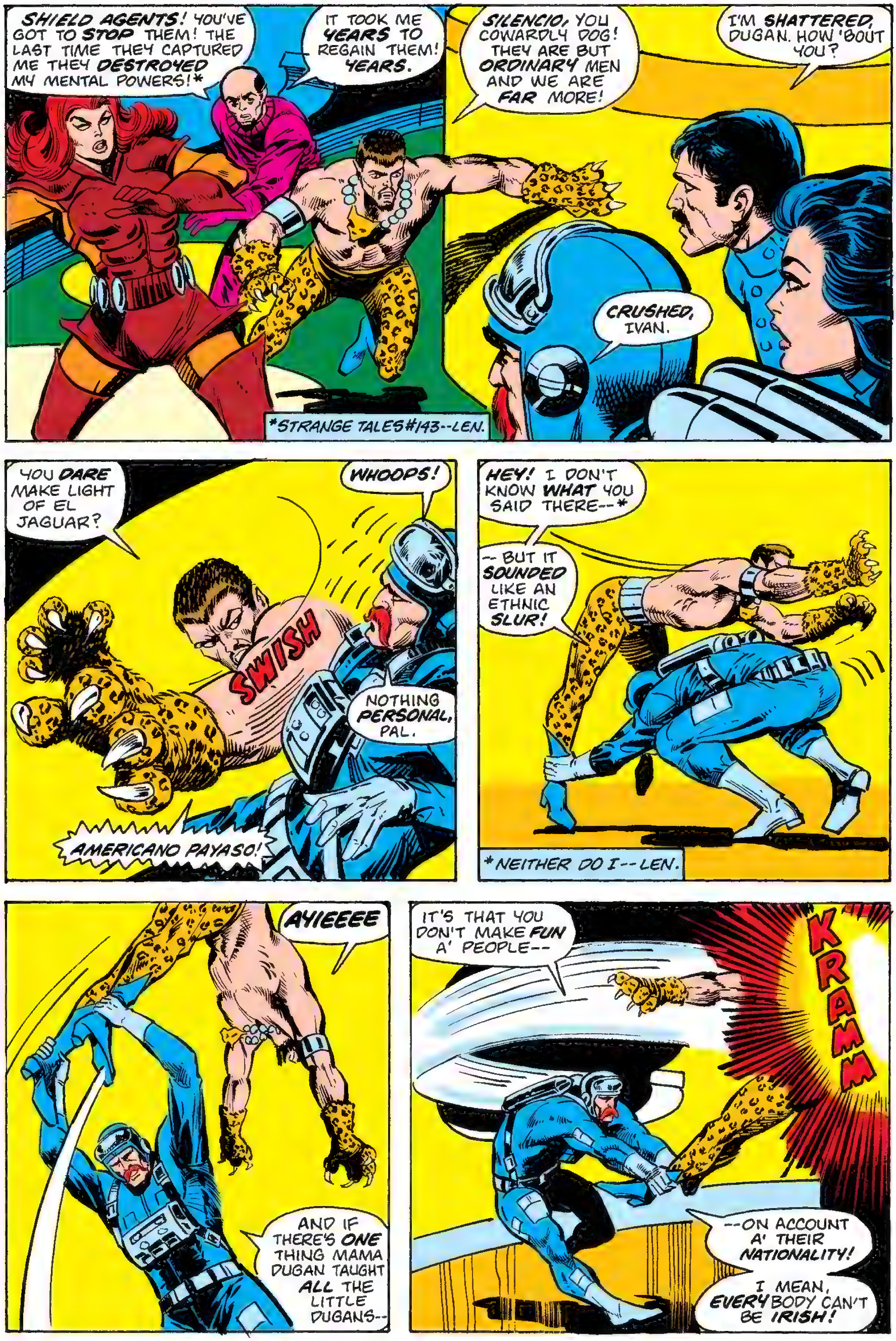

WAYYYYYYY
BARROOM

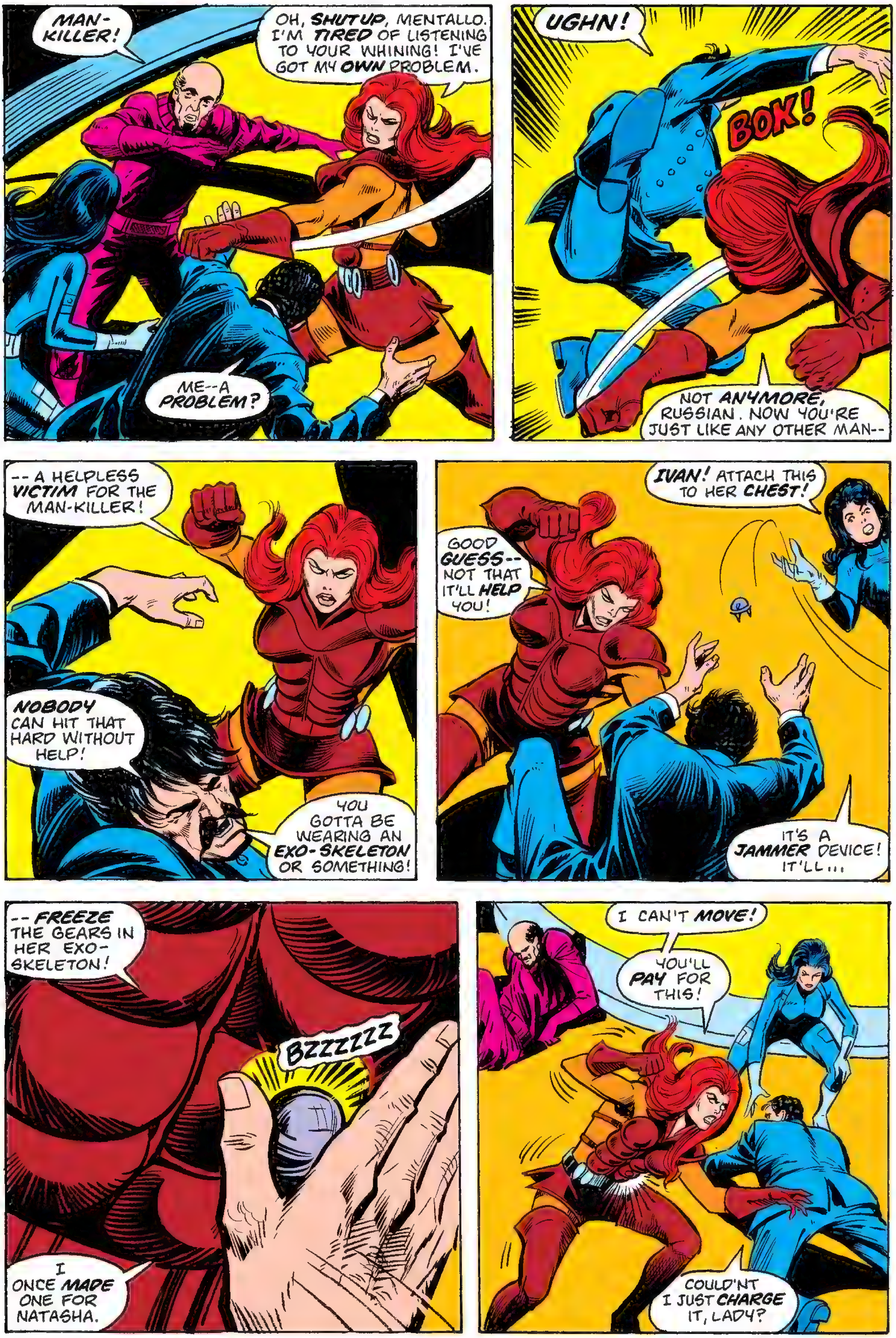

HIYA, SUPREME HYDRA. THAT WAS JUST MY WAY OF LETTIN' YA KNOW THAT **SHIELD'S** COME TO **CALL**. YA GOT A NICE COMMUNICATIONS SYSTEM HERE--EASY TO **CUT IN** ON.
BY THE WAY, YOU GOT TO SEE THE FIRST **TRIAL RUN** OF A NEW KINDA L.M.D.* THEY'VE GOT **THOUGHT** TAPES PLANTED INSIDE THEM. THEY CAN EVEN FOOL A **MIND-READER** NOW. HOW 'BOUT THAT?
'COURSE, YOU COST THE TAXPAYERS A COUPLE A' MILLION WHEN YOU BLEW THEM **UP,** BUT I FIGURE A DEFINITE SAVING THERE.
WE'RE COMIN' **IN** NOW, SO I'D ADVISE YA TO SURRENDER PEACEFULLY. MY BOYS ARE ALL METS FANS AND THEY KINDA **RESENT** YOUR MESSIN' WITH OL' SHEA HERE.
HINT NUMBER TWO: NELSON, DD, AND THE WIDOW **BETTER** BE IN GOOD HEALTH.
***LIFE MODEL DECOY--LEN.**

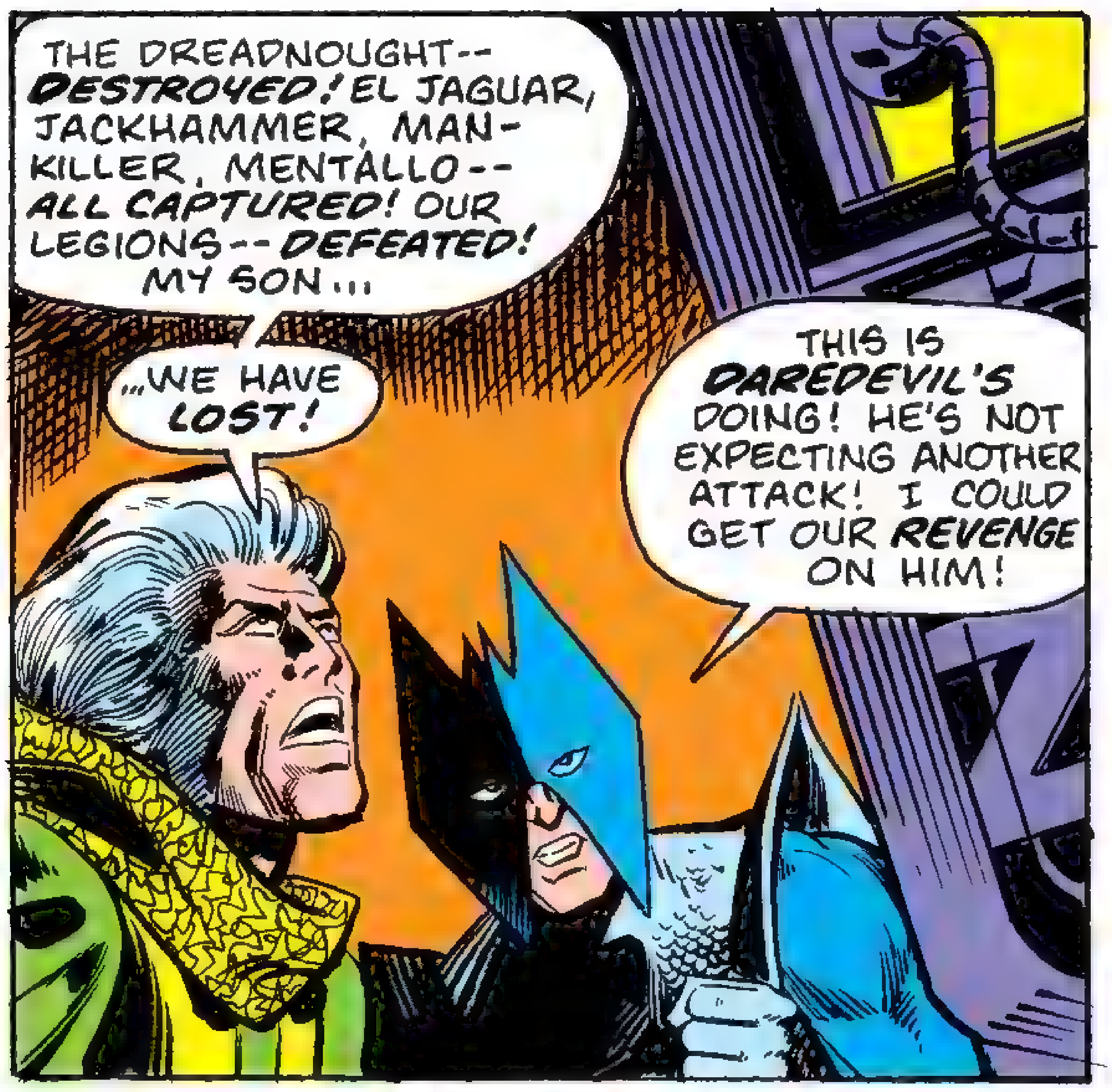

EVERYBODY TO YOUR DIVISIONS!
EXECUTE PLAN 4-20!*
*TRANSLATION: "EVERYBODY OUT OF THE POOL."
'SCUSE ME, SIR. YOU'RE NOT GOING ANYWHERE!
DREADNOUGHT!
FWANG
THE SUPREME HYDRA HAS DECREED YOUR DEATH, DAREDEVIL, AND DIE YOU SHALL--
--IN A STREAM OF LIQUID FIRE!
YEAH, I KNOW-- 3500 DEGREES CENTIGRADE.
WE DID THIS BEFORE.*
*DD #121--LEN.
NELSON! THROW ME THAT RIFLE!
YOU GOT IT, LADY! BUT IT WON'T STOP HIM!
MAYBE IT CAN'T PENETRATE HIS ARMOR, BUT THERE'S AN OPEN AREA AT THE BASE OF THE ROBOT'S SKULL--
--AND THE BLACK WIDOW IS A DEAD SHOT!
ZZZPKT!!
THE DREADNOUGHT IS A WALKING ARSENAL. WITHIN ITS BODY ARE CONTAINED STREAMS OF LIQUID FIRE, DARTS OF DOOM, GAMMA-RAYS, ELECTRICAL RAYS, FRIGI-BREATH, ETC.
THE OPEN AREA WAS DESIGNED TO KEEP THESE VOLATILE WEAPONS COOL. IT ALSO MAKES THE ROBOT ... VULNERABLE.
KAWHOOM
SOMEDAY, FRIENDS, SOMEONE WILL BUILD A BETTER DREADNOUGHT AND HAVE THE WORLD AT HIS DOORSTEP.

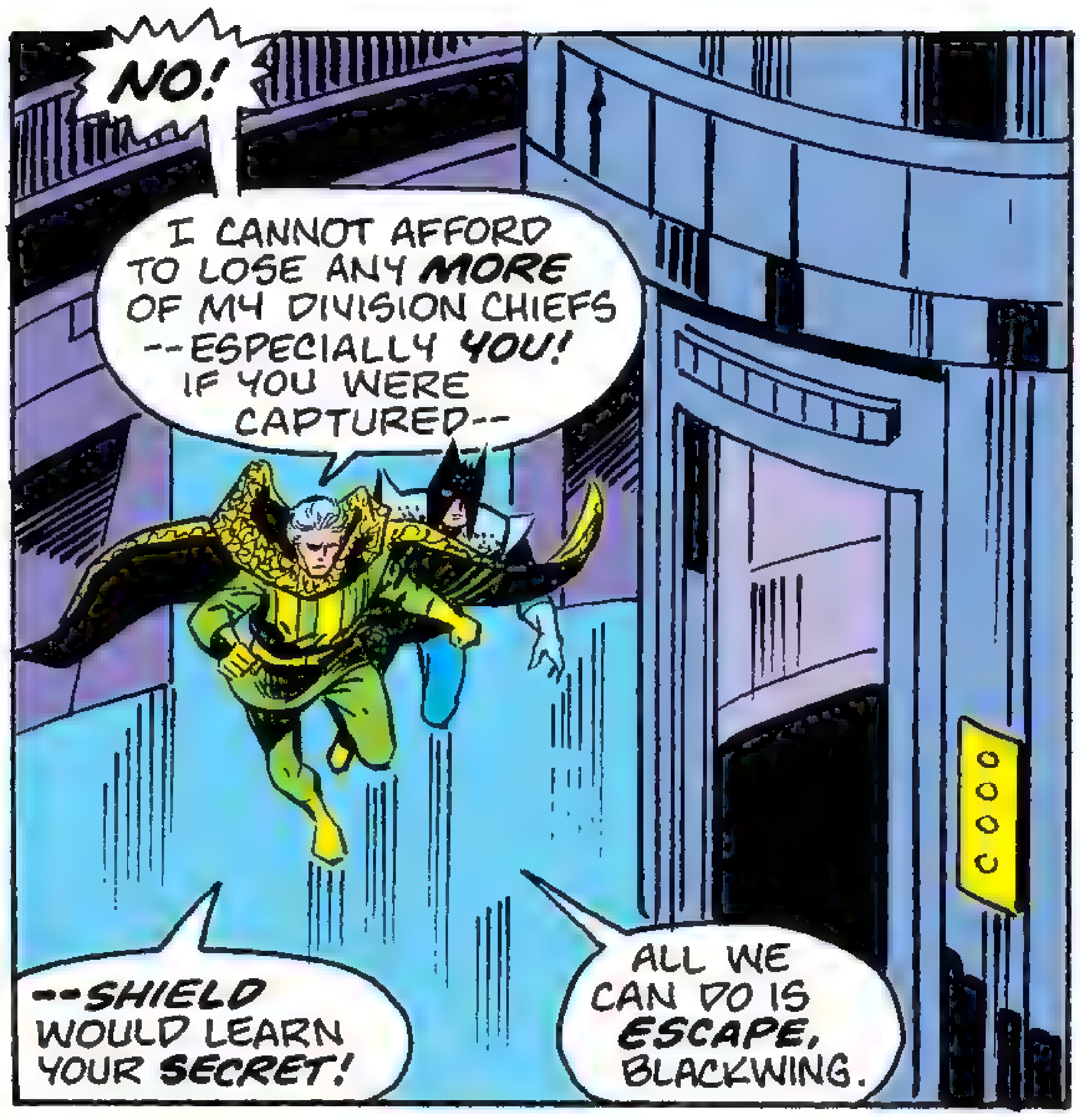
IN THE MEANTIME, THOUGH, DD AND COMPANY'LL JUST HAVE TO MAKE DO WITH OTHER OPPONENTS. LIKE, FOR INSTANCE...
YOU'RE RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS, DAREDEVIL.
THIS PLACE WAS AN ARCHITECTURAL WONDER AND NOW, THANKS TO YOU, HALF OF IT LIES IN RUINS.
SHIELD COULDN'T HAVE FOUND THIS PLACE WITHOUT HELP. THEY HAD IT: AN ULTRA-HIGH FREQUENCY SIGNAL. I TRACED IT TO YOU. IT'S PROBABLY CONCEALED WITHIN YOUR HOOD'S HORNS.
I BUILT THIS PLACE, DAREDEVIL.
PART OF ME DIES WITH IT.
MY NAME IS JACKHAMMER, DAREDEVIL.
I'M THROUGH TALKING.
JUST CATCH THIS:
YOU'RE NOT GETTING OUT OF HERE ALIVE.
"DAREDEVIL?"
"THERE WASN'T TIME TO LET YOU IN ON IT, TASHA. I ACTIVATED IT WHEN I ENTERED THE WAREHOUSE."
"WASN'T TIME," SHE REPEATS QUIETLY.
GET FOGGY OUT OF HERE, NATASHA...
WHAT HAPPENED TO OUR PARTNERSHIP, DAREDEVIL?
NATASHA...
SHE'S LEAVING, DAREDEVIL. IT'S JUST YOU AND ME NOW.
YOU'RE WRONG, JACKHAMMER. I'M NOT FIGHTING YOU.

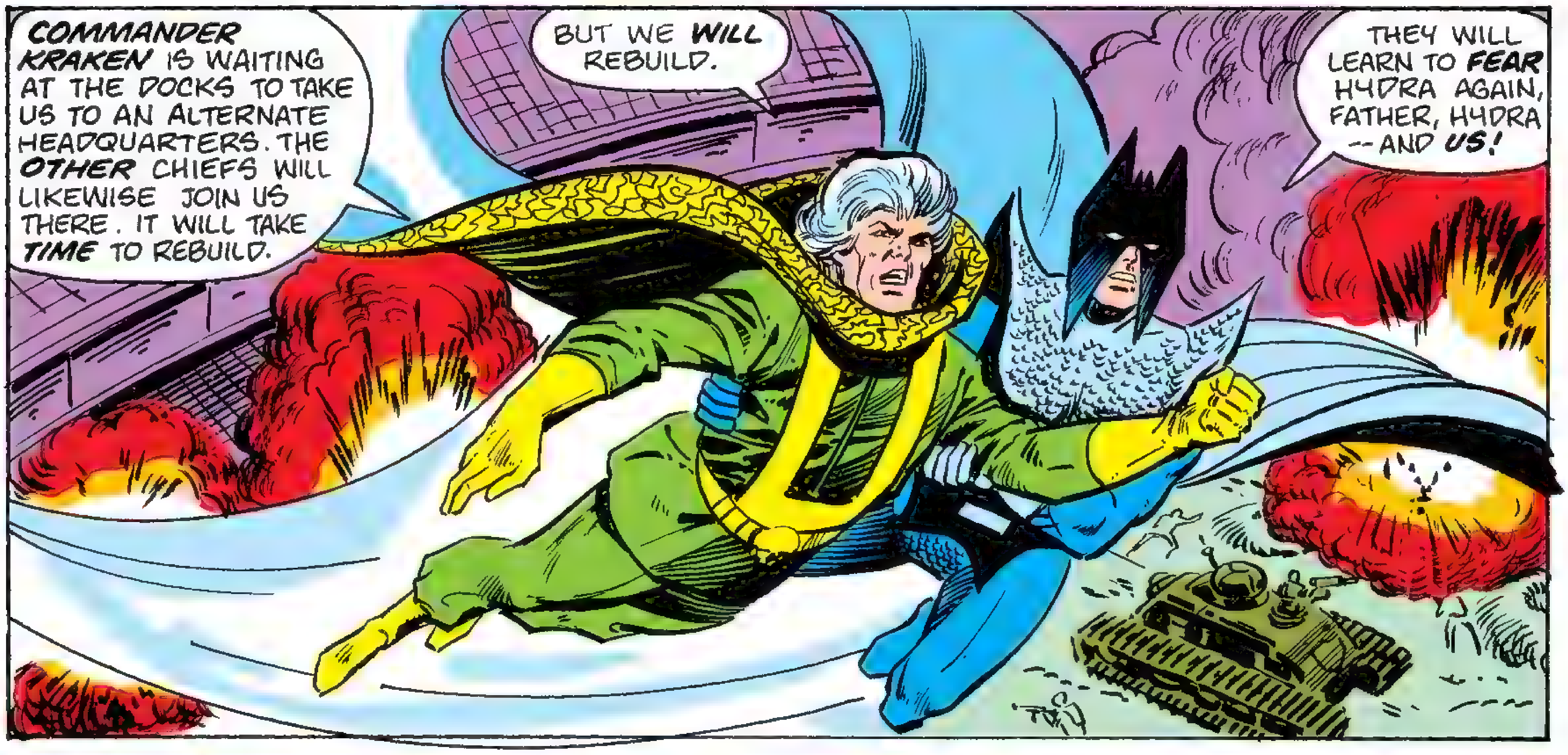

MAYBE THIS'LL CHANGE YOUR MIND!
WRANG
OH, I'M FIGHTING SOMEBODY ALL RIGHT.
I'M FIGHTING A MAN WHO'S TOO STUPID OR MAYBE TOO UNFEELING TO REALIZE WHAT HE'S BEEN DOING UNTIL FAR TOO LATE.
KRUMP!
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
KEKK!
I'M TALKING ABOUT A MAN WHO HAS TRIED TO PREVENT ANOTHER HUMAN BEING FROM BECOMING ALL THAT PERSON COULD BE.
HE'S THE GUY I'M FIGHTING, JACKHAMMER-- NOT YOU!
HE'S THE GUY I HATE MOST IN THE WHOLE WORLD!
ME!
SWACK!
YOU DIDN'T STAND A CHANCE, MAN.
YOU JUST GOT CAUGHT IN THE MIDDLE.
CUT TO:

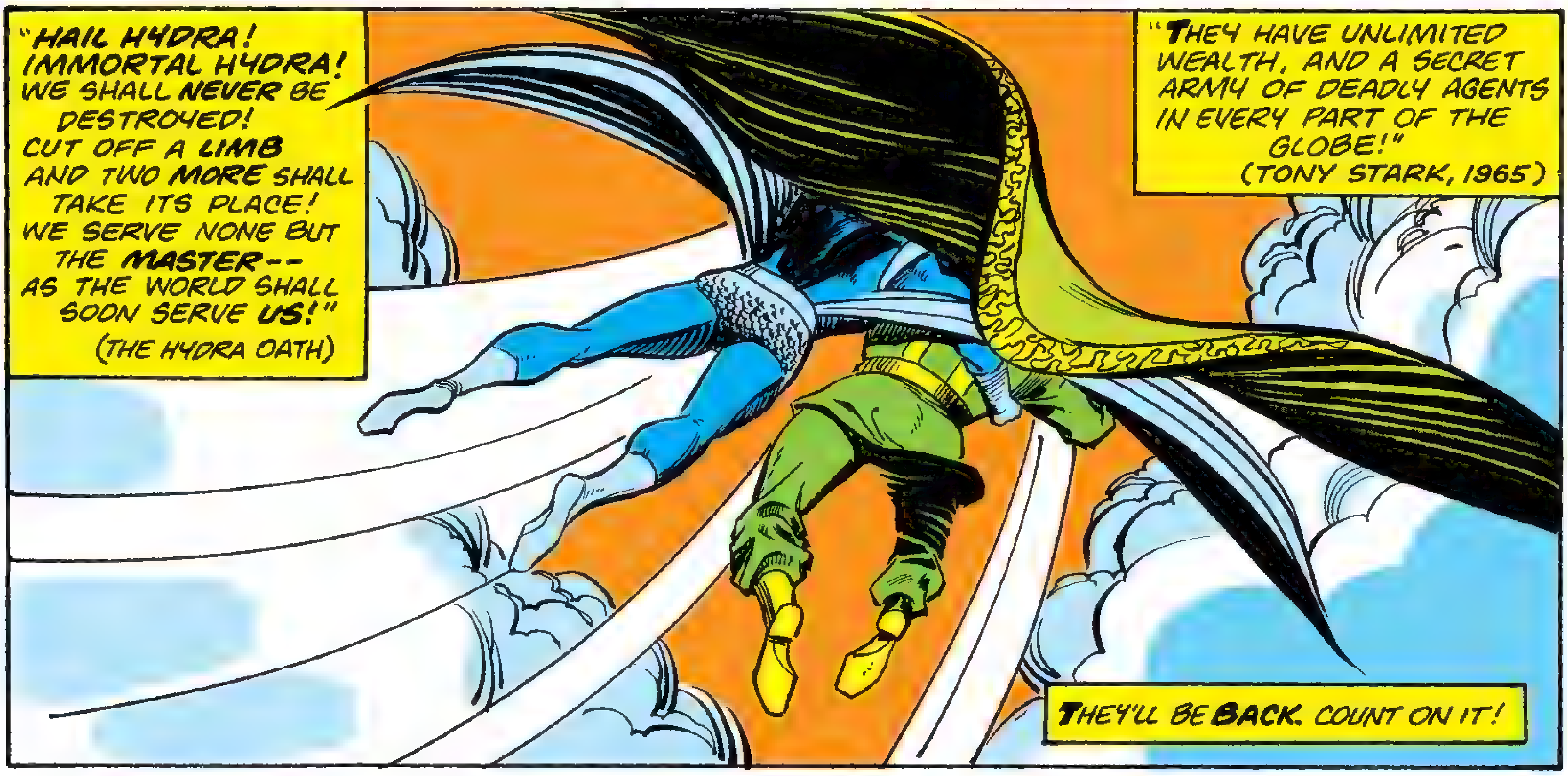

SHIELD AGENTS! YOU'VE GOT TO STOP THEM! THE LAST TIME THEY CAPTURED ME THEY DESTROYED MY MENTAL POWERS!*
IT TOOK ME YEARS TO REGAIN THEM! YEARS.
*STRANGE TALES #143--LEN.
SILENCIO, YOU COWARDLY DOG! THEY ARE BUT ORDINARY MEN AND WE ARE FAR MORE!
I'M SHATTERED, DUGAN. HOW 'BOUT YOU?
CRUSHED, IVAN.
YOU DARE MAKE LIGHT OF EL JAGUAR?
WHOOPS!
SWISH
NOTHING PERSONAL, PAL.
AMERICANO PAYASO!
HEY! I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU SAID THERE--*
--BUT IT SOUNDED LIKE AN ETHNIC SLUR!
*NEITHER DO I--LEN.
AYIEEEE
AND IF THERE'S ONE THING MAMA DUGAN TAUGHT ALL THE LITTLE DUGANS--
IT'S THAT YOU DON'T MAKE FUN A' PEOPLE--
KRAMM
--ON ACCOUNT A' THEIR NATIONALITY!
I MEAN, EVERYBODY CAN'T BE IRISH!

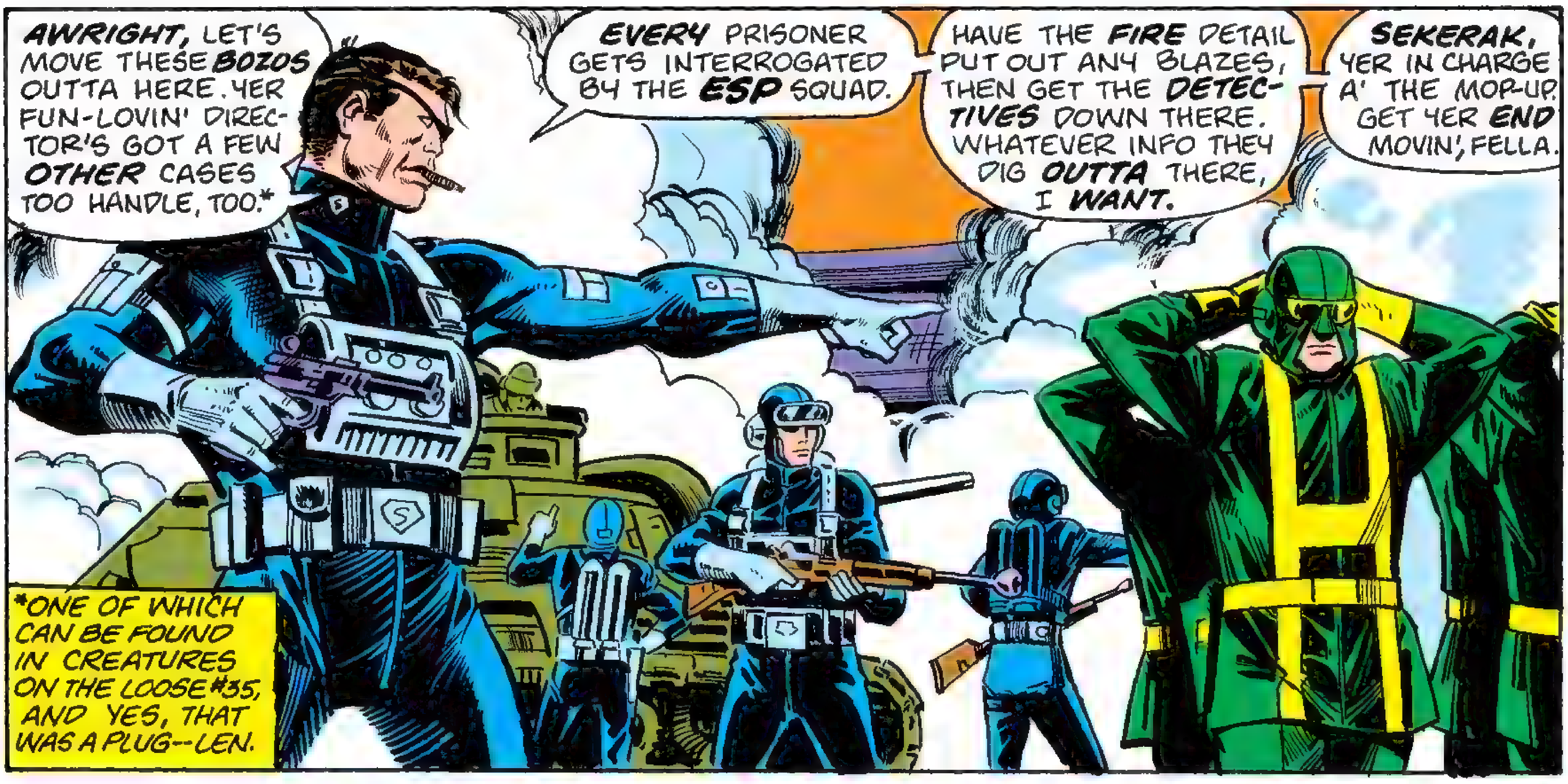

MAN-KILLER!
OH, SHUT UP, MENTALLO. I'M TIRED OF LISTENING TO YOUR WHINING! I'VE GOT MY OWN PROBLEM.
ME--A PROBLEM?
UGHN!
BOK!
NOT ANYMORE, RUSSIAN. NOW YOU'RE JUST LIKE ANY OTHER MAN--
-- A HELPLESS VICTIM FOR THE MAN-KILLER!
NOBODY CAN HIT THAT HARD WITHOUT HELP!
YOU GOTTA BE WEARING AN EXO-SKELETON OR SOMETHING!
IVAN! ATTACH THIS TO HER CHEST!
GOOD GUESS-- NOT THAT IT'LL HELP YOU!
IT'S A JAMMER DEVICE! IT'LL...
-- FREEZE THE GEARS IN HER EXO-SKELETON!
BZZZZZZ
I ONCE MADE ONE FOR NATASHA.
I CAN'T MOVE!
YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS!
COULD'NT I JUST CHARGE IT, LADY?

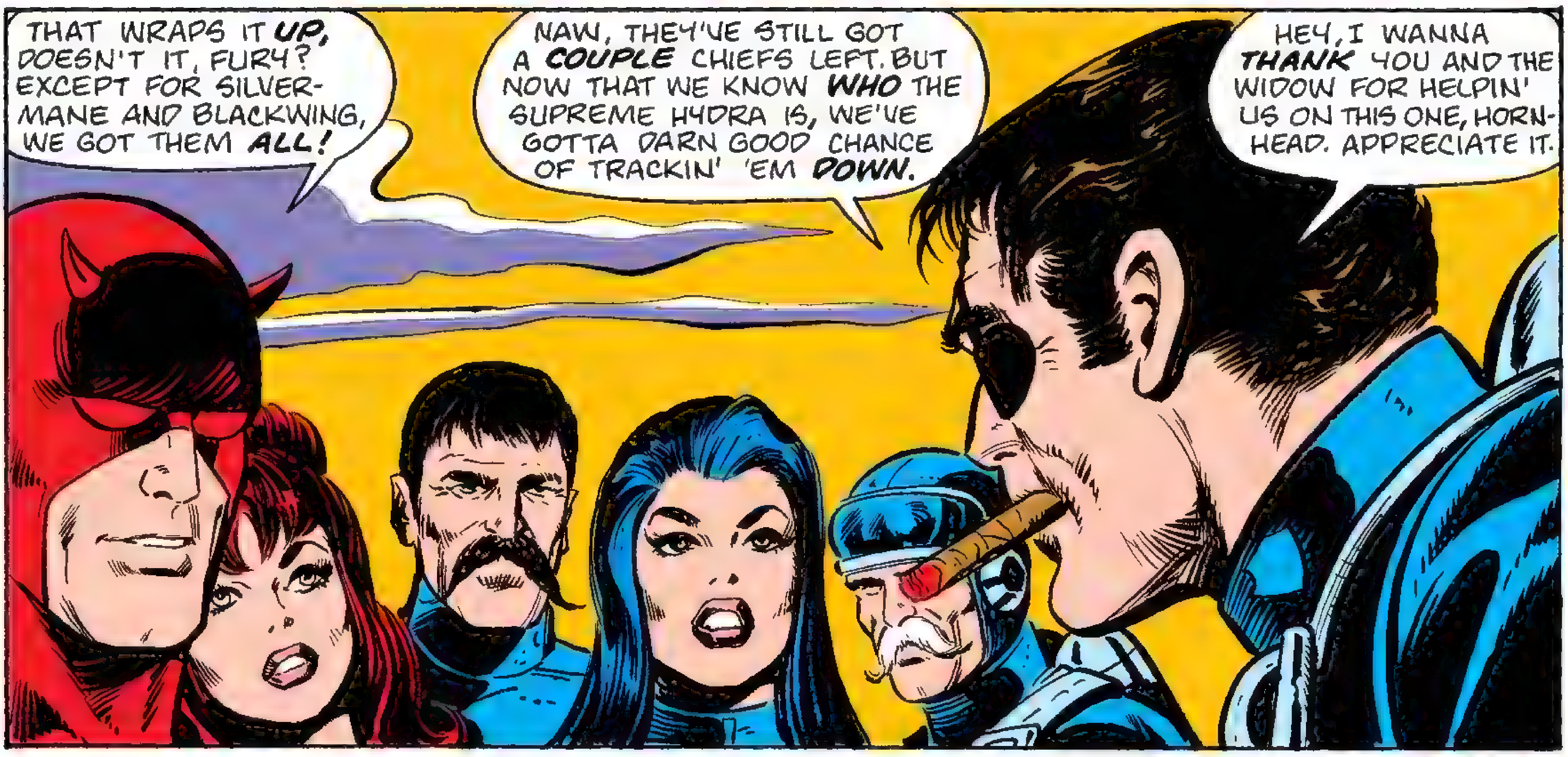

THE DREADNOUGHT-- DESTROYED! EL JAGUAR, JACKHAMMER, MAN-KILLER, MENTALLO-- ALL CAPTURED! OUR LEGIONS-- DEFEATED! MY SON...
...WE HAVE LOST!
THIS IS DAREDEVIL'S DOING! HE'S NOT EXPECTING ANOTHER ATTACK! I COULD GET OUR REVENGE ON HIM!

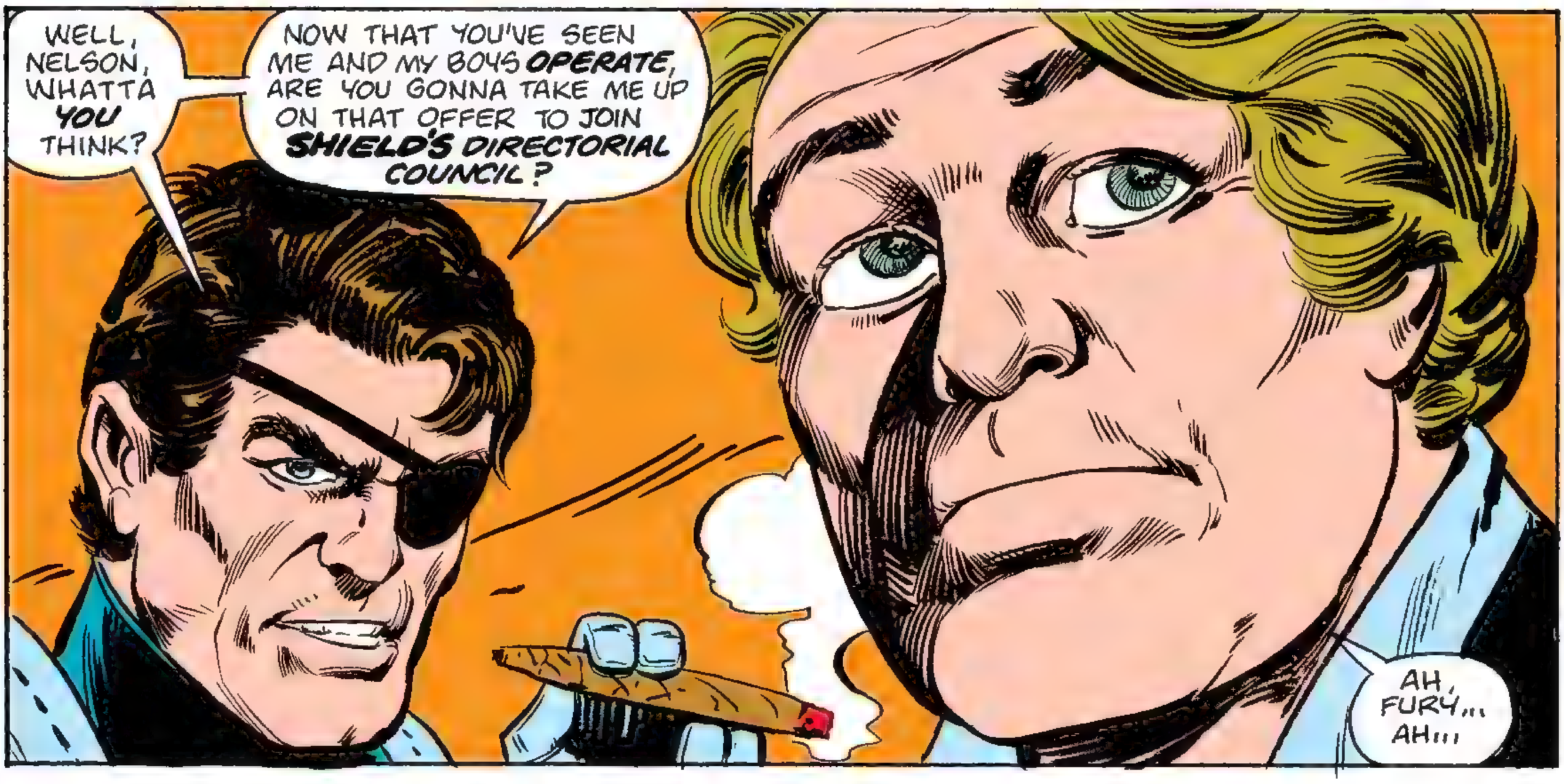

NO!
I CANNOT AFFORD TO LOSE ANY MORE OF MY DIVISION CHIEFS --ESPECIALLY YOU! IF YOU WERE CAPTURED--
--SHIELD WOULD LEARN YOUR SECRET!
ALL WE CAN DO IS ESCAPE, BLACKWING.

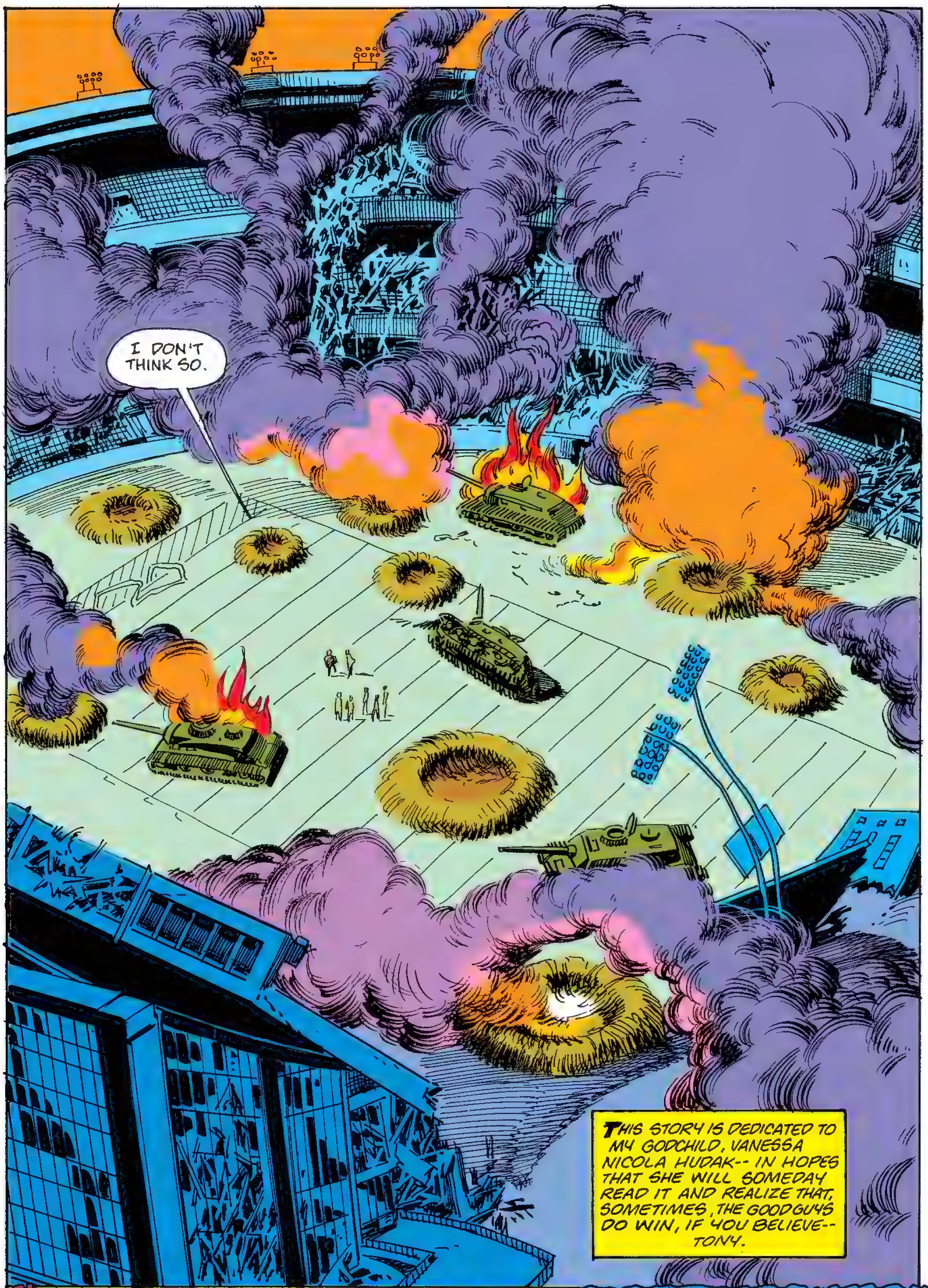

COMMANDER KRAKEN IS WAITING AT THE DOCKS TO TAKE US TO AN ALTERNATE HEADQUARTERS. THE OTHER CHIEFS WILL LIKEWISE JOIN US THERE. IT WILL TAKE TIME TO REBUILD.
BUT WE WILL REBUILD.
THEY WILL LEARN TO FEAR HYDRA AGAIN, FATHER, HYDRA --AND US!


"HAIL HYDRA! IMMORTAL HYDRA! WE SHALL NEVER BE DESTROYED! CUT OFF A LIMB AND TWO MORE SHALL TAKE ITS PLACE! WE SERVE NONE BUT THE MASTER-- AS THE WORLD SHALL SOON SERVE US!" (THE HYDRA OATH)
"THEY HAVE UNLIMITED WEALTH, AND A SECRET ARMY OF DEADLY AGENTS IN EVERY PART OF THE GLOBE!" (TONY STARK, 1965)
THEY'LL BE BACK. COUNT ON IT!


AWRIGHT, LET'S MOVE THESE **BOZOS** OUTTA HERE. YER FUN-LOVIN' DIRECTOR'S GOT A FEW **OTHER** CASES TOO HANDLE, TOO.*
EVERY PRISONER GETS INTERROGATED BY THE **ESP** SQUAD.
HAVE THE **FIRE** DETAIL PUT OUT ANY BLAZES, THEN GET THE **DETECTIVES** DOWN THERE. WHATEVER INFO THEY DIG **OUTTA** THERE, I **WANT.**
SEKERAK, YER IN CHARGE A' THE MOP-UP. GET YER **END** MOVIN', FELLA.
*ONE OF WHICH CAN BE FOUND IN CREATURES ON THE LOOSE #35, AND YES, THAT WAS A PLUG--LEN.


THAT WRAPS IT **UP,** DOESN'T IT, FURY? EXCEPT FOR SILVERMANE AND BLACKWING, WE GOT THEM **ALL!**
NAW, THEY'VE STILL GOT A **COUPLE** CHIEFS LEFT. BUT NOW THAT WE KNOW **WHO** THE SUPREME HYDRA IS, WE'VE GOTTA DARN GOOD CHANCE OF TRACKIN' 'EM **DOWN.**
HEY, I WANNA **THANK** YOU AND THE WIDOW FOR HELPIN' US ON THIS ONE, HORNHEAD. APPRECIATE IT.


WELL, NELSON, WHATTA **YOU** THINK?
NOW THAT YOU'VE SEEN ME AND MY BOYS **OPERATE,** ARE YOU GONNA TAKE ME UP ON THAT OFFER TO JOIN **SHIELD'S DIRECTORIAL COUNCIL?**
AH, FURY... AH...


I DON'T THINK SO.

THIS STORY IS DEDICATED TO MY GODCHILD, VANESSA NICOLA HUDAK-- IN HOPES THAT SHE WILL SOMEDAY READ IT AND REALIZE THAT, SOMETIMES, THE GOOD GUYS DO WIN, IF YOU BELIEVE--
TONY.

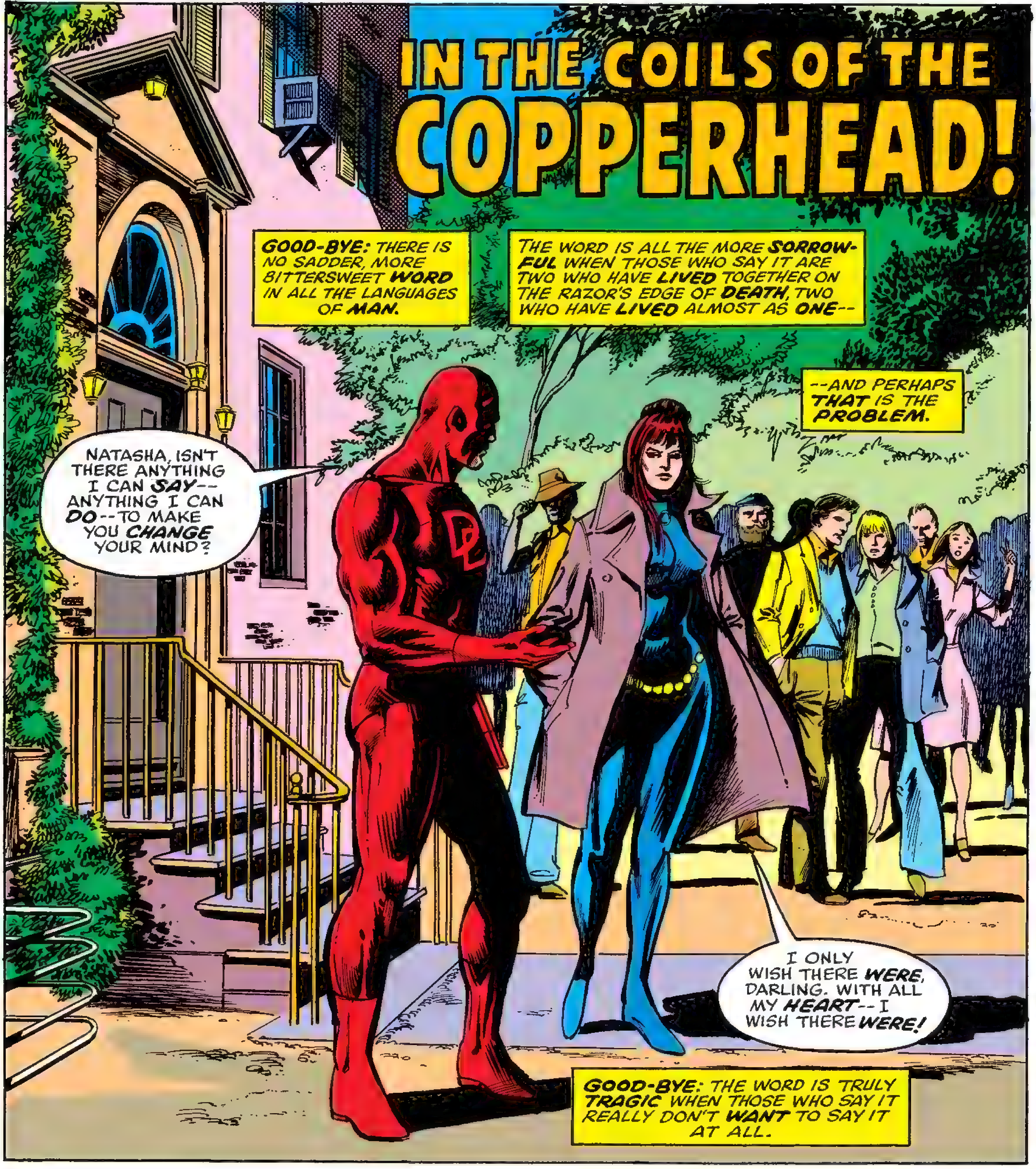
NEXT: CAUGHT IN THE COILS OF THE COPPERHEAD!

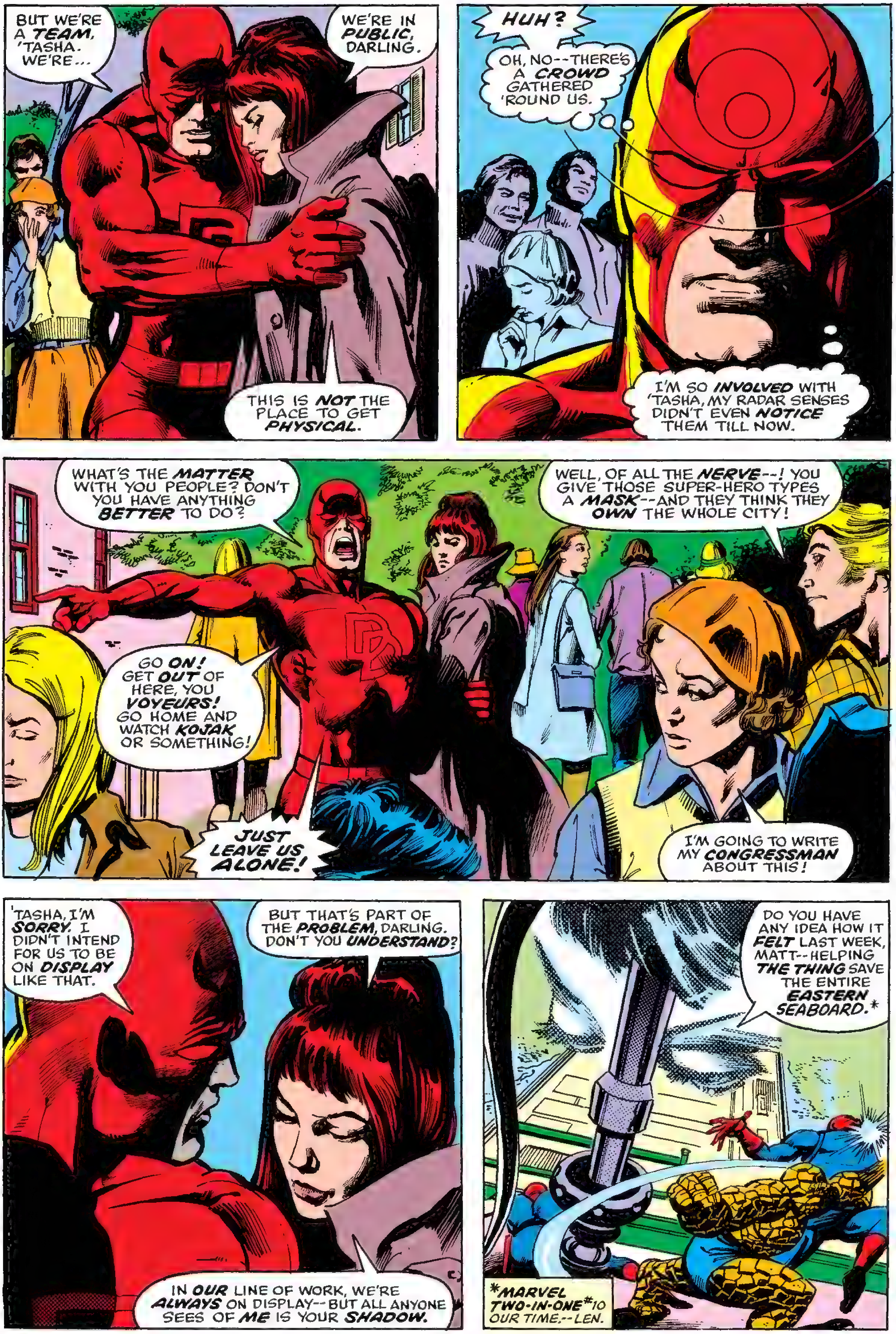
DAREDEVIL
MARVEL COMICS GROUP
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
25¢
124
AUG
02459
DAREDEVIL
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!
CO-STARRING The DEADLY BLACK WIDOW!
YOU'VE CROSSED MY PATH FOR THE LAST TIME, MASKED MAN!
NO ONE CAN SURVIVE MY DARTS OF DOOM!
MY CHEST...ON FIRE! MY HEART... POUNDING MADLY!
IN SECONDS... I'LL BE DEAD!
In the clutches of the COPPERHEAD!

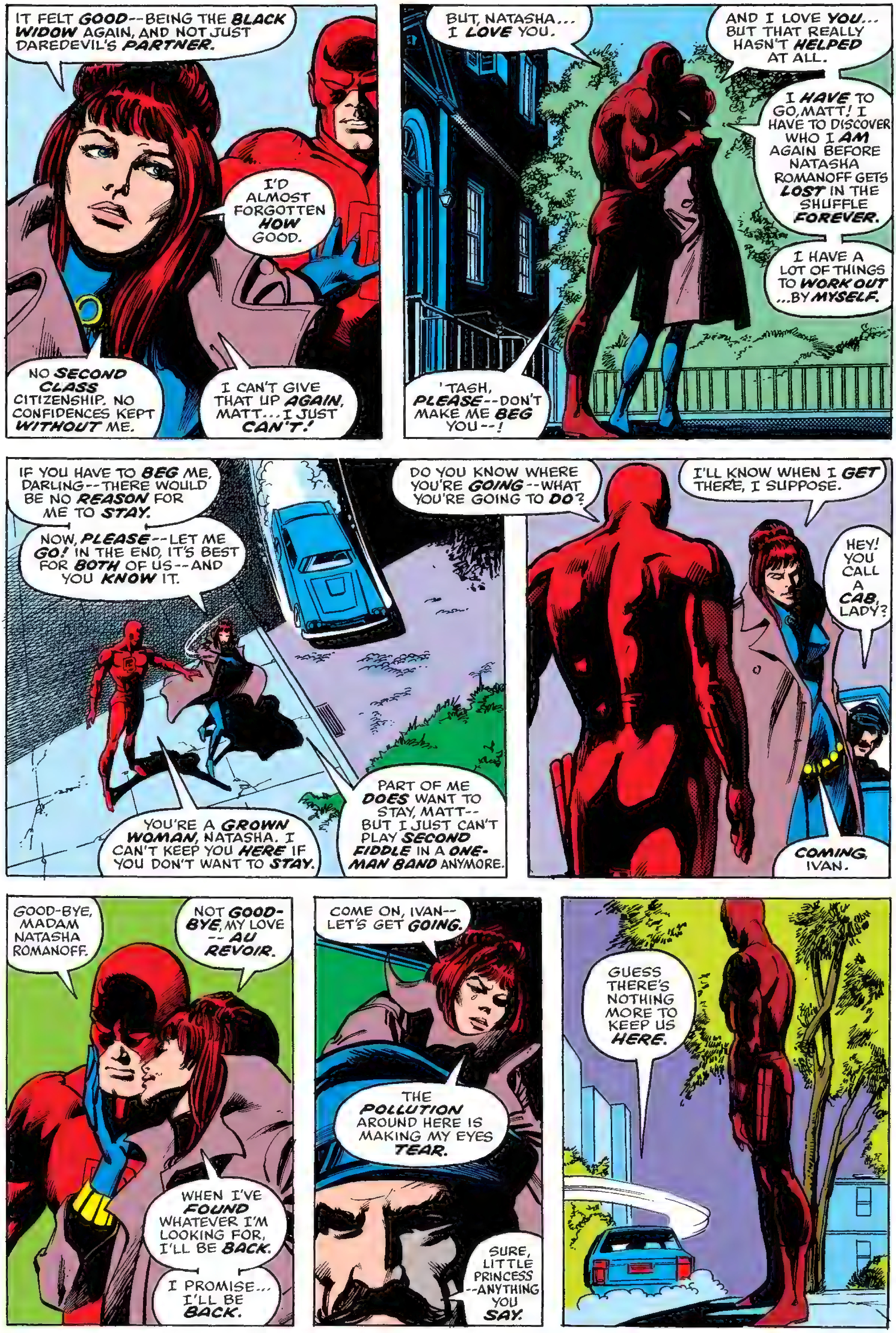
He dwells in eternal night— but the blackness is filled with sounds and scents, tastes and textures other men cannot perceive. For though attorney MATT MURDOCK is *blind,* his other four senses function with *superhuman sharpness*—his uncanny *radar sense* guides him over every obstacle! Armed only with his *billy club,* his fighting skill, and his courage, he stalks the streets by night, a relentless red-garbed foe of evil!

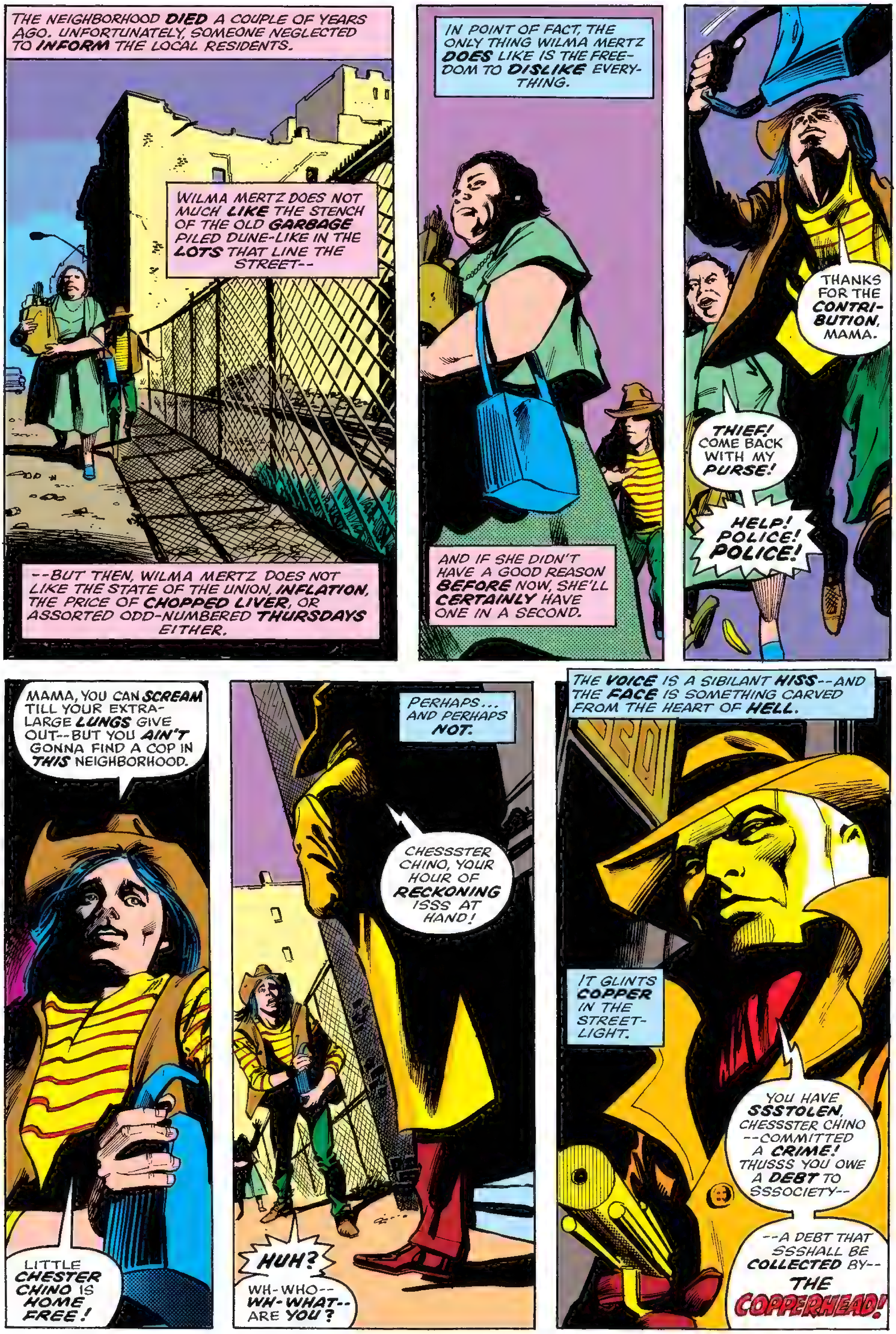
Stan Lee PRESENTS: DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!™

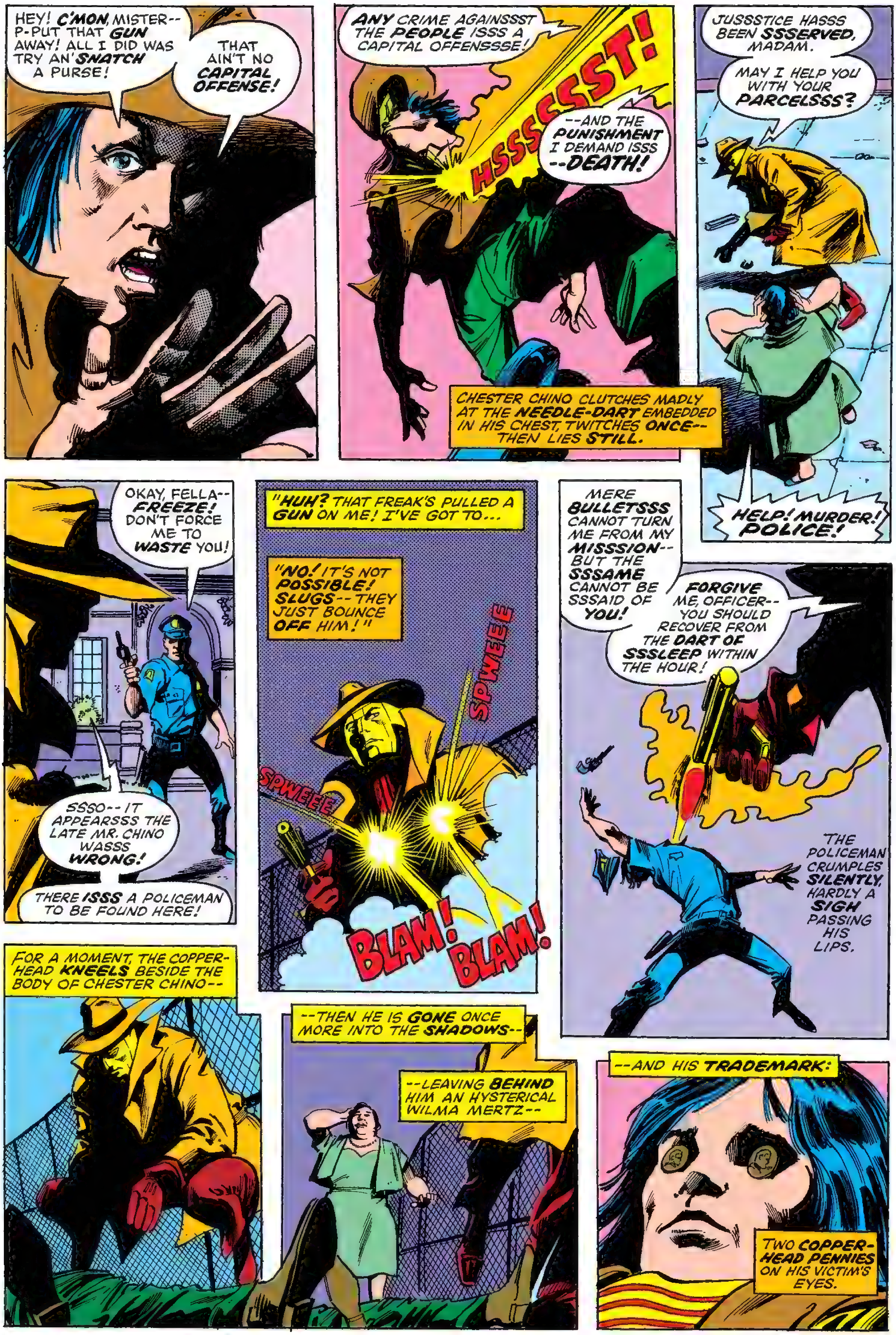
LEN WEIN *WRITER (PGS. 1-14) EDITOR* | **MARV WOLFMAN** *WRITER (PGS. 15-31)* | GENE COLAN, *ARTIST* KLAUS JANSON, *INKER* | MICHELLE W., *COLORIST* J. ROSEN, *LETTERER*

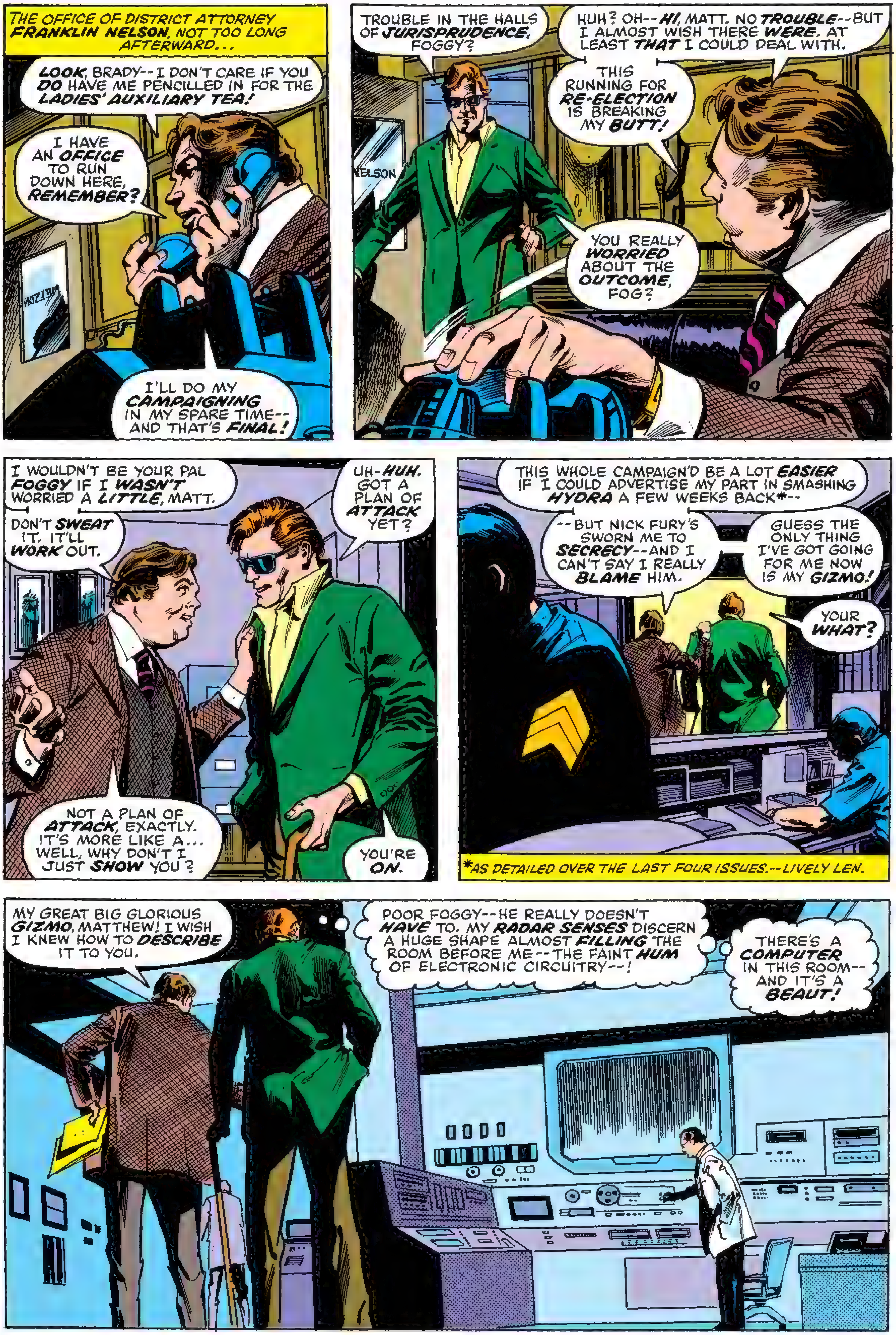

IN THE COILS OF THE COPPERHEAD!
GOOD-BYE: THERE IS NO SADDER, MORE BITTERSWEET WORD IN ALL THE LANGUAGES OF MAN.
THE WORD IS ALL THE MORE SORROWFUL WHEN THOSE WHO SAY IT ARE TWO WHO HAVE LIVED TOGETHER ON THE RAZOR'S EDGE OF DEATH, TWO WHO HAVE LIVED ALMOST AS ONE--
--AND PERHAPS THAT IS THE PROBLEM.
NATASHA, ISN'T THERE ANYTHING I CAN SAY-- ANYTHING I CAN DO--TO MAKE YOU CHANGE YOUR MIND?
I ONLY WISH THERE WERE, DARLING. WITH ALL MY HEART--I WISH THERE WERE!
GOOD-BYE: THE WORD IS TRULY TRAGIC WHEN THOSE WHO SAY IT REALLY DON'T WANT TO SAY IT AT ALL.

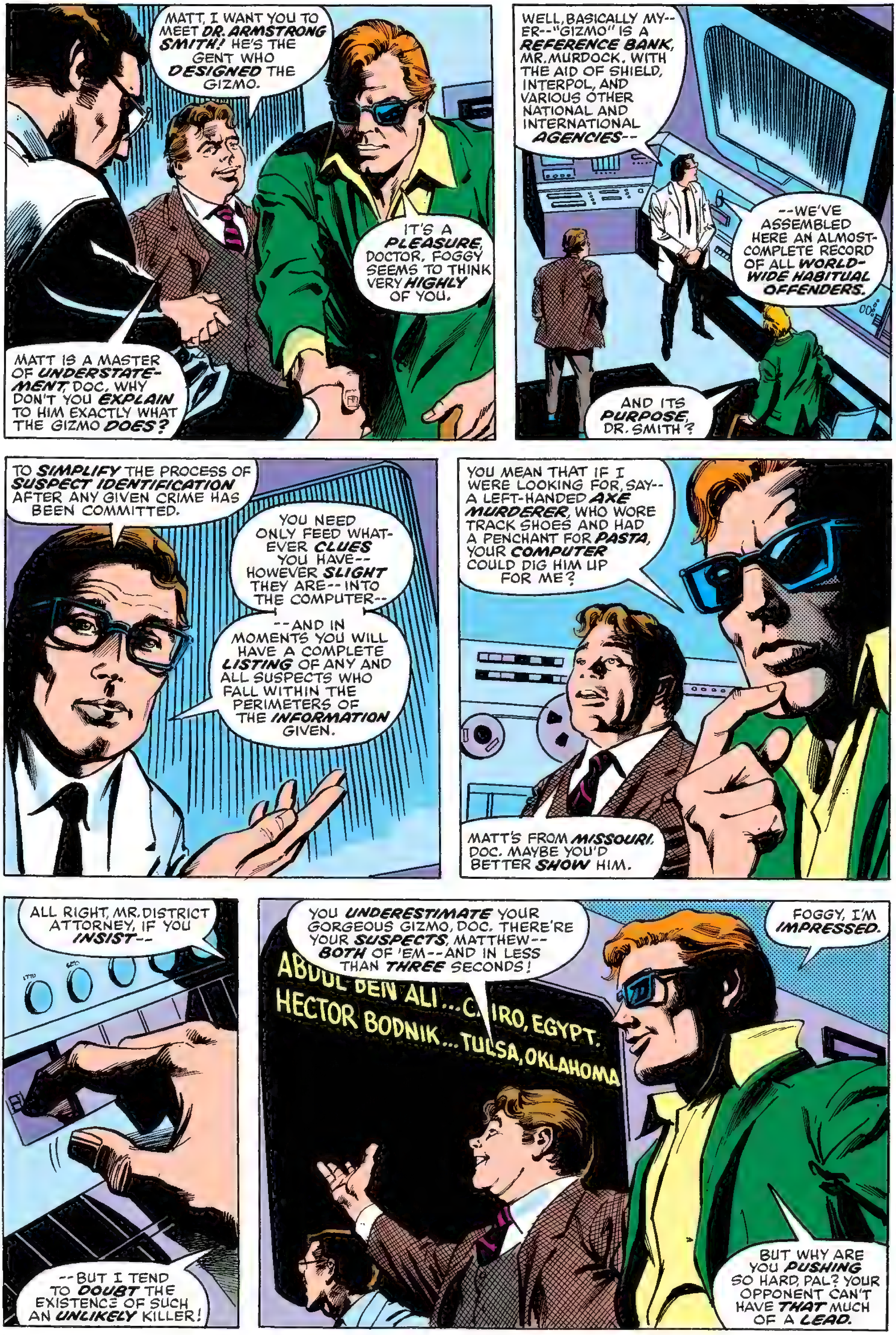

BUT WE'RE A TEAM, 'TASHA. WE'RE...
WE'RE IN PUBLIC, DARLING.
THIS IS NOT THE PLACE TO GET PHYSICAL.
HUH?
OH, NO--THERE'S A CROWD GATHERED 'ROUND US.
I'M SO INVOLVED WITH 'TASHA, MY RADAR SENSES DIDN'T EVEN NOTICE THEM TILL NOW.
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU PEOPLE? DON'T YOU HAVE ANYTHING BETTER TO DO?
GO ON! GET OUT OF HERE, YOU VOYEURS! GO HOME AND WATCH KOJAK OR SOMETHING!
JUST LEAVE US ALONE!
WELL, OF ALL THE NERVE--! YOU GIVE THOSE SUPER-HERO TYPES A MASK--AND THEY THINK THEY OWN THE WHOLE CITY!
I'M GOING TO WRITE MY CONGRESSMAN ABOUT THIS!
'TASHA, I'M SORRY. I DIDN'T INTEND FOR US TO BE ON DISPLAY LIKE THAT.
BUT THAT'S PART OF THE PROBLEM, DARLING. DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND?
IN OUR LINE OF WORK, WE'RE ALWAYS ON DISPLAY--BUT ALL ANYONE SEES OF ME IS YOUR SHADOW.
DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA HOW IT FELT LAST WEEK, MATT--HELPING THE THING SAVE THE ENTIRE EASTERN SEABOARD.*
*MARVEL TWO-IN-ONE #10 OUR TIME.--LEN.

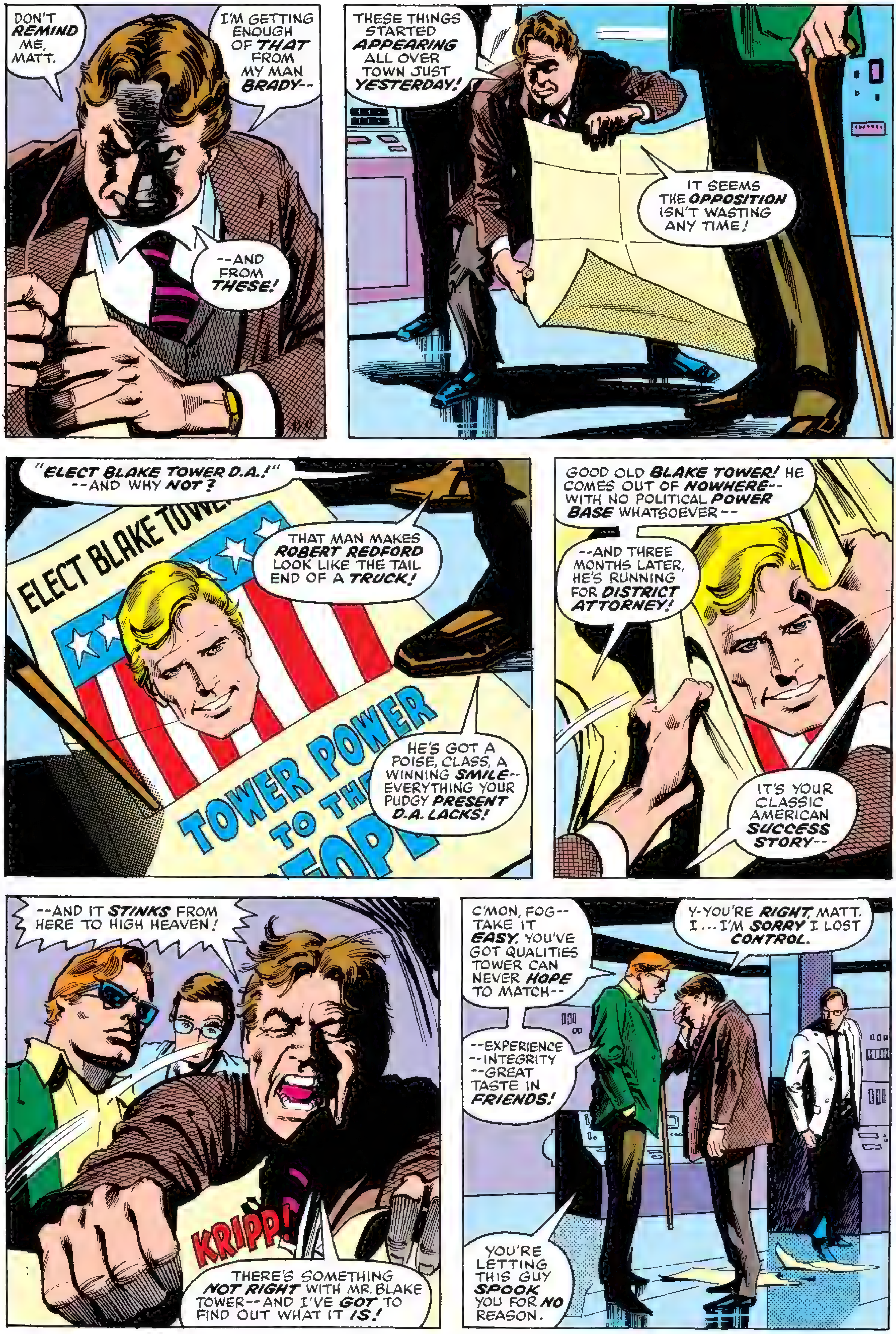

IT FELT GOOD--BEING THE BLACK WIDOW AGAIN, AND NOT JUST DAREDEVIL'S PARTNER.
I'D ALMOST FORGOTTEN HOW GOOD.
NO SECOND CLASS CITIZENSHIP. NO CONFIDENCES KEPT WITHOUT ME.
I CAN'T GIVE THAT UP AGAIN, MATT... I JUST CAN'T!
BUT, NATASHA... I LOVE YOU.
AND I LOVE YOU... BUT THAT REALLY HASN'T HELPED AT ALL.
I HAVE TO GO, MATT! I HAVE TO DISCOVER WHO I AM AGAIN BEFORE NATASHA ROMANOFF GETS LOST IN THE SHUFFLE FOREVER.
I HAVE A LOT OF THINGS TO WORK OUT ...BY MYSELF.
'TASH, PLEASE--DON'T MAKE ME BEG YOU--!
IF YOU HAVE TO BEG ME, DARLING--THERE WOULD BE NO REASON FOR ME TO STAY.
NOW, PLEASE--LET ME GO! IN THE END, IT'S BEST FOR BOTH OF US--AND YOU KNOW IT.
YOU'RE A GROWN WOMAN, NATASHA. I CAN'T KEEP YOU HERE IF YOU DON'T WANT TO STAY.
PART OF ME DOES WANT TO STAY, MATT-- BUT I JUST CAN'T PLAY SECOND FIDDLE IN A ONE-MAN BAND ANYMORE.
DO YOU KNOW WHERE YOU'RE GOING--WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO DO?
I'LL KNOW WHEN I GET THERE, I SUPPOSE.
HEY! YOU CALL A CAB, LADY?
COMING, IVAN.
GOOD-BYE, MADAM NATASHA ROMANOFF.
NOT GOOD-BYE, MY LOVE -- AU REVOIR.
WHEN I'VE FOUND WHATEVER I'M LOOKING FOR, I'LL BE BACK.
I PROMISE... I'LL BE BACK.
COME ON, IVAN-- LET'S GET GOING.
THE POLLUTION AROUND HERE IS MAKING MY EYES TEAR.
SURE, LITTLE PRINCESS --ANYTHING YOU SAY.
GUESS THERE'S NOTHING MORE TO KEEP US HERE.

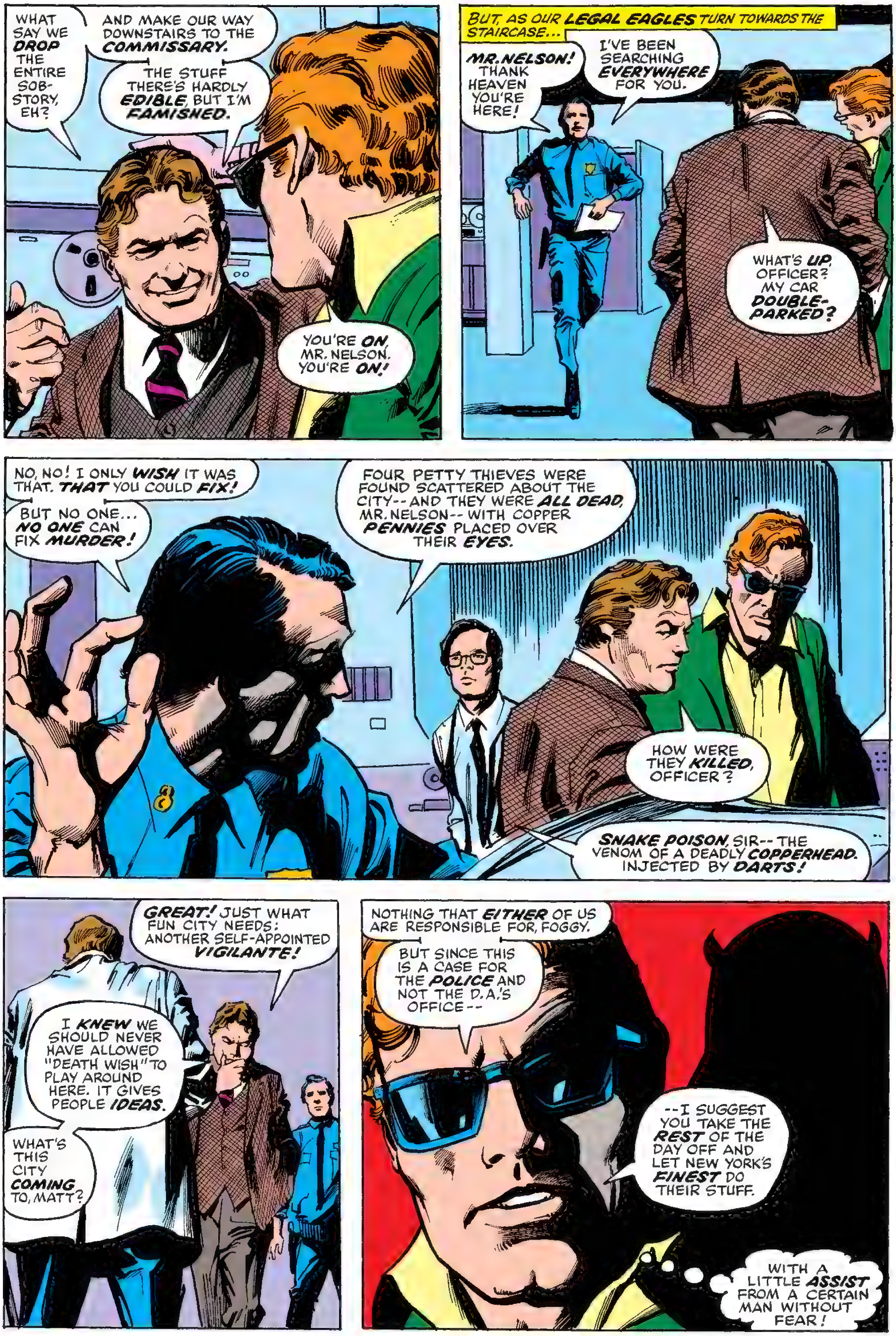

THE NEIGHBORHOOD **DIED** A COUPLE OF YEARS AGO. UNFORTUNATELY, SOMEONE NEGLECTED TO **INFORM** THE LOCAL RESIDENTS.
WILMA MERTZ DOES NOT MUCH **LIKE** THE STENCH OF THE OLD **GARBAGE** PILED DUNE-LIKE IN THE **LOTS** THAT LINE THE STREET--
--BUT THEN, WILMA MERTZ DOES NOT LIKE THE STATE OF THE UNION, **INFLATION**, THE PRICE OF **CHOPPED LIVER**, OR ASSORTED ODD-NUMBERED **THURSDAYS** EITHER.
IN POINT OF FACT, THE ONLY THING WILMA MERTZ **DOES** LIKE IS THE FREEDOM TO **DISLIKE** EVERYTHING.
AND IF SHE DIDN'T HAVE A GOOD REASON **BEFORE** NOW, SHE'LL **CERTAINLY** HAVE ONE IN A SECOND.
THANKS FOR THE **CONTRIBUTION**, MAMA.
THIEF! COME BACK WITH MY **PURSE!**
HELP! POLICE! POLICE!
MAMA, YOU CAN **SCREAM** TILL YOUR EXTRA-LARGE **LUNGS** GIVE OUT--BUT YOU **AIN'T** GONNA FIND A COP IN **THIS** NEIGHBORHOOD.
LITTLE **CHESTER CHINO** IS **HOME FREE!**
PERHAPS... AND PERHAPS **NOT**.
CHESSSTER CHINO, YOUR HOUR OF **RECKONING** ISSS AT HAND!
HUH?
WH-WHO-- **WH-WHAT--** ARE **YOU**?
THE **VOICE** IS A SIBILANT **HISS**--AND THE **FACE** IS SOMETHING CARVED FROM THE HEART OF **HELL**.
IT GLINTS **COPPER** IN THE STREET-LIGHT.
YOU HAVE **SSSTOLEN**, CHESSSTER CHINO --COMMITTED A **CRIME!** THUSSS YOU OWE A **DEBT** TO SSSOCIETY--
--A DEBT THAT SSSHALL BE **COLLECTED** BY-- **THE COPPERHEAD!**

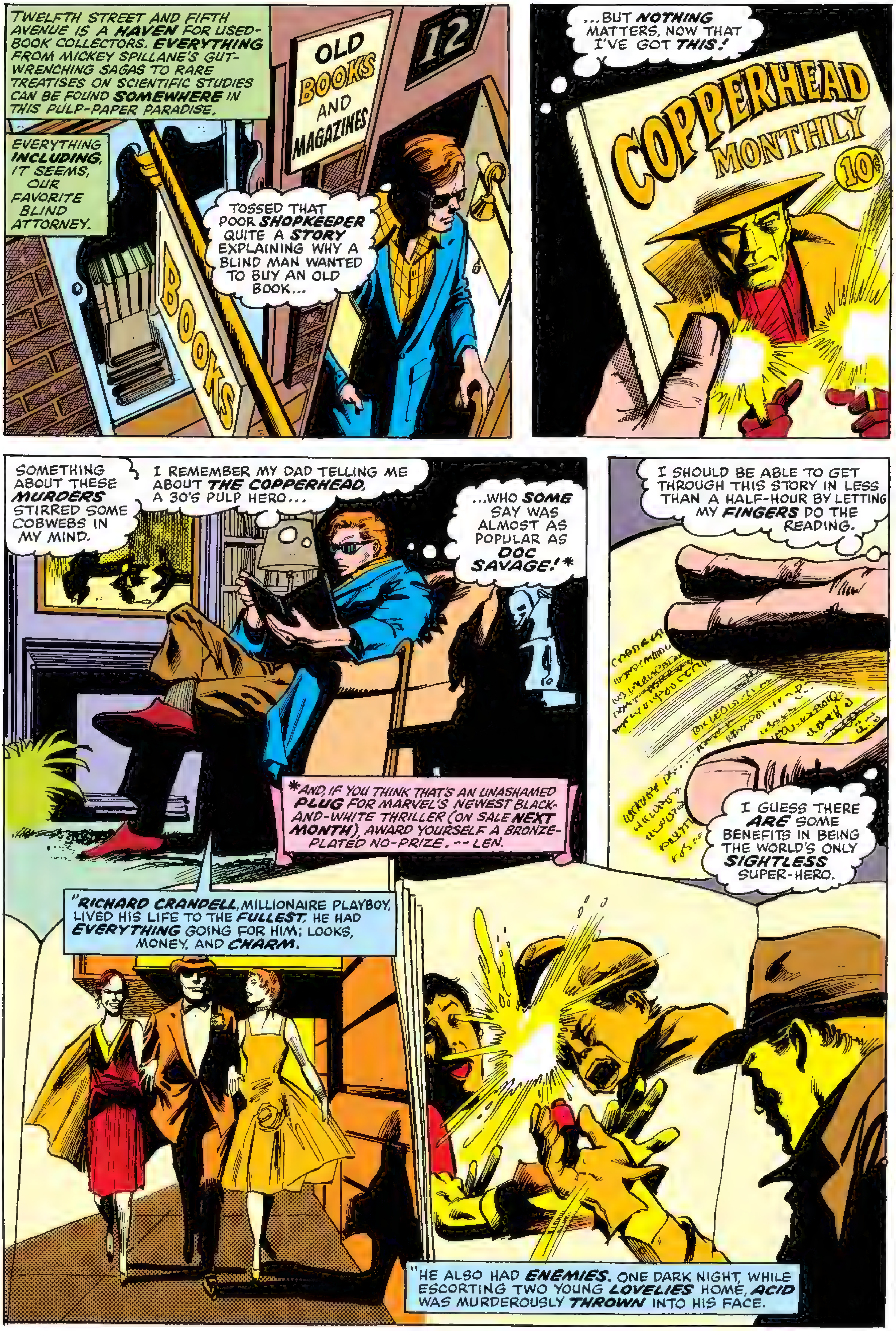

HEY! C'MON, MISTER-- P-PUT THAT GUN AWAY! ALL I DID WAS TRY AN' SNATCH A PURSE!
THAT AIN'T NO CAPITAL OFFENSE!
ANY CRIME AGAINSSST THE PEOPLE ISSS A CAPITAL OFFENSSSE!
HSSSSSSST!
--AND THE PUNISHMENT I DEMAND ISSS --DEATH!
CHESTER CHINO CLUTCHES MADLY AT THE NEEDLE-DART EMBEDDED IN HIS CHEST, TWITCHES ONCE-- THEN LIES STILL.
JUSSSTICE HASSS BEEN SSSERVED, MADAM.
MAY I HELP YOU WITH YOUR PARCELSSS?
HELP! MURDER! POLICE!
OKAY, FELLA-- FREEZE! DON'T FORCE ME TO WASTE YOU!
SSSO-- IT APPEARSSS THE LATE MR. CHINO WASSS WRONG!
THERE ISSS A POLICEMAN TO BE FOUND HERE!
"HUH? THAT FREAK'S PULLED A GUN ON ME! I'VE GOT TO...
"NO! IT'S NOT POSSIBLE! SLUGS-- THEY JUST BOUNCE OFF HIM!"
SPWEEE
SPWEEE
BLAM! BLAM!
MERE BULLETSSS CANNOT TURN ME FROM MY MISSSION-- BUT THE SSSAME CANNOT BE SSSAID OF YOU!
FORGIVE ME, OFFICER-- YOU SHOULD RECOVER FROM THE DART OF SSSLEEP WITHIN THE HOUR!
THE POLICEMAN CRUMPLES SILENTLY, HARDLY A SIGH PASSING HIS LIPS.
FOR A MOMENT, THE COPPERHEAD KNEELS BESIDE THE BODY OF CHESTER CHINO--
--THEN HE IS GONE ONCE MORE INTO THE SHADOWS--
--LEAVING BEHIND HIM AN HYSTERICAL WILMA MERTZ--
--AND HIS TRADEMARK:
TWO COPPERHEAD PENNIES ON HIS VICTIM'S EYES.

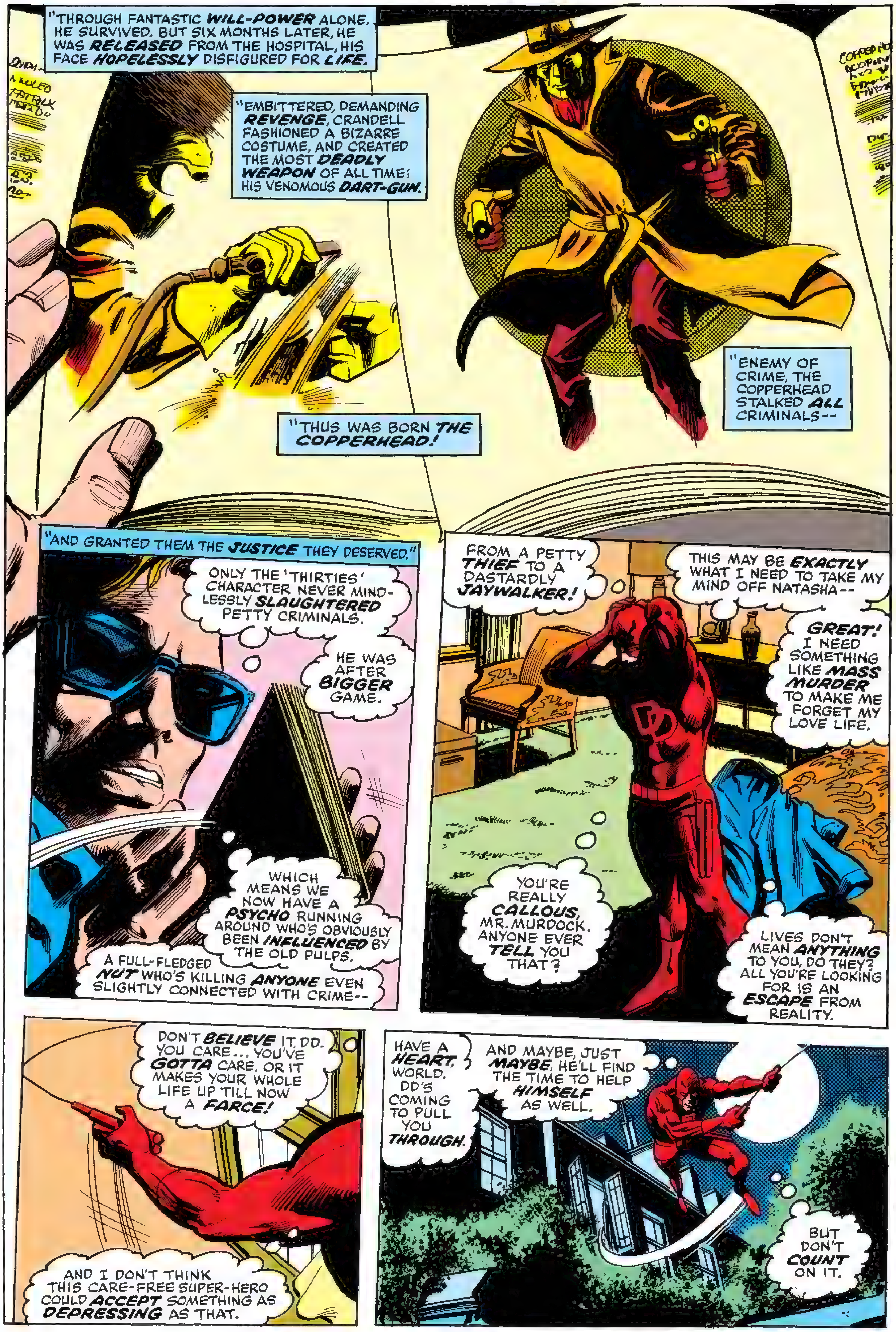

THE OFFICE OF DISTRICT ATTORNEY FRANKLIN NELSON, NOT TOO LONG AFTERWARD...
LOOK, BRADY--I DON'T CARE IF YOU DO HAVE ME PENCILLED IN FOR THE LADIES' AUXILIARY TEA!
I HAVE AN OFFICE TO RUN DOWN HERE, REMEMBER?
I'LL DO MY CAMPAIGNING IN MY SPARE TIME--AND THAT'S FINAL!
TROUBLE IN THE HALLS OF JURISPRUDENCE, FOGGY?
NELSON
HUH? OH--HI, MATT. NO TROUBLE--BUT I ALMOST WISH THERE WERE. AT LEAST THAT I COULD DEAL WITH.
THIS RUNNING FOR RE-ELECTION IS BREAKING MY BUTT!
YOU REALLY WORRIED ABOUT THE OUTCOME, FOG?
I WOULDN'T BE YOUR PAL FOGGY IF I WASN'T WORRIED A LITTLE, MATT.
DON'T SWEAT IT. IT'LL WORK OUT.
UH-HUH. GOT A PLAN OF ATTACK YET?
NOT A PLAN OF ATTACK, EXACTLY. IT'S MORE LIKE A... WELL, WHY DON'T I JUST SHOW YOU?
YOU'RE ON.
THIS WHOLE CAMPAIGN'D BE A LOT EASIER IF I COULD ADVERTISE MY PART IN SMASHING HYDRA A FEW WEEKS BACK*--
--BUT NICK FURY'S SWORN ME TO SECRECY--AND I CAN'T SAY I REALLY BLAME HIM.
GUESS THE ONLY THING I'VE GOT GOING FOR ME NOW IS MY GIZMO!
YOUR WHAT?
*AS DETAILED OVER THE LAST FOUR ISSUES.--LIVELY LEN.
MY GREAT BIG GLORIOUS GIZMO, MATTHEW! I WISH I KNEW HOW TO DESCRIBE IT TO YOU.
POOR FOGGY--HE REALLY DOESN'T HAVE TO. MY RADAR SENSES DISCERN A HUGE SHAPE ALMOST FILLING THE ROOM BEFORE ME--THE FAINT HUM OF ELECTRONIC CIRCUITRY--!
THERE'S A COMPUTER IN THIS ROOM--AND IT'S A BEAUT!

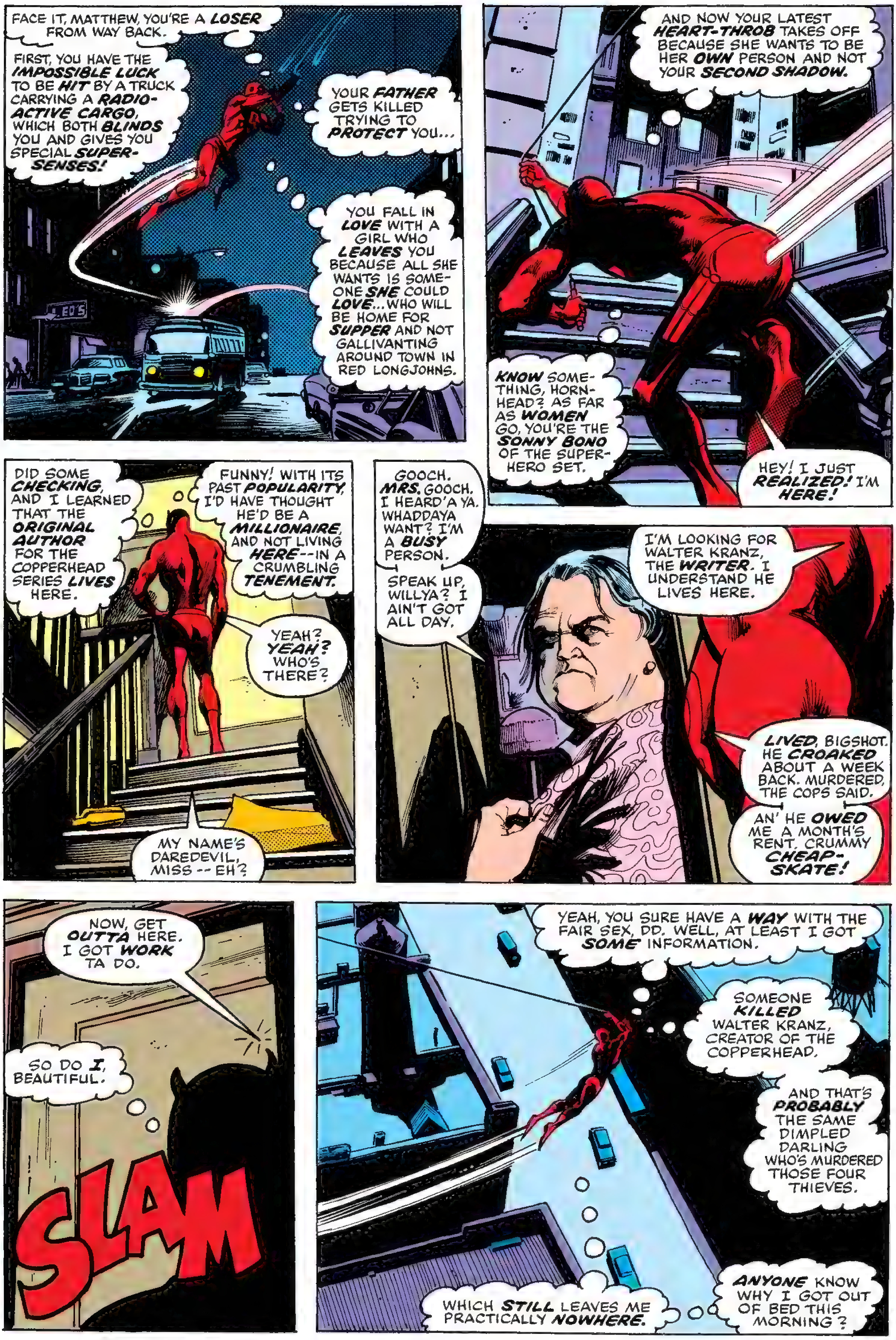

MATT, I WANT YOU TO MEET DR. ARMSTRONG SMITH! HE'S THE GENT WHO DESIGNED THE GIZMO.
IT'S A PLEASURE, DOCTOR. FOGGY SEEMS TO THINK VERY HIGHLY OF YOU.
MATT IS A MASTER OF UNDERSTATEMENT, DOC. WHY DON'T YOU EXPLAIN TO HIM EXACTLY WHAT THE GIZMO DOES?
WELL, BASICALLY MY--ER--"GIZMO" IS A REFERENCE BANK, MR. MURDOCK. WITH THE AID OF SHIELD, INTERPOL, AND VARIOUS OTHER NATIONAL AND INTERNATIONAL AGENCIES--
--WE'VE ASSEMBLED HERE AN ALMOST-COMPLETE RECORD OF ALL WORLD-WIDE HABITUAL OFFENDERS.
AND ITS PURPOSE, DR. SMITH?
TO SIMPLIFY THE PROCESS OF SUSPECT IDENTIFICATION AFTER ANY GIVEN CRIME HAS BEEN COMMITTED.
YOU NEED ONLY FEED WHATEVER CLUES YOU HAVE--HOWEVER SLIGHT THEY ARE--INTO THE COMPUTER--
--AND IN MOMENTS YOU WILL HAVE A COMPLETE LISTING OF ANY AND ALL SUSPECTS WHO FALL WITHIN THE PERIMETERS OF THE INFORMATION GIVEN.
YOU MEAN THAT IF I WERE LOOKING FOR, SAY--A LEFT-HANDED AXE MURDERER, WHO WORE TRACK SHOES AND HAD A PENCHANT FOR PASTA, YOUR COMPUTER COULD DIG HIM UP FOR ME?
MATT'S FROM MISSOURI, DOC. MAYBE YOU'D BETTER SHOW HIM.
ALL RIGHT, MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY, IF YOU INSIST--
--BUT I TEND TO DOUBT THE EXISTENCE OF SUCH AN UNLIKELY KILLER!
YOU UNDERESTIMATE YOUR GORGEOUS GIZMO, DOC. THERE'RE YOUR SUSPECTS, MATTHEW--BOTH OF 'EM--AND IN LESS THAN THREE SECONDS!
ABDUL BEN ALI...CAIRO, EGYPT.
HECTOR BODNIK...TULSA, OKLAHOMA
FOGGY, I'M IMPRESSED.
BUT WHY ARE YOU PUSHING SO HARD, PAL? YOUR OPPONENT CAN'T HAVE THAT MUCH OF A LEAD.

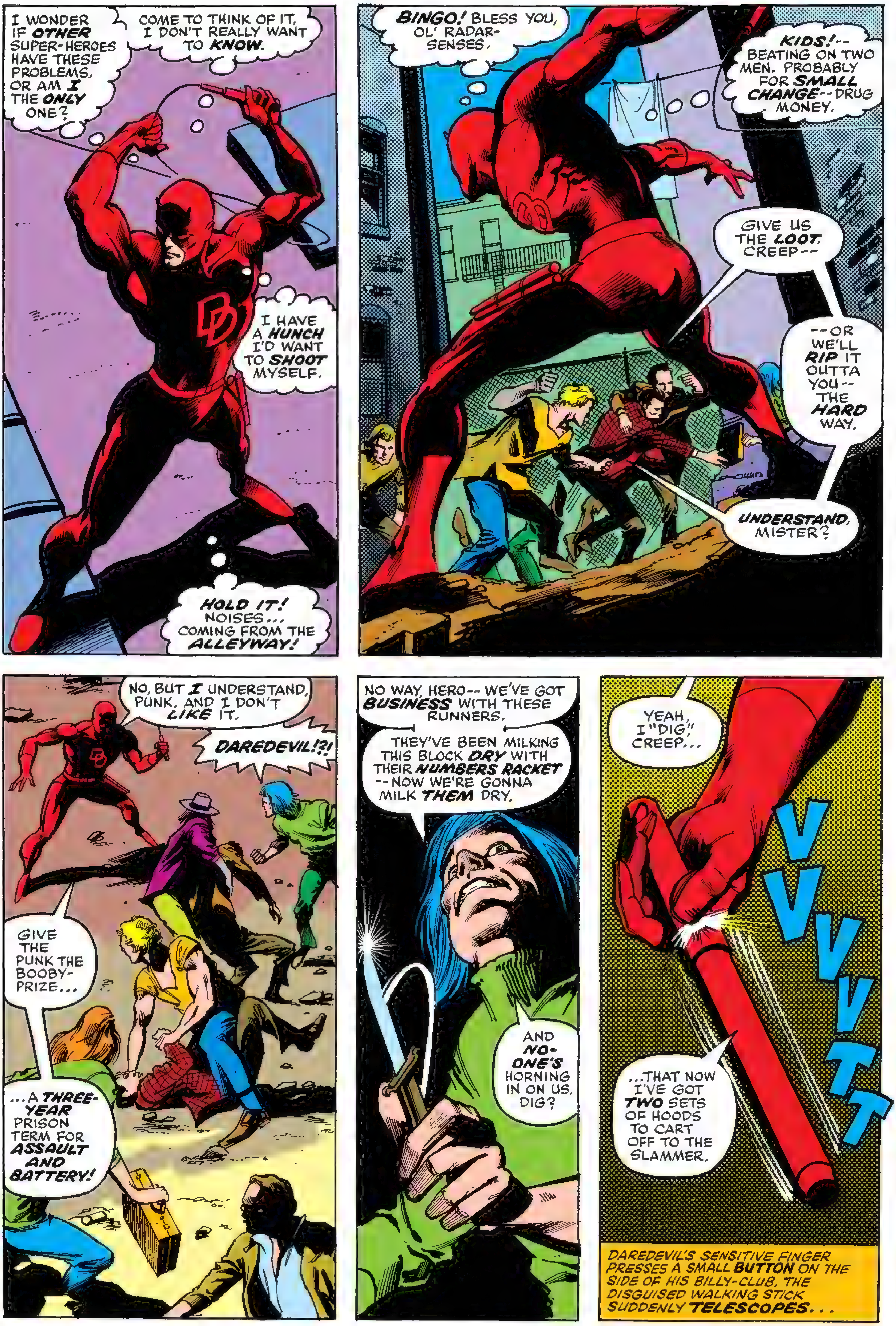

DON'T *REMIND* ME, MATT.
I'M GETTING ENOUGH OF *THAT* FROM MY MAN *BRADY*--
--AND FROM *THESE!*
THESE THINGS STARTED *APPEARING* ALL OVER TOWN JUST *YESTERDAY!*
IT SEEMS THE *OPPOSITION* ISN'T WASTING ANY TIME!
"*ELECT BLAKE TOWER D.A.!*" --AND WHY *NOT?*
ELECT BLAKE TOWE
THAT MAN MAKES *ROBERT REDFORD* LOOK LIKE THE TAIL END OF A *TRUCK!*
TOWER POWER TO TH
HE'S GOT A POISE, CLASS, A WINNING *SMILE*--EVERYTHING YOUR PUDGY *PRESENT D.A. LACKS!*
GOOD OLD *BLAKE TOWER!* HE COMES OUT OF *NOWHERE*--WITH NO POLITICAL *POWER BASE* WHATSOEVER--
--AND THREE MONTHS LATER, HE'S RUNNING FOR *DISTRICT ATTORNEY!*
IT'S YOUR CLASSIC AMERICAN *SUCCESS STORY*--
--AND IT *STINKS* FROM HERE TO HIGH HEAVEN!
KRIPP!
THERE'S SOMETHING *NOT RIGHT* WITH MR. BLAKE TOWER--AND I'VE *GOT* TO FIND OUT WHAT IT *IS!*
C'MON, FOG--TAKE IT *EASY.* YOU'VE GOT QUALITIES TOWER CAN NEVER *HOPE* TO MATCH--
--EXPERIENCE --INTEGRITY --GREAT TASTE IN *FRIENDS!*
YOU'RE LETTING THIS GUY *SPOOK* YOU FOR *NO* REASON.
Y-YOU'RE *RIGHT,* MATT. I...I'M *SORRY* I LOST *CONTROL.*

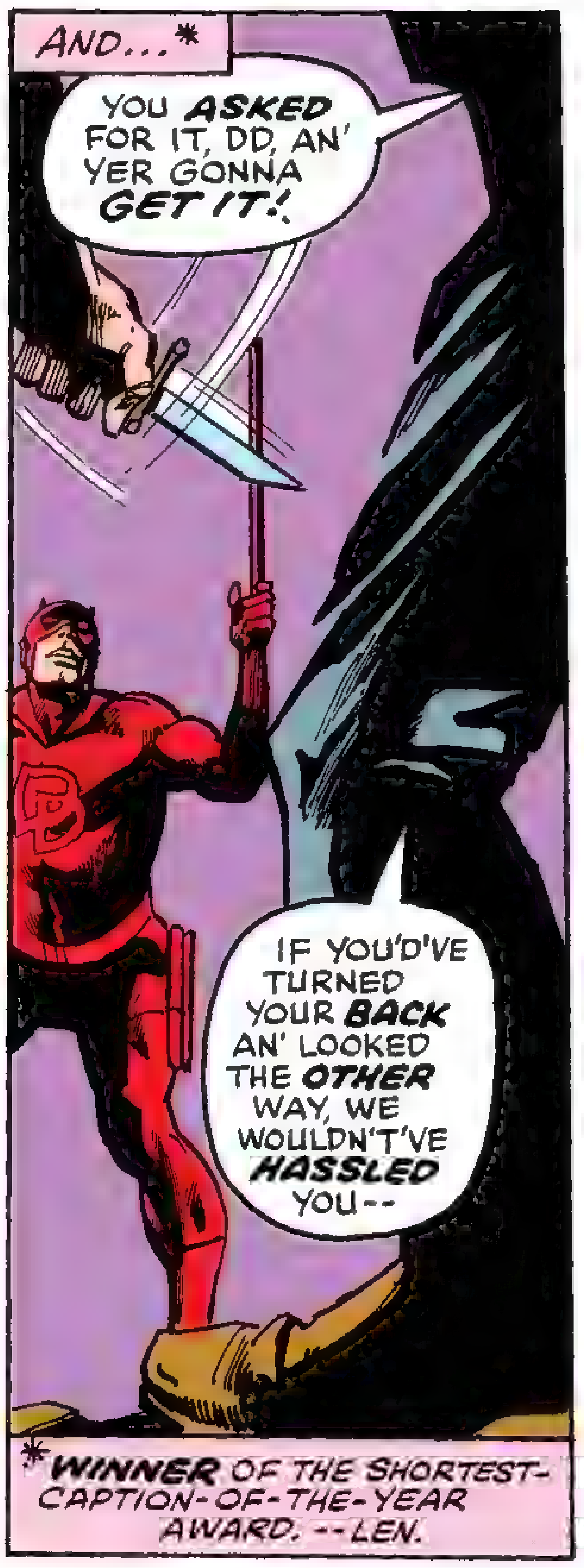

WHAT SAY WE **DROP** THE ENTIRE SOB-STORY, EH?
AND MAKE OUR WAY DOWNSTAIRS TO THE **COMMISSARY.**
THE STUFF THERE'S HARDLY **EDIBLE,** BUT I'M **FAMISHED.**
YOU'RE **ON,** MR. NELSON. YOU'RE **ON!**
BUT, AS OUR **LEGAL EAGLES** TURN TOWARDS THE STAIRCASE...
MR. NELSON! THANK HEAVEN YOU'RE HERE!
I'VE BEEN SEARCHING **EVERYWHERE** FOR YOU.
WHAT'S **UP,** OFFICER? MY CAR **DOUBLE-PARKED?**
NO, NO! I ONLY **WISH** IT WAS THAT. **THAT** YOU COULD **FIX!**
BUT NO ONE... **NO ONE** CAN FIX **MURDER!**
FOUR PETTY THIEVES WERE FOUND SCATTERED ABOUT THE CITY-- AND THEY WERE **ALL DEAD,** MR. NELSON-- WITH COPPER **PENNIES** PLACED OVER THEIR **EYES.**
HOW WERE THEY **KILLED,** OFFICER?
SNAKE POISON, SIR-- THE VENOM OF A DEADLY **COPPERHEAD.** INJECTED BY **DARTS!**
GREAT! JUST WHAT FUN CITY NEEDS: ANOTHER SELF-APPOINTED **VIGILANTE!**
I **KNEW** WE SHOULD NEVER HAVE ALLOWED "DEATH WISH" TO PLAY AROUND HERE. IT GIVES PEOPLE **IDEAS.**
WHAT'S THIS CITY **COMING** TO, MATT?
NOTHING THAT **EITHER** OF US ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR, FOGGY.
BUT SINCE THIS IS A CASE FOR THE **POLICE** AND NOT THE D.A.'S OFFICE--
--I SUGGEST YOU TAKE THE **REST** OF THE DAY OFF AND LET NEW YORK'S **FINEST** DO THEIR STUFF.
WITH A LITTLE **ASSIST** FROM A CERTAIN MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

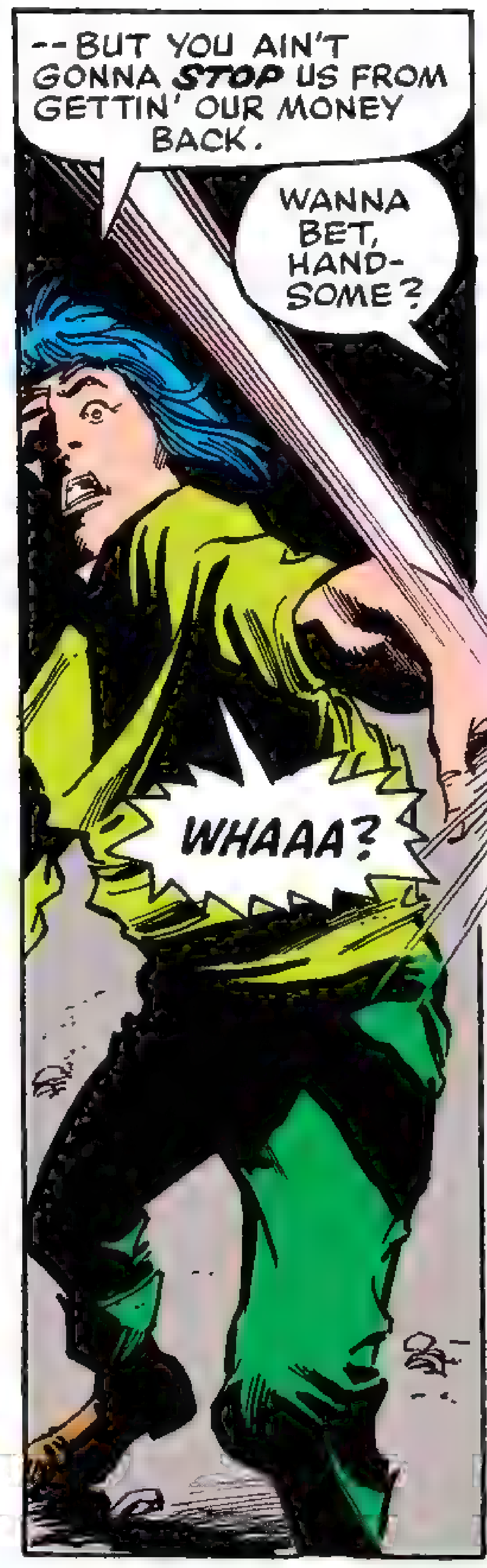

TWELFTH STREET AND FIFTH AVENUE IS A **HAVEN** FOR USED-BOOK COLLECTORS. **EVERYTHING** FROM MICKEY SPILLANE'S GUT-WRENCHING SAGAS TO RARE TREATISES ON SCIENTIFIC STUDIES CAN BE FOUND **SOMEWHERE** IN THIS PULP-PAPER PARADISE.
OLD BOOKS AND MAGAZINES
12
BOOKS
EVERYTHING **INCLUDING**, IT SEEMS, OUR FAVORITE BLIND ATTORNEY.
TOSSED THAT POOR **SHOPKEEPER** QUITE A **STORY** EXPLAINING WHY A BLIND MAN WANTED TO BUY AN OLD BOOK...
...BUT **NOTHING** MATTERS, NOW THAT I'VE GOT **THIS!**
COPPERHEAD MONTHLY 10¢
SOMETHING ABOUT THESE **MURDERS** STIRRED SOME COBWEBS IN MY MIND.
I REMEMBER MY DAD TELLING ME ABOUT **THE COPPERHEAD**, A 30'S PULP HERO...
...WHO **SOME** SAY WAS ALMOST AS POPULAR AS **DOC SAVAGE!***
*AND, IF YOU THINK THAT'S AN UNASHAMED **PLUG** FOR MARVEL'S NEWEST BLACK-AND-WHITE THRILLER (ON SALE **NEXT MONTH**), AWARD YOURSELF A BRONZE-PLATED NO-PRIZE. -- LEN.
I SHOULD BE ABLE TO GET THROUGH THIS STORY IN LESS THAN A HALF-HOUR BY LETTING MY **FINGERS** DO THE READING.
I GUESS THERE **ARE** SOME BENEFITS IN BEING THE WORLD'S ONLY **SIGHTLESS** SUPER-HERO.
"**RICHARD CRANDELL**, MILLIONAIRE PLAYBOY, LIVED HIS LIFE TO THE **FULLEST**. HE HAD **EVERYTHING** GOING FOR HIM; LOOKS, MONEY, AND **CHARM**.
"HE ALSO HAD **ENEMIES**. ONE DARK NIGHT, WHILE ESCORTING TWO YOUNG **LOVELIES** HOME, **ACID** WAS MURDEROUSLY **THROWN** INTO HIS FACE.

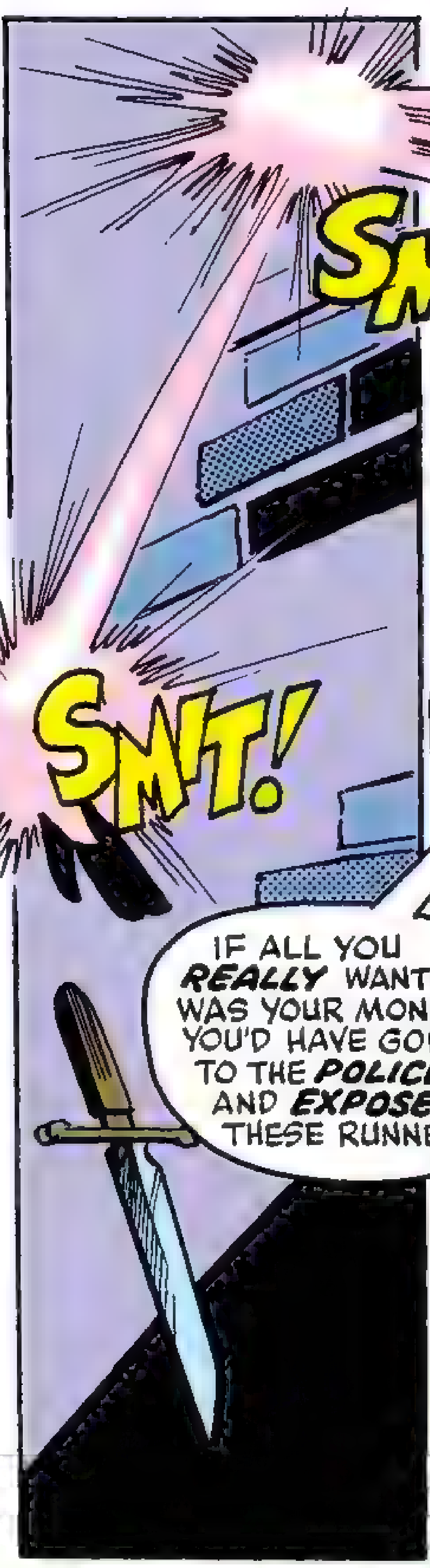

"THROUGH FANTASTIC WILL-POWER ALONE, HE SURVIVED. BUT SIX MONTHS LATER, HE WAS RELEASED FROM THE HOSPITAL, HIS FACE HOPELESSLY DISFIGURED FOR LIFE.
"EMBITTERED, DEMANDING REVENGE, CRANDELL FASHIONED A BIZARRE COSTUME, AND CREATED THE MOST DEADLY WEAPON OF ALL TIME; HIS VENOMOUS DART-GUN.
"THUS WAS BORN THE COPPERHEAD!
"ENEMY OF CRIME, THE COPPERHEAD STALKED ALL CRIMINALS--
"AND GRANTED THEM THE JUSTICE THEY DESERVED."
ONLY THE 'THIRTIES' CHARACTER NEVER MINDLESSLY SLAUGHTERED PETTY CRIMINALS.
HE WAS AFTER BIGGER GAME.
WHICH MEANS WE NOW HAVE A PSYCHO RUNNING AROUND WHO'S OBVIOUSLY BEEN INFLUENCED BY THE OLD PULPS.
A FULL-FLEDGED NUT WHO'S KILLING ANYONE EVEN SLIGHTLY CONNECTED WITH CRIME--
FROM A PETTY THIEF TO A DASTARDLY JAYWALKER!
THIS MAY BE EXACTLY WHAT I NEED TO TAKE MY MIND OFF NATASHA--
GREAT! I NEED SOMETHING LIKE MASS MURDER TO MAKE ME FORGET MY LOVE LIFE.
YOU'RE REALLY CALLOUS, MR. MURDOCK. ANYONE EVER TELL YOU THAT?
LIVES DON'T MEAN ANYTHING TO YOU, DO THEY? ALL YOU'RE LOOKING FOR IS AN ESCAPE FROM REALITY.
DON'T BELIEVE IT, DD. YOU CARE... YOU'VE GOTTA CARE, OR IT MAKES YOUR WHOLE LIFE UP TILL NOW A FARCE!
AND I DON'T THINK THIS CARE-FREE SUPER-HERO COULD ACCEPT SOMETHING AS DEPRESSING AS THAT.
HAVE A HEART, WORLD. DD'S COMING TO PULL YOU THROUGH.
AND MAYBE, JUST MAYBE, HE'LL FIND THE TIME TO HELP HIMSELF AS WELL.
BUT DON'T COUNT ON IT.

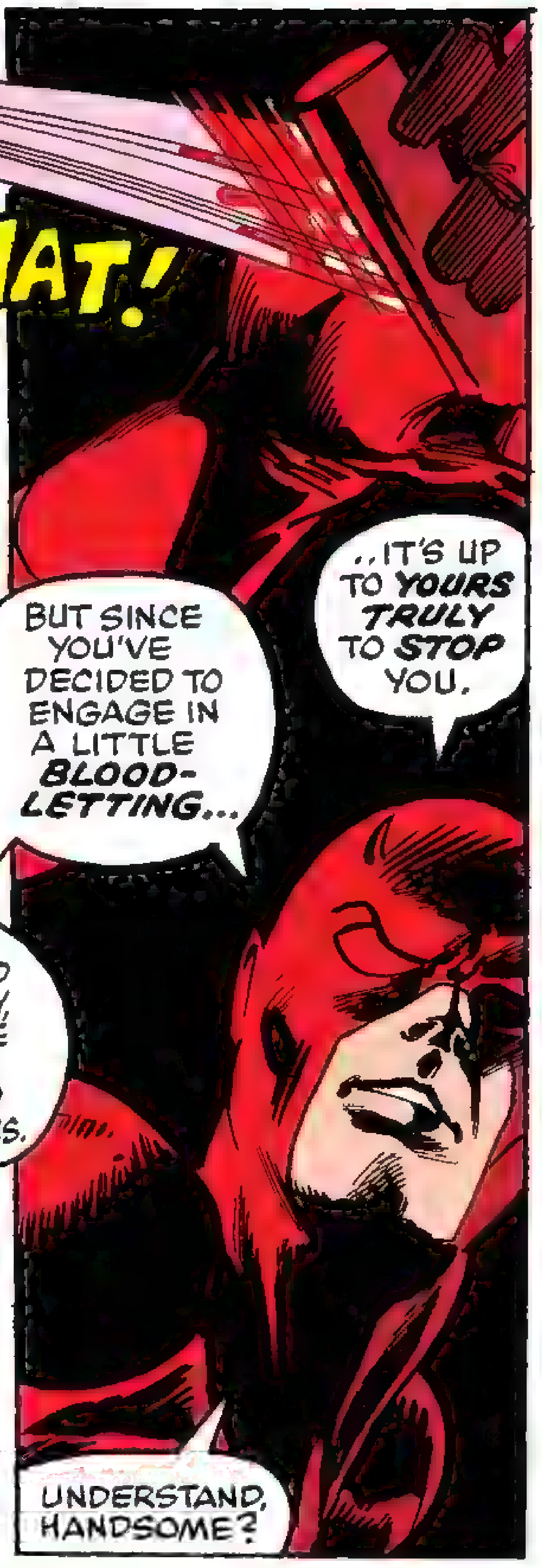

FACE IT, MATTHEW, YOU'RE A **LOSER** FROM WAY BACK.
FIRST, YOU HAVE THE **IMPOSSIBLE LUCK** TO BE **HIT** BY A TRUCK CARRYING A **RADIO-ACTIVE CARGO**, WHICH BOTH **BLINDS** YOU AND GIVES YOU SPECIAL **SUPER-SENSES!**
YOUR **FATHER** GETS KILLED TRYING TO **PROTECT** YOU...
YOU FALL IN **LOVE** WITH A GIRL WHO **LEAVES** YOU BECAUSE ALL SHE WANTS IS SOMEONE **SHE** COULD **LOVE**...WHO WILL BE HOME FOR **SUPPER** AND NOT GALLIVANTING AROUND TOWN IN RED LONGJOHNS.
ED'S
AND NOW YOUR LATEST **HEART-THROB** TAKES OFF BECAUSE SHE WANTS TO BE HER **OWN** PERSON AND NOT YOUR **SECOND SHADOW.**
KNOW SOMETHING, HORNHEAD? AS FAR AS **WOMEN** GO, YOU'RE THE **SONNY BONO** OF THE SUPER-HERO SET.
HEY! I JUST **REALIZED!** I'M **HERE!**
DID SOME **CHECKING**, AND I LEARNED THAT THE **ORIGINAL AUTHOR** FOR THE COPPERHEAD SERIES **LIVES** HERE.
FUNNY! WITH ITS PAST **POPULARITY**, I'D HAVE THOUGHT HE'D BE A **MILLIONAIRE**, AND NOT LIVING **HERE**--IN A CRUMBLING **TENEMENT**.
YEAH? **YEAH?** WHO'S THERE?
MY NAME'S DAREDEVIL, MISS -- EH?
GOOCH. **MRS.** GOOCH. I HEARD'A YA. WHADDAYA WANT? I'M A **BUSY** PERSON.
SPEAK UP, WILLYA? I AIN'T GOT ALL DAY.
I'M LOOKING FOR WALTER KRANZ, THE **WRITER**. I UNDERSTAND HE LIVES HERE.
LIVED, BIGSHOT. HE **CROAKED** ABOUT A WEEK BACK. MURDERED, THE COPS SAID.
AN' HE **OWED** ME A MONTH'S RENT. CRUMMY **CHEAP-SKATE!**
NOW, GET **OUTTA** HERE. I GOT **WORK** TA DO.
SO DO **I**, BEAUTIFUL.
SLAM
YEAH, YOU SURE HAVE A **WAY** WITH THE FAIR SEX, DD. WELL, AT LEAST I GOT **SOME** INFORMATION.
SOMEONE **KILLED** WALTER KRANZ, CREATOR OF THE COPPERHEAD.
AND THAT'S **PROBABLY** THE SAME DIMPLED DARLING WHO'S MURDERED THOSE FOUR THIEVES.
WHICH **STILL** LEAVES ME PRACTICALLY **NOWHERE**.
ANYONE KNOW WHY I GOT OUT OF BED THIS MORNING?

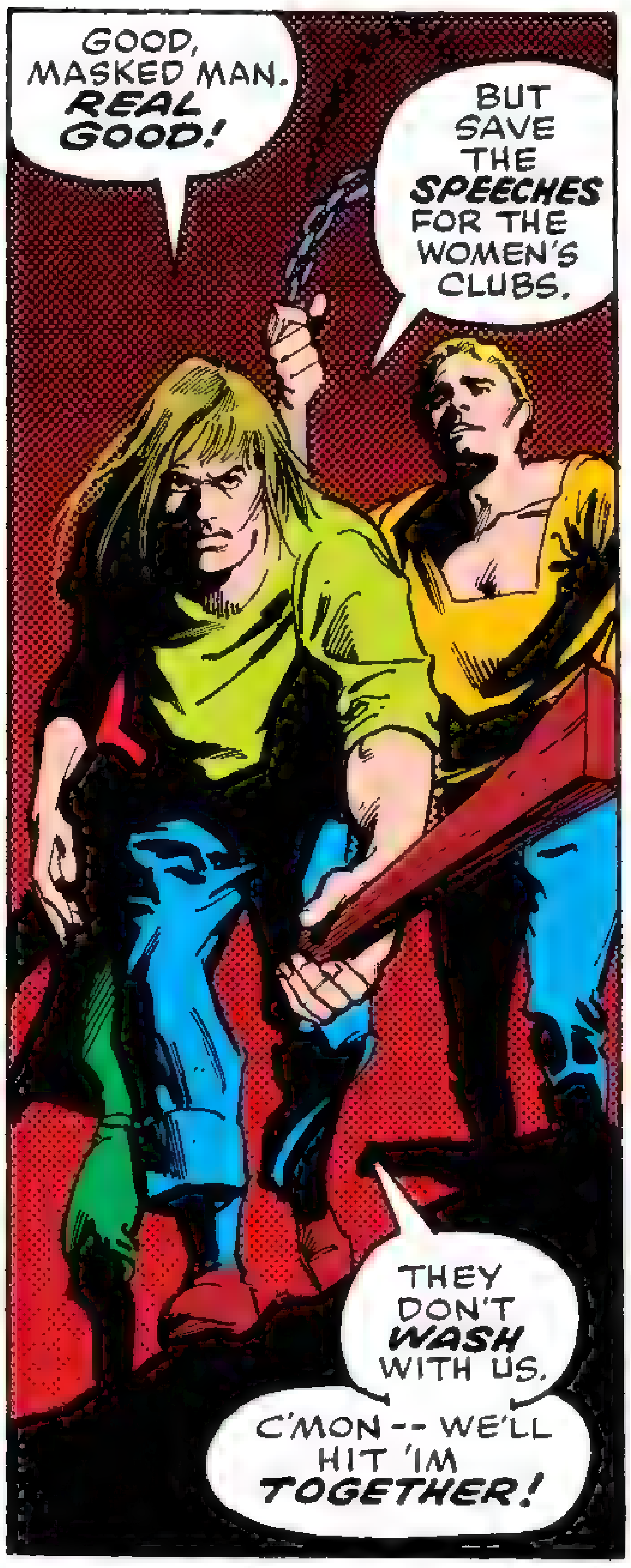

I WONDER IF *OTHER* SUPER-HEROES HAVE THESE PROBLEMS, OR AM *I* THE *ONLY* ONE?
COME TO THINK OF IT, I DON'T REALLY WANT TO *KNOW*.
I HAVE A *HUNCH* I'D WANT TO *SHOOT* MYSELF.
HOLD IT! NOISES... COMING FROM THE *ALLEYWAY!*
BINGO! BLESS YOU, OL' RADAR-SENSES.
KIDS!-- BEATING ON TWO MEN. PROBABLY FOR *SMALL CHANGE*--DRUG MONEY.
GIVE US THE *LOOT*, CREEP--
--OR WE'LL *RIP* IT OUTTA YOU-- THE *HARD* WAY.
UNDERSTAND, MISTER?
NO, BUT *I* UNDERSTAND, PUNK, AND I DON'T *LIKE* IT.
DAREDEVIL!?!
GIVE THE PUNK THE BOOBY-PRIZE...
...A *THREE-YEAR* PRISON TERM FOR *ASSAULT AND BATTERY!*
NO WAY, HERO-- WE'VE GOT *BUSINESS* WITH THESE RUNNERS.
THEY'VE BEEN MILKING THIS BLOCK *DRY* WITH THEIR *NUMBERS RACKET* --NOW WE'RE GONNA MILK *THEM* DRY.
AND *NO-ONE'S* HORNING IN ON US, DIG?
YEAH, I "DIG," CREEP...
...THAT NOW I'VE GOT *TWO* SETS OF HOODS TO CART OFF TO THE SLAMMER.
VVVVTT
*DAREDEVIL'S SENSITIVE FINGER PRESSES A SMALL **BUTTON** ON THE SIDE OF HIS BILLY-CLUB. THE DISGUISED WALKING STICK SUDDENLY **TELESCOPES**...*

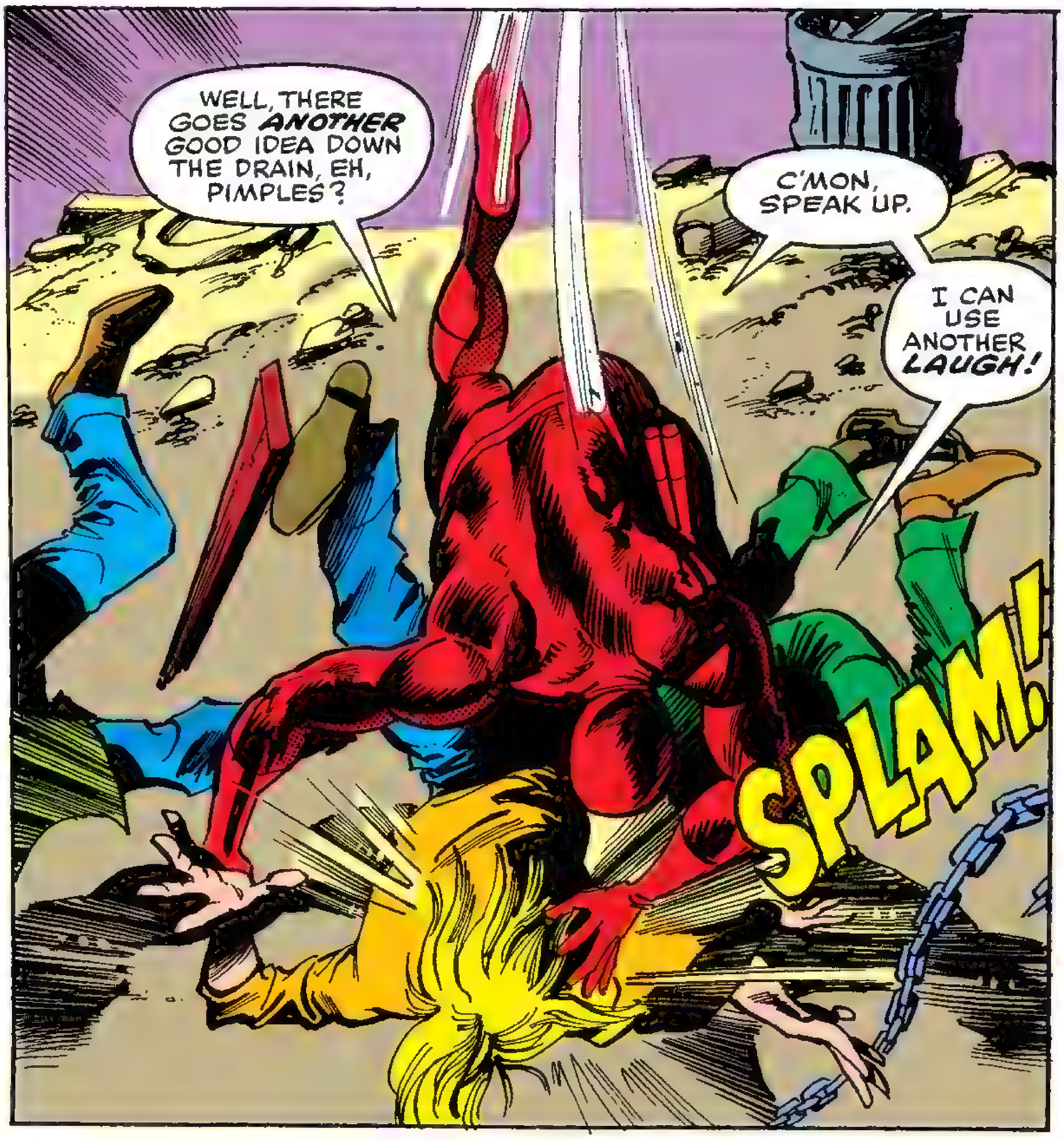

AND...*
YOU ASKED FOR IT, DD, AN' YER GONNA GET IT!
IF YOU'D'VE TURNED YOUR BACK AN' LOOKED THE OTHER WAY, WE WOULDN'T'VE HASSLED YOU--
*WINNER OF THE SHORTEST-CAPTION-OF-THE-YEAR AWARD. --LEN.

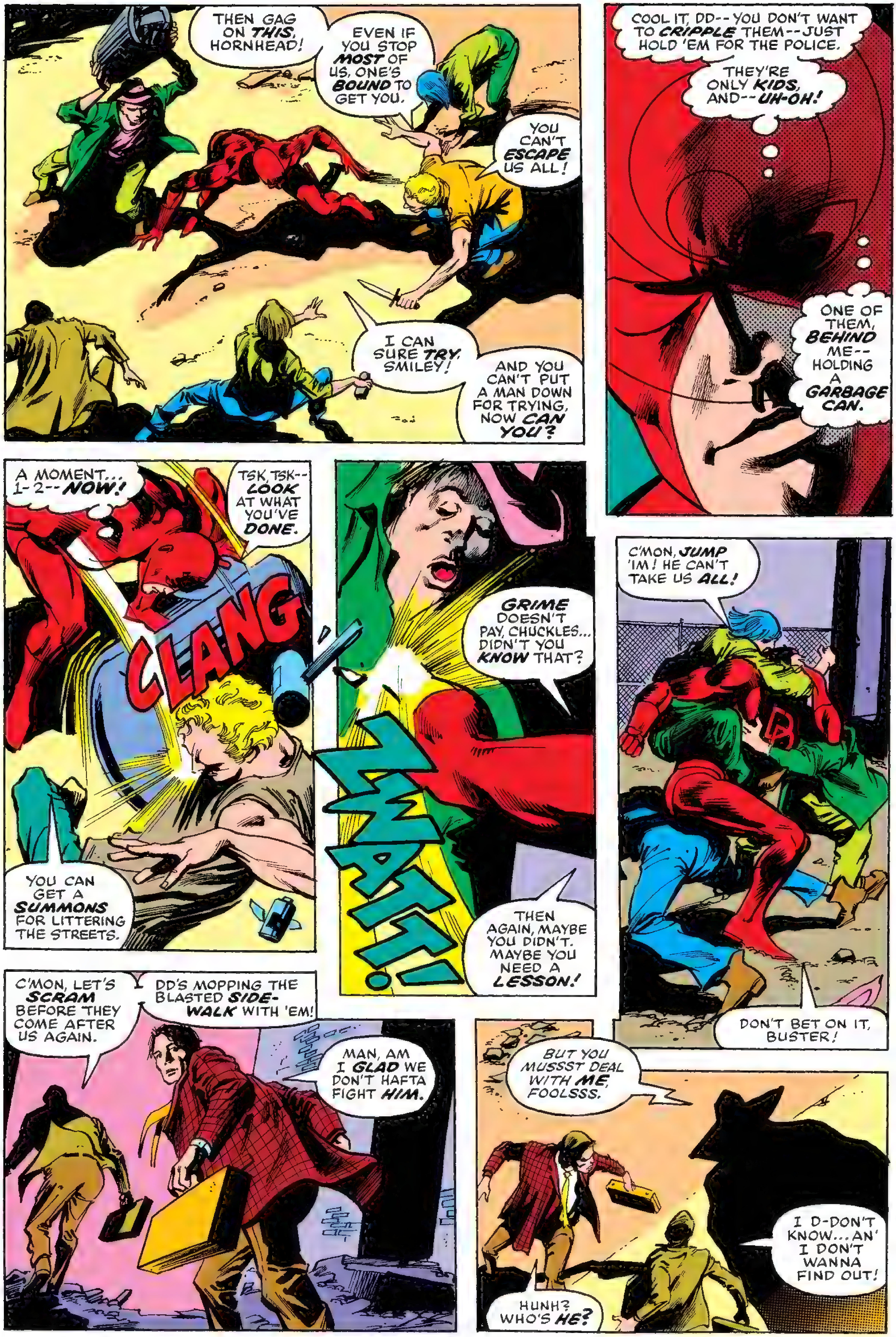

--BUT YOU AIN'T GONNA STOP US FROM GETTIN' OUR MONEY BACK.
WANNA BET, HANDSOME?
WHAAA?
SNIT!

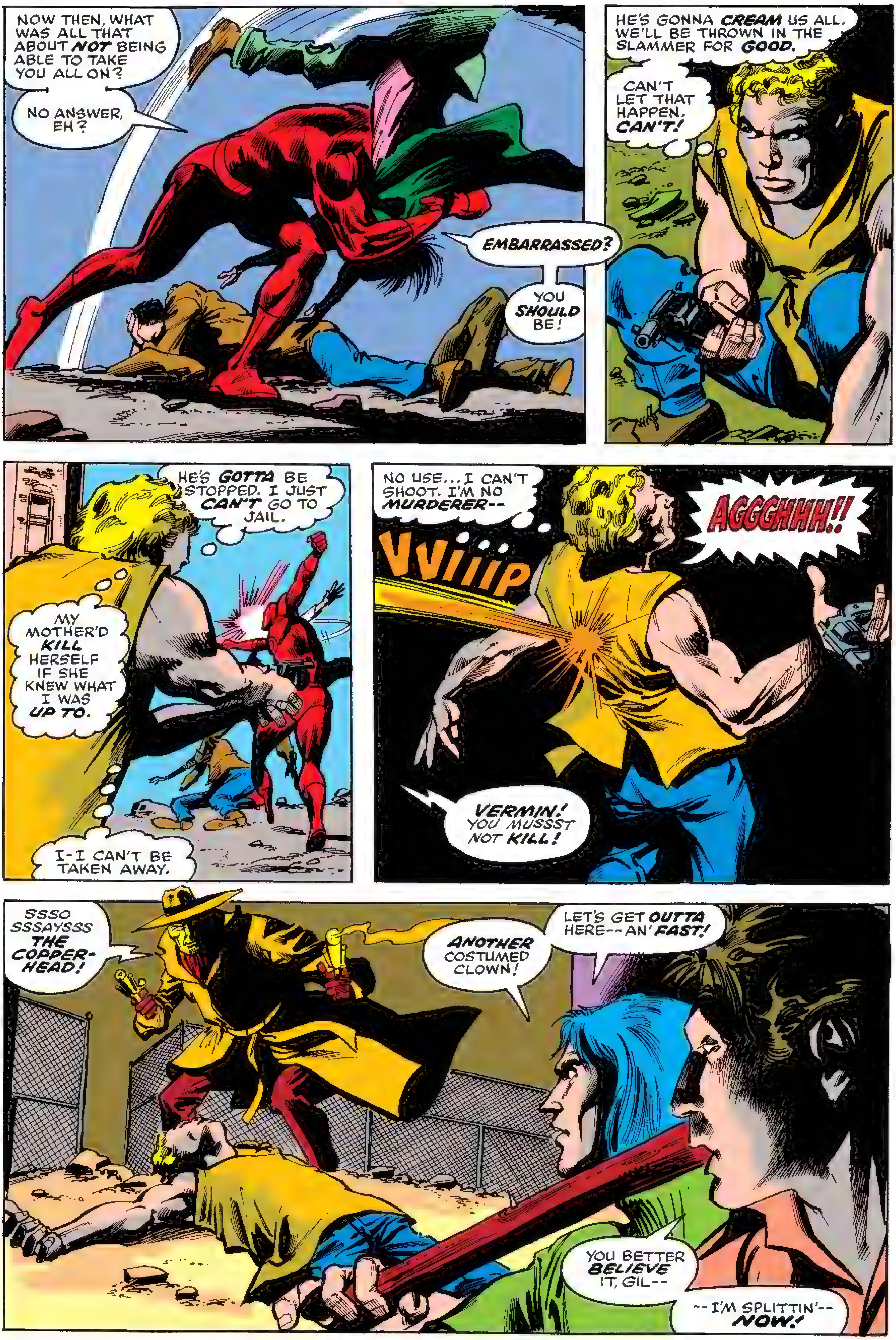

SMAT!
IF ALL YOU REALLY WANTED WAS YOUR MONEY, YOU'D HAVE GONE TO THE POLICE AND EXPOSED THESE RUNNERS.

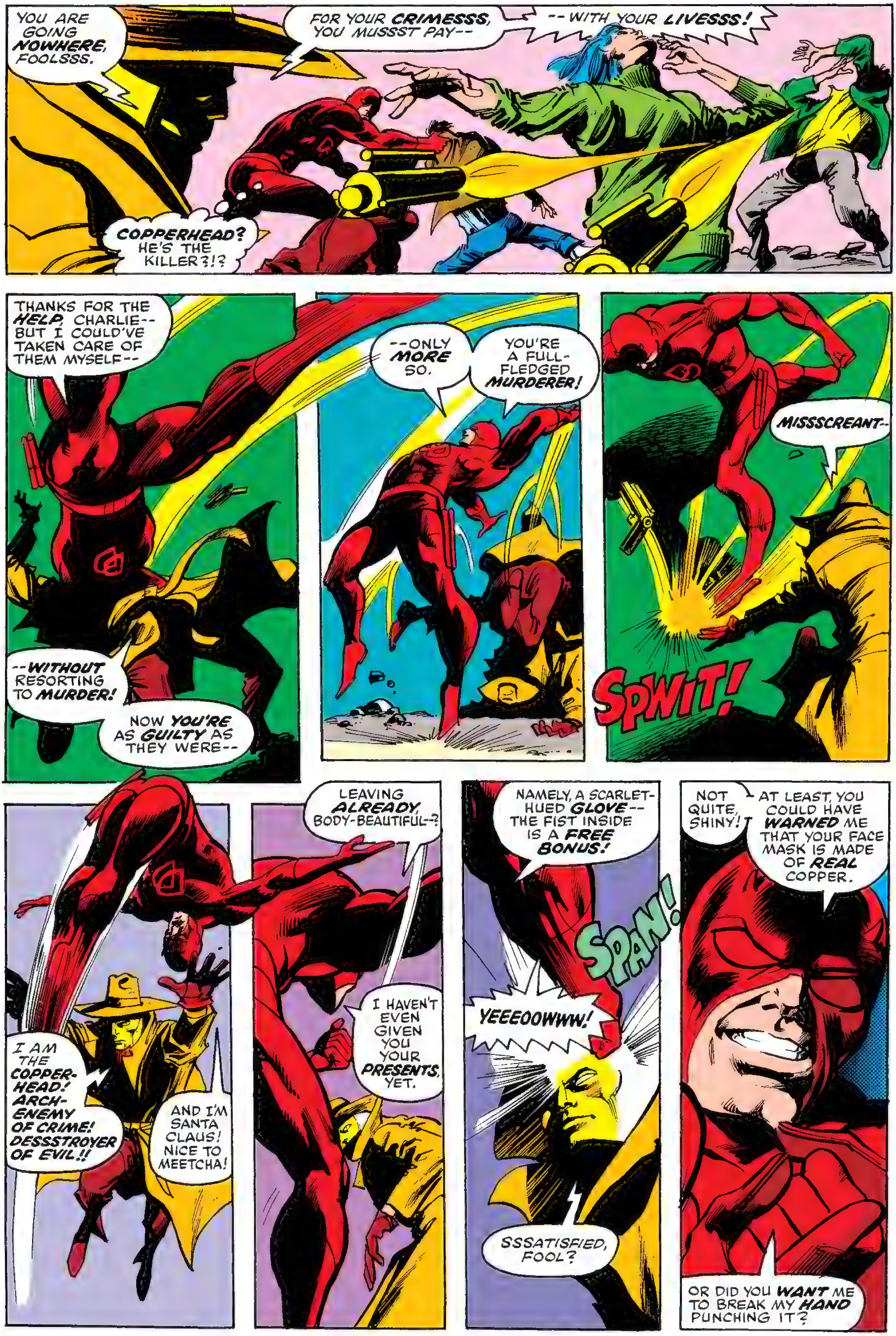

BUT SINCE YOU'VE DECIDED TO ENGAGE IN A LITTLE BLOOD-LETTING...
..IT'S UP TO YOURS TRULY TO STOP YOU.
UNDERSTAND, HANDSOME?

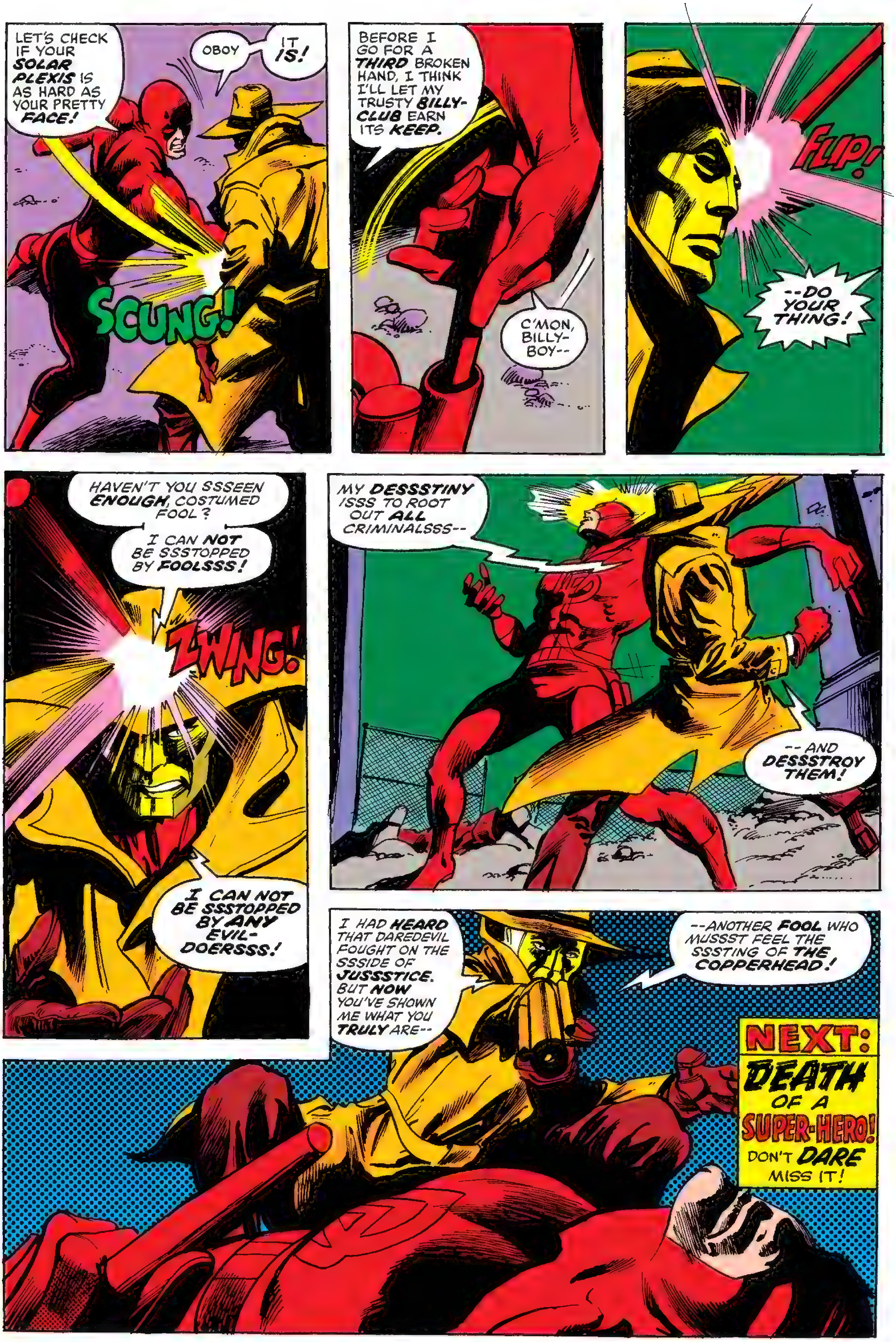

GOOD, MASKED MAN. REAL GOOD!
BUT SAVE THE SPEECHES FOR THE WOMEN'S CLUBS.
THEY DON'T WASH WITH US.
C'MON -- WE'LL HIT 'IM TOGETHER!


WELL, THERE GOES ANOTHER GOOD IDEA DOWN THE DRAIN, EH, PIMPLES?
C'MON, SPEAK UP.
I CAN USE ANOTHER LAUGH!
SPLAM!


THEN GAG ON *THIS*, HORNHEAD!
EVEN IF YOU STOP *MOST* OF US, ONE'S *BOUND* TO GET YOU.
YOU CAN'T *ESCAPE* US ALL!
I CAN SURE *TRY*, SMILEY!
AND YOU CAN'T PUT A MAN DOWN FOR TRYING, NOW *CAN YOU?*
COOL IT, DD-- YOU DON'T WANT TO *CRIPPLE* THEM--JUST HOLD 'EM FOR THE POLICE.
THEY'RE ONLY *KIDS*, AND-- *UH-OH!*
ONE OF THEM, *BEHIND* ME-- HOLDING A *GARBAGE CAN*.
A MOMENT... 1- 2-- *NOW!*
TSK, TSK-- *LOOK* AT WHAT YOU'VE *DONE*.
CLANG
YOU CAN GET A *SUMMONS* FOR LITTERING THE STREETS.
GRIME DOESN'T PAY, CHUCKLES... DIDN'T YOU *KNOW* THAT?
TWAT!
THEN AGAIN, MAYBE YOU DIDN'T. MAYBE YOU NEED A *LESSON!*
C'MON, *JUMP* 'IM! HE CAN'T TAKE US *ALL!*
DON'T BET ON IT, BUSTER!
C'MON, LET'S *SCRAM* BEFORE THEY COME AFTER US AGAIN.
DD'S MOPPING THE BLASTED *SIDE-WALK* WITH 'EM!
MAN, AM I *GLAD* WE DON'T HAFTA FIGHT *HIM*.
BUT YOU MUSSST DEAL WITH ME, FOOLSSS.
HUNH? WHO'S *HE?*
I D-DON'T KNOW... AN' I DON'T WANNA FIND OUT!


NOW THEN, WHAT WAS ALL THAT ABOUT **NOT** BEING ABLE TO TAKE YOU ALL ON?
NO ANSWER, EH?
EMBARRASSED?
YOU **SHOULD** BE!
HE'S GONNA **CREAM** US ALL. WE'LL BE THROWN IN THE SLAMMER FOR **GOOD.**
CAN'T LET THAT HAPPEN. **CAN'T!**
HE'S **GOTTA** BE STOPPED. I JUST **CAN'T** GO TO JAIL.
MY MOTHER'D **KILL** HERSELF IF SHE KNEW WHAT I WAS **UP TO.**
I-I CAN'T BE TAKEN AWAY.
NO USE... I CAN'T SHOOT. I'M NO **MURDERER--**
VVIIIP
AGGGHHH!!
VERMIN! YOU MUSSST NOT **KILL!**
SSSO SSSAYSSS **THE COPPERHEAD!**
ANOTHER COSTUMED CLOWN!
LET'S GET **OUTTA** HERE-- AN' **FAST!**
YOU BETTER **BELIEVE** IT, GIL--
--I'M SPLITTIN'-- **NOW!**


YOU ARE GOING NOWHERE, FOOLSSS.
FOR YOUR CRIMESSS, YOU MUSSST PAY--
--WITH YOUR LIVESSS!
COPPERHEAD? HE'S THE KILLER?!?
THANKS FOR THE HELP, CHARLIE-- BUT I COULD'VE TAKEN CARE OF THEM MYSELF--
--WITHOUT RESORTING TO MURDER!
NOW YOU'RE AS GUILTY AS THEY WERE--
--ONLY MORE SO.
YOU'RE A FULL-FLEDGED MURDERER!
MISSSCREANT--
SPWIT!
I AM THE COPPERHEAD! ARCH-ENEMY OF CRIME! DESSSTROYER OF EVIL!!
AND I'M SANTA CLAUS! NICE TO MEETCHA!
LEAVING ALREADY, BODY-BEAUTIFUL--?
I HAVEN'T EVEN GIVEN YOU YOUR PRESENTS, YET.
NAMELY, A SCARLET-HUED GLOVE-- THE FIST INSIDE IS A FREE BONUS!
SPAN!
YEEEOOWWW!
SSSATISFIED, FOOL?
NOT QUITE, SHINY!
AT LEAST, YOU COULD HAVE WARNED ME THAT YOUR FACE MASK IS MADE OF REAL COPPER.
OR DID YOU WANT ME TO BREAK MY HAND PUNCHING IT?

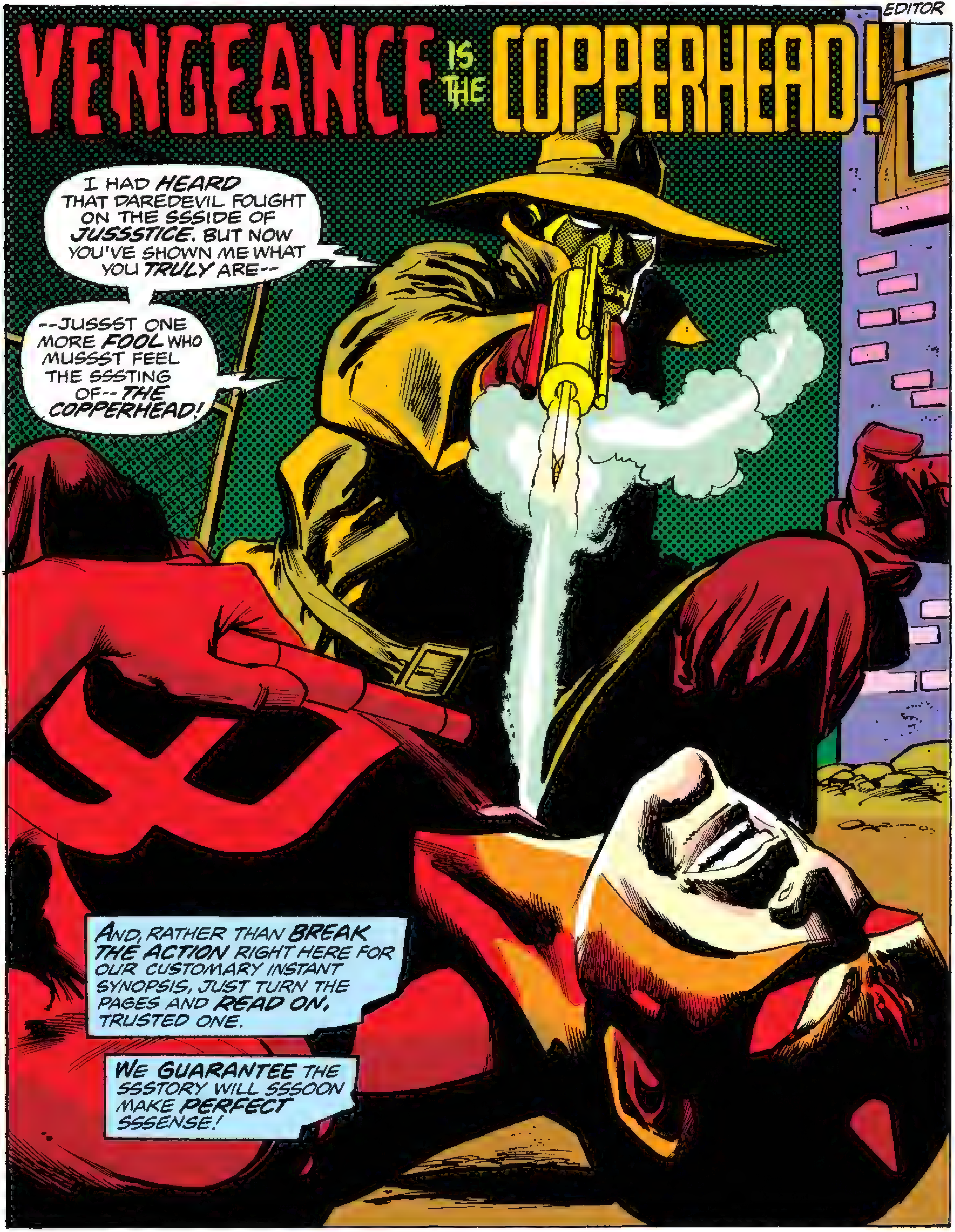

LET'S CHECK IF YOUR SOLAR PLEXIS IS AS HARD AS YOUR PRETTY FACE!
OBOY
IT IS!
SCUNG!
BEFORE I GO FOR A THIRD BROKEN HAND, I THINK I'LL LET MY TRUSTY BILLY-CLUB EARN ITS KEEP.
C'MON, BILLY-BOY--
FLIP!
--DO YOUR THING!
HAVEN'T YOU SSSEEN ENOUGH, COSTUMED FOOL?
I CAN NOT BE SSSTOPPED BY FOOLSSS!
ZWING!
I CAN NOT BE SSSTOPPED BY ANY EVIL-DOERSSS!
MY DESSSTINY ISSS TO ROOT OUT ALL CRIMINALSSS--
--AND DESSSTROY THEM!
I HAD HEARD THAT DAREDEVIL FOUGHT ON THE SSSIDE OF JUSSSTICE. BUT NOW YOU'VE SHOWN ME WHAT YOU TRULY ARE--
--ANOTHER FOOL WHO MUSSST FEEL THE SSSTING OF THE COPPERHEAD!
NEXT: DEATH OF A SUPER-HERO! DON'T DARE MISS IT!

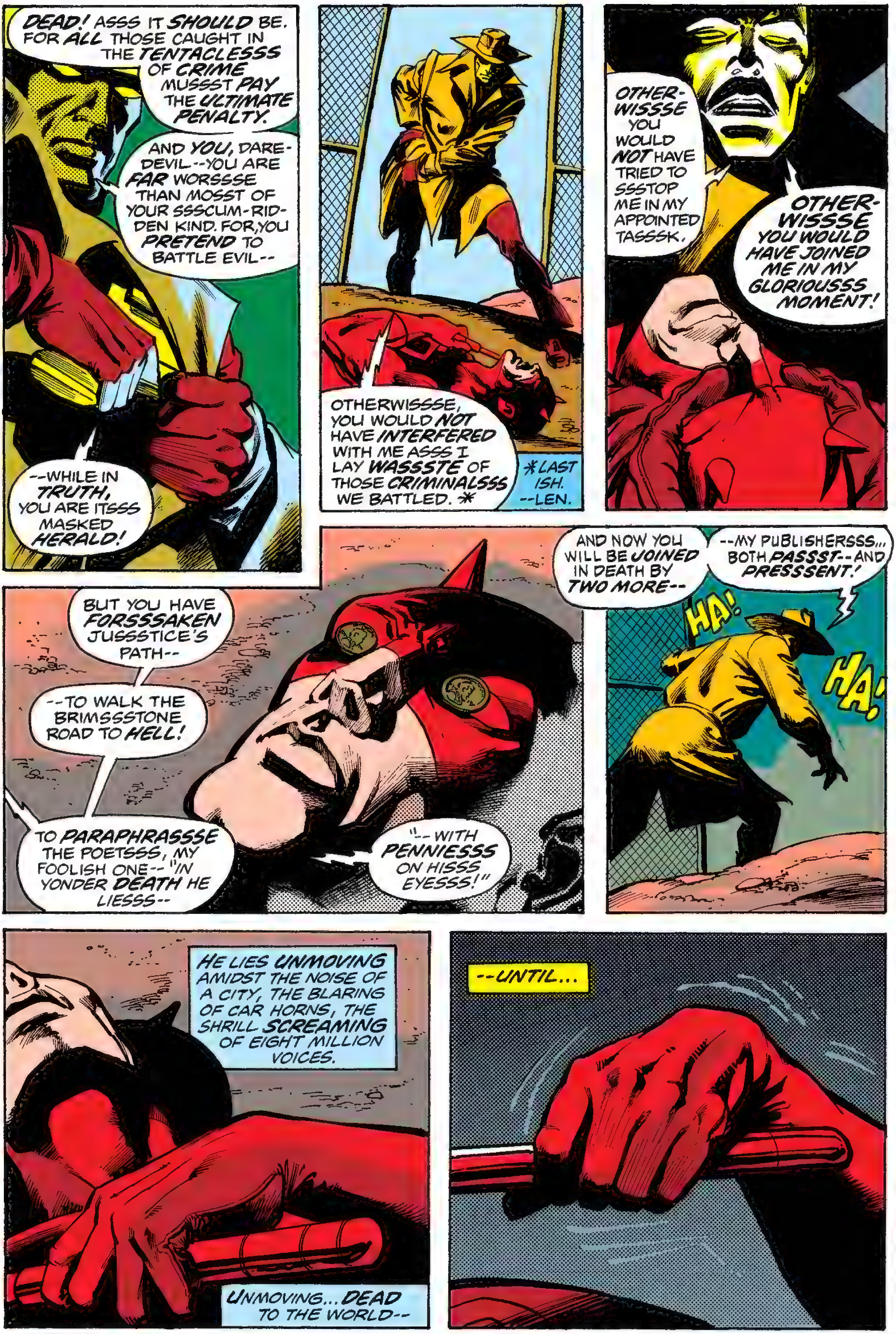
DAREDEVIL
MARVEL COMICS GROUP
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
25¢
125
SEPT
02459
DAREDEVIL
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!
DEATH
BENEATH A STORM-SWEPT SKY!
YOU WANTED TO LEARN *WHO* WAS BURIED IN THIS GRAVE, FOOL--AND NOW YOU *KNOW*...
IT'S *YOU!*
"VENGEANCE!" CRIES THE COPPERHEAD!

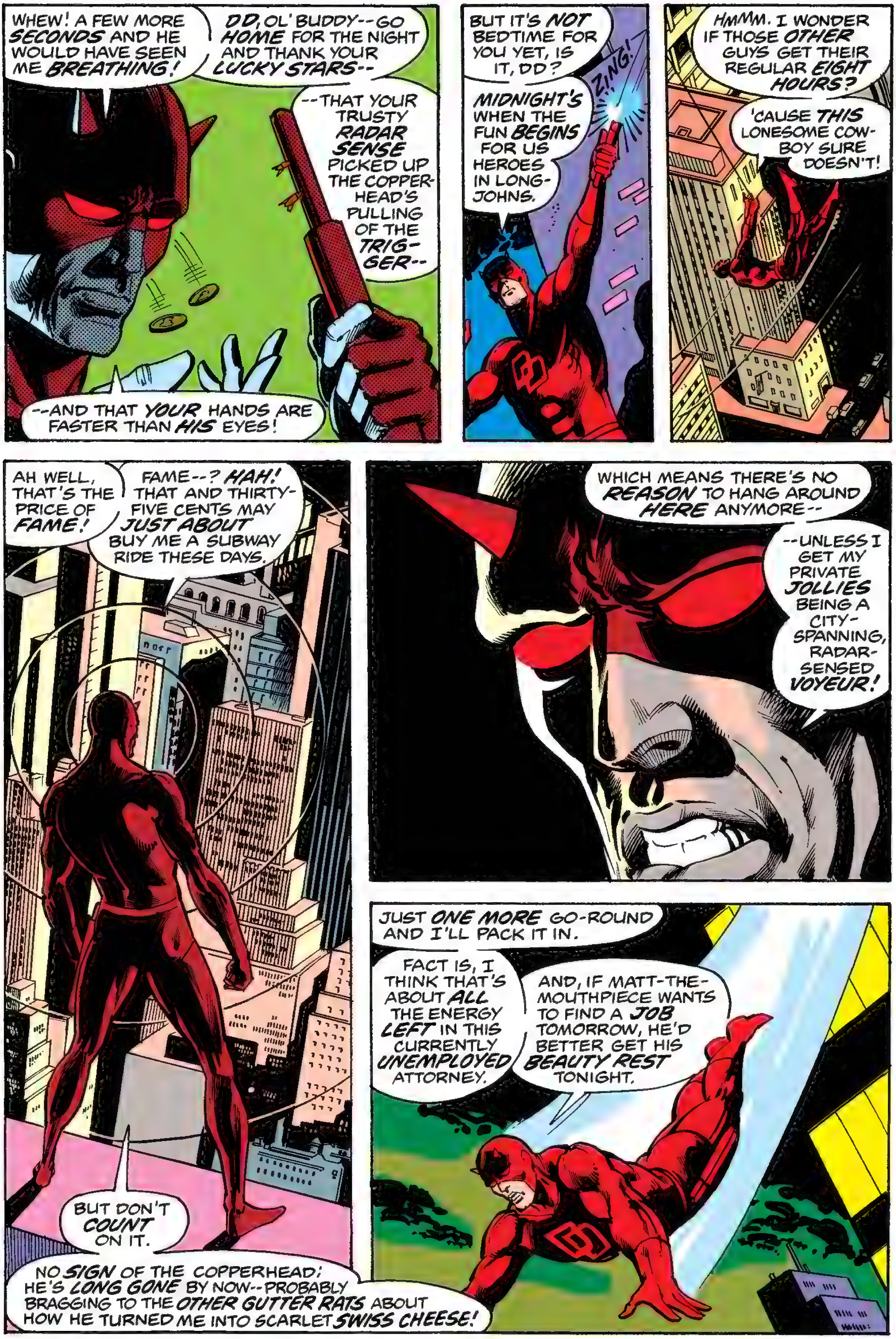
Stan Lee PRESENTS: **DAREDEVIL**, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!™

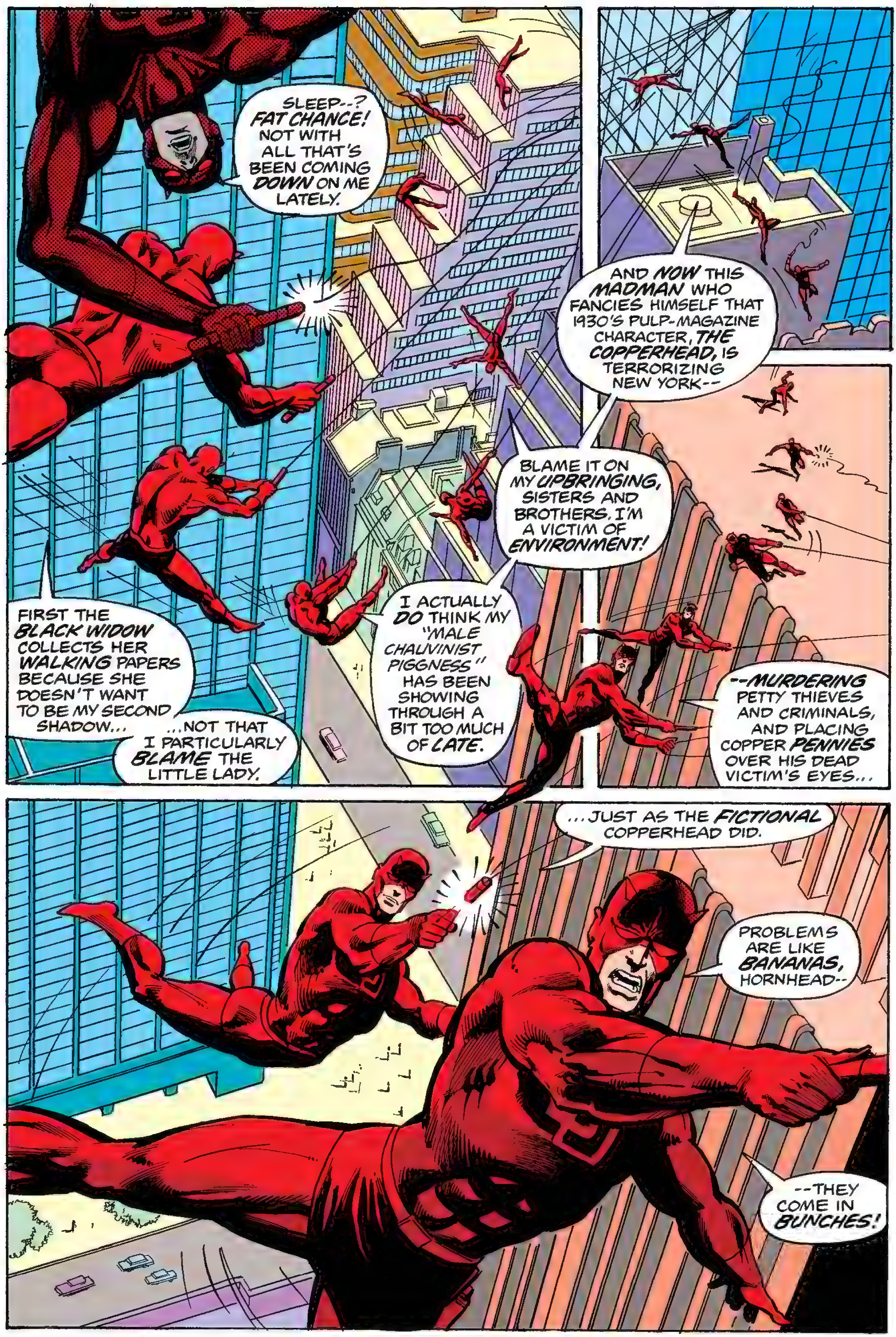
MARV WOLFMAN WRITER / BOB BROWN & KLAUS JANSON ARTISSSTS / JOHN COSTANZA letterer / KLAUS JANSON colorissst / LEN WEIN EDITOR

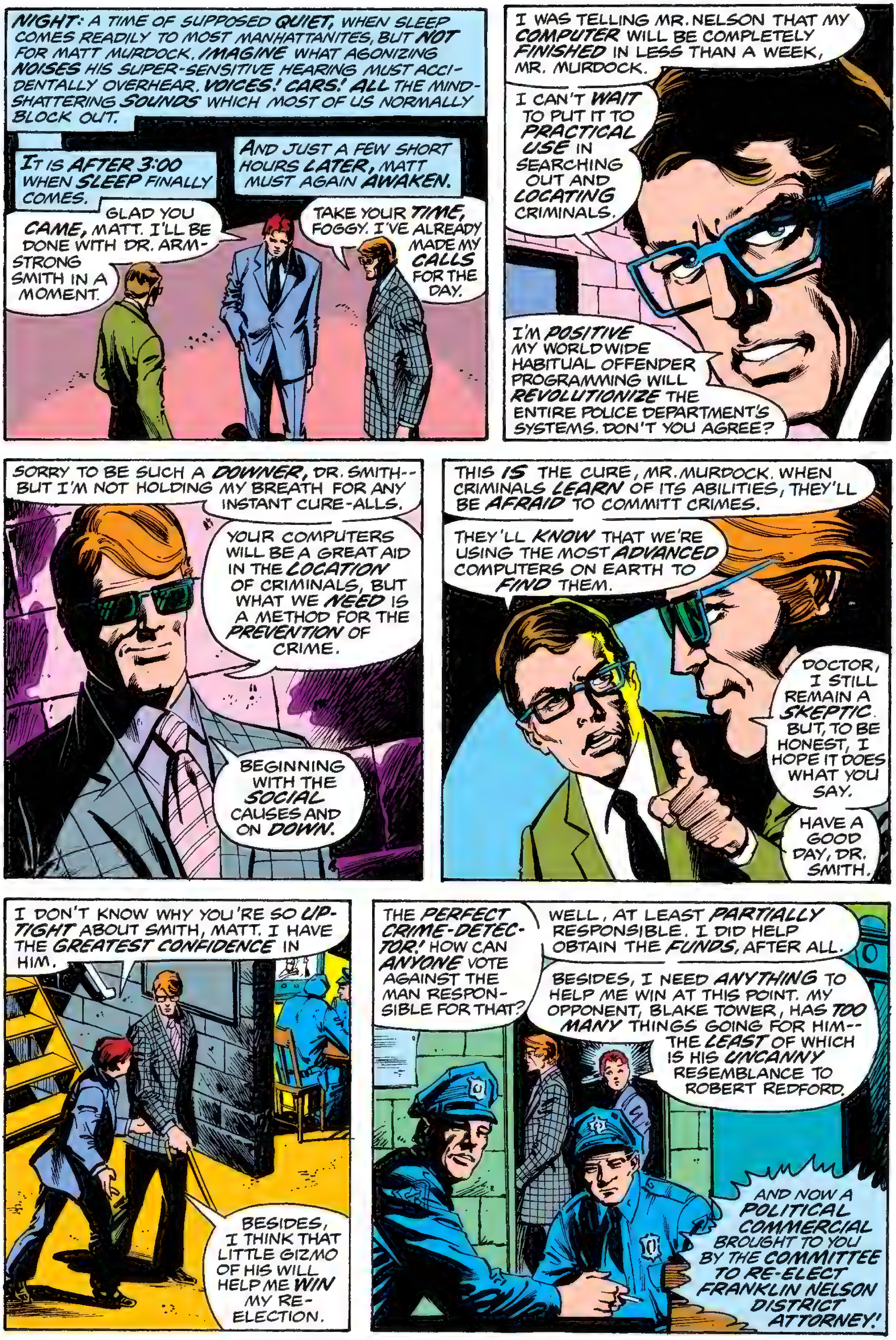
VENGEANCE IS THE COPPERHEAD!

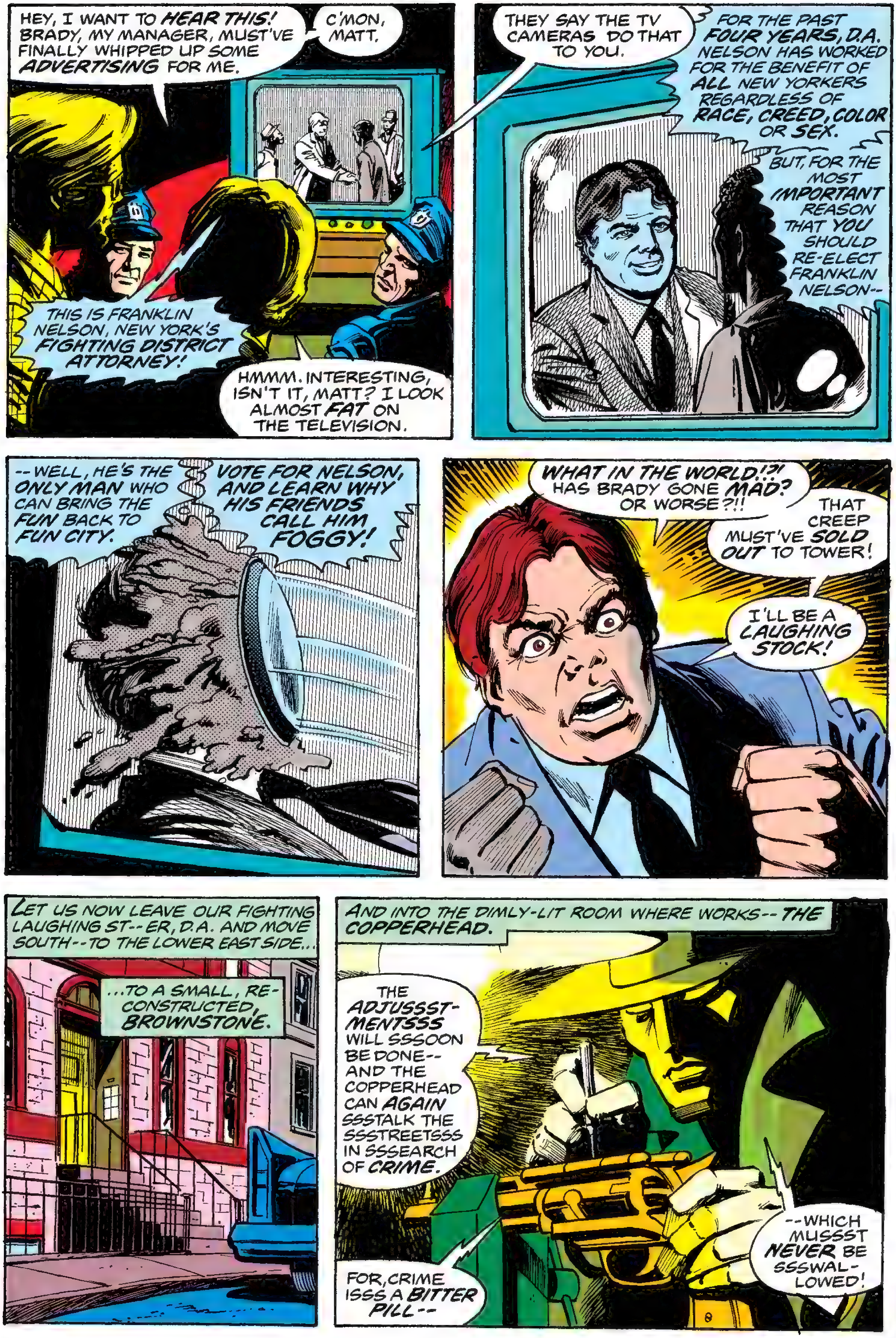

I HAD HEARD THAT DAREDEVIL FOUGHT ON THE SSSIDE OF JUSSSTICE. BUT NOW YOU'VE SHOWN ME WHAT YOU TRULY ARE--
--JUSSST ONE MORE FOOL WHO MUSSST FEEL THE SSSTING OF-- THE COPPERHEAD!
AND, RATHER THAN BREAK THE ACTION RIGHT HERE FOR OUR CUSTOMARY INSTANT SYNOPSIS, JUST TURN THE PAGES AND READ ON, TRUSTED ONE.
WE GUARANTEE THE SSSTORY WILL SSSOON MAKE PERFECT SSSENSE!

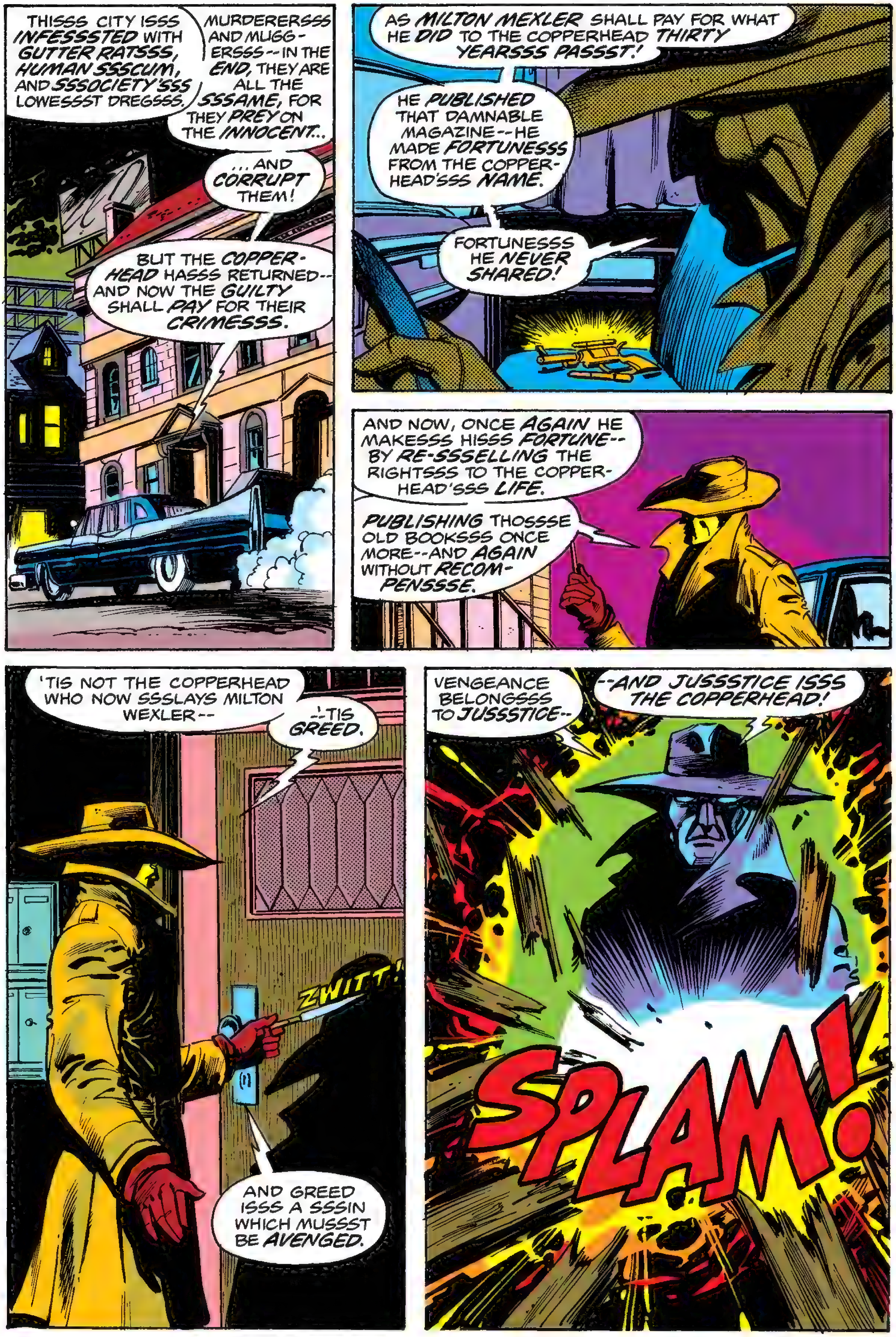

DEAD! ASSS IT SHOULD BE. FOR ALL THOSE CAUGHT IN THE TENTACLESSS OF CRIME MUSSST PAY THE ULTIMATE PENALTY.
AND YOU, DAREDEVIL--YOU ARE FAR WORSSSE THAN MOSST OF YOUR SSSCUM-RIDDEN KIND. FOR, YOU PRETEND TO BATTLE EVIL--
--WHILE IN TRUTH, YOU ARE ITSSS MASKED HERALD!
OTHERWISSSE, YOU WOULD NOT HAVE INTERFERED WITH ME ASSS I LAY WASSSTE OF THOSE CRIMINALSSS WE BATTLED. *
*LAST ISH. --LEN.
OTHERWISSSE YOU WOULD NOT HAVE TRIED TO SSSTOP ME IN MY APPOINTED TASSSK.
OTHERWISSSE YOU WOULD HAVE JOINED ME IN MY GLORIOUSSS MOMENT!
BUT YOU HAVE FORSSSAKEN JUSSSTICE'S PATH--
--TO WALK THE BRIMSSSTONE ROAD TO HELL!
TO PARAPHRASSSE THE POETSSS, MY FOOLISH ONE--"IN YONDER DEATH HE LIESSS--
"--WITH PENNIESSS ON HISSS EYESSS!"
AND NOW YOU WILL BE JOINED IN DEATH BY TWO MORE--
--MY PUBLISHERSSS... BOTH PASSST--AND PRESSSENT!
HA!
HA!
HE LIES UNMOVING AMIDST THE NOISE OF A CITY, THE BLARING OF CAR HORNS, THE SHRILL SCREAMING OF EIGHT MILLION VOICES.
UNMOVING... DEAD TO THE WORLD--
--UNTIL...

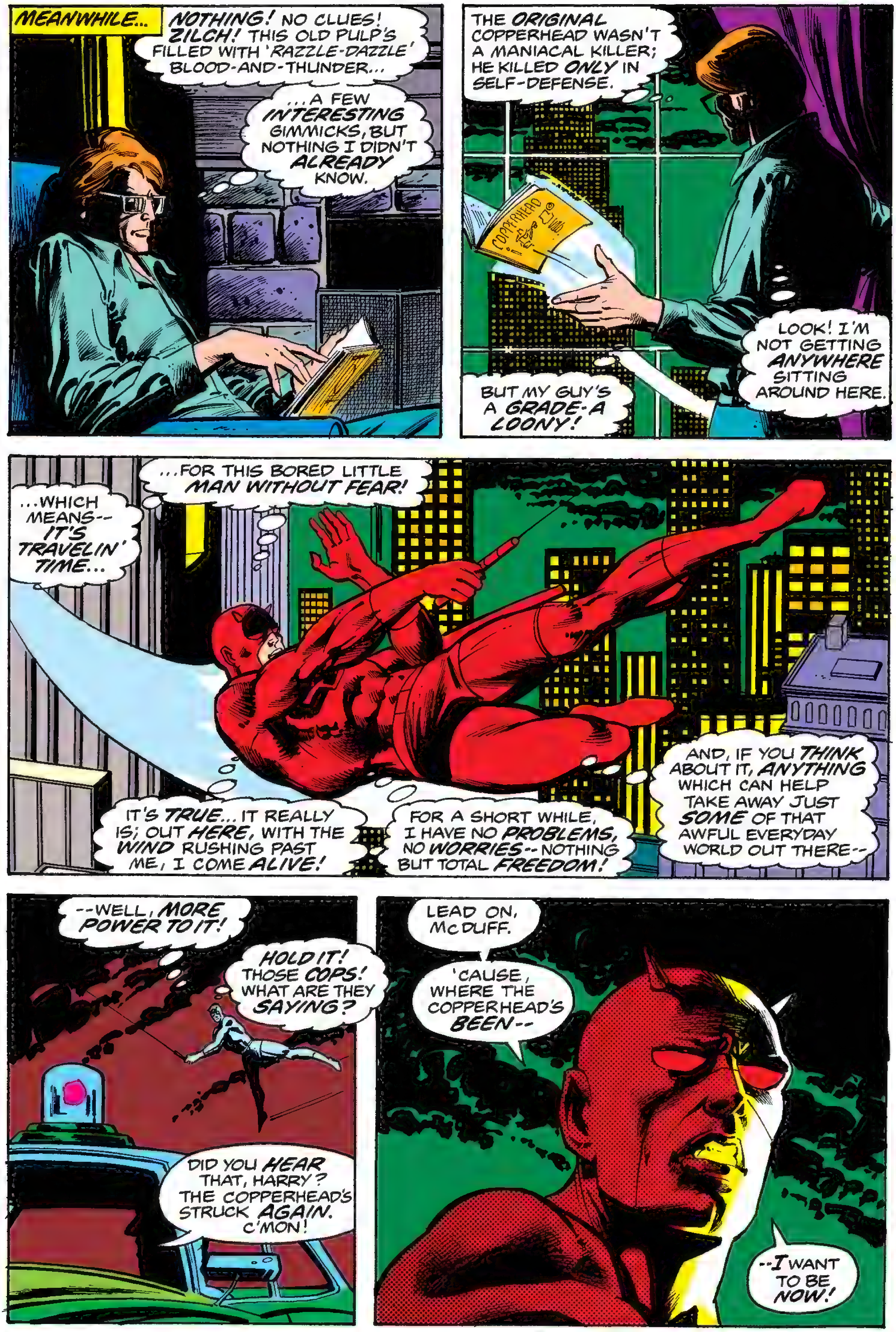

WHEW! A FEW MORE SECONDS AND HE WOULD HAVE SEEN ME BREATHING!
DD, OL' BUDDY--GO HOME FOR THE NIGHT AND THANK YOUR LUCKY STARS--
--THAT YOUR TRUSTY RADAR SENSE PICKED UP THE COPPERHEAD'S PULLING OF THE TRIGGER--
--AND THAT YOUR HANDS ARE FASTER THAN HIS EYES!
BUT IT'S NOT BEDTIME FOR YOU YET, IS IT, DD?
MIDNIGHT'S WHEN THE FUN BEGINS FOR US HEROES IN LONG-JOHNS.
ZING!
HMMM. I WONDER IF THOSE OTHER GUYS GET THEIR REGULAR EIGHT HOURS?
'CAUSE THIS LONESOME COWBOY SURE DOESN'T!
AH WELL, THAT'S THE PRICE OF FAME!
FAME--? HAH! THAT AND THIRTY-FIVE CENTS MAY JUST ABOUT BUY ME A SUBWAY RIDE THESE DAYS.
BUT DON'T COUNT ON IT.
NO SIGN OF THE COPPERHEAD; HE'S LONG GONE BY NOW--PROBABLY BRAGGING TO THE OTHER GUTTER RATS ABOUT HOW HE TURNED ME INTO SCARLET SWISS CHEESE!
WHICH MEANS THERE'S NO REASON TO HANG AROUND HERE ANYMORE--
--UNLESS I GET MY PRIVATE JOLLIES BEING A CITY-SPANNING, RADAR-SENSED VOYEUR!
JUST ONE MORE GO-ROUND AND I'LL PACK IT IN.
FACT IS, I THINK THAT'S ABOUT ALL THE ENERGY LEFT IN THIS CURRENTLY UNEMPLOYED ATTORNEY.
AND, IF MATT-THE-MOUTHPIECE WANTS TO FIND A JOB TOMORROW, HE'D BETTER GET HIS BEAUTY REST TONIGHT.

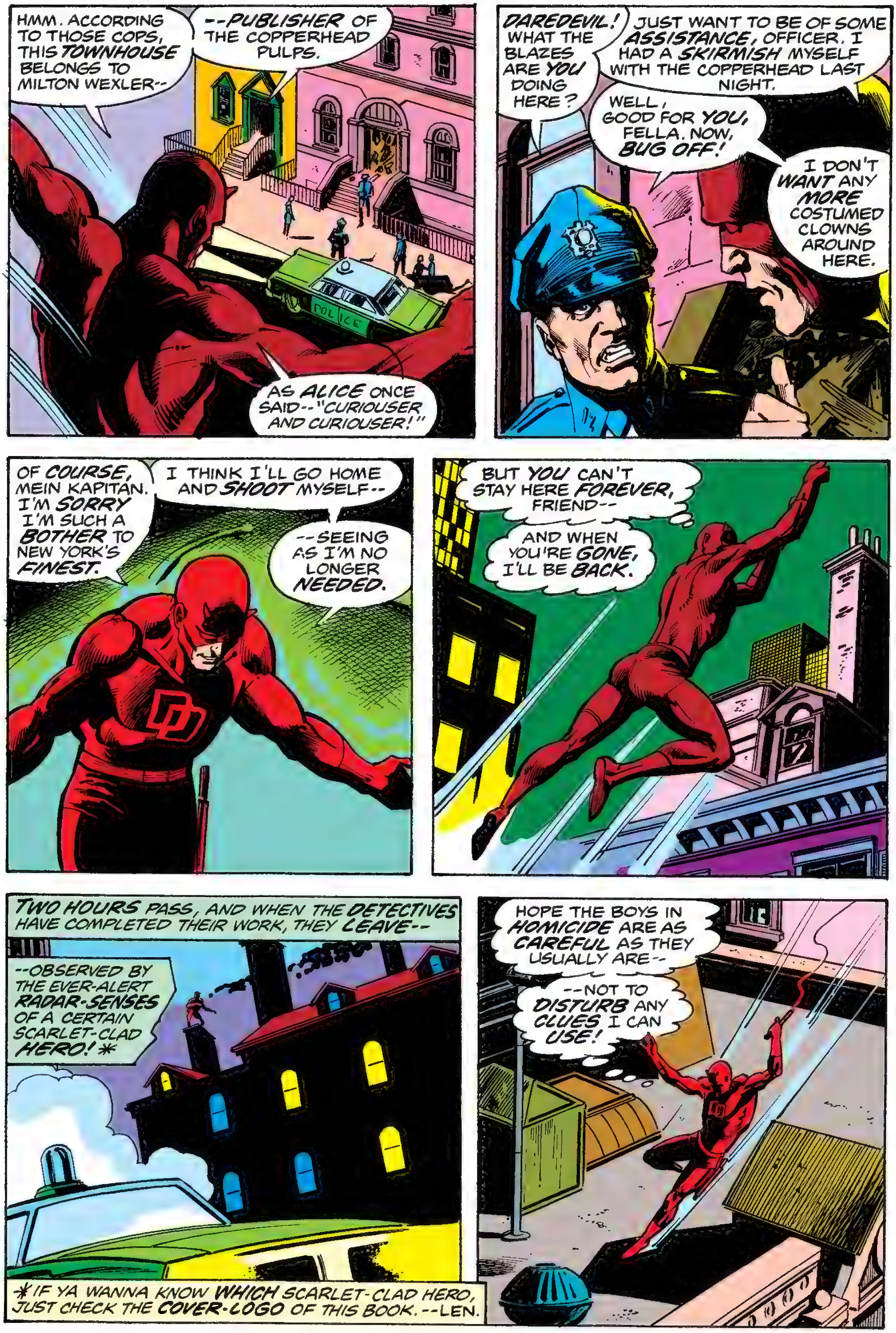

SLEEP--? FAT CHANCE! NOT WITH ALL THAT'S BEEN COMING DOWN ON ME LATELY.
FIRST THE BLACK WIDOW COLLECTS HER WALKING PAPERS BECAUSE SHE DOESN'T WANT TO BE MY SECOND SHADOW...
...NOT THAT I PARTICULARLY BLAME THE LITTLE LADY.
I ACTUALLY DO THINK MY "MALE CHAUVINIST PIGGNESS" HAS BEEN SHOWING THROUGH A BIT TOO MUCH OF LATE.
BLAME IT ON MY UPBRINGING, SISTERS AND BROTHERS. I'M A VICTIM OF ENVIRONMENT!
AND NOW THIS MADMAN WHO FANCIES HIMSELF THAT 1930'S PULP-MAGAZINE CHARACTER, THE COPPERHEAD, IS TERRORIZING NEW YORK--
--MURDERING PETTY THIEVES AND CRIMINALS, AND PLACING COPPER PENNIES OVER HIS DEAD VICTIM'S EYES...
...JUST AS THE FICTIONAL COPPERHEAD DID.
PROBLEMS ARE LIKE BANANAS, HORNHEAD--
--THEY COME IN BUNCHES!

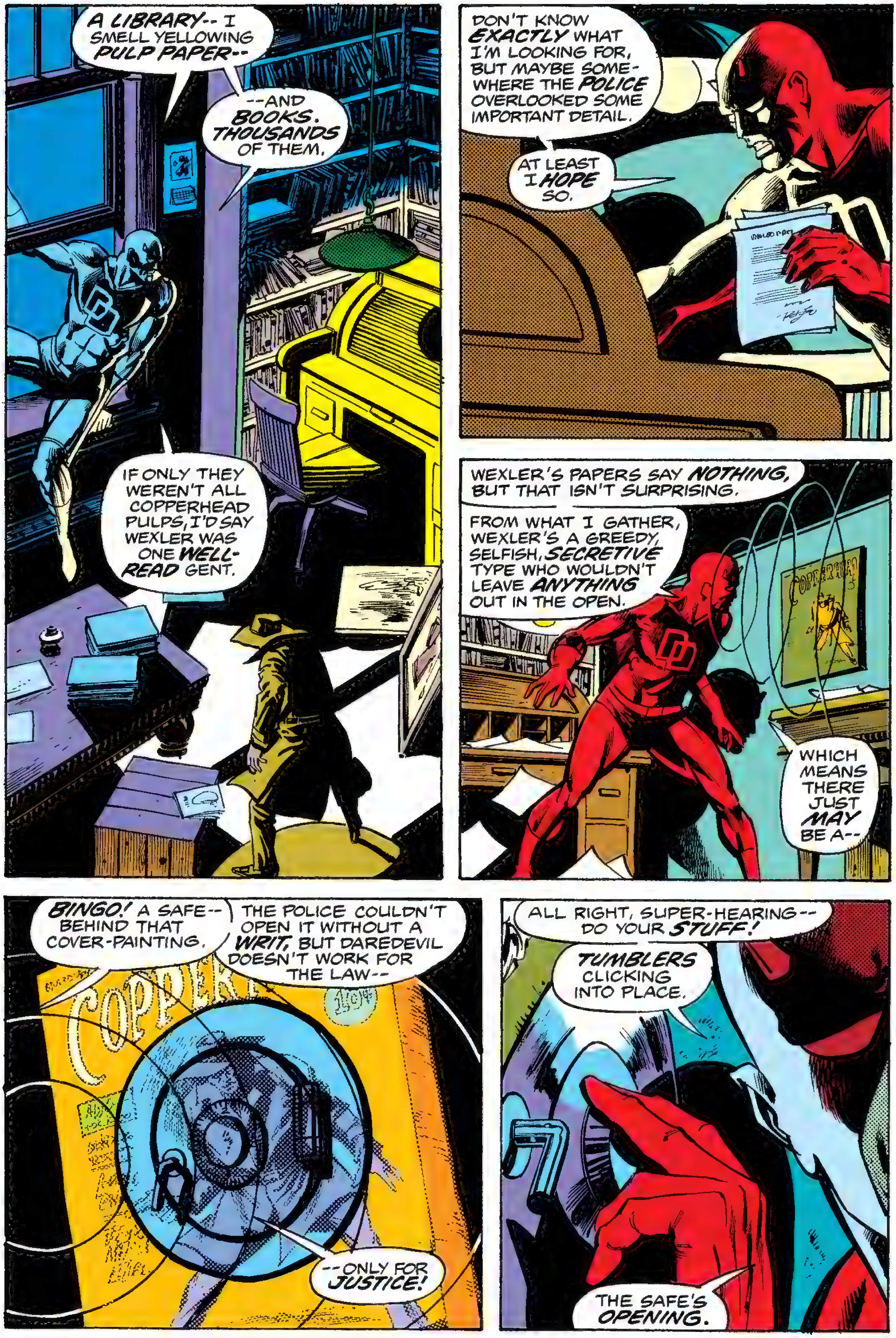

NIGHT: A TIME OF SUPPOSED QUIET, WHEN SLEEP COMES READILY TO MOST MANHATTANITES, BUT NOT FOR MATT MURDOCK. IMAGINE WHAT AGONIZING NOISES HIS SUPER-SENSITIVE HEARING MUST ACCIDENTALLY OVERHEAR. VOICES! CARS! ALL THE MIND-SHATTERING SOUNDS WHICH MOST OF US NORMALLY BLOCK OUT.
IT IS AFTER 3:00 WHEN SLEEP FINALLY COMES.
AND JUST A FEW SHORT HOURS LATER, MATT MUST AGAIN AWAKEN.
GLAD YOU CAME, MATT. I'LL BE DONE WITH DR. ARMSTRONG SMITH IN A MOMENT.
TAKE YOUR TIME, FOGGY. I'VE ALREADY MADE MY CALLS FOR THE DAY.
I WAS TELLING MR. NELSON THAT MY COMPUTER WILL BE COMPLETELY FINISHED IN LESS THAN A WEEK, MR. MURDOCK.
I CAN'T WAIT TO PUT IT TO PRACTICAL USE IN SEARCHING OUT AND LOCATING CRIMINALS.
I'M POSITIVE MY WORLDWIDE HABITUAL OFFENDER PROGRAMMING WILL REVOLUTIONIZE THE ENTIRE POLICE DEPARTMENT'S SYSTEMS. DON'T YOU AGREE?
SORRY TO BE SUCH A DOWNER, DR. SMITH-- BUT I'M NOT HOLDING MY BREATH FOR ANY INSTANT CURE-ALLS.
YOUR COMPUTERS WILL BE A GREAT AID IN THE LOCATION OF CRIMINALS, BUT WHAT WE NEED IS A METHOD FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRIME.
BEGINNING WITH THE SOCIAL CAUSES AND ON DOWN.
THIS IS THE CURE, MR. MURDOCK. WHEN CRIMINALS LEARN OF ITS ABILITIES, THEY'LL BE AFRAID TO COMMITT CRIMES.
THEY'LL KNOW THAT WE'RE USING THE MOST ADVANCED COMPUTERS ON EARTH TO FIND THEM.
DOCTOR, I STILL REMAIN A SKEPTIC. BUT, TO BE HONEST, I HOPE IT DOES WHAT YOU SAY.
HAVE A GOOD DAY, DR. SMITH.
I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU'RE SO UPTIGHT ABOUT SMITH, MATT. I HAVE THE GREATEST CONFIDENCE IN HIM.
BESIDES, I THINK THAT LITTLE GIZMO OF HIS WILL HELP ME WIN MY RE-ELECTION.
THE PERFECT CRIME-DETECTOR! HOW CAN ANYONE VOTE AGAINST THE MAN RESPONSIBLE FOR THAT?
WELL, AT LEAST PARTIALLY RESPONSIBLE. I DID HELP OBTAIN THE FUNDS, AFTER ALL.
BESIDES, I NEED ANYTHING TO HELP ME WIN AT THIS POINT. MY OPPONENT, BLAKE TOWER, HAS TOO MANY THINGS GOING FOR HIM-- THE LEAST OF WHICH IS HIS UNCANNY RESEMBLANCE TO ROBERT REDFORD.
AND NOW A POLITICAL COMMERCIAL BROUGHT TO YOU BY THE COMMITTEE TO RE-ELECT FRANKLIN NELSON DISTRICT ATTORNEY!

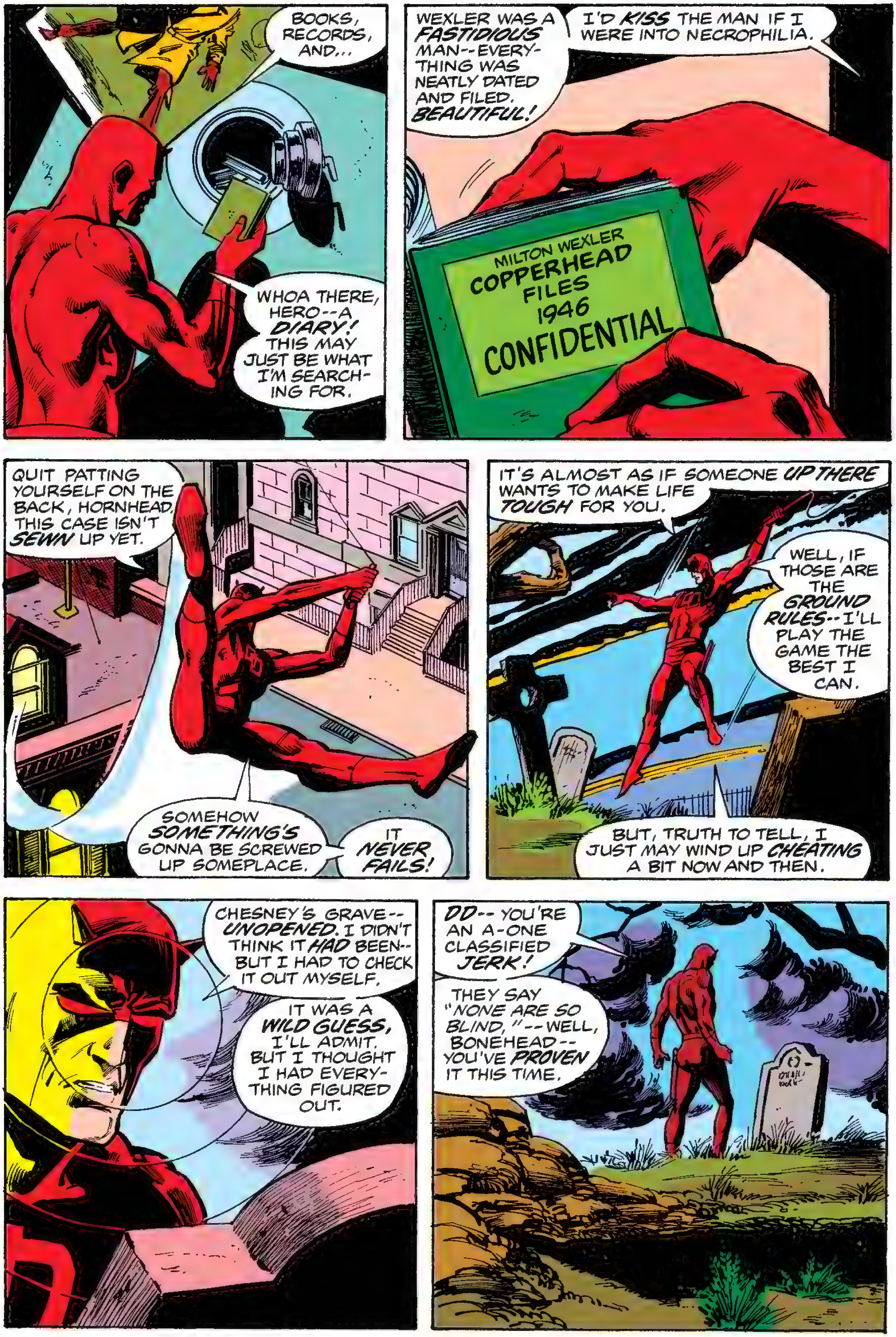

HEY, I WANT TO HEAR THIS! BRADY, MY MANAGER, MUST'VE FINALLY WHIPPED UP SOME ADVERTISING FOR ME.
C'MON, MATT.
THIS IS FRANKLIN NELSON, NEW YORK'S FIGHTING DISTRICT ATTORNEY!
HMMM. INTERESTING, ISN'T IT, MATT? I LOOK ALMOST FAT ON THE TELEVISION.
THEY SAY THE TV CAMERAS DO THAT TO YOU.
FOR THE PAST FOUR YEARS, D.A. NELSON HAS WORKED FOR THE BENEFIT OF ALL NEW YORKERS REGARDLESS OF RACE, CREED, COLOR OR SEX.
BUT, FOR THE MOST IMPORTANT REASON THAT YOU SHOULD RE-ELECT FRANKLIN NELSON--
--WELL, HE'S THE ONLY MAN WHO CAN BRING THE FUN BACK TO FUN CITY.
VOTE FOR NELSON, AND LEARN WHY HIS FRIENDS CALL HIM FOGGY!
WHAT IN THE WORLD!?! HAS BRADY GONE MAD? OR WORSE?!!
THAT CREEP MUST'VE SOLD OUT TO TOWER!
I'LL BE A LAUGHING STOCK!
LET US NOW LEAVE OUR FIGHTING LAUGHING ST--ER, D.A. AND MOVE SOUTH--TO THE LOWER EAST SIDE...
...TO A SMALL, RECONSTRUCTED, BROWNSTONE.
AND INTO THE DIMLY-LIT ROOM WHERE WORKS--THE COPPERHEAD.
THE ADJUSSSTMENTSSS WILL SSSOON BE DONE--AND THE COPPERHEAD CAN AGAIN SSSTALK THE SSSTREETSSS IN SSSEARCH OF CRIME.
FOR, CRIME ISSS A BITTER PILL--
--WHICH MUSSST NEVER BE SSSWALLOWED!

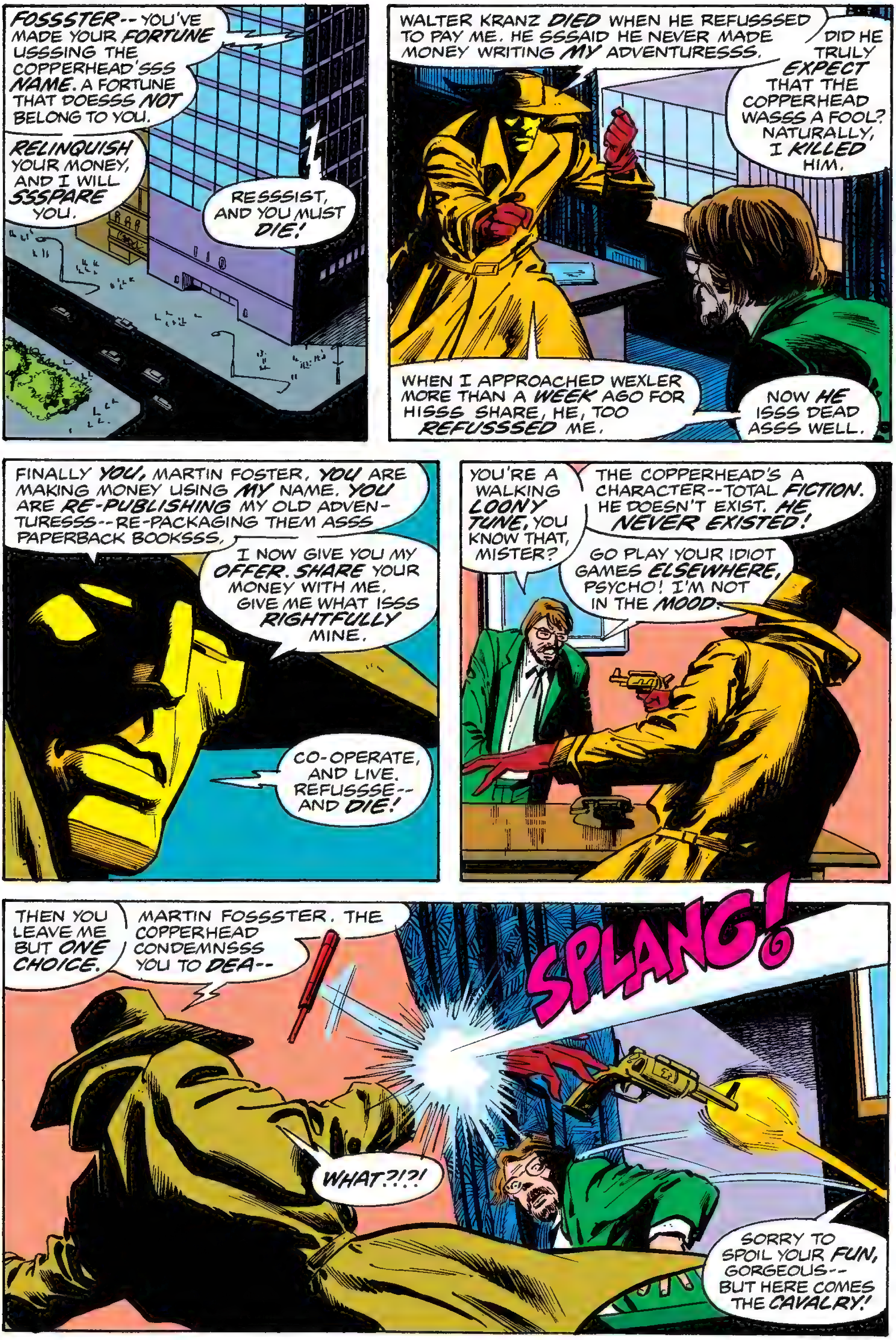

THISSS CITY ISSS INFESSSTED WITH GUTTER RATSSS, HUMAN SSSCUM, AND SSSOCIETY'SSS LOWESSST DREGSSS,
MURDERERSSS AND MUGGERSSS--IN THE END, THEY ARE ALL THE SSSAME, FOR THEY PREY ON THE INNOCENT...
...AND CORRUPT THEM!
BUT THE COPPERHEAD HASSS RETURNED--AND NOW THE GUILTY SHALL PAY FOR THEIR CRIMESSS.
AS MILTON MEXLER SHALL PAY FOR WHAT HE DID TO THE COPPERHEAD THIRTY YEARSSS PASSST!
HE PUBLISHED THAT DAMNABLE MAGAZINE--HE MADE FORTUNESSS FROM THE COPPERHEAD'SSS NAME.
FORTUNESSS HE NEVER SHARED!
AND NOW, ONCE AGAIN HE MAKESSS HISSS FORTUNE--BY RE-SSSELLING THE RIGHTSSS TO THE COPPERHEAD'SSS LIFE.
PUBLISHING THOSSSE OLD BOOKSSS ONCE MORE--AND AGAIN WITHOUT RECOMPENSSSE.
'TIS NOT THE COPPERHEAD WHO NOW SSSLAYS MILTON WEXLER--
--'TIS GREED.
ZWITT!
AND GREED ISSS A SSSIN WHICH MUSSST BE AVENGED.
VENGEANCE BELONGSSS TO JUSSSTICE--
--AND JUSSSTICE ISSS THE COPPERHEAD!
SPLAM!

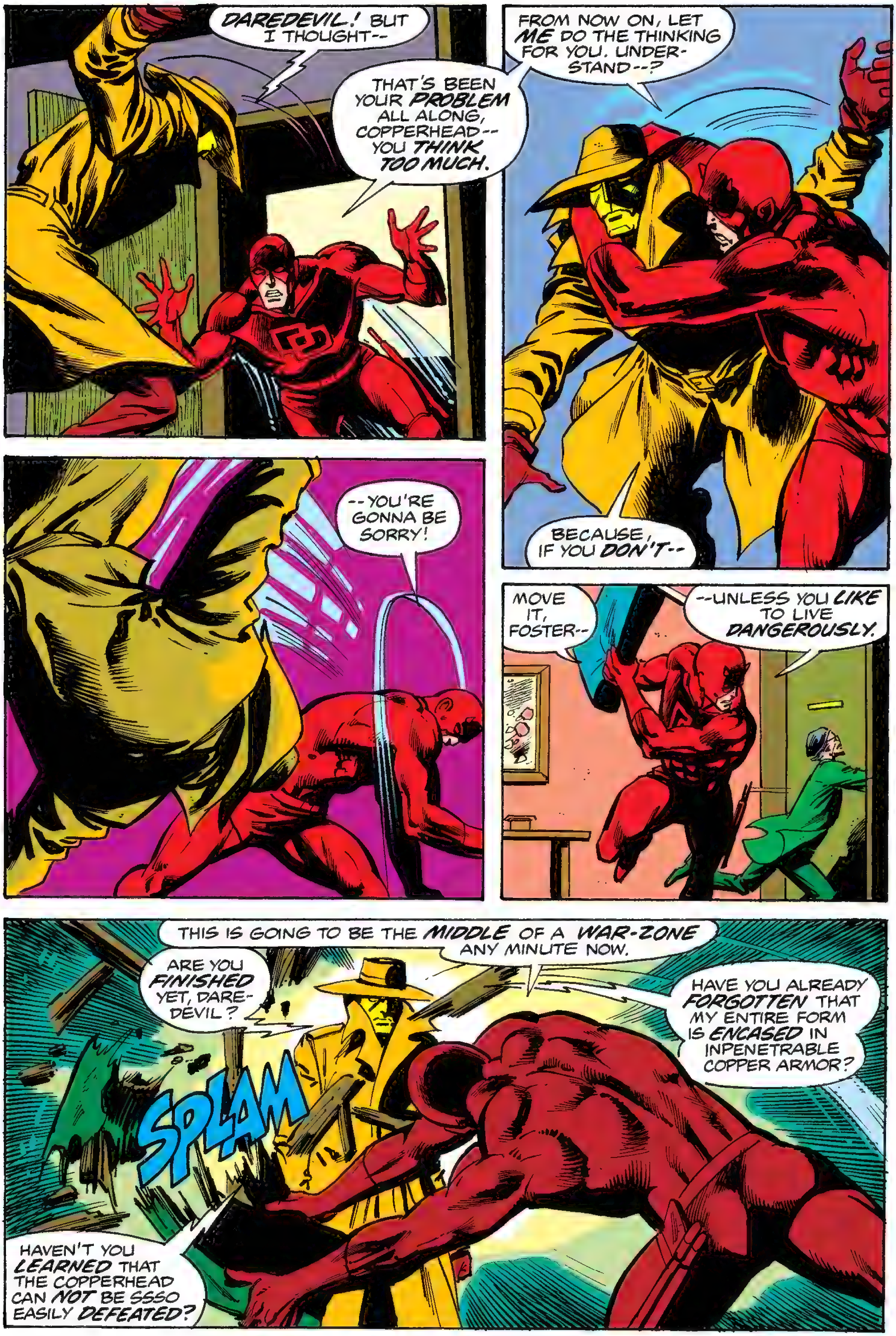

MEANWHILE...
NOTHING! NO CLUES! ZILCH! THIS OLD PULP'S FILLED WITH 'RAZZLE-DAZZLE' BLOOD-AND-THUNDER...
...A FEW INTERESTING GIMMICKS, BUT NOTHING I DIDN'T ALREADY KNOW.
THE ORIGINAL COPPERHEAD WASN'T A MANIACAL KILLER; HE KILLED ONLY IN SELF-DEFENSE.
COPPERHEAD
BUT MY GUY'S A GRADE-A LOONY!
LOOK! I'M NOT GETTING ANYWHERE SITTING AROUND HERE.
...WHICH MEANS--IT'S TRAVELIN' TIME...
...FOR THIS BORED LITTLE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!
IT'S TRUE... IT REALLY IS; OUT HERE, WITH THE WIND RUSHING PAST ME, I COME ALIVE!
FOR A SHORT WHILE, I HAVE NO PROBLEMS, NO WORRIES--NOTHING BUT TOTAL FREEDOM!
AND, IF YOU THINK ABOUT IT, ANYTHING WHICH CAN HELP TAKE AWAY JUST SOME OF THAT AWFUL EVERYDAY WORLD OUT THERE--
--WELL, MORE POWER TO IT!
HOLD IT! THOSE COPS! WHAT ARE THEY SAYING?
DID YOU HEAR THAT, HARRY? THE COPPERHEAD'S STRUCK AGAIN. C'MON!
LEAD ON, McDUFF.
'CAUSE, WHERE THE COPPERHEAD'S BEEN--
--I WANT TO BE NOW!

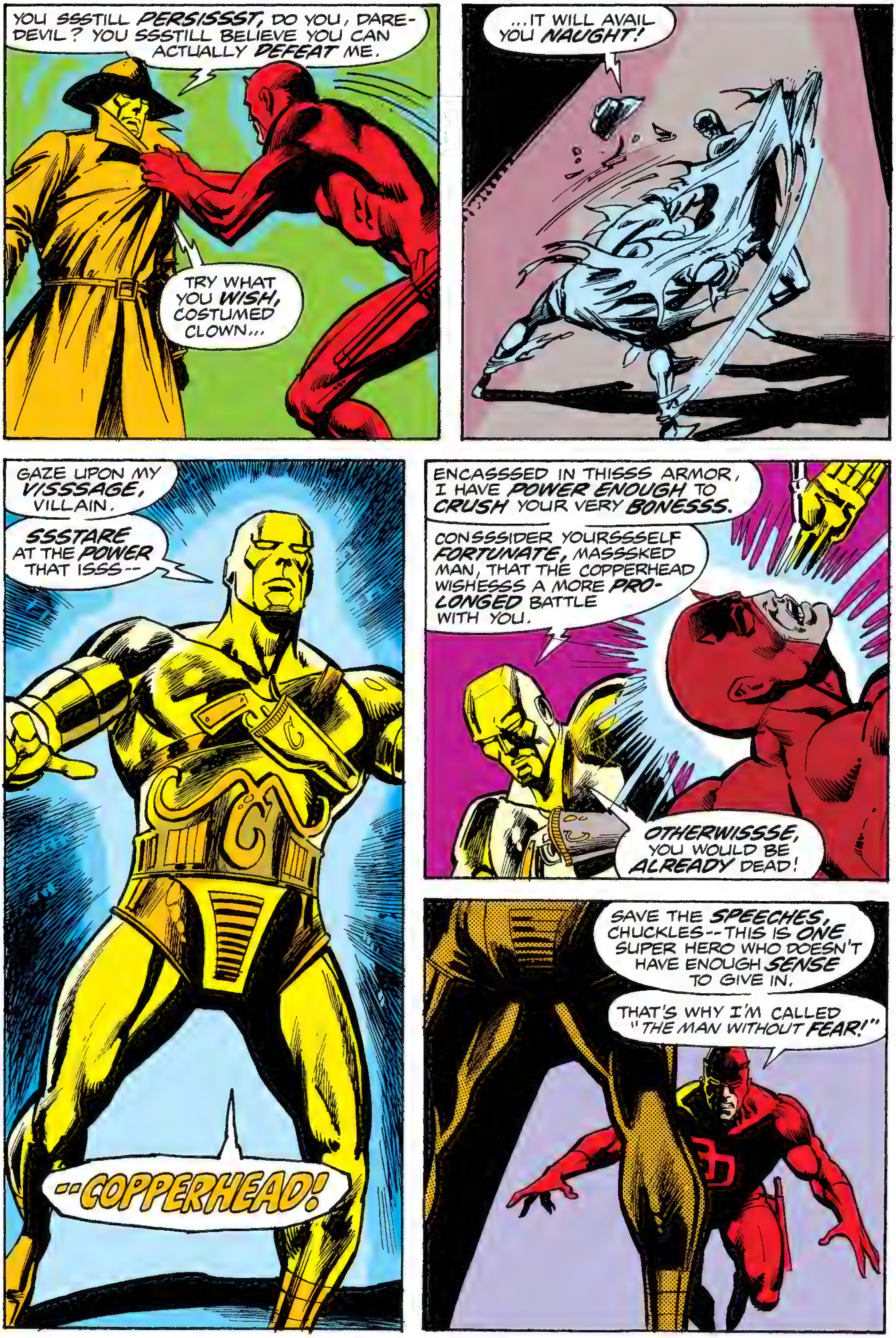

HMM. ACCORDING TO THOSE COPS, THIS *TOWNHOUSE* BELONGS TO MILTON WEXLER--
--*PUBLISHER* OF THE COPPERHEAD PULPS.
POLICE
AS *ALICE* ONCE SAID--"CURIOUSER AND CURIOUSER!"
DAREDEVIL! WHAT THE BLAZES ARE *YOU* DOING HERE?
JUST WANT TO BE OF SOME *ASSISTANCE,* OFFICER. I HAD A *SKIRMISH* MYSELF WITH THE COPPERHEAD LAST NIGHT.
WELL, GOOD FOR *YOU,* FELLA. NOW, *BUG OFF!*
I DON'T *WANT* ANY *MORE* COSTUMED CLOWNS AROUND HERE.
OF *COURSE,* MEIN KAPITAN. I'M *SORRY* I'M SUCH A *BOTHER* TO NEW YORK'S *FINEST.*
I THINK I'LL GO HOME AND *SHOOT* MYSELF--
--SEEING AS I'M NO LONGER *NEEDED.*
BUT *YOU* CAN'T STAY HERE *FOREVER,* FRIEND--
AND WHEN YOU'RE *GONE,* I'LL BE *BACK.*
TWO HOURS PASS, AND WHEN THE *DETECTIVES* HAVE COMPLETED THEIR WORK, THEY *LEAVE*--
--OBSERVED BY THE EVER-ALERT *RADAR-SENSES* OF A CERTAIN SCARLET-CLAD *HERO!* *
*IF YA WANNA KNOW *WHICH* SCARLET-CLAD HERO, JUST CHECK THE *COVER-LOGO* OF THIS BOOK. --LEN.
HOPE THE BOYS IN *HOMICIDE* ARE AS *CAREFUL* AS THEY USUALLY ARE--
--NOT TO *DISTURB* ANY *CLUES* I CAN *USE!*

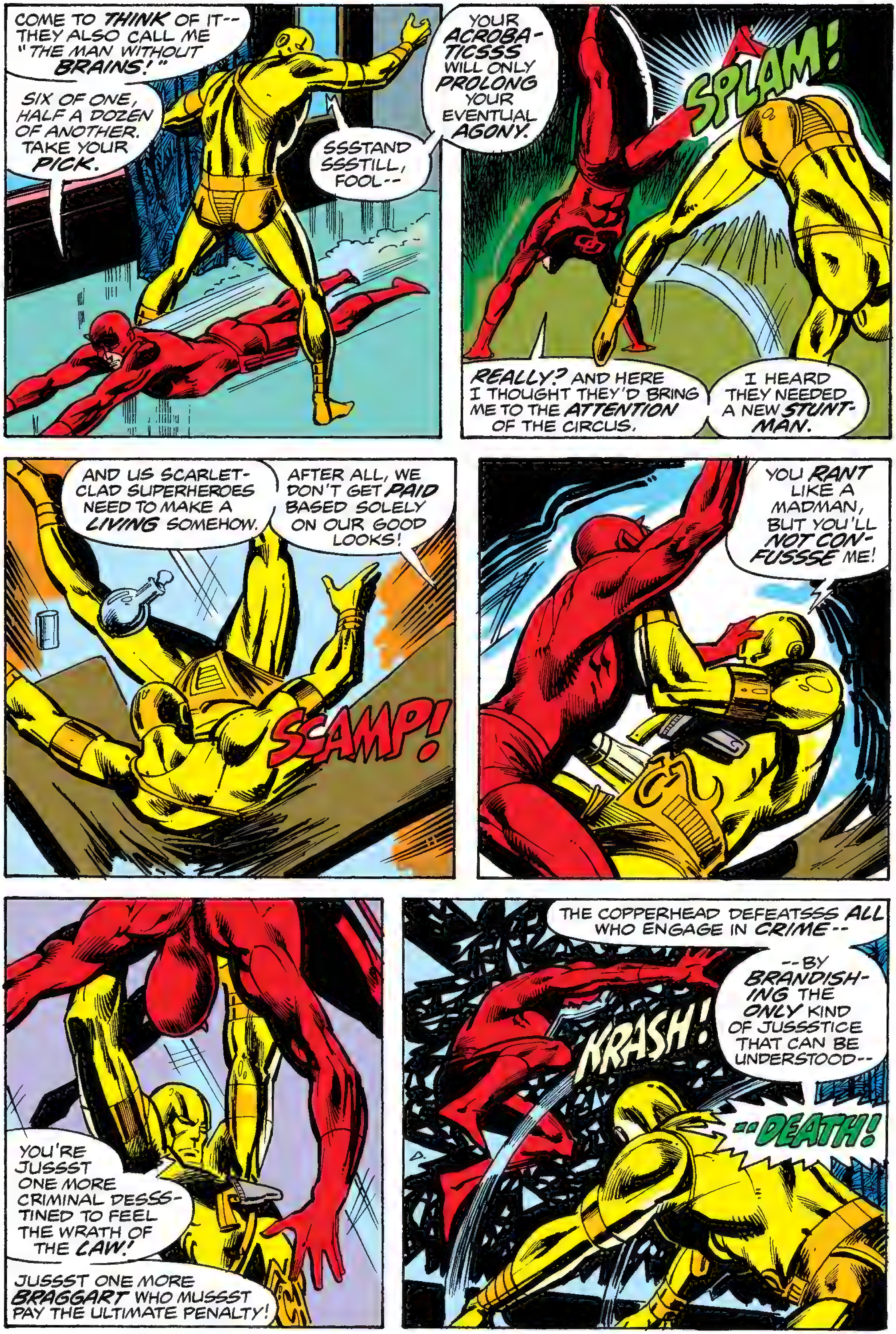

A LIBRARY-- I SMELL YELLOWING PULP PAPER--
--AND BOOKS. THOUSANDS OF THEM.
IF ONLY THEY WEREN'T ALL COPPERHEAD PULPS, I'D SAY WEXLER WAS ONE WELL-READ GENT.
DON'T KNOW EXACTLY WHAT I'M LOOKING FOR, BUT MAYBE SOMEWHERE THE POLICE OVERLOOKED SOME IMPORTANT DETAIL.
AT LEAST I HOPE SO.
WEXLER'S PAPERS SAY NOTHING, BUT THAT ISN'T SURPRISING.
FROM WHAT I GATHER, WEXLER'S A GREEDY, SELFISH, SECRETIVE TYPE WHO WOULDN'T LEAVE ANYTHING OUT IN THE OPEN.
WHICH MEANS THERE JUST MAY BE A--
BINGO! A SAFE-- BEHIND THAT COVER-PAINTING.
THE POLICE COULDN'T OPEN IT WITHOUT A WRIT, BUT DAREDEVIL DOESN'T WORK FOR THE LAW--
--ONLY FOR JUSTICE!
ALL RIGHT, SUPER-HEARING-- DO YOUR STUFF!
TUMBLERS CLICKING INTO PLACE.
THE SAFE'S OPENING.

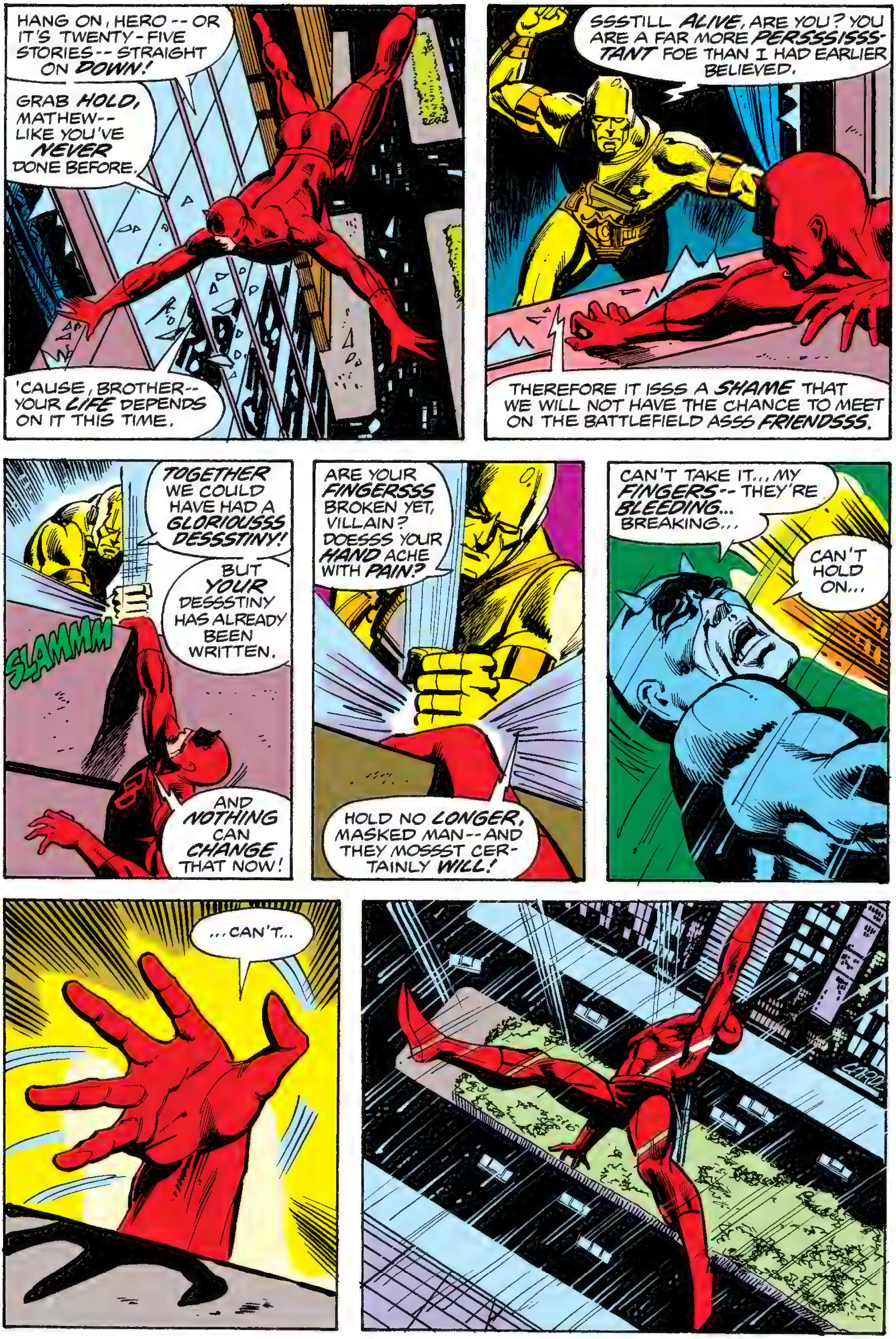

BOOKS, RECORDS, AND...
WHOA THERE, HERO--A *DIARY!* THIS MAY JUST BE WHAT I'M SEARCHING FOR.
WEXLER WAS A *FASTIDIOUS* MAN--EVERYTHING WAS NEATLY DATED AND FILED. *BEAUTIFUL!*
I'D *KISS* THE MAN IF I WERE INTO NECROPHILIA.
MILTON WEXLER COPPERHEAD FILES 1946 CONFIDENTIAL
QUIT PATTING YOURSELF ON THE BACK, HORNHEAD, THIS CASE ISN'T *SEWN* UP YET.
SOMEHOW *SOMETHING'S* GONNA BE SCREWED UP SOMEPLACE.
IT *NEVER FAILS!*
IT'S ALMOST AS IF SOMEONE *UP THERE* WANTS TO MAKE LIFE *TOUGH* FOR YOU.
WELL, IF THOSE ARE THE *GROUND RULES*--I'LL PLAY THE GAME THE BEST I CAN.
BUT, TRUTH TO TELL, I JUST MAY WIND UP *CHEATING* A BIT NOW AND THEN.
CHESNEY'S GRAVE--*UNOPENED.* I DIDN'T THINK IT *HAD* BEEN--BUT I HAD TO CHECK IT OUT MYSELF.
IT WAS A *WILD GUESS,* I'LL ADMIT. BUT I THOUGHT I HAD EVERYTHING FIGURED OUT.
DD-- YOU'RE AN A-ONE CLASSIFIED *JERK!*
THEY SAY "*NONE ARE SO BLIND,*"--WELL, BONEHEAD--YOU'VE *PROVEN* IT THIS TIME.

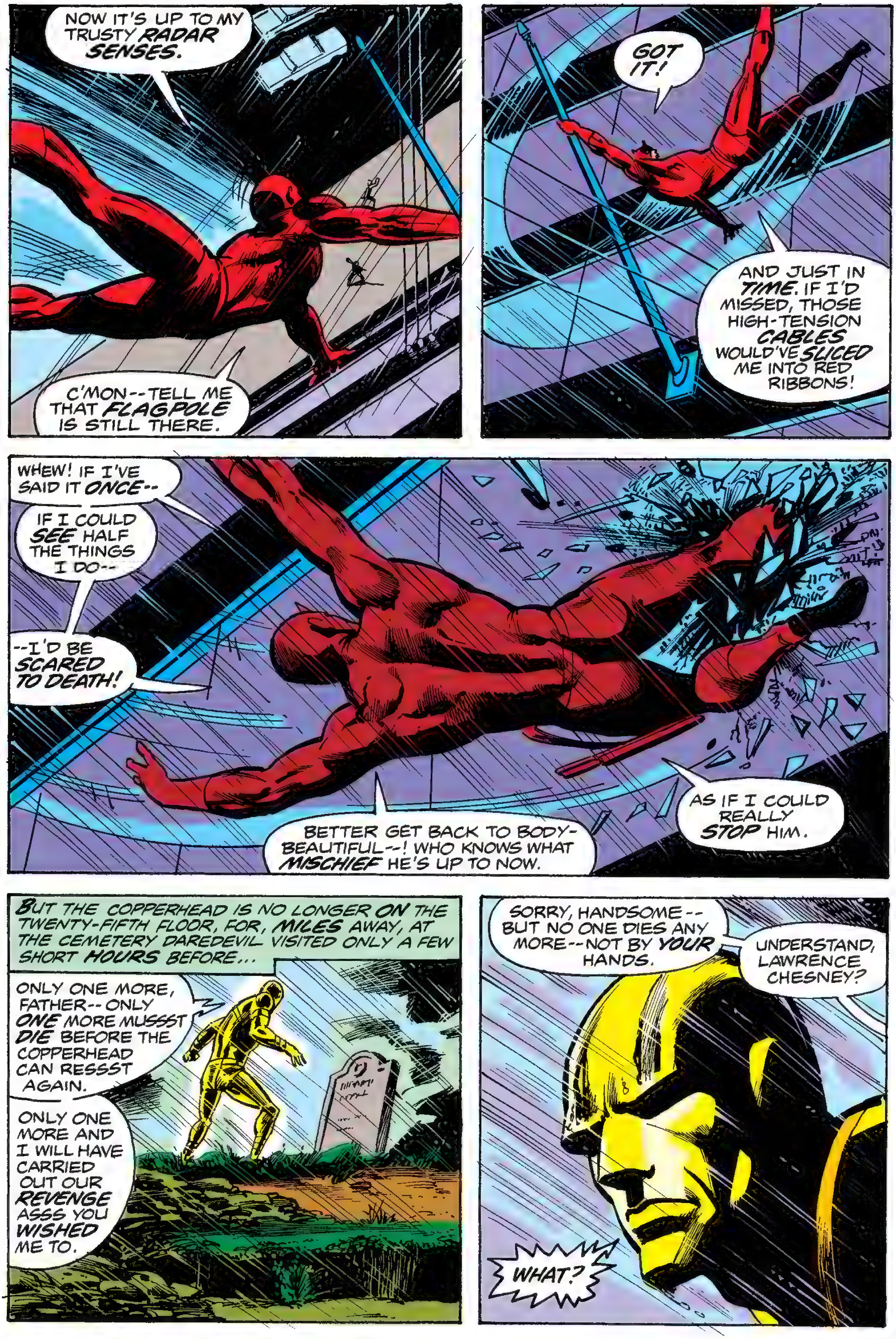

FOSSSTER-- YOU'VE MADE YOUR FORTUNE USSSING THE COPPERHEAD'SSS NAME. A FORTUNE THAT DOESSS NOT BELONG TO YOU.
RELINQUISH YOUR MONEY, AND I WILL SSSPARE YOU.
RESSSIST, AND YOU MUST DIE!
WALTER KRANZ DIED WHEN HE REFUSSSED TO PAY ME. HE SSSAID HE NEVER MADE MONEY WRITING MY ADVENTURESSS.
DID HE TRULY EXPECT THAT THE COPPERHEAD WASSS A FOOL? NATURALLY, I KILLED HIM.
WHEN I APPROACHED WEXLER MORE THAN A WEEK AGO FOR HISSS SHARE, HE, TOO REFUSSSED ME.
NOW HE ISSS DEAD ASSS WELL.
FINALLY YOU, MARTIN FOSTER. YOU ARE MAKING MONEY USING MY NAME. YOU ARE RE-PUBLISHING MY OLD ADVENTURESSS--RE-PACKAGING THEM ASSS PAPERBACK BOOKSSS.
I NOW GIVE YOU MY OFFER. SHARE YOUR MONEY WITH ME. GIVE ME WHAT ISSS RIGHTFULLY MINE.
CO-OPERATE, AND LIVE. REFUSSSE-- AND DIE!
YOU'RE A WALKING LOONY TUNE, YOU KNOW THAT, MISTER?
THE COPPERHEAD'S A CHARACTER--TOTAL FICTION. HE DOESN'T EXIST. HE NEVER EXISTED!
GO PLAY YOUR IDIOT GAMES ELSEWHERE, PSYCHO! I'M NOT IN THE MOOD.
THEN YOU LEAVE ME BUT ONE CHOICE.
MARTIN FOSSSTER. THE COPPERHEAD CONDEMNSSS YOU TO DEA--
SPLANG!
WHAT?!?!
SORRY TO SPOIL YOUR FUN, GORGEOUS-- BUT HERE COMES THE CAVALRY!

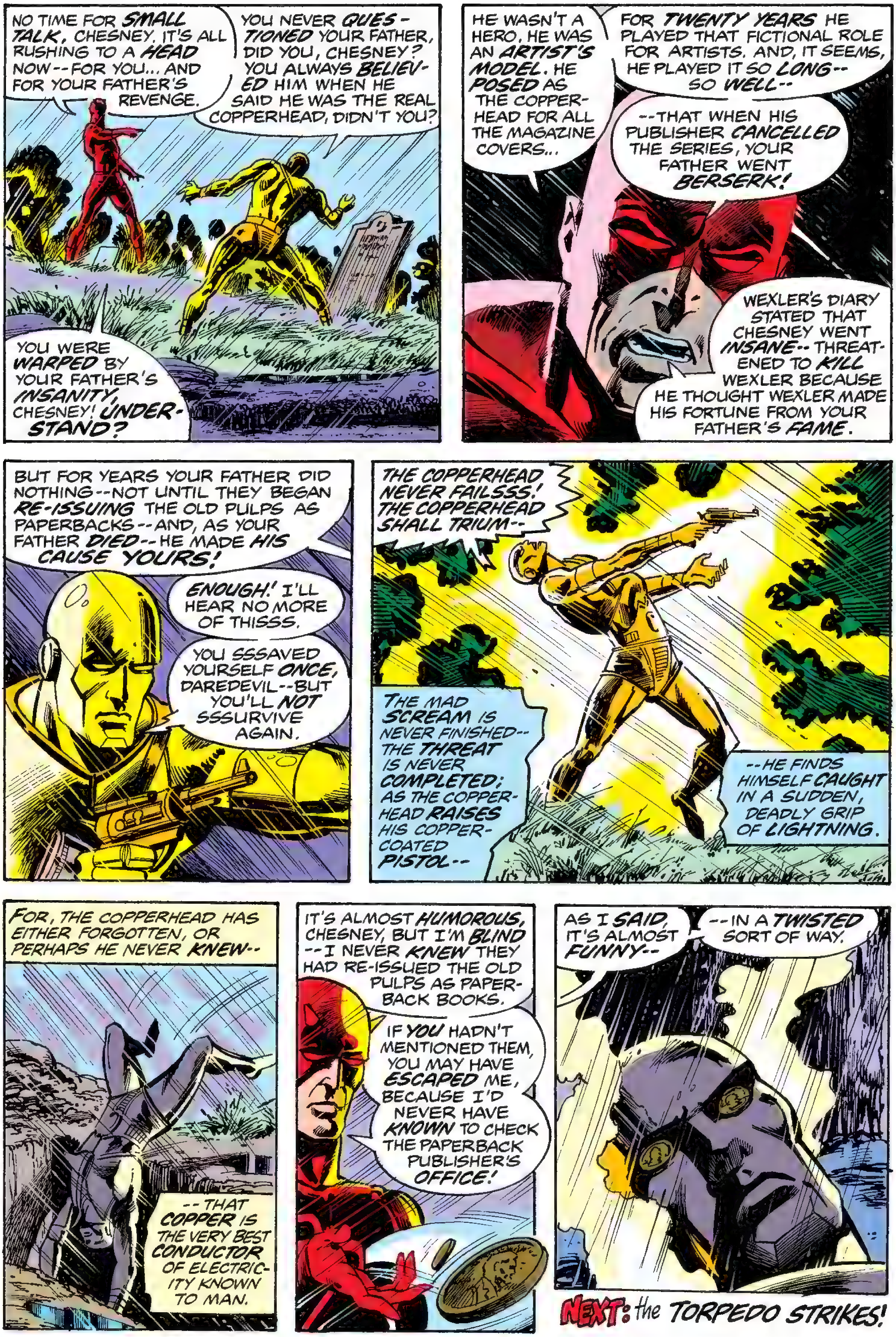

DAREDEVIL! BUT I THOUGHT--
THAT'S BEEN YOUR PROBLEM ALL ALONG, COPPERHEAD-- YOU THINK TOO MUCH.
FROM NOW ON, LET ME DO THE THINKING FOR YOU. UNDERSTAND--?
BECAUSE, IF YOU DON'T--
--YOU'RE GONNA BE SORRY!
MOVE IT, FOSTER--
--UNLESS YOU LIKE TO LIVE DANGEROUSLY.
THIS IS GOING TO BE THE MIDDLE OF A WAR-ZONE ANY MINUTE NOW.
ARE YOU FINISHED YET, DAREDEVIL?
HAVE YOU ALREADY FORGOTTEN THAT MY ENTIRE FORM IS ENCASED IN INPENETRABLE COPPER ARMOR?
SPLAM
HAVEN'T YOU LEARNED THAT THE COPPERHEAD CAN NOT BE SSSO EASILY DEFEATED?


YOU SSSTILL PERSISSST, DO YOU, DAREDEVIL? YOU SSSTILL BELIEVE YOU CAN ACTUALLY DEFEAT ME.
TRY WHAT YOU WISH, COSTUMED CLOWN...
...IT WILL AVAIL YOU NAUGHT!
GAZE UPON MY VISSSAGE, VILLAIN.
SSSTARE AT THE POWER THAT ISSS--
--COPPERHEAD!
ENCASSSED IN THISSS ARMOR, I HAVE POWER ENOUGH TO CRUSH YOUR VERY BONESSS.
CONSSSIDER YOURSSSELF FORTUNATE, MASSSKED MAN, THAT THE COPPERHEAD WISHESSS A MORE PROLONGED BATTLE WITH YOU.
OTHERWISSSE, YOU WOULD BE ALREADY DEAD!
SAVE THE SPEECHES, CHUCKLES--THIS IS ONE SUPER HERO WHO DOESN'T HAVE ENOUGH SENSE TO GIVE IN.
THAT'S WHY I'M CALLED "THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!"


COME TO THINK OF IT-- THEY ALSO CALL ME "THE MAN WITHOUT BRAINS!"
SIX OF ONE, HALF A DOZEN OF ANOTHER. TAKE YOUR PICK.
SSSTAND SSSTILL, FOOL--
YOUR ACROBATICSSS WILL ONLY PROLONG YOUR EVENTUAL AGONY.
SPLAM!
REALLY? AND HERE I THOUGHT THEY'D BRING ME TO THE ATTENTION OF THE CIRCUS.
I HEARD THEY NEEDED A NEW STUNTMAN.
AND US SCARLET-CLAD SUPERHEROES NEED TO MAKE A LIVING SOMEHOW.
AFTER ALL, WE DON'T GET PAID BASED SOLELY ON OUR GOOD LOOKS!
SCAMP!
YOU RANT LIKE A MADMAN, BUT YOU'LL NOT CONFUSSSE ME!
YOU'RE JUSSST ONE MORE CRIMINAL DESSSTINED TO FEEL THE WRATH OF THE LAW!
JUSSST ONE MORE BRAGGART WHO MUSSST PAY THE ULTIMATE PENALTY!
THE COPPERHEAD DEFEATSSS ALL WHO ENGAGE IN CRIME--
--BY BRANDISHING THE ONLY KIND OF JUSSSTICE THAT CAN BE UNDERSTOOD--
KRASH!
--DEATH!


HANG ON, HERO -- OR IT'S TWENTY-FIVE STORIES -- STRAIGHT ON *DOWN!*
GRAB *HOLD,* MATHEW-- LIKE YOU'VE *NEVER* DONE BEFORE.
'CAUSE, BROTHER-- YOUR *LIFE* DEPENDS ON IT THIS TIME.
SSSTILL *ALIVE,* ARE YOU? YOU ARE A FAR MORE *PERSSSISSS-TANT* FOE THAN I HAD EARLIER BELIEVED.
THEREFORE IT ISSS A *SHAME* THAT WE WILL NOT HAVE THE CHANCE TO MEET ON THE BATTLEFIELD ASSS *FRIENDSSS.*
TOGETHER WE COULD HAVE HAD A *GLORIOUSSS DESSSTINY!*
BUT *YOUR* DESSSTINY HAS ALREADY BEEN WRITTEN.
SLAMMM
AND *NOTHING* CAN *CHANGE* THAT NOW!
ARE YOUR *FINGERSSS* BROKEN YET, VILLAIN? DOESSS YOUR *HAND* ACHE WITH *PAIN?*
HOLD NO *LONGER,* MASKED MAN -- AND THEY MOSSST CERTAINLY *WILL!*
CAN'T TAKE IT... MY *FINGERS* -- THEY'RE *BLEEDING...* BREAKING...
CAN'T HOLD ON...
...CAN'T...


NOW IT'S UP TO MY TRUSTY *RADAR SENSES.*
C'MON--TELL ME THAT *FLAGPOLE* IS STILL THERE.
GOT IT!
AND JUST IN *TIME.* IF I'D MISSED, THOSE HIGH-TENSION *CABLES* WOULD'VE *SLICED* ME INTO RED RIBBONS!
WHEW! IF I'VE SAID IT *ONCE*--
IF I COULD *SEE* HALF THE THINGS I DO--
--I'D BE *SCARED TO DEATH!*
BETTER GET BACK TO BODY-BEAUTIFUL--! WHO KNOWS WHAT *MISCHIEF* HE'S UP TO NOW.
AS IF I COULD REALLY *STOP* HIM.
BUT THE COPPERHEAD IS NO LONGER *ON* THE TWENTY-FIFTH FLOOR, FOR, *MILES* AWAY, AT THE CEMETERY DAREDEVIL VISITED ONLY A FEW SHORT *HOURS* BEFORE...
ONLY ONE MORE, FATHER--ONLY *ONE* MORE MUSSST *DIE* BEFORE THE COPPERHEAD CAN RESSST AGAIN.
ONLY ONE MORE AND I WILL HAVE CARRIED OUT OUR *REVENGE* ASSS YOU *WISHED* ME TO.
SORRY, HANDSOME--BUT NO ONE DIES ANY MORE--NOT BY *YOUR* HANDS.
UNDERSTAND, LAWRENCE CHESNEY?
WHAT?

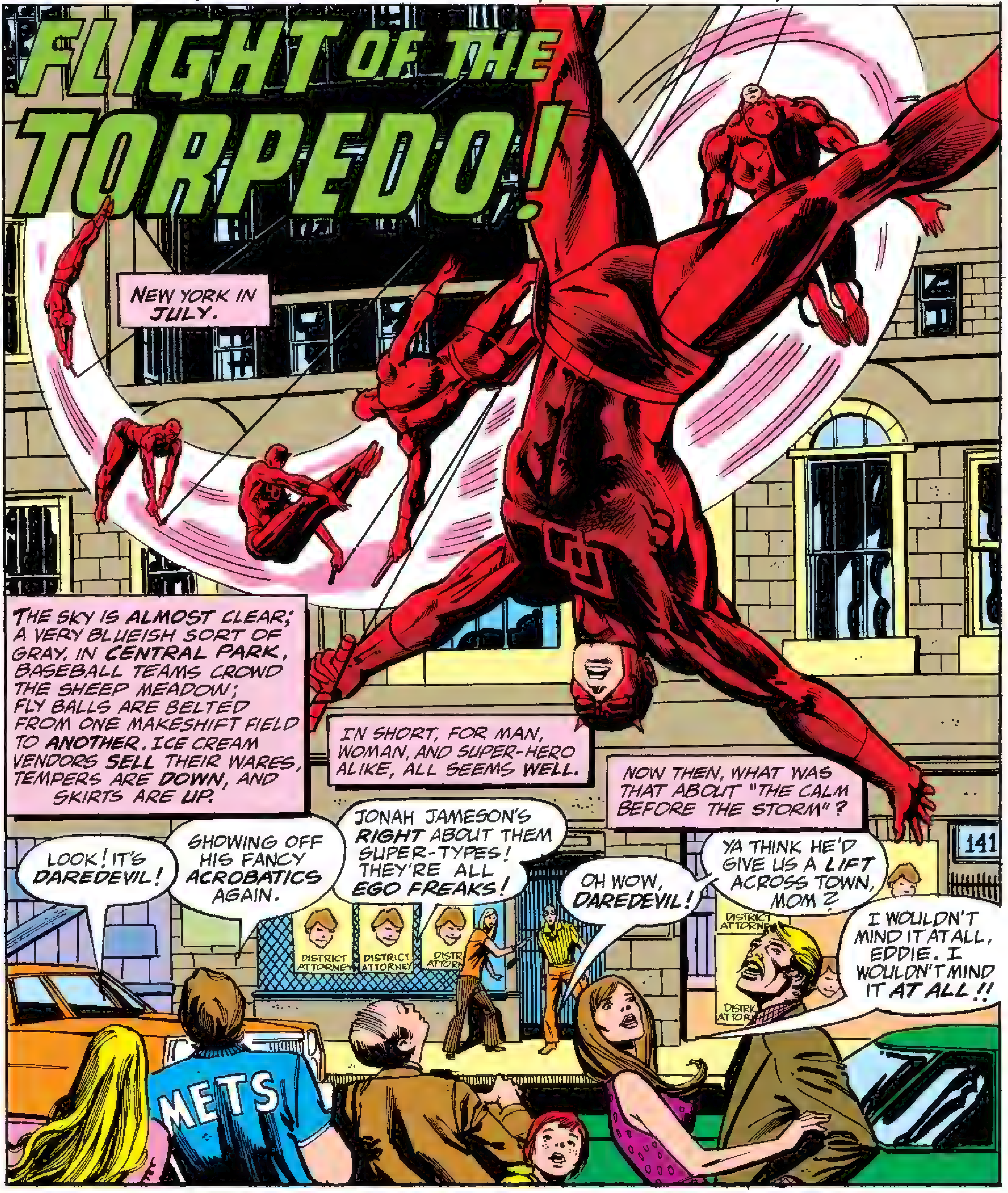

NO TIME FOR SMALL TALK, CHESNEY. IT'S ALL RUSHING TO A HEAD NOW--FOR YOU... AND FOR YOUR FATHER'S REVENGE.
YOU NEVER QUESTIONED YOUR FATHER, DID YOU, CHESNEY? YOU ALWAYS BELIEVED HIM WHEN HE SAID HE WAS THE REAL COPPERHEAD, DIDN'T YOU?
YOU WERE WARPED BY YOUR FATHER'S INSANITY, CHESNEY! UNDERSTAND?
HE WASN'T A HERO. HE WAS AN ARTIST'S MODEL. HE POSED AS THE COPPERHEAD FOR ALL THE MAGAZINE COVERS...
FOR TWENTY YEARS HE PLAYED THAT FICTIONAL ROLE FOR ARTISTS. AND, IT SEEMS, HE PLAYED IT SO LONG-- SO WELL--
--THAT WHEN HIS PUBLISHER CANCELLED THE SERIES, YOUR FATHER WENT BERSERK!
WEXLER'S DIARY STATED THAT CHESNEY WENT INSANE-- THREATENED TO KILL WEXLER BECAUSE HE THOUGHT WEXLER MADE HIS FORTUNE FROM YOUR FATHER'S FAME.
BUT FOR YEARS YOUR FATHER DID NOTHING--NOT UNTIL THEY BEGAN RE-ISSUING THE OLD PULPS AS PAPERBACKS--AND, AS YOUR FATHER DIED--HE MADE HIS CAUSE YOURS!
ENOUGH! I'LL HEAR NO MORE OF THISSS.
YOU SSSAVED YOURSELF ONCE, DAREDEVIL--BUT YOU'LL NOT SSSURVIVE AGAIN.
THE COPPERHEAD NEVER FAILSSS! THE COPPERHEAD SHALL TRIUM--
THE MAD SCREAM IS NEVER FINISHED-- THE THREAT IS NEVER COMPLETED; AS THE COPPERHEAD RAISES HIS COPPER-COATED PISTOL--
--HE FINDS HIMSELF CAUGHT IN A SUDDEN, DEADLY GRIP OF LIGHTNING.
FOR, THE COPPERHEAD HAS EITHER FORGOTTEN, OR PERHAPS HE NEVER KNEW--
--THAT COPPER IS THE VERY BEST CONDUCTOR OF ELECTRICITY KNOWN TO MAN.
IT'S ALMOST HUMOROUS, CHESNEY, BUT I'M BLIND --I NEVER KNEW THEY HAD RE-ISSUED THE OLD PULPS AS PAPERBACK BOOKS.
IF YOU HADN'T MENTIONED THEM, YOU MAY HAVE ESCAPED ME, BECAUSE I'D NEVER HAVE KNOWN TO CHECK THE PAPERBACK PUBLISHER'S OFFICE!
AS I SAID, IT'S ALMOST FUNNY--
--IN A TWISTED SORT OF WAY.
NEXT: the TORPEDO STRIKES!

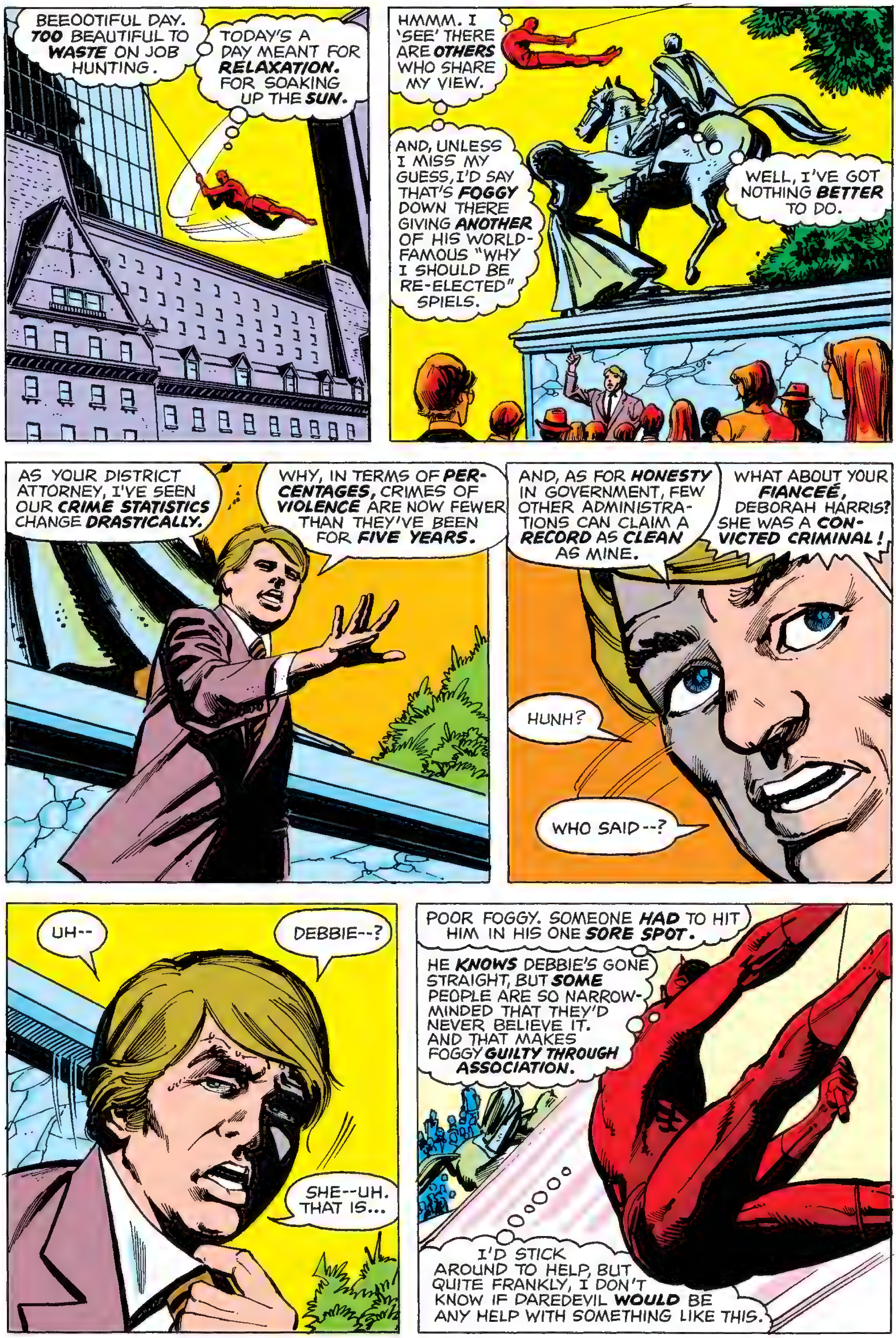
DAREDEVIL
MARVEL COMICS GROUP™
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
25¢
126
OCT
02459
DAREDEVIL®
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!
YOU'VE STOOD IN MY PATH, HORN-HEAD-- AND NOW YOU'LL PAY FOR IT!
FROM THIS MOMENT FORTH, THE TORPEDO IS BUSTING LOOSE!
HE'S HEADING STRAIGHT FOR ME... AND THERE'S NO WAY I CAN AVOID HIS ATTACK IN TIME!
THE TRIUMPH OF THE TORPEDO!

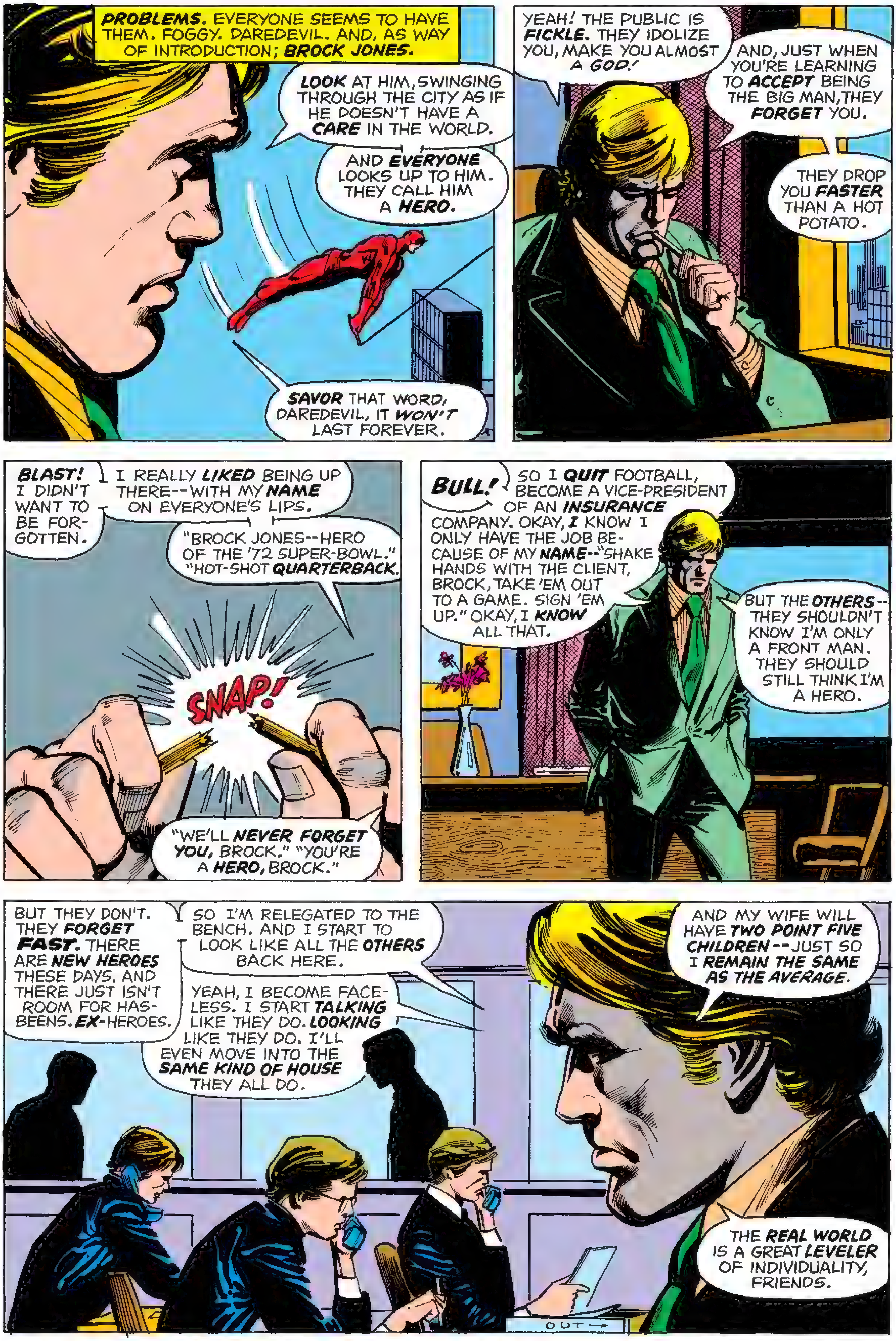
He dwells in eternal night— but the blackness is filled with sounds and scents, tastes and textures other men cannot perceive. For though attorney MATT MURDOCK is *blind,* his other four senses function with *superhuman sharpness*—his uncanny *radar sense* guides him over every obstacle! He stalks the streets by night, a relentless red-garbed foe of evil!

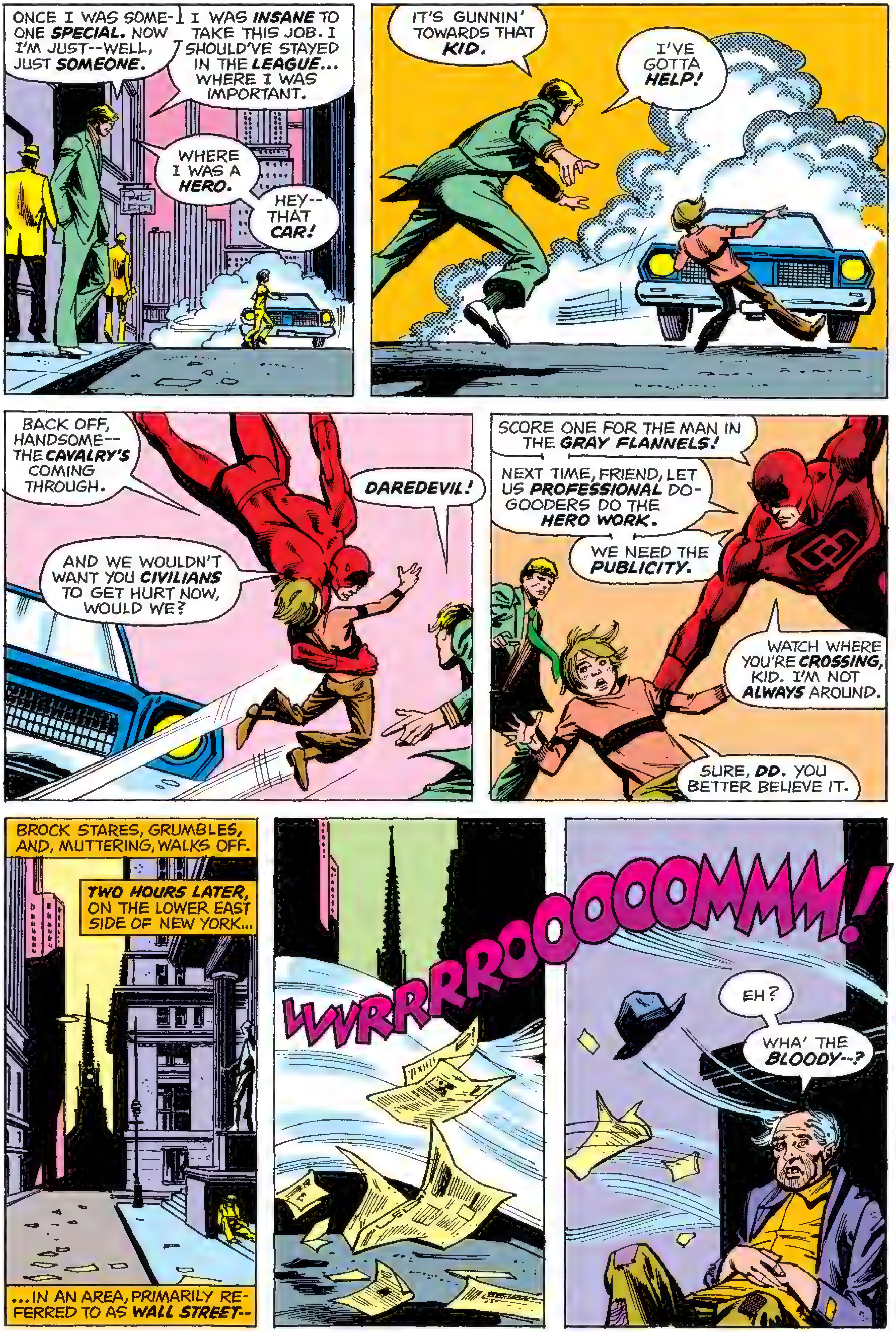
Stan Lee PRESENTS: DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!™

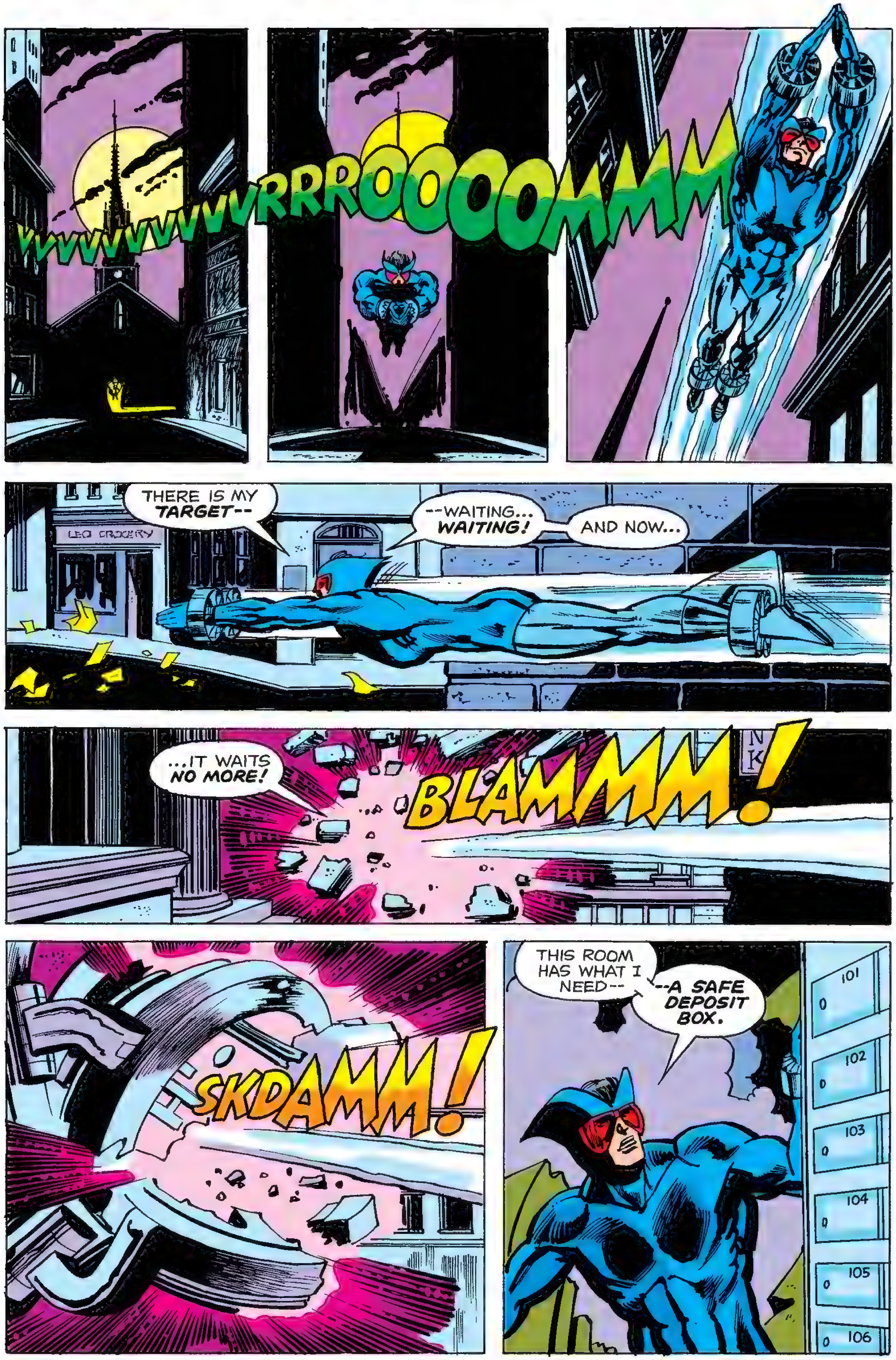
MARV WOLFMAN WRITER / EDITOR / **BOB BROWN & KLAUS JANSON** ARTISTS / **IRV WATANABE** LETTERER / **MICHELE WOLFMAN** COLORIST

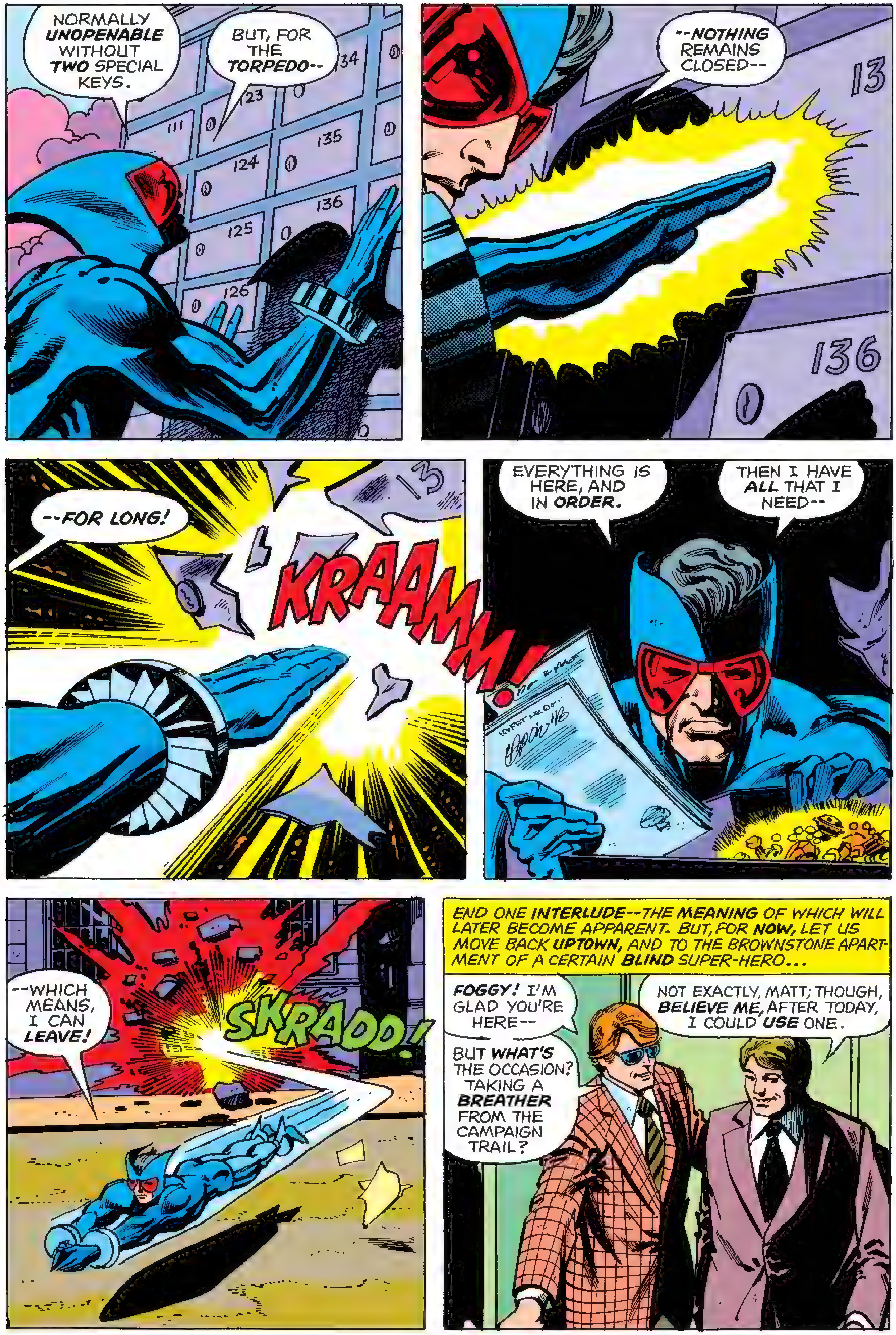

FLIGHT OF THE TORPEDO!
NEW YORK IN JULY.
THE SKY IS ALMOST CLEAR; A VERY BLUEISH SORT OF GRAY. IN CENTRAL PARK, BASEBALL TEAMS CROWD THE SHEEP MEADOW; FLY BALLS ARE BELTED FROM ONE MAKESHIFT FIELD TO ANOTHER. ICE CREAM VENDORS SELL THEIR WARES, TEMPERS ARE DOWN, AND SKIRTS ARE UP.
IN SHORT, FOR MAN, WOMAN, AND SUPER-HERO ALIKE, ALL SEEMS WELL.
NOW THEN, WHAT WAS THAT ABOUT "THE CALM BEFORE THE STORM"?
LOOK! IT'S DAREDEVIL!
SHOWING OFF HIS FANCY ACROBATICS AGAIN.
JONAH JAMESON'S RIGHT ABOUT THEM SUPER-TYPES! THEY'RE ALL EGO FREAKS!
OH WOW, DAREDEVIL!
YA THINK HE'D GIVE US A LIFT ACROSS TOWN, MOM?
I WOULDN'T MIND IT AT ALL, EDDIE. I WOULDN'T MIND IT AT ALL!!
DISTRICT ATTORNEY
DISTRICT ATTORNEY
141
METS

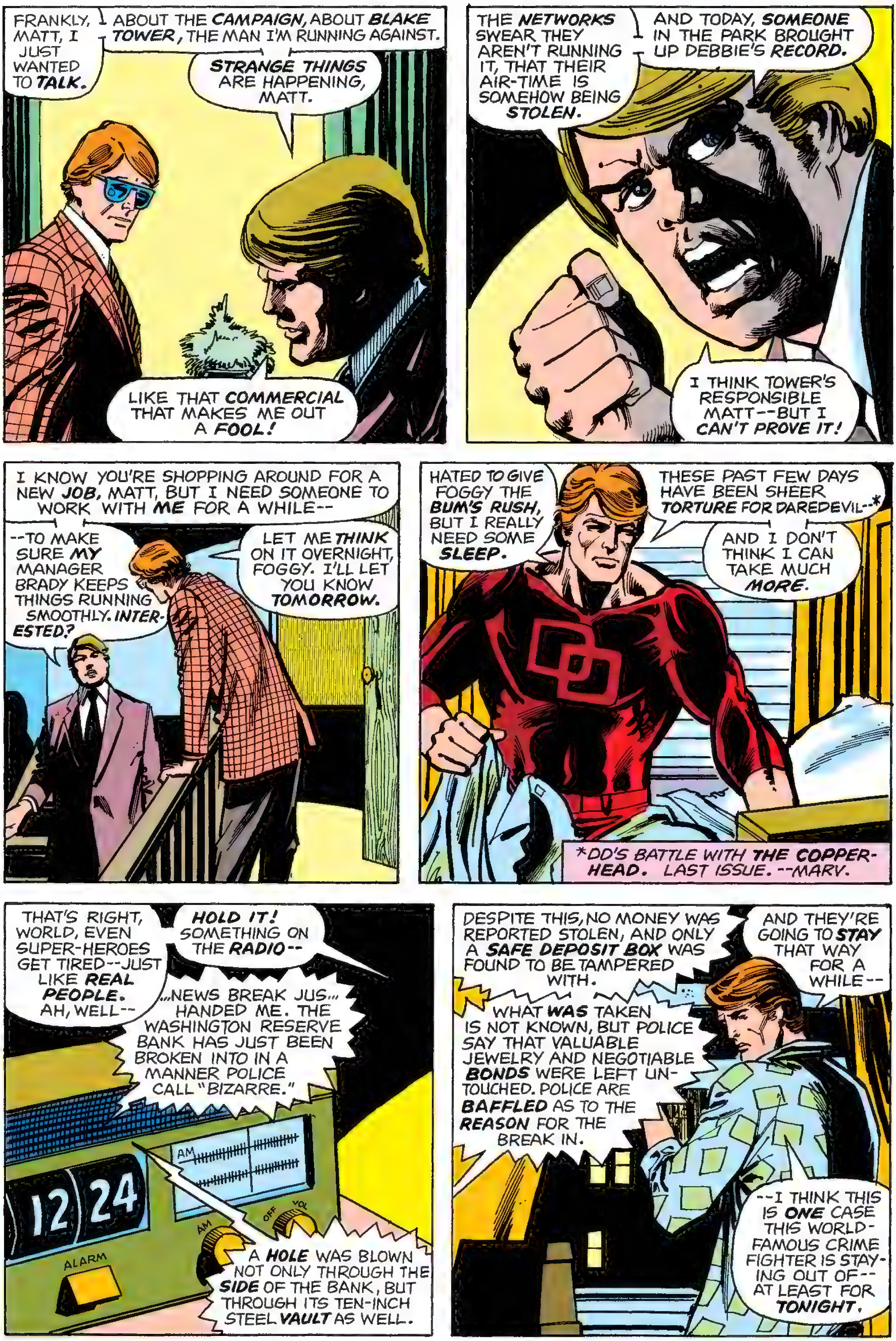

BEEOOTIFUL DAY. TOO BEAUTIFUL TO WASTE ON JOB HUNTING.
TODAY'S A DAY MEANT FOR RELAXATION. FOR SOAKING UP THE SUN.
HMMM. I 'SEE' THERE ARE OTHERS WHO SHARE MY VIEW.
AND, UNLESS I MISS MY GUESS, I'D SAY THAT'S FOGGY DOWN THERE GIVING ANOTHER OF HIS WORLD-FAMOUS "WHY I SHOULD BE RE-ELECTED" SPIELS.
WELL, I'VE GOT NOTHING BETTER TO DO.
AS YOUR DISTRICT ATTORNEY, I'VE SEEN OUR CRIME STATISTICS CHANGE DRASTICALLY.
WHY, IN TERMS OF PERCENTAGES, CRIMES OF VIOLENCE ARE NOW FEWER THAN THEY'VE BEEN FOR FIVE YEARS.
AND, AS FOR HONESTY IN GOVERNMENT, FEW OTHER ADMINISTRATIONS CAN CLAIM A RECORD AS CLEAN AS MINE.
WHAT ABOUT YOUR FIANCEÉ, DEBORAH HARRIS? SHE WAS A CONVICTED CRIMINAL!
HUNH?
WHO SAID--?
UH--
DEBBIE--?
SHE--UH. THAT IS...
POOR FOGGY. SOMEONE HAD TO HIT HIM IN HIS ONE SORE SPOT.
HE KNOWS DEBBIE'S GONE STRAIGHT, BUT SOME PEOPLE ARE SO NARROW-MINDED THAT THEY'D NEVER BELIEVE IT. AND THAT MAKES FOGGY GUILTY THROUGH ASSOCIATION.
I'D STICK AROUND TO HELP, BUT QUITE FRANKLY, I DON'T KNOW IF DAREDEVIL WOULD BE ANY HELP WITH SOMETHING LIKE THIS.

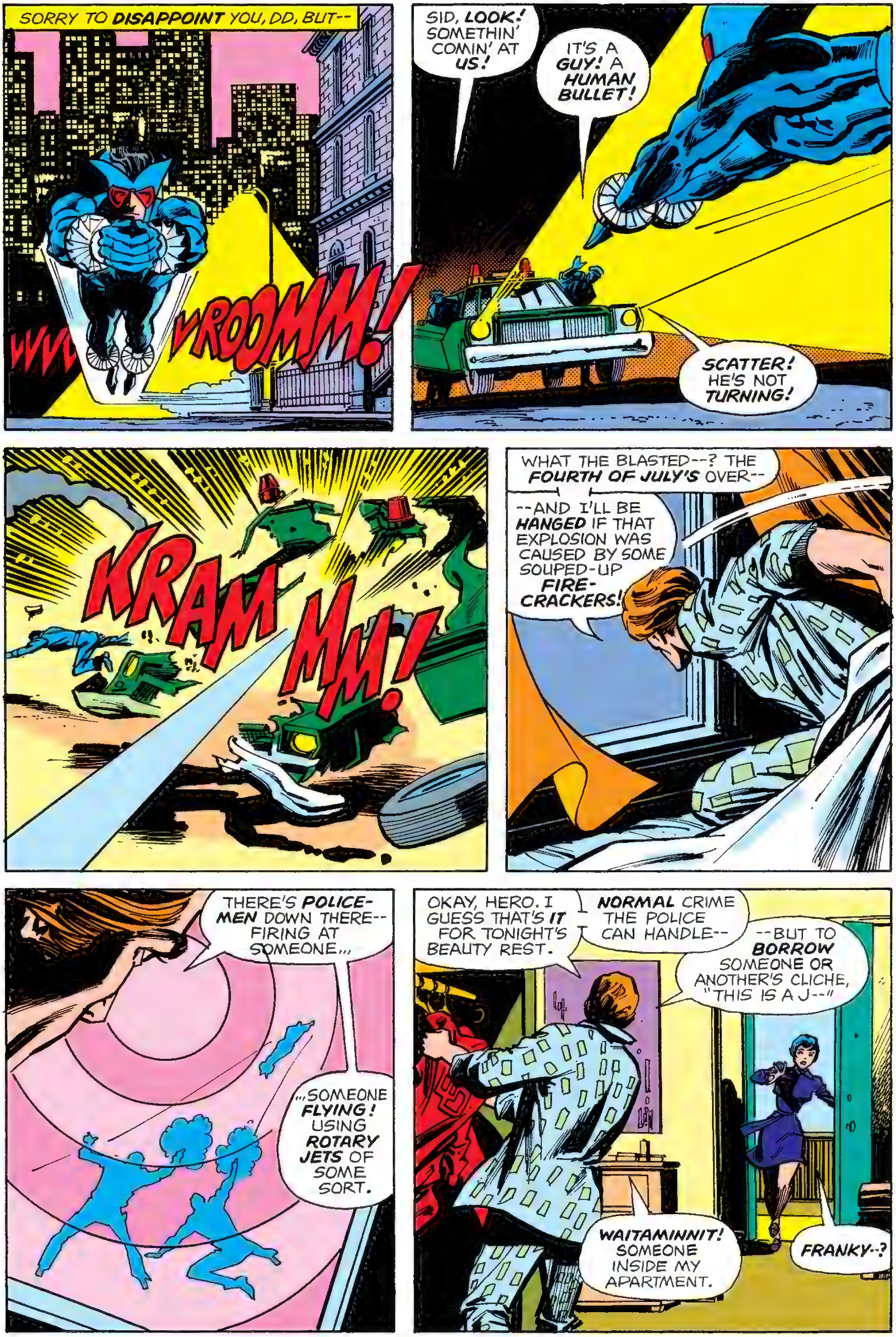

PROBLEMS. EVERYONE SEEMS TO HAVE THEM. FOGGY. DAREDEVIL. AND, AS WAY OF INTRODUCTION; **BROCK JONES.**
LOOK AT HIM, SWINGING THROUGH THE CITY AS IF HE DOESN'T HAVE A **CARE** IN THE WORLD.
AND **EVERYONE** LOOKS UP TO HIM. THEY CALL HIM A **HERO.**
SAVOR THAT WORD, DAREDEVIL, IT **WON'T** LAST FOREVER.
YEAH! THE PUBLIC IS **FICKLE.** THEY IDOLIZE YOU, MAKE YOU ALMOST A **GOD!**
AND, JUST WHEN YOU'RE LEARNING TO **ACCEPT** BEING THE BIG MAN, THEY **FORGET** YOU.
THEY DROP YOU **FASTER** THAN A HOT POTATO.
BLAST! I DIDN'T WANT TO BE FORGOTTEN.
I REALLY **LIKED** BEING UP THERE--WITH MY **NAME** ON EVERYONE'S LIPS.
"BROCK JONES--HERO OF THE '72 SUPER-BOWL." "HOT-SHOT **QUARTERBACK.**
SNAP!
"WE'LL **NEVER FORGET YOU,** BROCK." "YOU'RE A **HERO,** BROCK."
BULL!
SO I **QUIT** FOOTBALL, BECOME A VICE-PRESIDENT OF AN **INSURANCE** COMPANY. OKAY, **I** KNOW I ONLY HAVE THE JOB BECAUSE OF MY **NAME--**"SHAKE HANDS WITH THE CLIENT, BROCK, TAKE 'EM OUT TO A GAME. SIGN 'EM UP." OKAY, I **KNOW** ALL THAT.
BUT THE **OTHERS**--THEY SHOULDN'T KNOW I'M ONLY A FRONT MAN. THEY SHOULD STILL THINK I'M A HERO.
BUT THEY DON'T. THEY **FORGET FAST.** THERE ARE **NEW HEROES** THESE DAYS. AND THERE JUST ISN'T ROOM FOR HAS-BEENS. **EX-**HEROES.
SO I'M RELEGATED TO THE BENCH. AND I START TO LOOK LIKE ALL THE **OTHERS** BACK HERE.
YEAH, I BECOME FACELESS. I START **TALKING** LIKE THEY DO. **LOOKING** LIKE THEY DO. I'LL EVEN MOVE INTO THE **SAME KIND OF HOUSE** THEY ALL DO.
AND MY WIFE WILL HAVE **TWO POINT FIVE CHILDREN**--JUST SO **I REMAIN THE SAME AS THE AVERAGE.**
OUT →
THE **REAL WORLD** IS A GREAT **LEVELER** OF INDIVIDUALITY, FRIENDS.

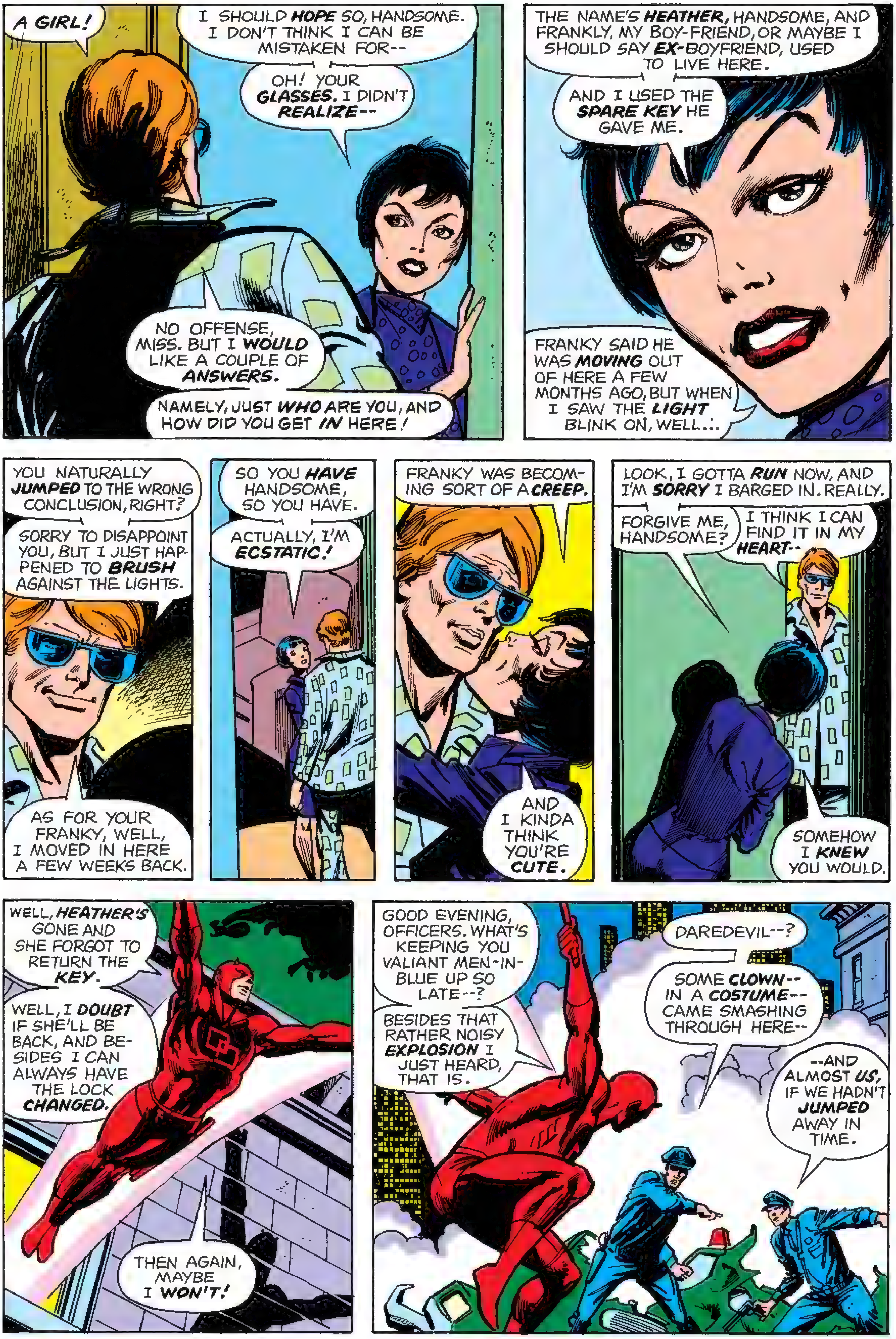

ONCE I WAS SOMEONE **SPECIAL.** NOW I'M JUST--WELL, JUST **SOMEONE.**
I WAS **INSANE** TO TAKE THIS JOB. I SHOULD'VE STAYED IN THE **LEAGUE...** WHERE I WAS IMPORTANT.
WHERE I WAS A **HERO.**
HEY--THAT **CAR!**
IT'S GUNNIN' TOWARDS THAT **KID.**
I'VE GOTTA **HELP!**
BACK OFF, HANDSOME--THE **CAVALRY'S** COMING THROUGH.
AND WE WOULDN'T WANT YOU **CIVILIANS** TO GET HURT NOW, WOULD WE?
DAREDEVIL!
SCORE ONE FOR THE MAN IN THE **GRAY FLANNELS!**
NEXT TIME, FRIEND, LET US **PROFESSIONAL** DO-GOODERS DO THE **HERO WORK.**
WE NEED THE **PUBLICITY.**
WATCH WHERE YOU'RE **CROSSING,** KID. I'M NOT **ALWAYS** AROUND.
SURE, **DD.** YOU BETTER BELIEVE IT.
BROCK STARES, GRUMBLES, AND, MUTTERING, WALKS OFF.
TWO HOURS LATER, ON THE LOWER EAST SIDE OF NEW YORK...
...IN AN AREA, PRIMARILY REFERRED TO AS **WALL STREET--**
WVRRRROOOOOOMMMM!
EH?
WHA' THE **BLOODY--?**

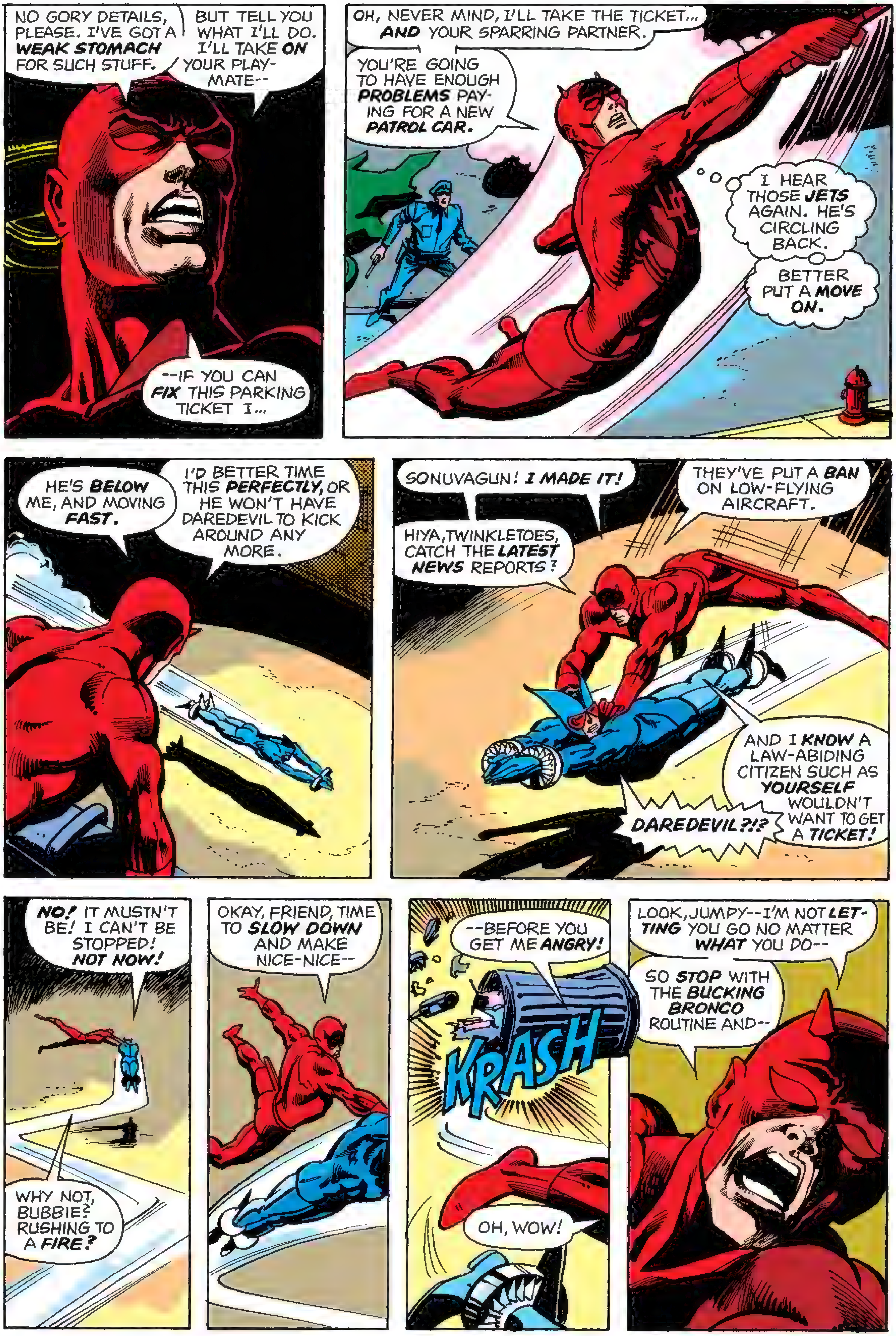

VVVVVVVVVVVRRROOOOOMMMM
LEO GROCERY
THERE IS MY *TARGET*--
--WAITING... *WAITING!*
AND NOW...
...IT WAITS *NO MORE!*
BLAMMM!
NK
SKDAMM!
THIS ROOM HAS WHAT I NEED--
--*A SAFE DEPOSIT BOX.*
101
102
103
104
105
106

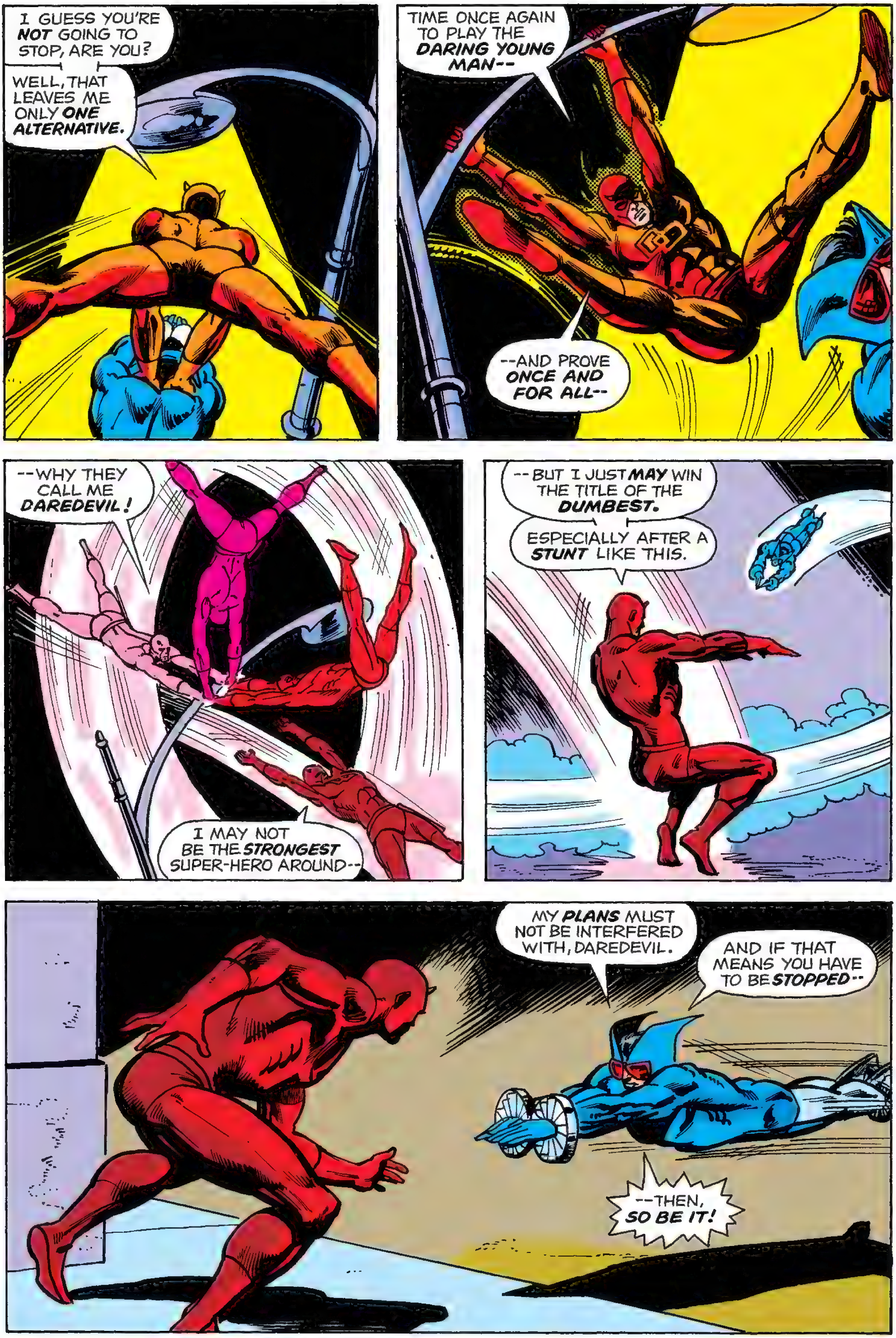

NORMALLY UNOPENABLE WITHOUT TWO SPECIAL KEYS.
BUT, FOR THE TORPEDO--
111
123
124
125
126
134
135
136
--NOTHING REMAINS CLOSED--
13
136
--FOR LONG!
13
KRAAMM!
EVERYTHING IS HERE, AND IN ORDER.
THEN I HAVE ALL THAT I NEED--
--WHICH MEANS, I CAN LEAVE!
SKRADD!
END ONE INTERLUDE--THE MEANING OF WHICH WILL LATER BECOME APPARENT. BUT, FOR NOW, LET US MOVE BACK UPTOWN, AND TO THE BROWNSTONE APARTMENT OF A CERTAIN BLIND SUPER-HERO...
FOGGY! I'M GLAD YOU'RE HERE--
BUT WHAT'S THE OCCASION? TAKING A BREATHER FROM THE CAMPAIGN TRAIL?
NOT EXACTLY, MATT; THOUGH, BELIEVE ME, AFTER TODAY, I COULD USE ONE.

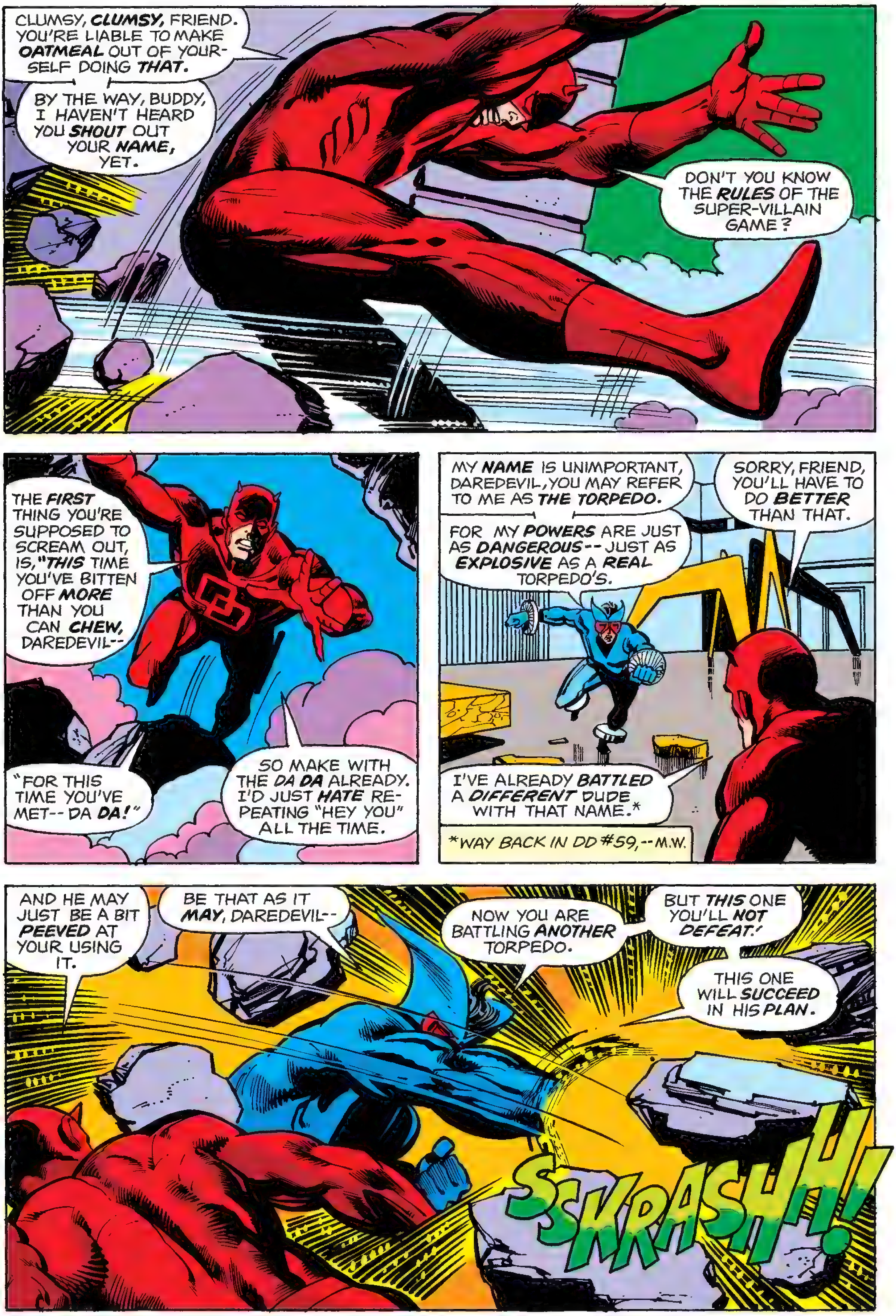

FRANKLY, MATT, I JUST WANTED TO **TALK**.
ABOUT THE **CAMPAIGN**, ABOUT **BLAKE TOWER**, THE MAN I'M RUNNING AGAINST.
STRANGE THINGS ARE HAPPENING, MATT.
LIKE THAT **COMMERCIAL** THAT MAKES ME OUT A **FOOL!**
THE **NETWORKS** SWEAR THEY AREN'T RUNNING IT, THAT THEIR AIR-TIME IS SOMEHOW BEING **STOLEN**.
AND TODAY, **SOMEONE** IN THE PARK BROUGHT UP DEBBIE'S **RECORD**.
I THINK TOWER'S RESPONSIBLE MATT--BUT I **CAN'T PROVE IT!**
I KNOW YOU'RE SHOPPING AROUND FOR A NEW **JOB**, MATT, BUT I NEED SOMEONE TO WORK WITH **ME** FOR A WHILE--
--TO MAKE SURE **MY** MANAGER BRADY KEEPS THINGS RUNNING SMOOTHLY. **INTERESTED?**
LET ME **THINK** ON IT OVERNIGHT, FOGGY. I'LL LET YOU KNOW **TOMORROW**.
HATED TO GIVE FOGGY THE **BUM'S RUSH**, BUT I REALLY NEED SOME **SLEEP**.
THESE PAST FEW DAYS HAVE BEEN SHEER **TORTURE** FOR DAREDEVIL--*
AND I DON'T THINK I CAN TAKE MUCH **MORE**.
*DD'S BATTLE WITH **THE COPPERHEAD**. LAST ISSUE. --MARV.
THAT'S RIGHT, WORLD, EVEN SUPER-HEROES GET TIRED--JUST LIKE **REAL PEOPLE**. AH, WELL--
HOLD IT! SOMETHING ON THE **RADIO**--
...NEWS BREAK JUS... HANDED ME. THE WASHINGTON RESERVE BANK HAS JUST BEEN BROKEN INTO IN A MANNER POLICE CALL "BIZARRE."
AM
12 24
OFF VOL
AM
ALARM
A **HOLE** WAS BLOWN NOT ONLY THROUGH THE **SIDE** OF THE BANK, BUT THROUGH ITS TEN-INCH STEEL **VAULT** AS WELL.
DESPITE THIS, NO MONEY WAS REPORTED STOLEN, AND ONLY A **SAFE DEPOSIT BOX** WAS FOUND TO BE TAMPERED WITH.
WHAT **WAS** TAKEN IS NOT KNOWN, BUT POLICE SAY THAT VALUABLE JEWELRY AND NEGOTIABLE **BONDS** WERE LEFT UNTOUCHED. POLICE ARE **BAFFLED** AS TO THE **REASON** FOR THE BREAK IN.
AND THEY'RE GOING TO **STAY** THAT WAY FOR A WHILE--
--I THINK THIS IS **ONE** CASE THIS WORLD-FAMOUS CRIME FIGHTER IS STAYING OUT OF--AT LEAST FOR **TONIGHT**.

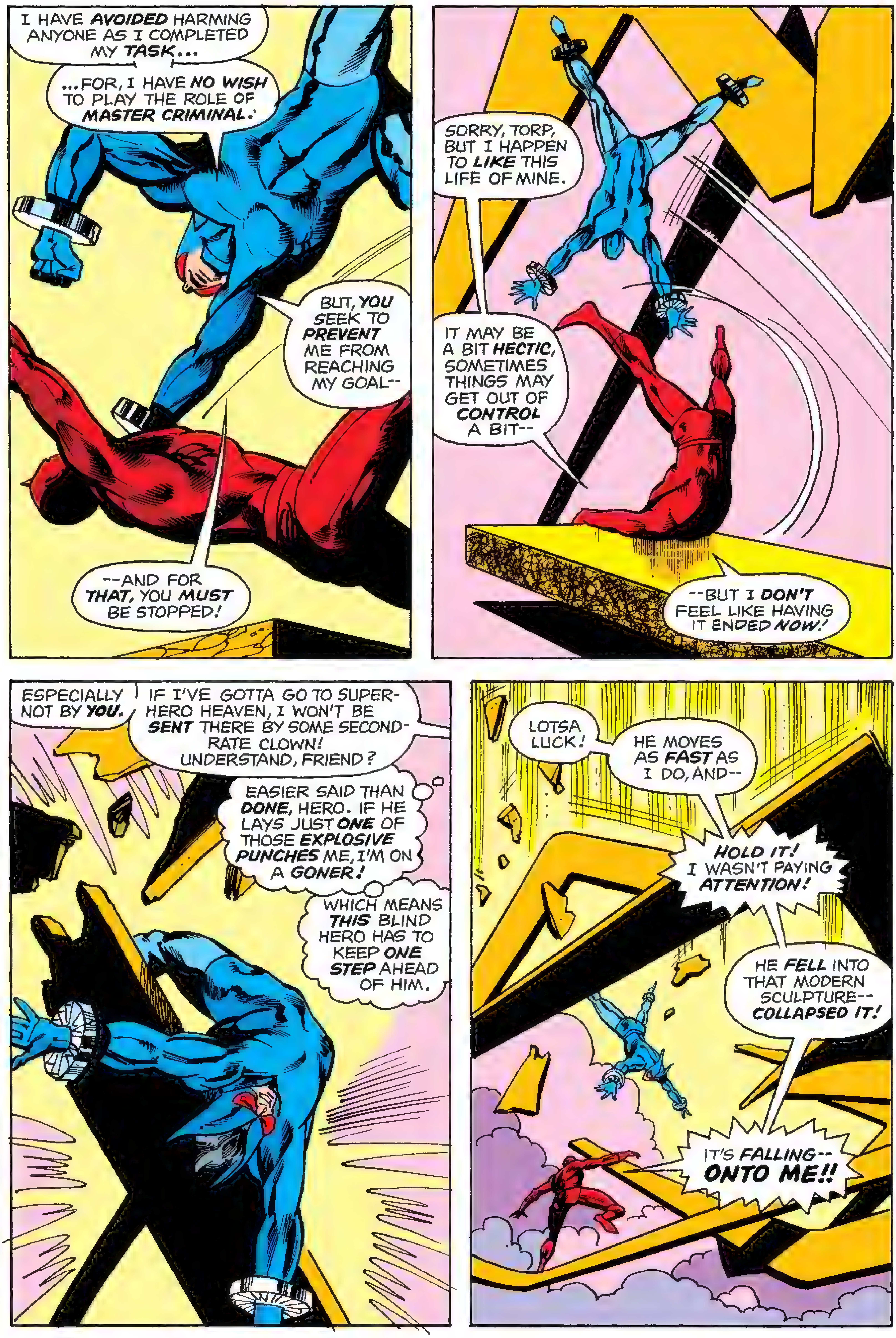

SORRY TO DISAPPOINT YOU, DD, BUT--
WWW VROOMM!
SID, LOOK! SOMETHIN' COMIN' AT US!
IT'S A GUY! A HUMAN BULLET!
SCATTER! HE'S NOT TURNING!
KRAMMM!
WHAT THE BLASTED--? THE FOURTH OF JULY'S OVER--
--AND I'LL BE HANGED IF THAT EXPLOSION WAS CAUSED BY SOME SOUPED-UP FIRE-CRACKERS!
THERE'S POLICEMEN DOWN THERE-- FIRING AT SOMEONE...
...SOMEONE FLYING! USING ROTARY JETS OF SOME SORT.
OKAY, HERO. I GUESS THAT'S IT FOR TONIGHT'S BEAUTY REST.
NORMAL CRIME THE POLICE CAN HANDLE--
--BUT TO BORROW SOMEONE OR ANOTHER'S CLICHE, "THIS IS A J--"
WAITAMINNIT! SOMEONE INSIDE MY APARTMENT.
FRANKY--?

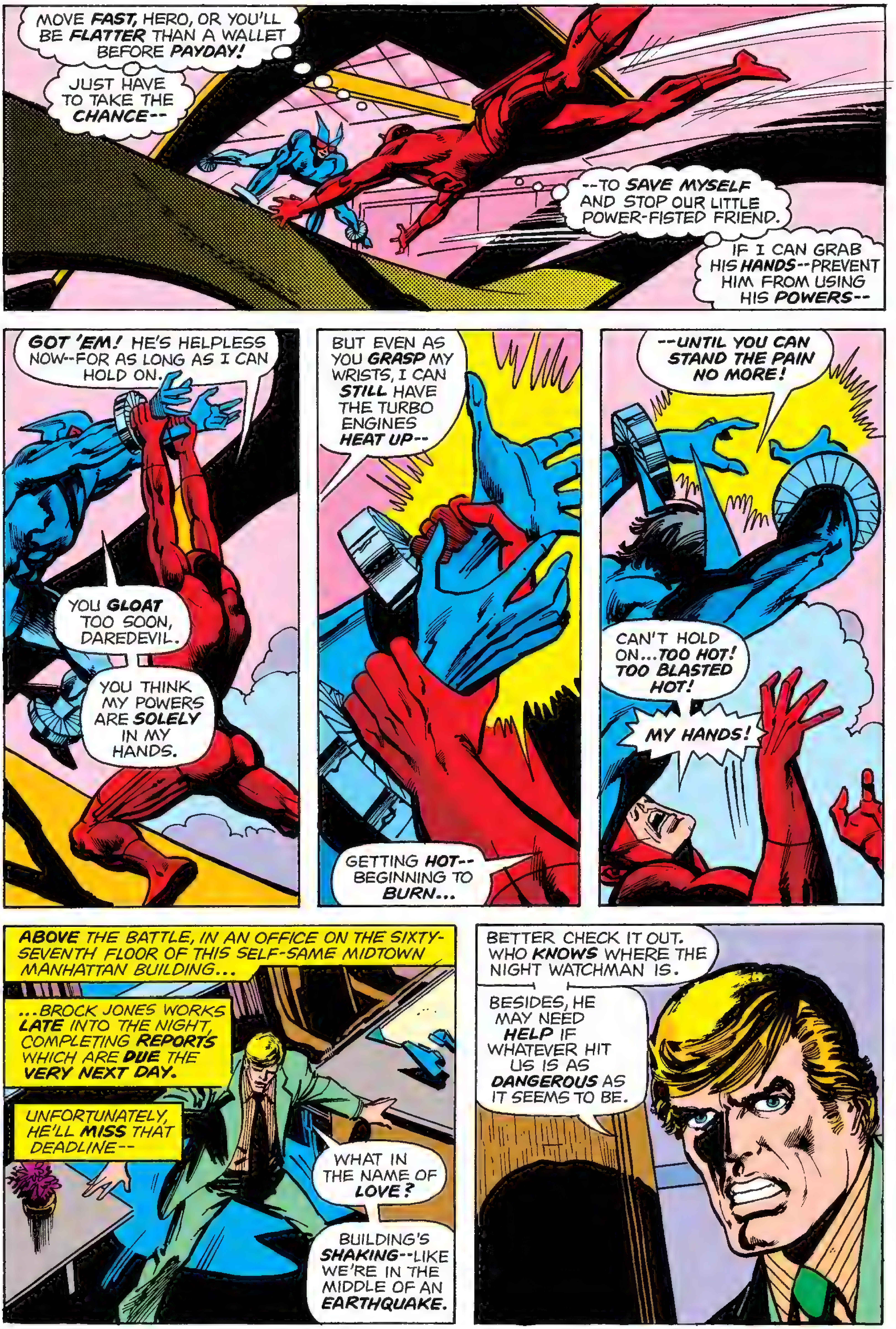

A GIRL!
I SHOULD HOPE SO, HANDSOME. I DON'T THINK I CAN BE MISTAKEN FOR--
OH! YOUR GLASSES. I DIDN'T REALIZE--
NO OFFENSE, MISS. BUT I WOULD LIKE A COUPLE OF ANSWERS.
NAMELY, JUST WHO ARE YOU, AND HOW DID YOU GET IN HERE!
THE NAME'S HEATHER, HANDSOME, AND FRANKLY, MY BOY-FRIEND, OR MAYBE I SHOULD SAY EX-BOYFRIEND, USED TO LIVE HERE.
AND I USED THE SPARE KEY HE GAVE ME.
FRANKY SAID HE WAS MOVING OUT OF HERE A FEW MONTHS AGO, BUT WHEN I SAW THE LIGHT BLINK ON, WELL...
YOU NATURALLY JUMPED TO THE WRONG CONCLUSION, RIGHT?
SORRY TO DISAPPOINT YOU, BUT I JUST HAPPENED TO BRUSH AGAINST THE LIGHTS.
AS FOR YOUR FRANKY, WELL, I MOVED IN HERE A FEW WEEKS BACK.
SO YOU HAVE HANDSOME, SO YOU HAVE.
ACTUALLY, I'M ECSTATIC!
FRANKY WAS BECOMING SORT OF A CREEP.
AND I KINDA THINK YOU'RE CUTE.
LOOK, I GOTTA RUN NOW, AND I'M SORRY I BARGED IN. REALLY.
FORGIVE ME, HANDSOME?
I THINK I CAN FIND IT IN MY HEART--
SOMEHOW I KNEW YOU WOULD.
WELL, HEATHER'S GONE AND SHE FORGOT TO RETURN THE KEY.
WELL, I DOUBT IF SHE'LL BE BACK, AND BESIDES I CAN ALWAYS HAVE THE LOCK CHANGED.
THEN AGAIN, MAYBE I WON'T!
GOOD EVENING, OFFICERS. WHAT'S KEEPING YOU VALIANT MEN-IN-BLUE UP SO LATE--?
BESIDES THAT RATHER NOISY EXPLOSION I JUST HEARD, THAT IS.
DAREDEVIL--?
SOME CLOWN--IN A COSTUME--CAME SMASHING THROUGH HERE--
--AND ALMOST US, IF WE HADN'T JUMPED AWAY IN TIME.

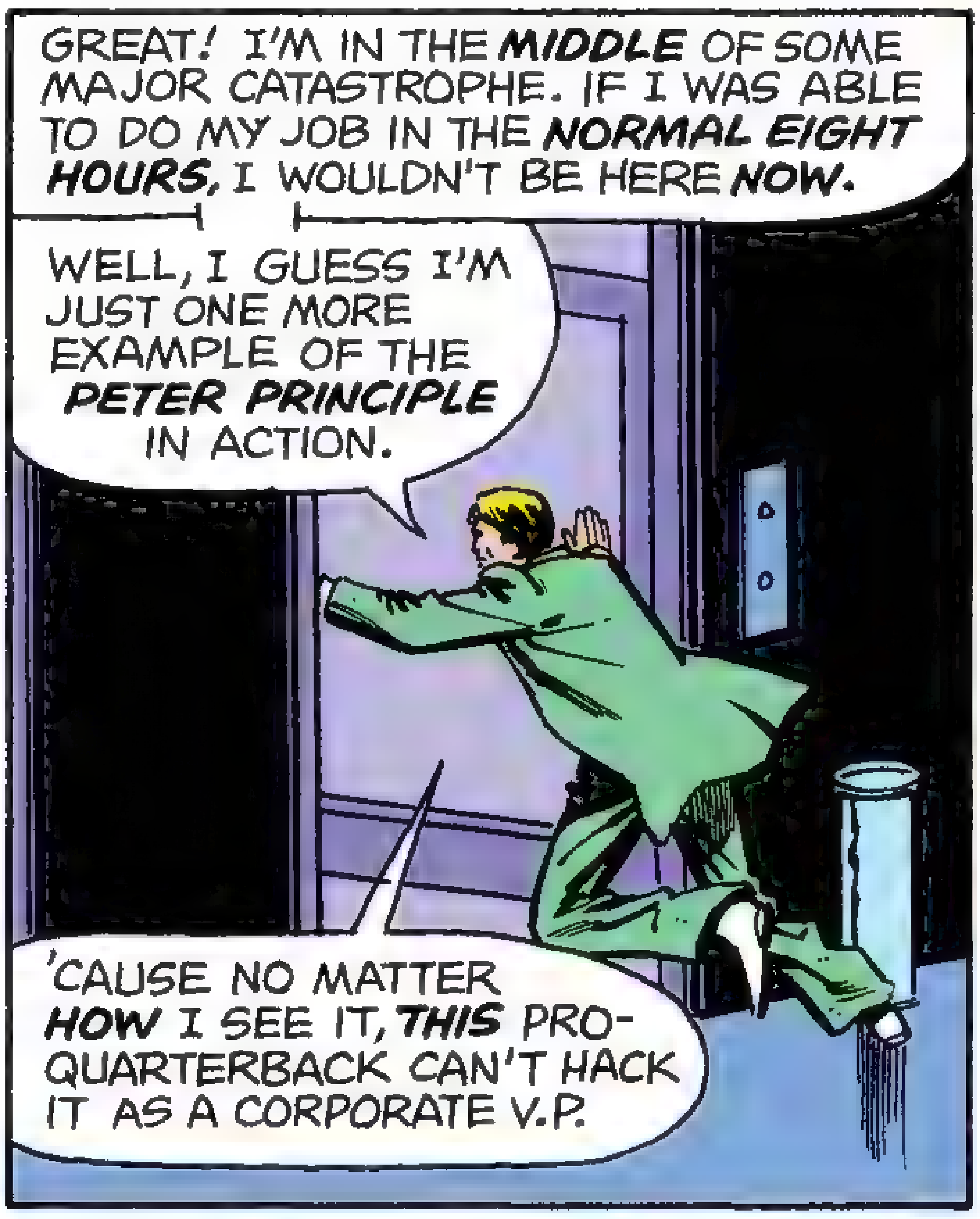

NO GORY DETAILS, PLEASE. I'VE GOT A **WEAK STOMACH** FOR SUCH STUFF.
BUT TELL YOU WHAT I'LL DO. I'LL TAKE **ON** YOUR PLAYMATE--
--IF YOU CAN **FIX** THIS PARKING TICKET I...
OH, NEVER MIND, I'LL TAKE THE TICKET... **AND** YOUR SPARRING PARTNER.
YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE ENOUGH **PROBLEMS** PAYING FOR A NEW **PATROL CAR.**
I HEAR THOSE **JETS** AGAIN. HE'S CIRCLING BACK.
BETTER PUT A **MOVE ON.**
HE'S **BELOW** ME, AND MOVING **FAST.**
I'D BETTER TIME THIS **PERFECTLY,** OR HE WON'T HAVE DAREDEVIL TO KICK AROUND ANY MORE.
SONUVAGUN! ***I MADE IT!***
HIYA, TWINKLETOES, CATCH THE ***LATEST NEWS*** REPORTS?
THEY'VE PUT A **BAN** ON LOW-FLYING AIRCRAFT.
DAREDEVIL?!?
AND I **KNOW** A LAW-ABIDING CITIZEN SUCH AS **YOURSELF** WOULDN'T WANT TO GET A ***TICKET!***
NO! IT MUSTN'T BE! I CAN'T BE STOPPED! ***NOT NOW!***
WHY NOT, BUBBIE? RUSHING TO A ***FIRE?***
OKAY, FRIEND, TIME TO ***SLOW DOWN*** AND MAKE NICE-NICE--
--BEFORE YOU GET ME ***ANGRY!***
KRASH
OH, WOW!
LOOK, JUMPY--I'M NOT ***LETTING*** YOU GO NO MATTER ***WHAT*** YOU DO--
SO ***STOP*** WITH THE ***BUCKING BRONCO*** ROUTINE AND--

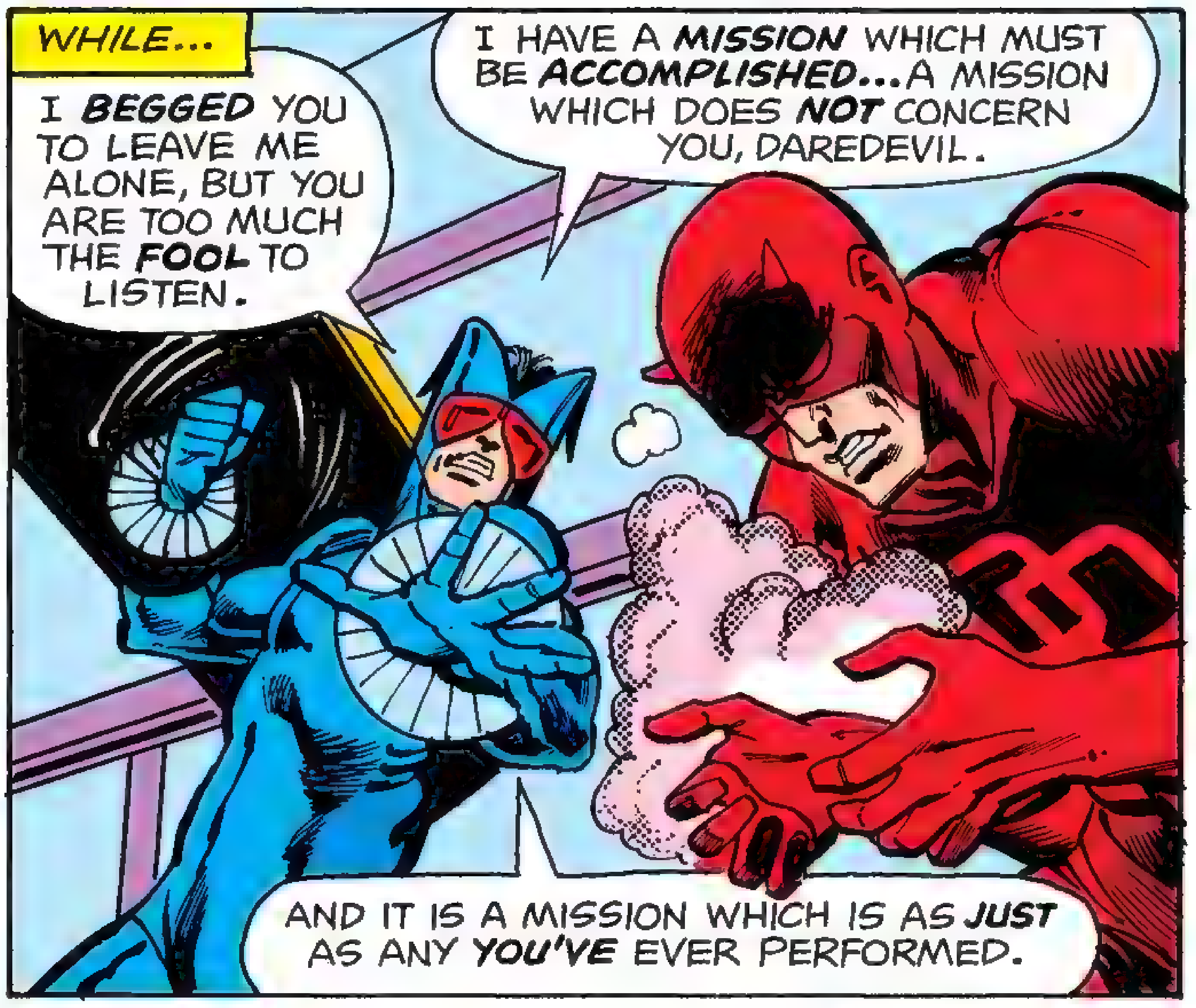

I GUESS YOU'RE **NOT** GOING TO STOP, ARE YOU?
WELL, THAT LEAVES ME ONLY **ONE ALTERNATIVE.**
TIME ONCE AGAIN TO PLAY THE **DARING YOUNG MAN--**
--AND PROVE **ONCE AND FOR ALL--**
--WHY THEY CALL ME **DAREDEVIL!**
I MAY NOT BE THE **STRONGEST** SUPER-HERO AROUND--
--BUT I JUST **MAY** WIN THE TITLE OF THE **DUMBEST.**
ESPECIALLY AFTER A **STUNT** LIKE THIS.
MY **PLANS** MUST NOT BE INTERFERED WITH, DAREDEVIL.
AND IF THAT MEANS YOU HAVE TO BE **STOPPED--**
--THEN, **SO BE IT!**

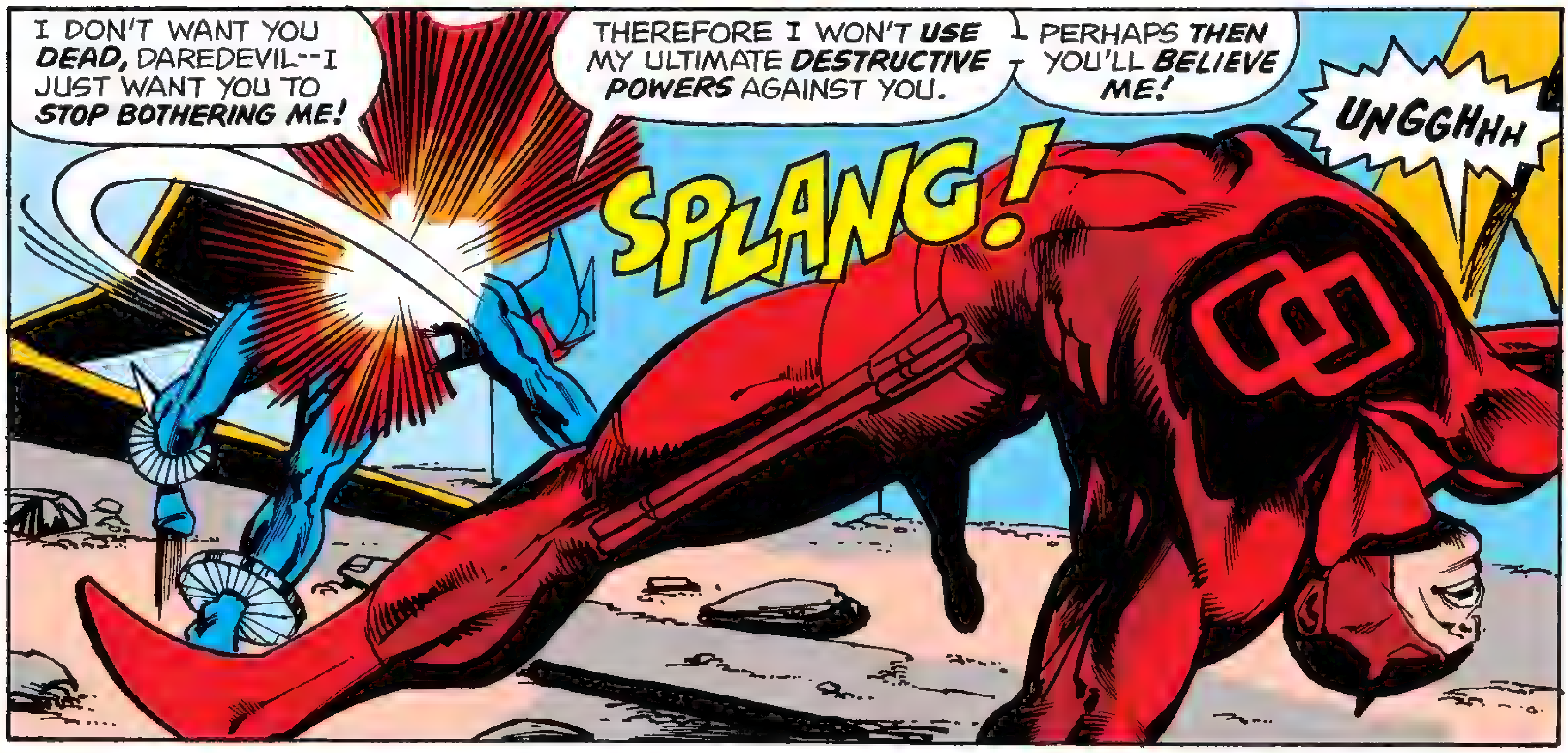

CLUMSY, CLUMSY, FRIEND. YOU'RE LIABLE TO MAKE OATMEAL OUT OF YOURSELF DOING THAT.
BY THE WAY, BUDDY, I HAVEN'T HEARD YOU SHOUT OUT YOUR NAME, YET.
DON'T YOU KNOW THE RULES OF THE SUPER-VILLAIN GAME?
THE FIRST THING YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO SCREAM OUT, IS, "THIS TIME YOU'VE BITTEN OFF MORE THAN YOU CAN CHEW, DAREDEVIL--
"FOR THIS TIME YOU'VE MET-- DA DA!"
SO MAKE WITH THE DA DA ALREADY. I'D JUST HATE REPEATING "HEY YOU" ALL THE TIME.
MY NAME IS UNIMPORTANT, DAREDEVIL, YOU MAY REFER TO ME AS THE TORPEDO.
FOR MY POWERS ARE JUST AS DANGEROUS-- JUST AS EXPLOSIVE AS A REAL TORPEDO'S.
SORRY, FRIEND, YOU'LL HAVE TO DO BETTER THAN THAT.
I'VE ALREADY BATTLED A DIFFERENT DUDE WITH THAT NAME.*
*WAY BACK IN DD #59, --M.W.
AND HE MAY JUST BE A BIT PEEVED AT YOUR USING IT.
BE THAT AS IT MAY, DAREDEVIL--
NOW YOU ARE BATTLING ANOTHER TORPEDO.
BUT THIS ONE YOU'LL NOT DEFEAT!
THIS ONE WILL SUCCEED IN HIS PLAN.
SSKRASHH!

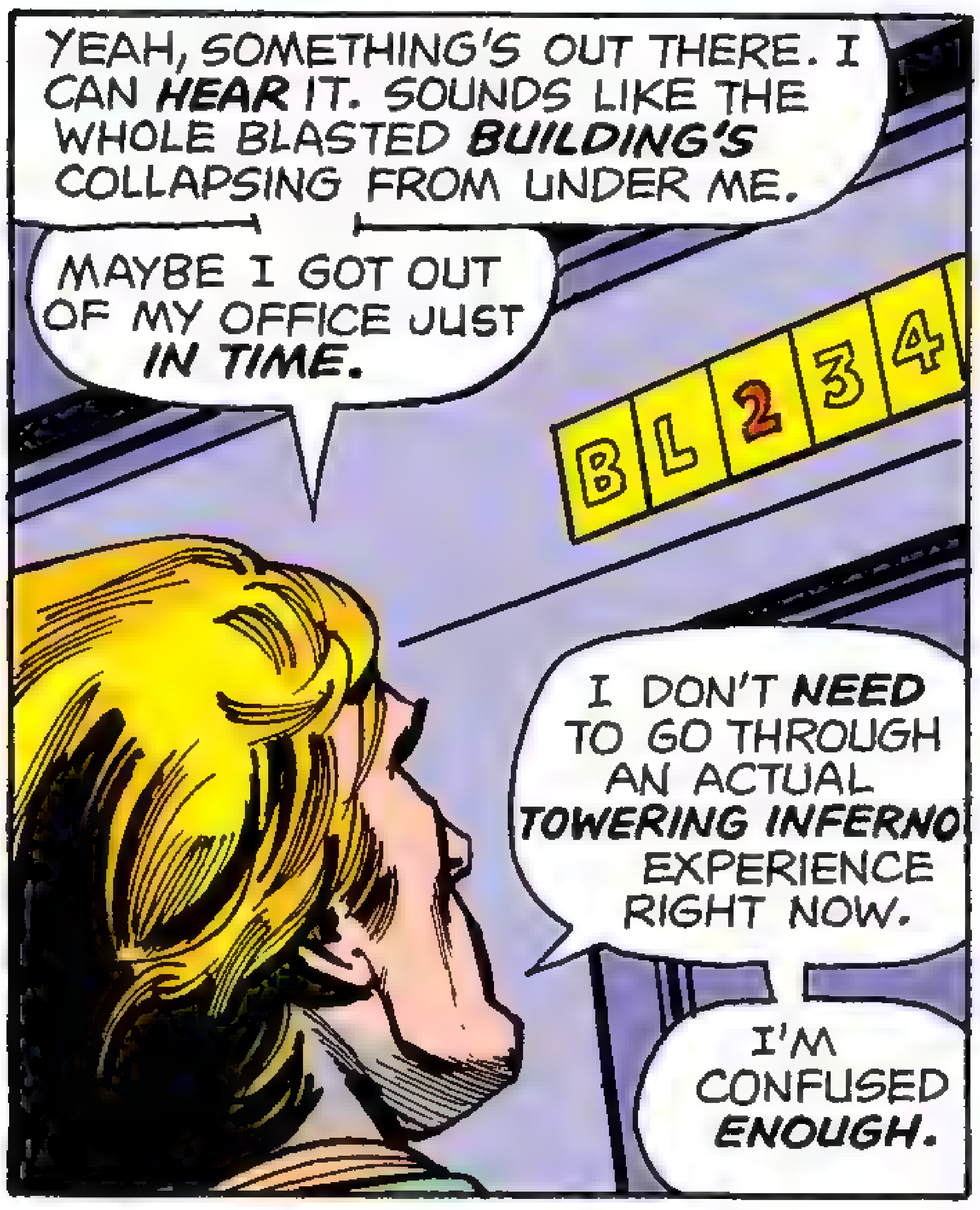

I HAVE AVOIDED HARMING ANYONE AS I COMPLETED MY TASK...
...FOR, I HAVE NO WISH TO PLAY THE ROLE OF MASTER CRIMINAL.
BUT, YOU SEEK TO PREVENT ME FROM REACHING MY GOAL--
--AND FOR THAT, YOU MUST BE STOPPED!
SORRY, TORP, BUT I HAPPEN TO LIKE THIS LIFE OF MINE.
IT MAY BE A BIT HECTIC, SOMETIMES THINGS MAY GET OUT OF CONTROL A BIT--
--BUT I DON'T FEEL LIKE HAVING IT ENDED NOW!
ESPECIALLY NOT BY YOU.
IF I'VE GOTTA GO TO SUPER-HERO HEAVEN, I WON'T BE SENT THERE BY SOME SECOND-RATE CLOWN! UNDERSTAND, FRIEND?
EASIER SAID THAN DONE, HERO. IF HE LAYS JUST ONE OF THOSE EXPLOSIVE PUNCHES ME, I'M ON A GONER!
WHICH MEANS THIS BLIND HERO HAS TO KEEP ONE STEP AHEAD OF HIM.
LOTSA LUCK!
HE MOVES AS FAST AS I DO, AND--
HOLD IT! I WASN'T PAYING ATTENTION!
HE FELL INTO THAT MODERN SCULPTURE--COLLAPSED IT!
IT'S FALLING--ONTO ME!!

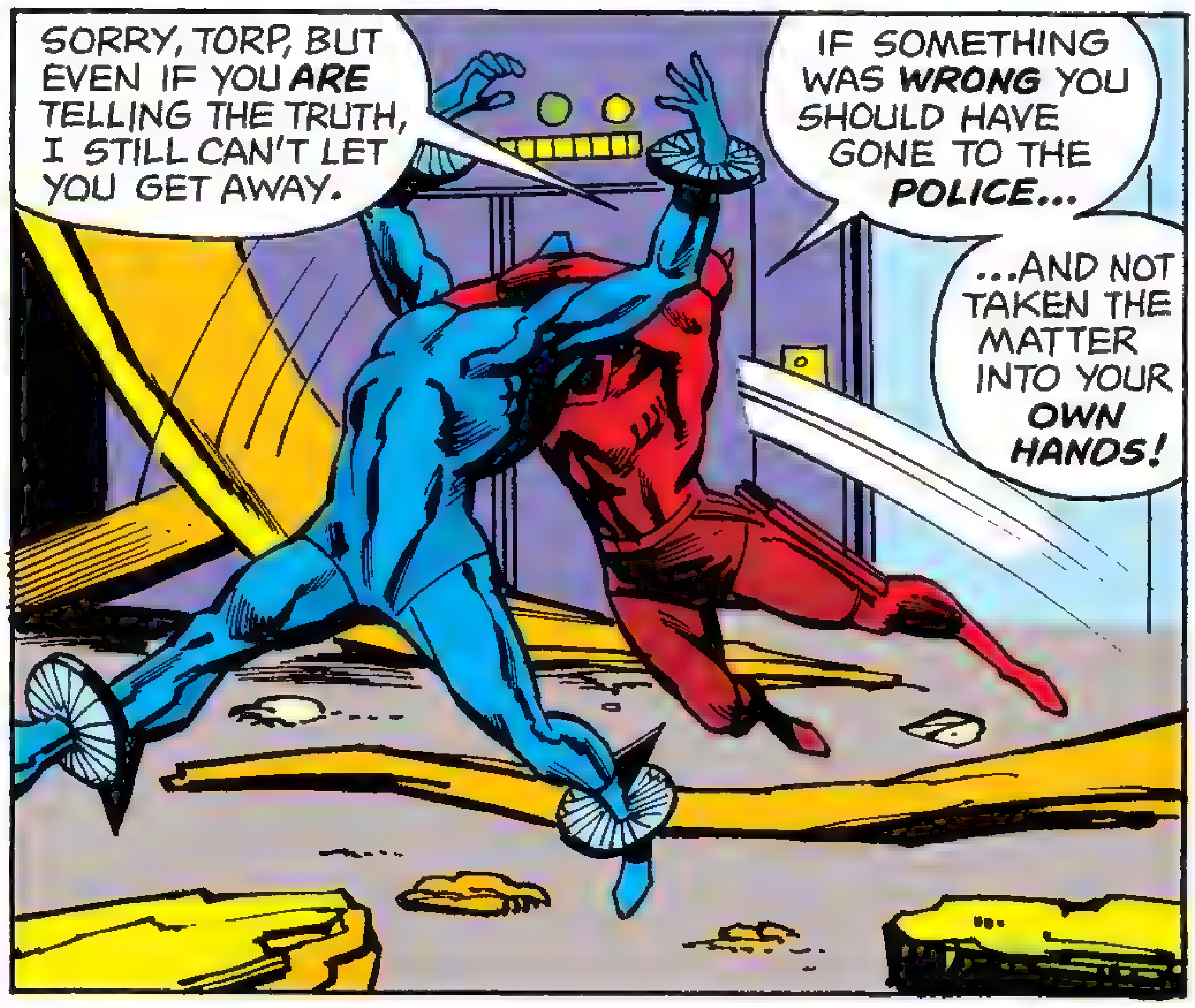

MOVE **FAST,** HERO, OR YOU'LL BE **FLATTER** THAN A WALLET BEFORE **PAYDAY!**
JUST HAVE TO TAKE THE **CHANCE--**
--TO **SAVE MYSELF** AND STOP OUR LITTLE POWER-FISTED FRIEND.
IF I CAN GRAB HIS **HANDS**--PREVENT HIM FROM USING HIS **POWERS--**
GOT 'EM! HE'S HELPLESS NOW--FOR AS LONG AS I CAN HOLD ON.
YOU **GLOAT** TOO SOON, DAREDEVIL.
YOU THINK MY POWERS ARE **SOLELY** IN MY HANDS.
BUT EVEN AS YOU **GRASP** MY WRISTS, I CAN **STILL** HAVE THE TURBO ENGINES **HEAT UP--**
GETTING **HOT--** BEGINNING TO **BURN...**
--UNTIL YOU CAN STAND THE PAIN NO MORE!
CAN'T HOLD ON... **TOO HOT! TOO BLASTED HOT!**
MY HANDS!
ABOVE THE BATTLE, IN AN OFFICE ON THE SIXTY-SEVENTH FLOOR OF THIS SELF-SAME MIDTOWN MANHATTAN BUILDING...
...BROCK JONES WORKS **LATE** INTO THE NIGHT, COMPLETING **REPORTS** WHICH ARE **DUE** THE **VERY NEXT DAY.**
UNFORTUNATELY, HE'LL **MISS** THAT DEADLINE--
WHAT IN THE NAME OF **LOVE?**
BUILDING'S **SHAKING**--LIKE WE'RE IN THE MIDDLE OF AN **EARTHQUAKE.**
BETTER CHECK IT OUT. WHO **KNOWS** WHERE THE NIGHT WATCHMAN IS.
BESIDES, HE MAY NEED **HELP** IF WHATEVER HIT US IS AS **DANGEROUS** AS IT SEEMS TO BE.

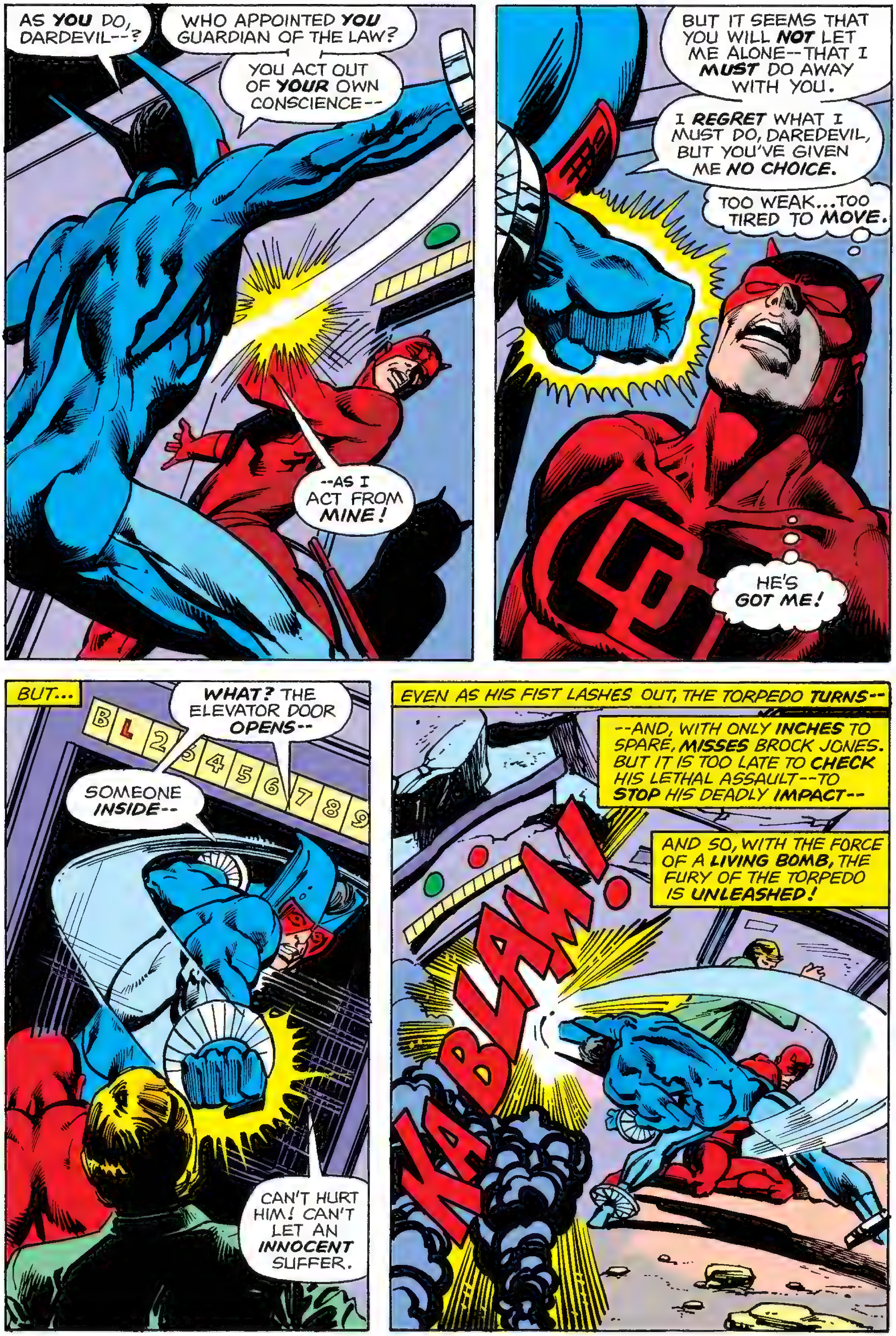

GREAT! I'M IN THE **MIDDLE** OF SOME MAJOR CATASTROPHE. IF I WAS ABLE TO DO MY JOB IN THE **NORMAL EIGHT HOURS,** I WOULDN'T BE HERE **NOW.**
WELL, I GUESS I'M JUST ONE MORE EXAMPLE OF THE **PETER PRINCIPLE** IN ACTION.
'CAUSE NO MATTER **HOW** I SEE IT, **THIS** PRO-QUARTERBACK CAN'T HACK IT AS A CORPORATE V.P.

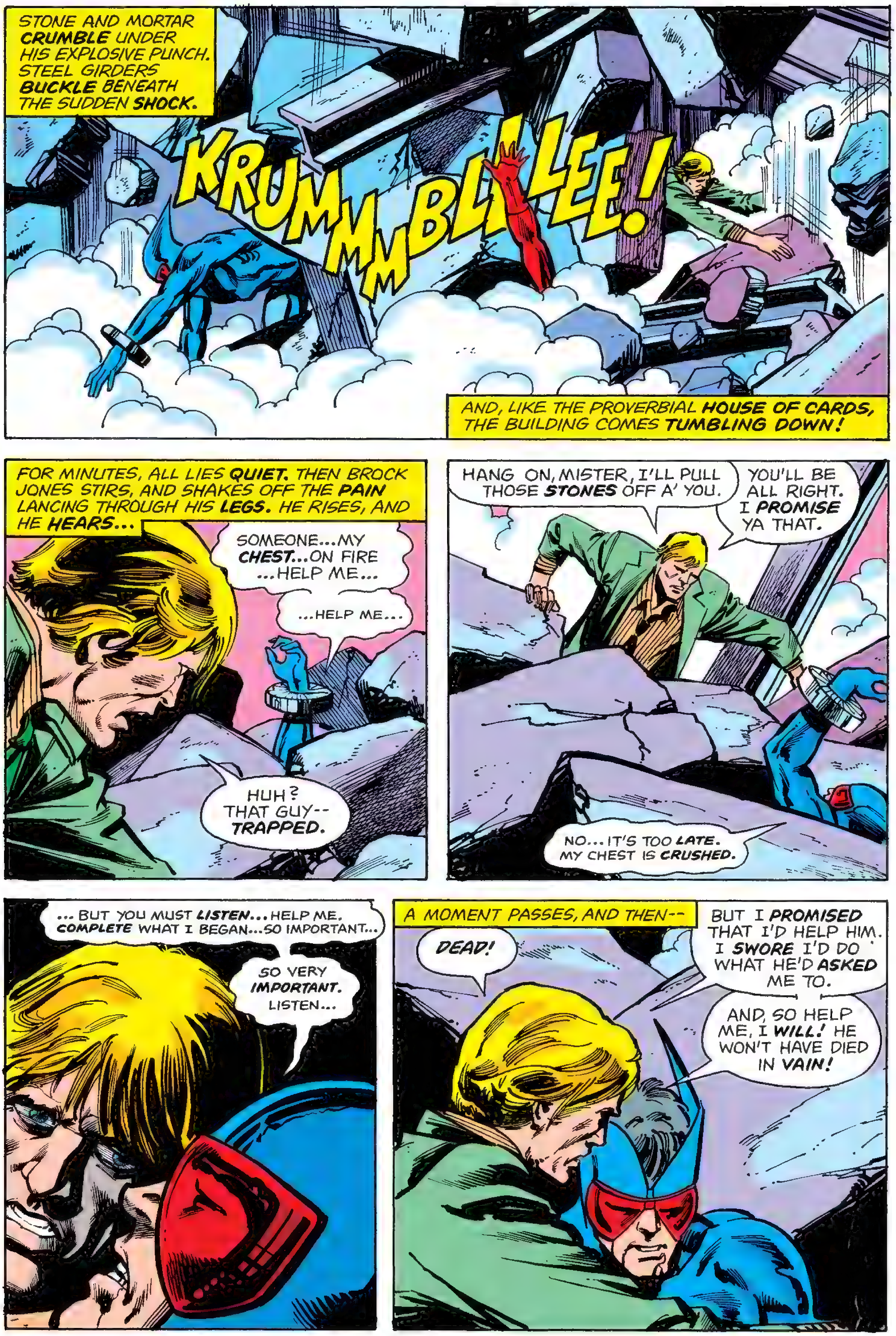

WHILE...
I **BEGGED** YOU TO LEAVE ME ALONE, BUT YOU ARE TOO MUCH THE **FOOL** TO LISTEN.
I HAVE A **MISSION** WHICH MUST BE **ACCOMPLISHED...** A MISSION WHICH DOES **NOT** CONCERN YOU, DAREDEVIL.
AND IT IS A MISSION WHICH IS AS **JUST** AS ANY **YOU'VE** EVER PERFORMED.

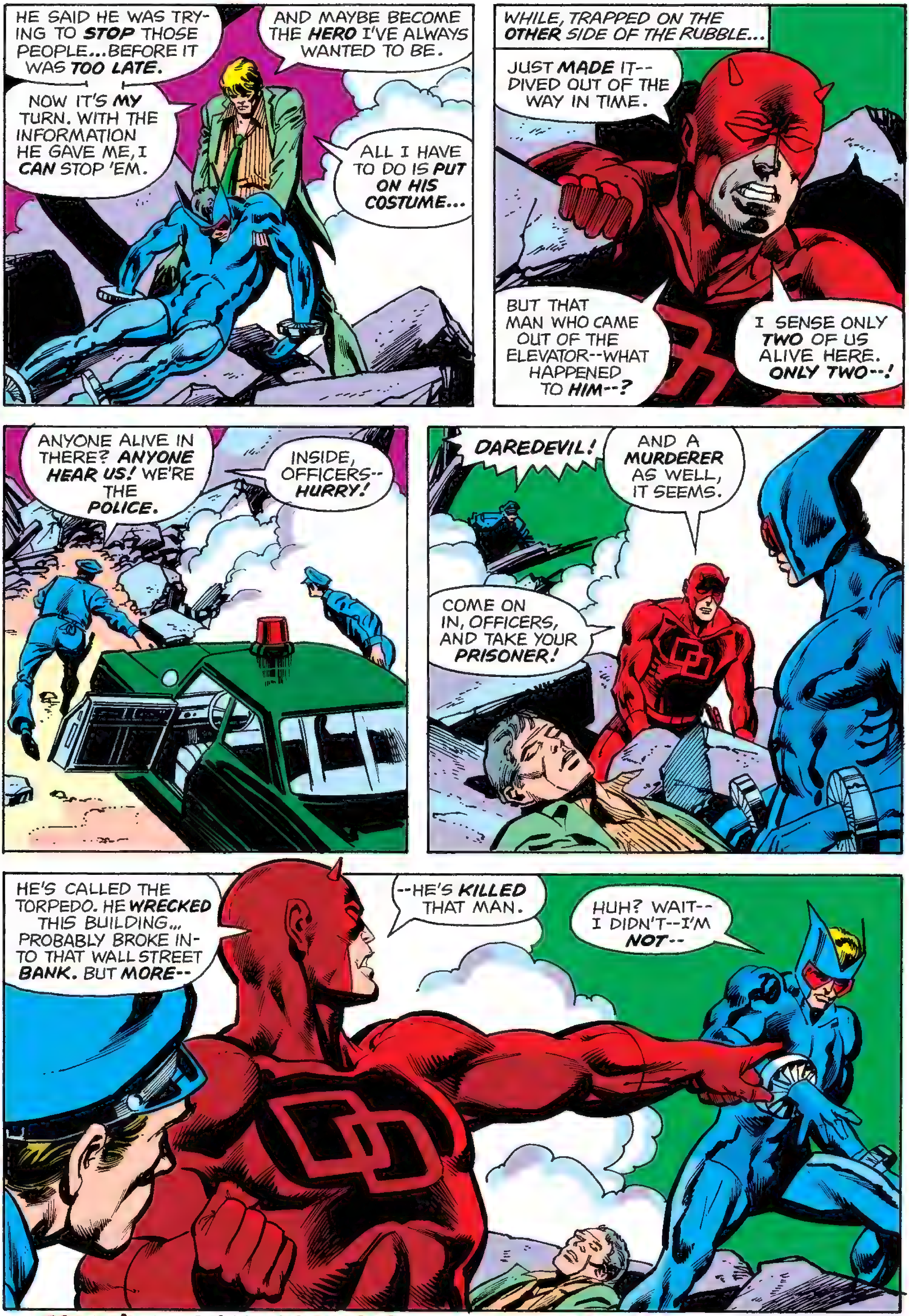

I DON'T WANT YOU **DEAD,** DAREDEVIL--I JUST WANT YOU TO **STOP BOTHERING ME!**
THEREFORE I WON'T **USE** MY ULTIMATE **DESTRUCTIVE POWERS** AGAINST YOU.
PERHAPS **THEN** YOU'LL **BELIEVE ME!**
SPLANG!
UNGGHHH


YEAH, SOMETHING'S OUT THERE. I CAN **HEAR** IT. SOUNDS LIKE THE WHOLE BLASTED **BUILDING'S** COLLAPSING FROM UNDER ME.
MAYBE I GOT OUT OF MY OFFICE JUST **IN TIME.**
B L 2 3 4
I DON'T **NEED** TO GO THROUGH AN ACTUAL **TOWERING INFERNO** EXPERIENCE RIGHT NOW.
I'M CONFUSED **ENOUGH.**


SORRY, TORP, BUT EVEN IF YOU **ARE** TELLING THE TRUTH, I STILL CAN'T LET YOU GET AWAY.
IF SOMETHING WAS **WRONG** YOU SHOULD HAVE GONE TO THE **POLICE...**
...AND NOT TAKEN THE MATTER INTO YOUR **OWN HANDS!**


AS *YOU* DO, DARDEVIL--?
WHO APPOINTED *YOU* GUARDIAN OF THE LAW?
YOU ACT OUT OF *YOUR* OWN CONSCIENCE--
--AS I ACT FROM *MINE!*
BUT IT SEEMS THAT YOU WILL *NOT* LET ME ALONE--THAT I *MUST* DO AWAY WITH YOU.
I *REGRET* WHAT I MUST DO, DAREDEVIL, BUT YOU'VE GIVEN ME *NO CHOICE.*
TOO WEAK...TOO TIRED TO *MOVE.*
HE'S *GOT ME!*
BUT...
B L 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
WHAT? THE ELEVATOR DOOR *OPENS*--
SOMEONE *INSIDE*--
CAN'T HURT HIM! CAN'T LET AN *INNOCENT* SUFFER.
EVEN AS HIS FIST LASHES OUT, THE TORPEDO *TURNS*--
--AND, WITH ONLY *INCHES* TO SPARE, *MISSES* BROCK JONES. BUT IT IS TOO LATE TO *CHECK* HIS LETHAL ASSAULT--TO *STOP* HIS DEADLY *IMPACT*--
AND SO, WITH THE FORCE OF A *LIVING BOMB*, THE FURY OF THE TORPEDO IS *UNLEASHED!*
KA-BLAM!


STONE AND MORTAR CRUMBLE UNDER HIS EXPLOSIVE PUNCH. STEEL GIRDERS BUCKLE BENEATH THE SUDDEN SHOCK.
KRUMMMBLLLEE!
AND, LIKE THE PROVERBIAL HOUSE OF CARDS, THE BUILDING COMES TUMBLING DOWN!
FOR MINUTES, ALL LIES QUIET. THEN BROCK JONES STIRS, AND SHAKES OFF THE PAIN LANCING THROUGH HIS LEGS. HE RISES, AND HE HEARS...
SOMEONE...MY CHEST...ON FIRE ...HELP ME...
...HELP ME...
HUH? THAT GUY-- TRAPPED.
HANG ON, MISTER, I'LL PULL THOSE STONES OFF A' YOU.
YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT. I PROMISE YA THAT.
NO...IT'S TOO LATE. MY CHEST IS CRUSHED.
...BUT YOU MUST LISTEN...HELP ME. COMPLETE WHAT I BEGAN...SO IMPORTANT...
SO VERY IMPORTANT. LISTEN...
A MOMENT PASSES, AND THEN--
DEAD!
BUT I PROMISED THAT I'D HELP HIM. I SWORE I'D DO WHAT HE'D ASKED ME TO.
AND, SO HELP ME, I WILL! HE WON'T HAVE DIED IN VAIN!


HE SAID HE WAS TRYING TO **STOP** THOSE PEOPLE...BEFORE IT WAS **TOO LATE.**
AND MAYBE BECOME THE **HERO** I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO BE.
NOW IT'S **MY** TURN. WITH THE INFORMATION HE GAVE ME, I **CAN** STOP 'EM.
ALL I HAVE TO DO IS **PUT ON HIS COSTUME...**
WHILE, TRAPPED ON THE ***OTHER*** *SIDE OF THE RUBBLE...*
JUST **MADE** IT-- DIVED OUT OF THE WAY IN TIME.
BUT THAT MAN WHO CAME OUT OF THE ELEVATOR--WHAT HAPPENED TO **HIM--?**
I SENSE ONLY **TWO** OF US ALIVE HERE. **ONLY TWO--!**
ANYONE ALIVE IN THERE? **ANYONE HEAR US!** WE'RE THE **POLICE.**
INSIDE, OFFICERS-- **HURRY!**
DAREDEVIL!
AND A **MURDERER** AS WELL, IT SEEMS.
COME ON IN, OFFICERS, AND TAKE YOUR **PRISONER!**
HE'S CALLED THE TORPEDO. HE **WRECKED** THIS BUILDING... PROBABLY BROKE INTO THAT WALL STREET **BANK.** BUT **MORE--**
--HE'S **KILLED** THAT MAN.
HUH? WAIT-- I DIDN'T--I'M **NOT--**

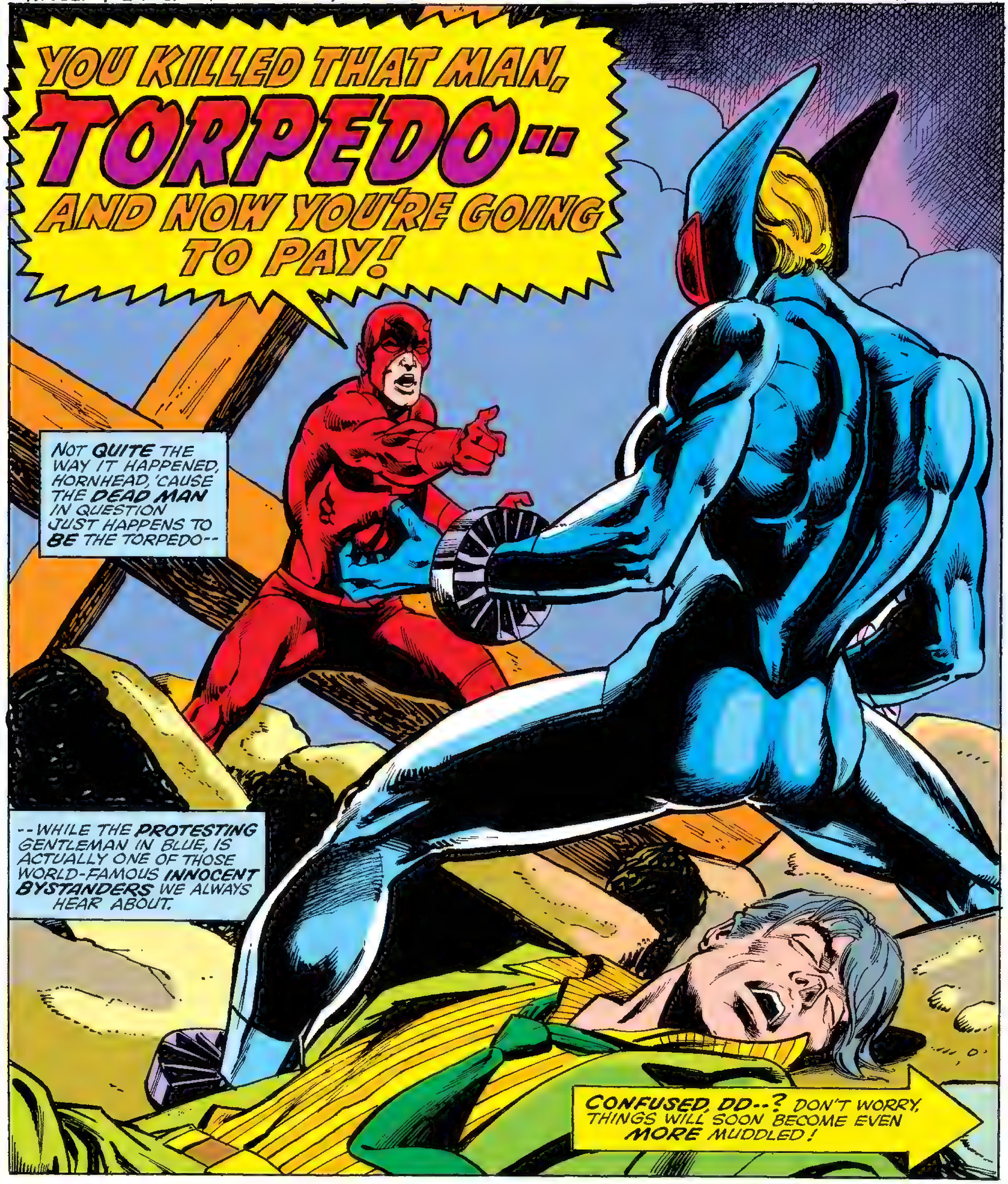
THE ***ACTION'S*** *JUST BEGUN, FRANTIC ONE--* ***NEXT ISSUE*** *THE BATTLE OF THE CENTURY! THE* ***TORPEDO*** *STRIKES AT MIDNIGHT .. AND DAREDEVIL* ***BETTER*** *BEWARE!*

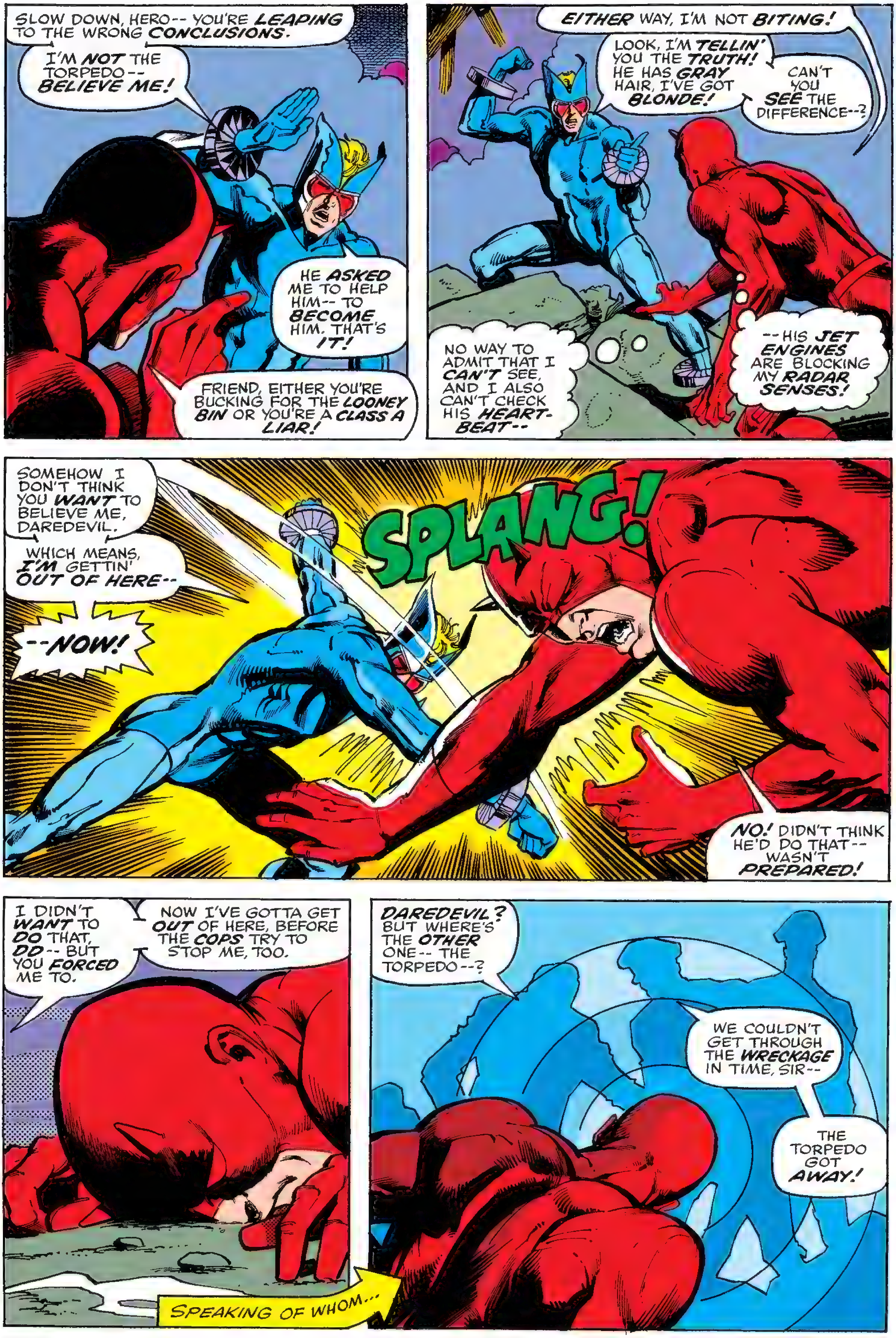
DAREDEVIL
MARVEL COMICS GROUP™
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
25¢
127
NOV
02459
DAREDEVIL®
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!
ACTION AS YOU LIKE IT IN THE MIGHTY MARVEL MANNER!
A MINDLESS BATTLE WAGED IN A FEAR-STRUCK SURBURBAN HOME!
AND FOR DAREDEVIL TO WIN--AN INNOCENT MUST DIE!
"THE TORPEDO STRIKES AT DAWN!"

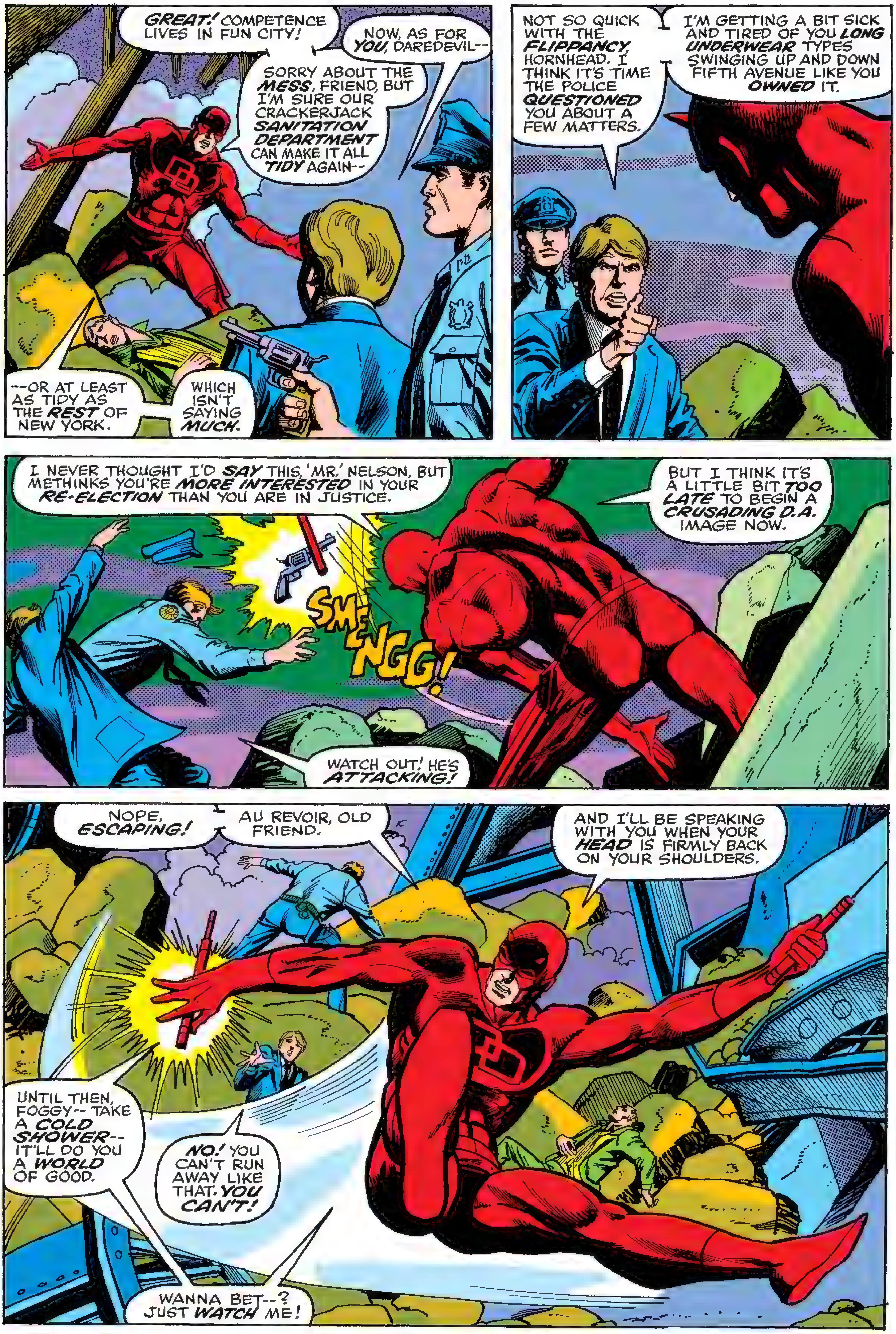
He dwells in eternal night— but the blackness is filled with sounds and scents, tastes and textures other men cannot perceive. For though attorney MATT MURDOCK is *blind,* his other four senses function with *superhuman sharpness*—his uncanny *radar sense* guides him over every obstacle! He stalks the streets by night, a relentless red-garbed foe of evil!

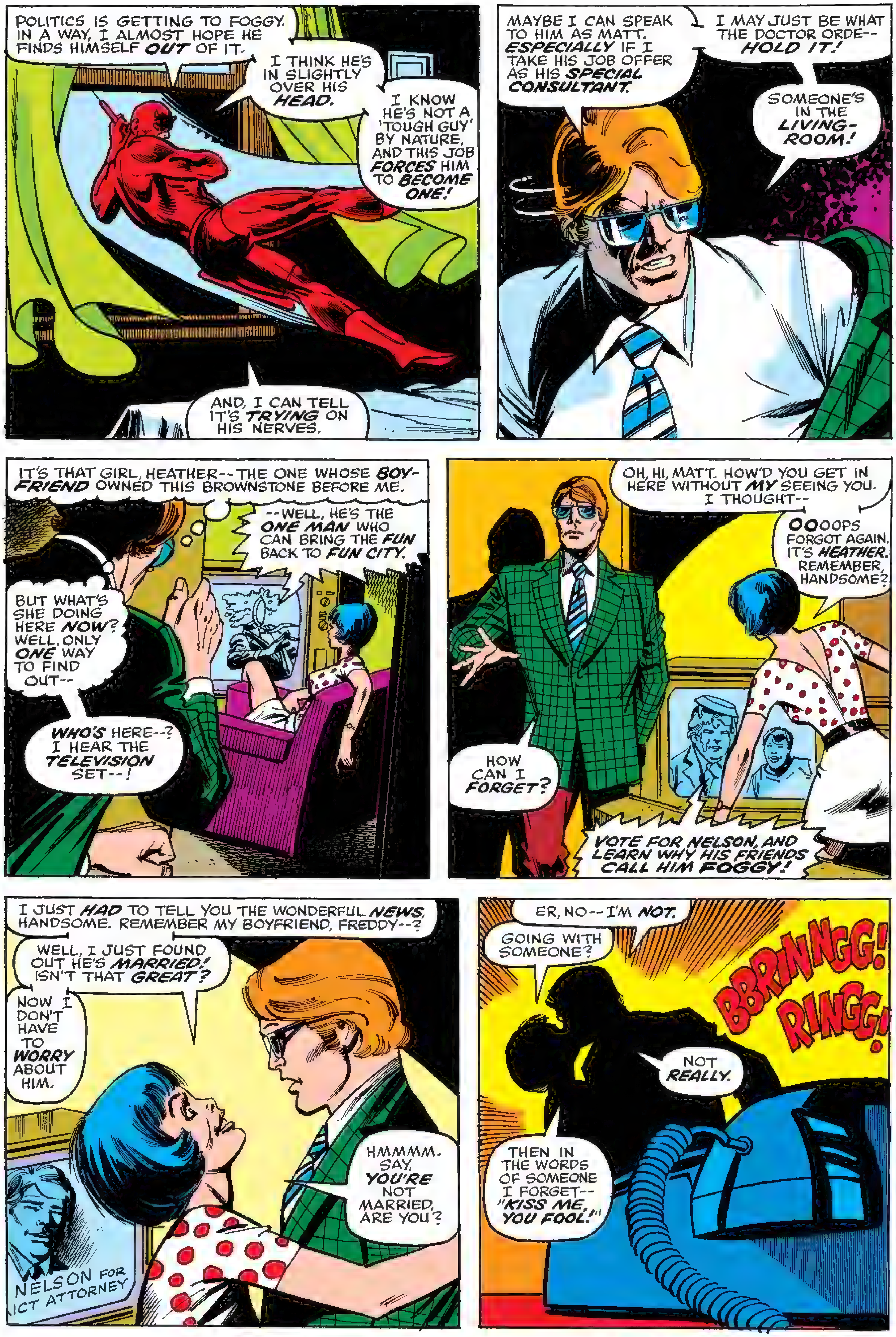
Stan Lee PRESENTS: DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!™

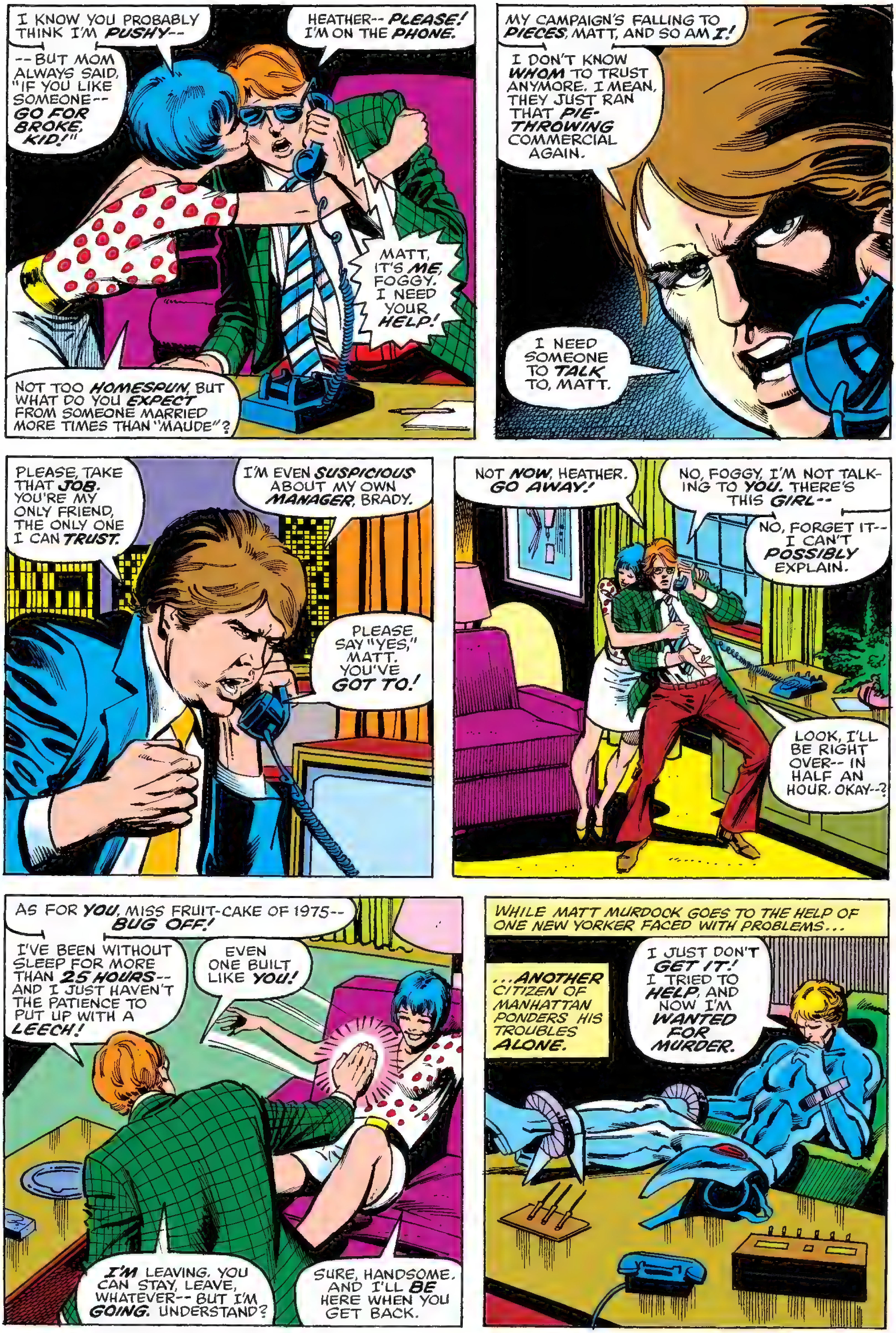
MARV WOLFMAN *Writer / Editor* / BOB BROWN & KLAUS JANSON *Artists* / PETRA GOLDBERG *Colorist* / JOE ROSEN *Letterer*

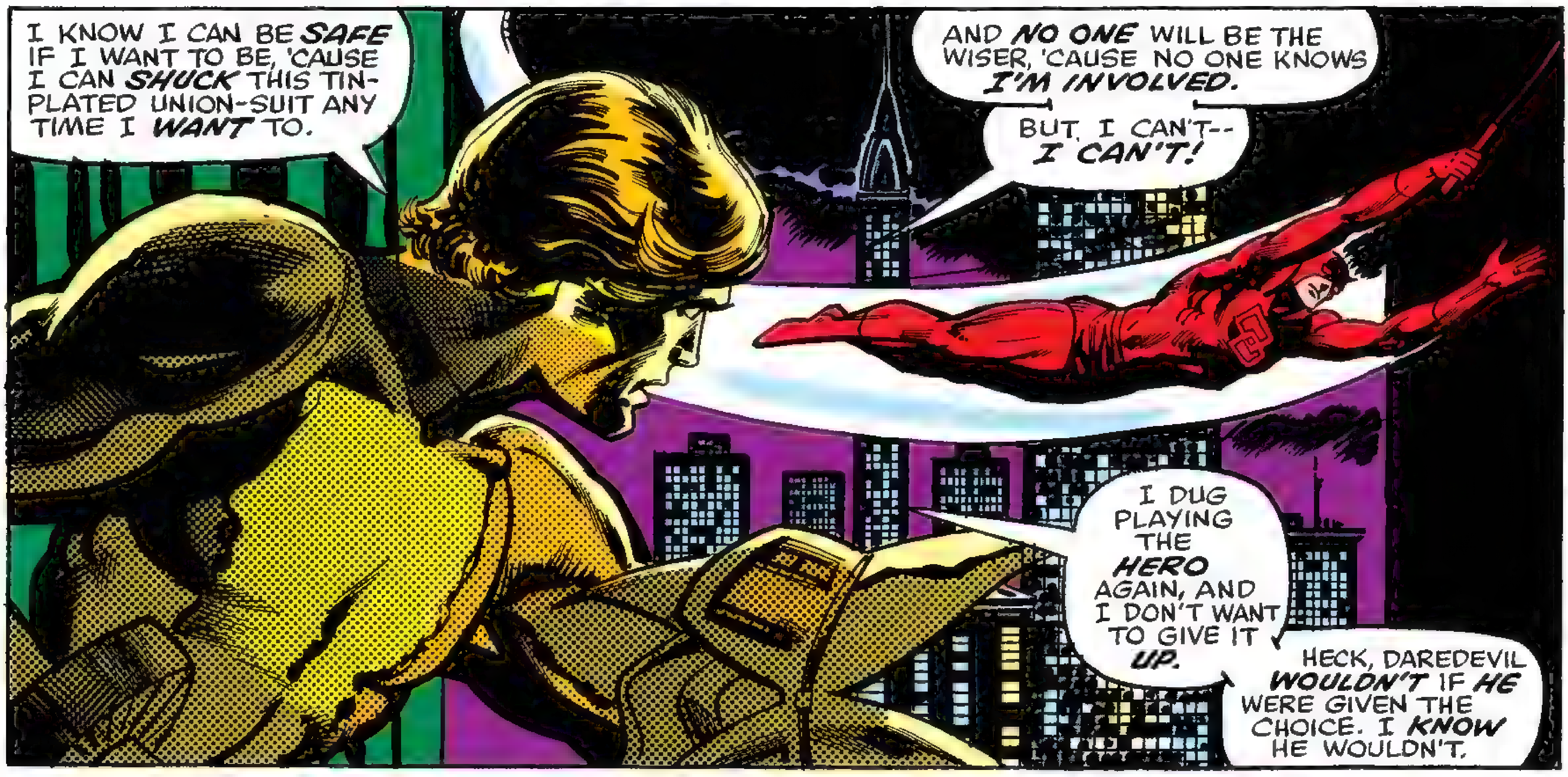

YOU KILLED THAT MAN, TORPEDO-- AND NOW YOU'RE GOING TO PAY!
NOT QUITE THE WAY IT HAPPENED, HORNHEAD, 'CAUSE THE DEAD MAN IN QUESTION JUST HAPPENS TO BE THE TORPEDO--
--WHILE THE PROTESTING GENTLEMAN IN BLUE, IS ACTUALLY ONE OF THOSE WORLD-FAMOUS INNOCENT BYSTANDERS WE ALWAYS HEAR ABOUT.
CONFUSED, DD--? DON'T WORRY, THINGS WILL SOON BECOME EVEN MORE MUDDLED!

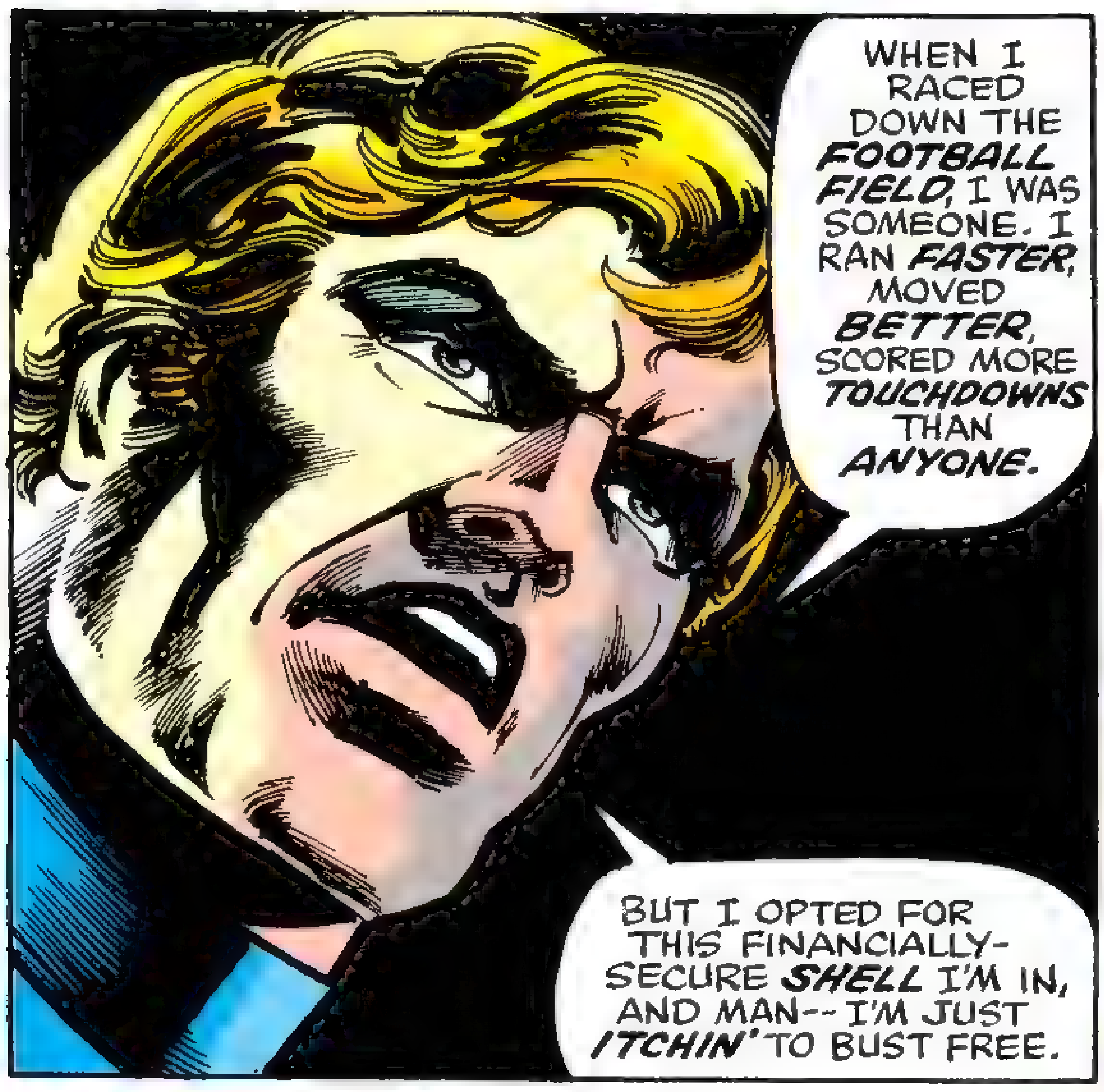

SLOW DOWN, HERO-- YOU'RE *LEAPING* TO THE WRONG *CONCLUSIONS*.
I'M *NOT* THE TORPEDO-- *BELIEVE ME!*
HE *ASKED* ME TO HELP HIM-- TO *BECOME* HIM. THAT'S *IT!*
FRIEND, EITHER YOU'RE BUCKING FOR THE *LOONEY BIN* OR YOU'RE A *CLASS A LIAR!*
EITHER WAY, I'M NOT *BITING!*
LOOK, I'M *TELLIN'* YOU THE *TRUTH!* HE HAS *GRAY* HAIR, I'VE GOT *BLONDE!*
CAN'T YOU *SEE* THE DIFFERENCE--?
NO WAY TO ADMIT THAT I *CAN'T* SEE, AND I ALSO CAN'T CHECK HIS *HEART-BEAT*--
--HIS *JET ENGINES* ARE BLOCKING MY *RADAR SENSES!*
SOMEHOW I DON'T THINK YOU *WANT* TO BELIEVE ME, DAREDEVIL.
WHICH MEANS, *I'M* GETTIN' *OUT OF HERE*--
--*NOW!*
SPLANG!
NO! DIDN'T THINK HE'D DO THAT-- WASN'T *PREPARED!*
I DIDN'T *WANT* TO *DO* THAT, *DD*-- BUT YOU *FORCED* ME TO.
NOW I'VE GOTTA GET *OUT* OF HERE, BEFORE THE *COPS* TRY TO STOP ME, TOO.
SPEAKING OF WHOM...
DAREDEVIL? BUT WHERE'S THE *OTHER* ONE-- THE TORPEDO--?
WE COULDN'T GET THROUGH THE *WRECKAGE* IN TIME, SIR--
THE TORPEDO GOT *AWAY!*

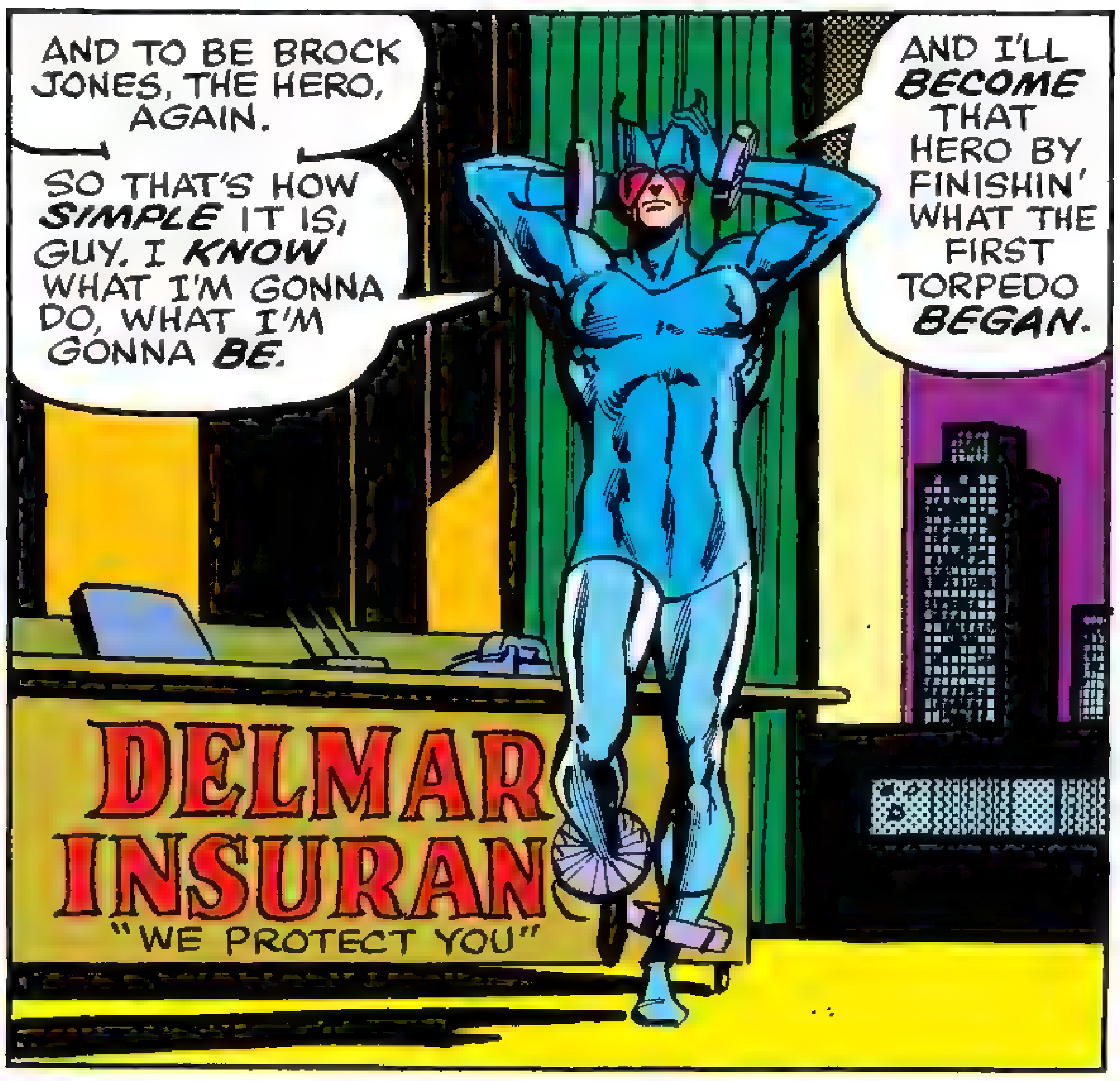

GREAT! COMPETENCE LIVES IN FUN CITY!
NOW, AS FOR YOU, DAREDEVIL--
SORRY ABOUT THE MESS, FRIEND, BUT I'M SURE OUR CRACKERJACK SANITATION DEPARTMENT CAN MAKE IT ALL TIDY AGAIN--
--OR AT LEAST AS TIDY AS THE REST OF NEW YORK.
WHICH ISN'T SAYING MUCH.
NOT SO QUICK WITH THE FLIPPANCY, HORNHEAD. I THINK IT'S TIME THE POLICE QUESTIONED YOU ABOUT A FEW MATTERS.
I'M GETTING A BIT SICK AND TIRED OF YOU LONG UNDERWEAR TYPES SWINGING UP AND DOWN FIFTH AVENUE LIKE YOU OWNED IT.
I NEVER THOUGHT I'D SAY THIS, 'MR.' NELSON, BUT METHINKS YOU'RE MORE INTERESTED IN YOUR RE-ELECTION THAN YOU ARE IN JUSTICE.
BUT I THINK IT'S A LITTLE BIT TOO LATE TO BEGIN A CRUSADING D.A. IMAGE NOW.
SMENGG!
WATCH OUT! HE'S ATTACKING!
NOPE, ESCAPING!
AU REVOIR, OLD FRIEND.
AND I'LL BE SPEAKING WITH YOU WHEN YOUR HEAD IS FIRMLY BACK ON YOUR SHOULDERS.
UNTIL THEN, FOGGY-- TAKE A COLD SHOWER-- IT'LL DO YOU A WORLD OF GOOD.
NO! YOU CAN'T RUN AWAY LIKE THAT. YOU CAN'T!
WANNA BET--? JUST WATCH ME!

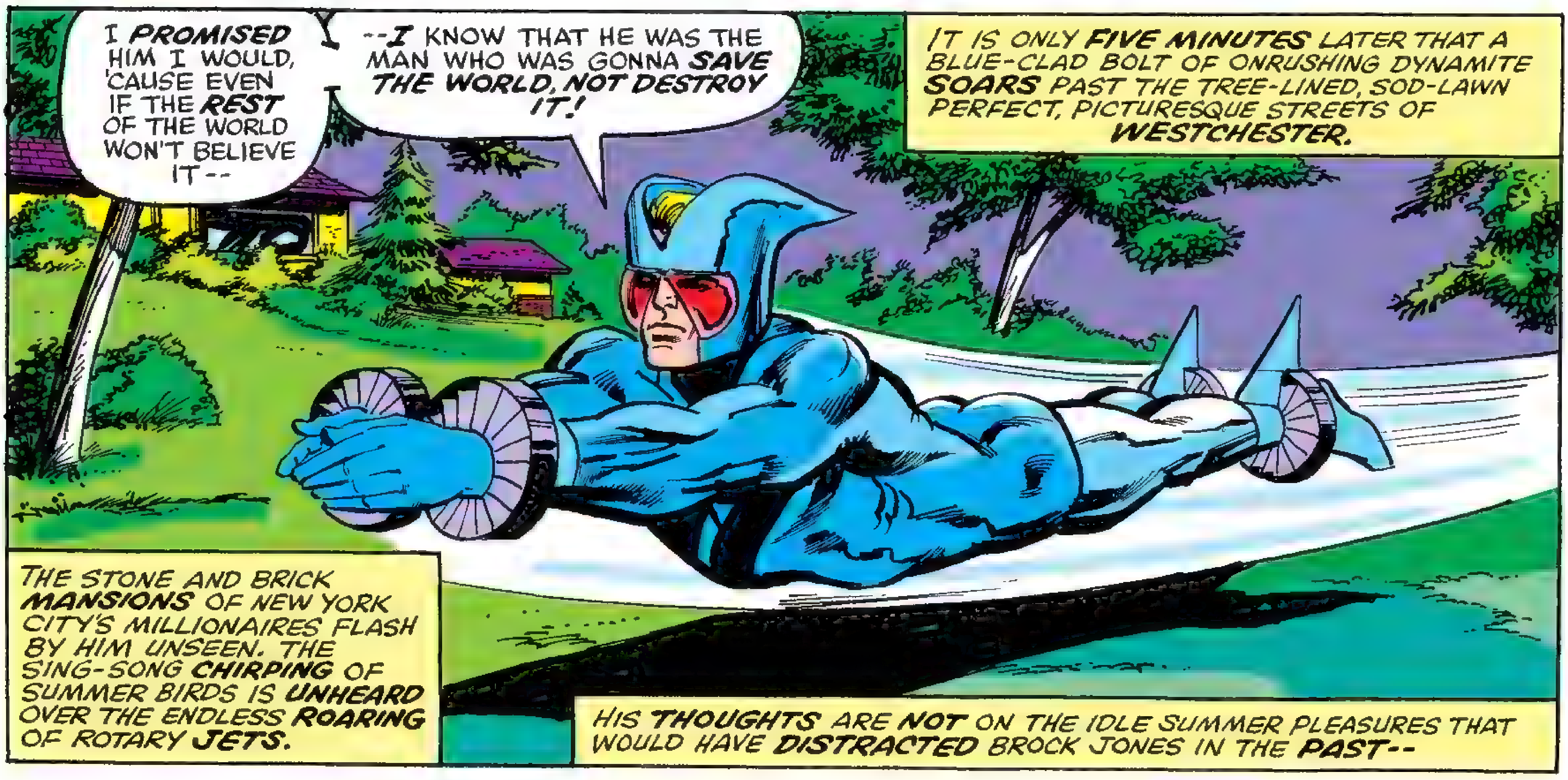

POLITICS IS GETTING TO FOGGY. IN A WAY, I ALMOST HOPE HE FINDS HIMSELF *OUT* OF IT.
I THINK HE'S IN SLIGHTLY OVER HIS *HEAD.*
I KNOW HE'S NOT A 'TOUGH GUY' BY NATURE, AND THIS JOB *FORCES* HIM TO *BECOME ONE!*
AND, I CAN TELL IT'S *TRYING* ON HIS NERVES.
MAYBE I CAN SPEAK TO HIM AS MATT. *ESPECIALLY* IF I TAKE HIS JOB OFFER AS HIS *SPECIAL CONSULTANT.*
I MAY JUST BE WHAT THE DOCTOR ORDE-- *HOLD IT!*
SOMEONE'S IN THE *LIVING-ROOM!*
IT'S THAT GIRL, HEATHER--THE ONE WHOSE *BOY-FRIEND* OWNED THIS BROWNSTONE BEFORE ME.
--WELL, HE'S THE *ONE MAN* WHO CAN BRING THE *FUN* BACK TO *FUN CITY.*
BUT WHAT'S SHE DOING HERE *NOW*? WELL, ONLY *ONE* WAY TO FIND OUT--
WHO'S HERE--? I HEAR THE *TELEVISION* SET--!
OH, HI, MATT. HOW'D YOU GET IN HERE WITHOUT *MY* SEEING YOU. I THOUGHT--
OOOOPS FORGOT AGAIN. IT'S *HEATHER.* REMEMBER, HANDSOME?
HOW CAN I *FORGET?*
VOTE FOR NELSON, AND LEARN WHY HIS FRIENDS CALL HIM FOGGY!
I JUST *HAD* TO TELL YOU THE WONDERFUL *NEWS,* HANDSOME. REMEMBER MY BOYFRIEND, FREDDY--?
WELL, I JUST FOUND OUT HE'S *MARRIED!* ISN'T THAT *GREAT?*
NOW I DON'T HAVE TO *WORRY* ABOUT HIM.
HMMMM. SAY, *YOU'RE* NOT MARRIED, ARE YOU?
NELSON FOR
ICT ATTORNEY
ER, NO--I'M *NOT.*
GOING WITH SOMEONE?
NOT *REALLY.*
THEN IN THE WORDS OF SOMEONE I FORGET--"*KISS ME, YOU FOOL!*"
BBRINNGG! RINGG!

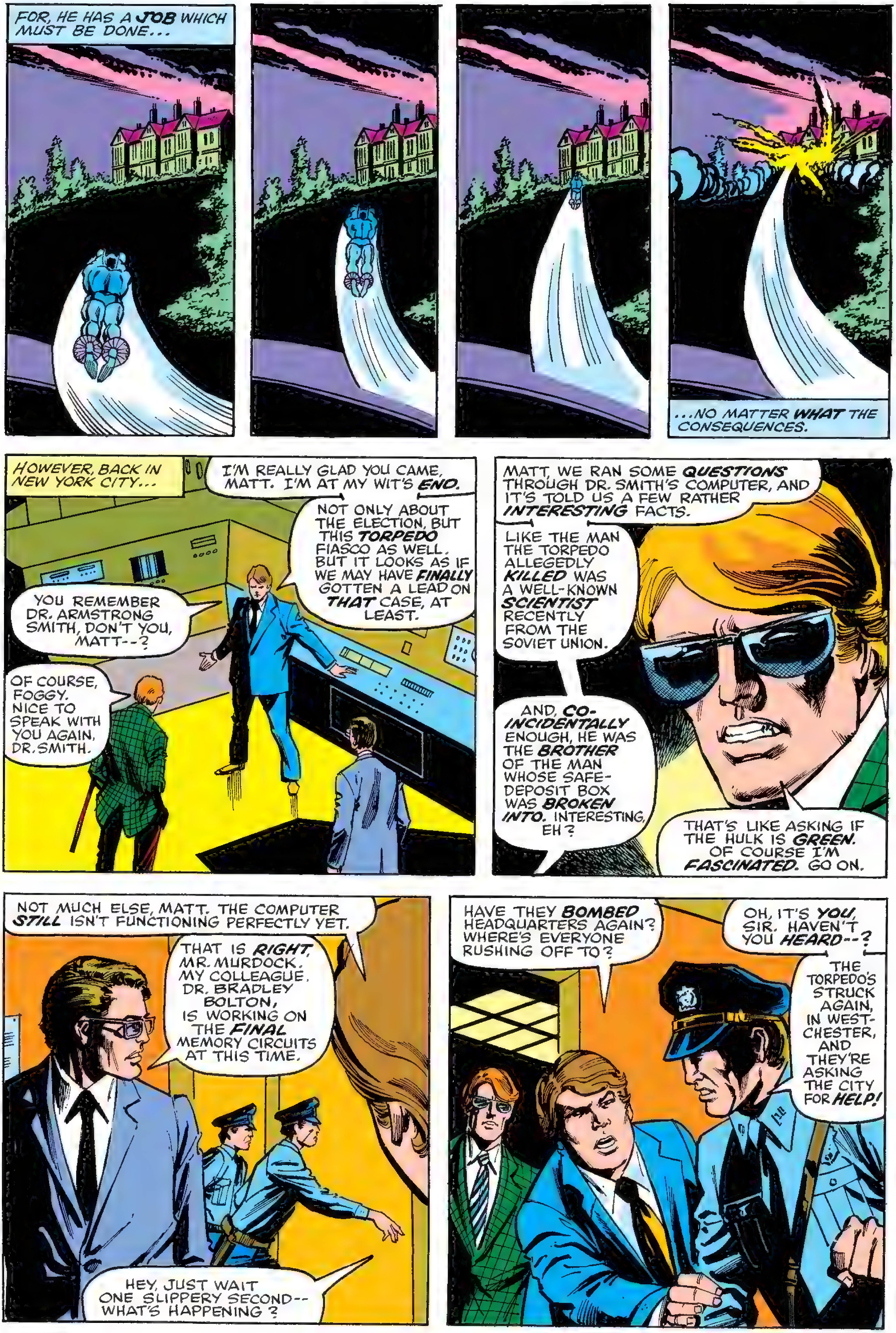

I KNOW YOU PROBABLY THINK I'M **PUSHY**--
--BUT MOM ALWAYS SAID, "IF YOU LIKE SOMEONE-- **GO FOR BROKE, KID!**"
HEATHER-- **PLEASE!** I'M ON THE **PHONE.**
MATT, IT'S **ME,** FOGGY. I NEED YOUR **HELP!**
NOT TOO **HOMESPUN,** BUT WHAT DO YOU **EXPECT** FROM SOMEONE MARRIED MORE TIMES THAN "MAUDE"?
MY CAMPAIGN'S FALLING TO **PIECES,** MATT, AND SO AM **I!**
I DON'T KNOW **WHOM** TO TRUST ANYMORE. I MEAN, THEY JUST RAN THAT **PIE-THROWING** COMMERCIAL AGAIN.
I NEED SOMEONE TO **TALK** TO, MATT.
PLEASE, TAKE THAT **JOB.** YOU'RE MY ONLY FRIEND, THE ONLY ONE I CAN **TRUST.**
I'M EVEN **SUSPICIOUS** ABOUT MY OWN **MANAGER,** BRADY.
PLEASE SAY "YES," MATT. YOU'VE **GOT TO!**
NOT **NOW,** HEATHER. **GO AWAY!**
NO, FOGGY, I'M NOT TALKING TO **YOU.** THERE'S THIS **GIRL**--
NO, FORGET IT-- I CAN'T **POSSIBLY** EXPLAIN.
LOOK, I'LL BE RIGHT OVER-- IN HALF AN HOUR. OKAY--?
AS FOR **YOU,** MISS FRUIT-CAKE OF 1975-- **BUG OFF!**
I'VE BEEN WITHOUT SLEEP FOR MORE THAN **25 HOURS**-- AND I JUST HAVEN'T THE PATIENCE TO PUT UP WITH A **LEECH!**
EVEN ONE BUILT LIKE **YOU!**
I'M LEAVING. YOU CAN STAY, LEAVE, WHATEVER-- BUT I'M **GOING.** UNDERSTAND?
SURE, HANDSOME. AND I'LL **BE** HERE WHEN YOU GET BACK.
WHILE MATT MURDOCK GOES TO THE HELP OF ONE NEW YORKER FACED WITH PROBLEMS...
...**ANOTHER** CITIZEN OF MANHATTAN PONDERS HIS TROUBLES **ALONE.**
I JUST DON'T **GET IT!** I TRIED TO **HELP,** AND NOW I'M **WANTED FOR MURDER.**

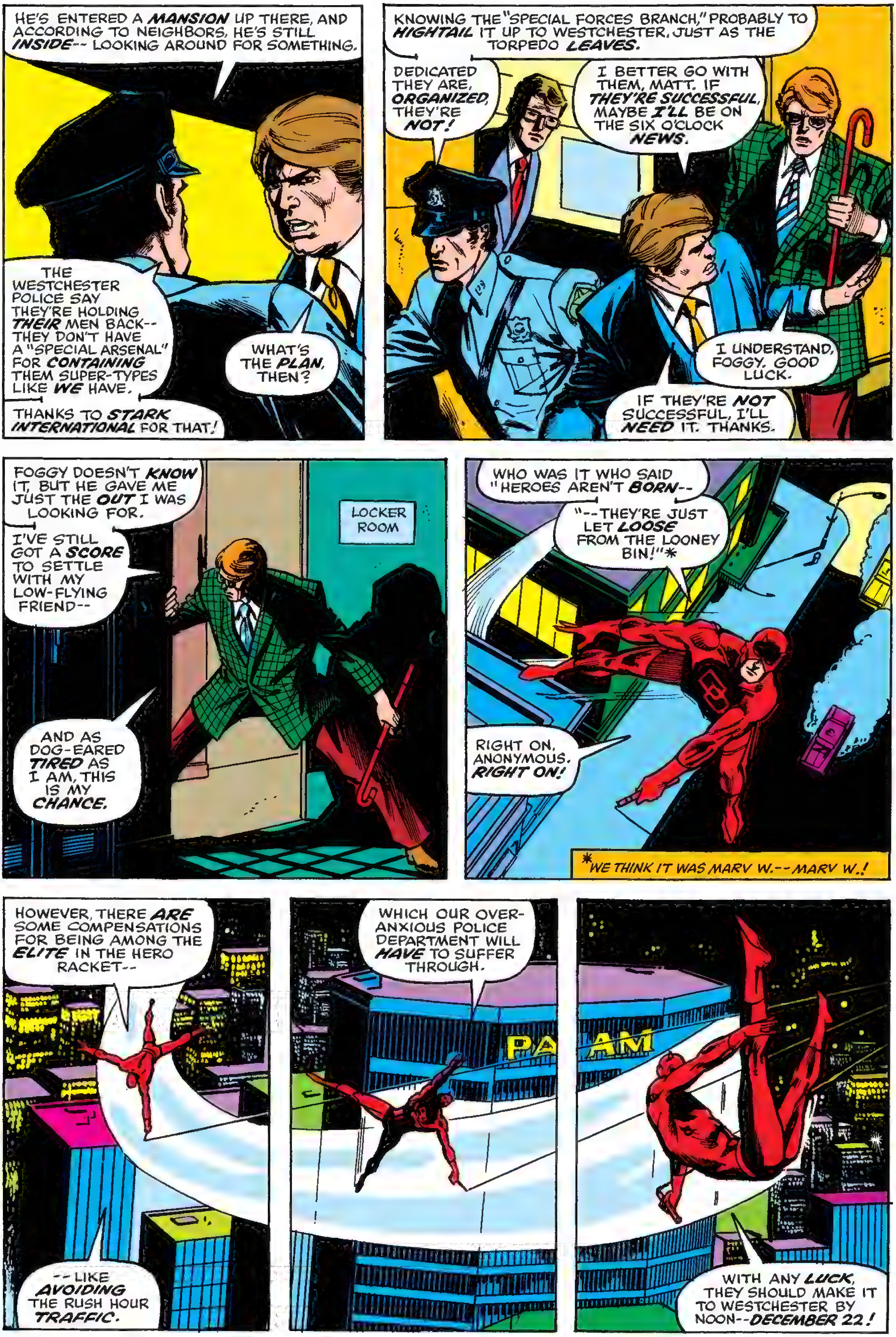

I KNOW I CAN BE SAFE IF I WANT TO BE, 'CAUSE I CAN SHUCK THIS TIN-PLATED UNION-SUIT ANY TIME I WANT TO.
AND NO ONE WILL BE THE WISER, 'CAUSE NO ONE KNOWS I'M INVOLVED.
BUT, I CAN'T-- I CAN'T!
I DUG PLAYING THE HERO AGAIN, AND I DON'T WANT TO GIVE IT UP.
HECK, DAREDEVIL WOULDN'T IF HE WERE GIVEN THE CHOICE. I KNOW HE WOULDN'T.

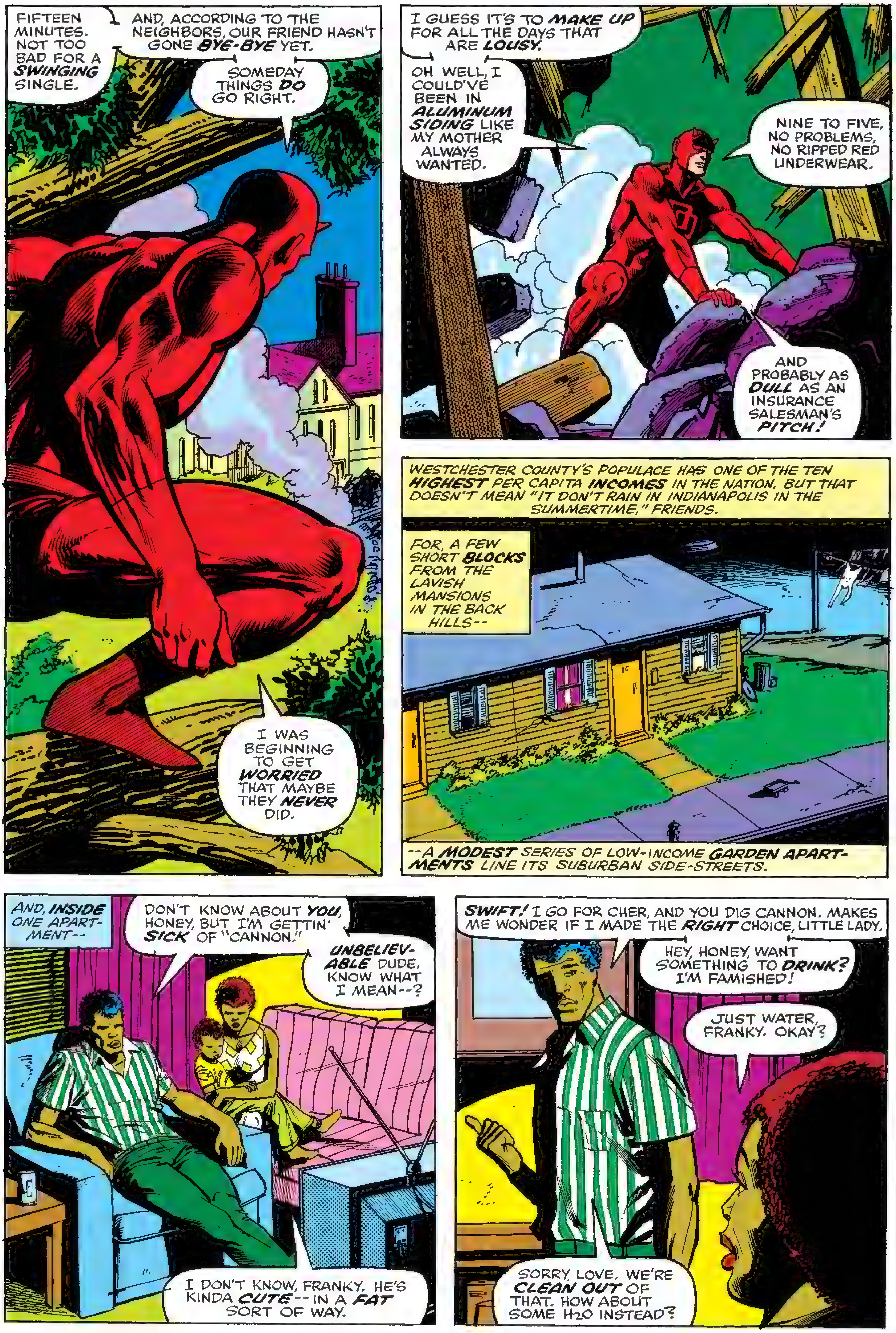

WHEN I RACED DOWN THE FOOTBALL FIELD, I WAS SOMEONE. I RAN FASTER, MOVED BETTER, SCORED MORE TOUCHDOWNS THAN ANYONE.
BUT I OPTED FOR THIS FINANCIALLY-SECURE SHELL I'M IN, AND MAN-- I'M JUST ITCHIN' TO BUST FREE.

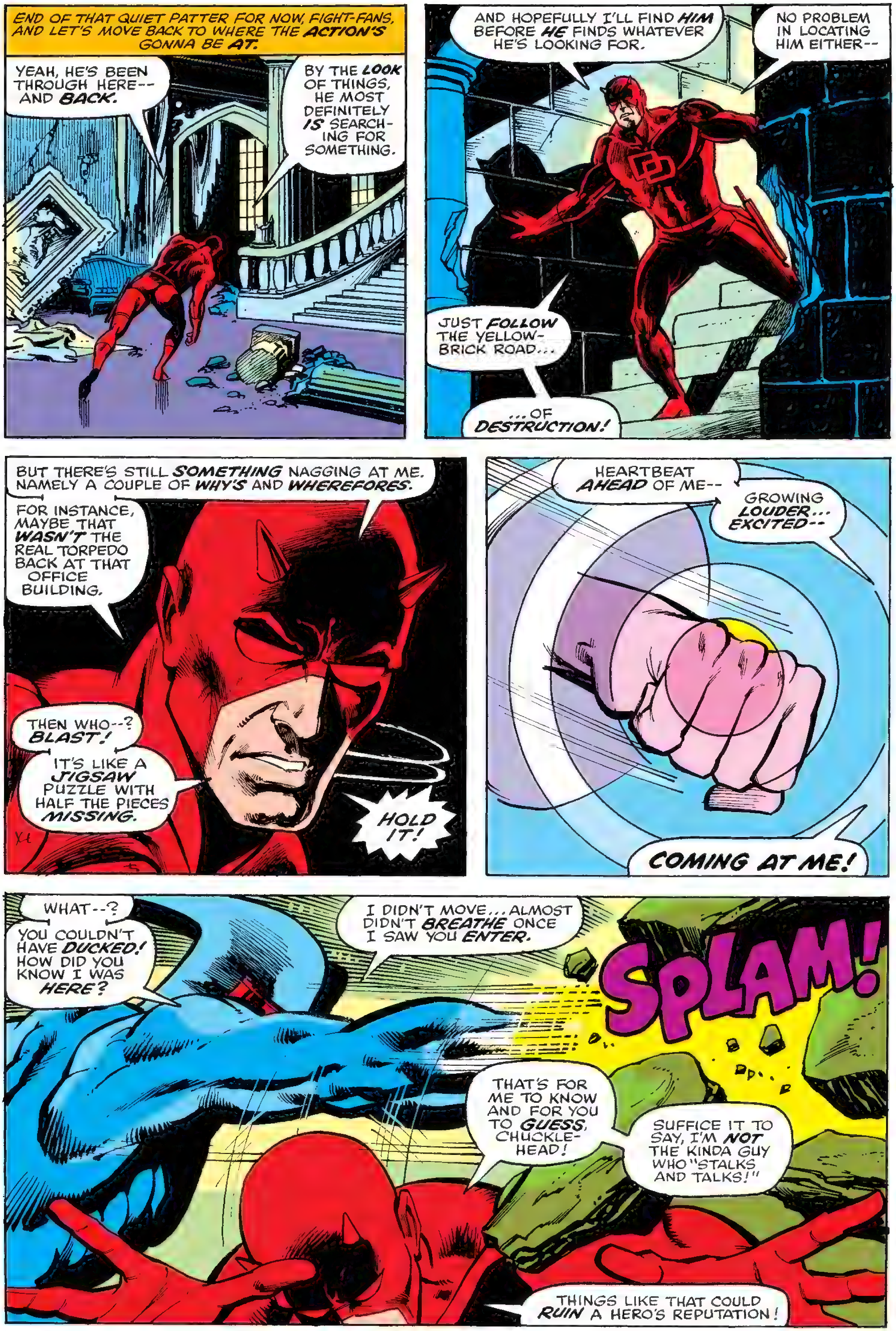

AND TO BE BROCK JONES, THE HERO, AGAIN.
SO THAT'S HOW SIMPLE IT IS, GUY. I KNOW WHAT I'M GONNA DO, WHAT I'M GONNA BE.
AND I'LL BECOME THAT HERO BY FINISHIN' WHAT THE FIRST TORPEDO BEGAN.
DELMAR INSURAN
"WE PROTECT YOU"

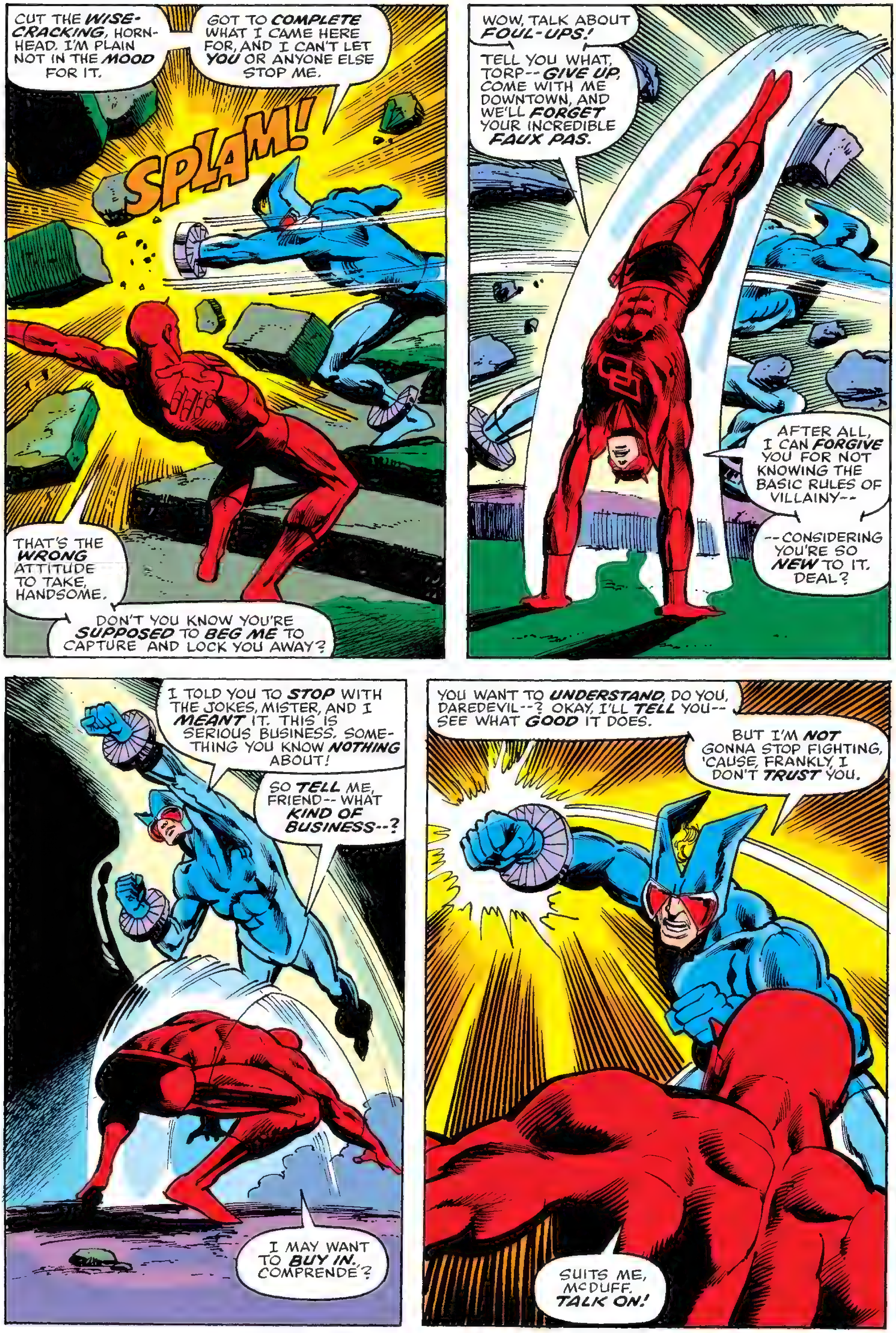

I PROMISED HIM I WOULD, 'CAUSE EVEN IF THE REST OF THE WORLD WON'T BELIEVE IT--
--I KNOW THAT HE WAS THE MAN WHO WAS GONNA SAVE THE WORLD, NOT DESTROY IT!
IT IS ONLY FIVE MINUTES LATER THAT A BLUE-CLAD BOLT OF ONRUSHING DYNAMITE SOARS PAST THE TREE-LINED, SOD-LAWN PERFECT, PICTURESQUE STREETS OF WESTCHESTER.
THE STONE AND BRICK MANSIONS OF NEW YORK CITY'S MILLIONAIRES FLASH BY HIM UNSEEN. THE SING-SONG CHIRPING OF SUMMER BIRDS IS UNHEARD OVER THE ENDLESS ROARING OF ROTARY JETS.
HIS THOUGHTS ARE NOT ON THE IDLE SUMMER PLEASURES THAT WOULD HAVE DISTRACTED BROCK JONES IN THE PAST--

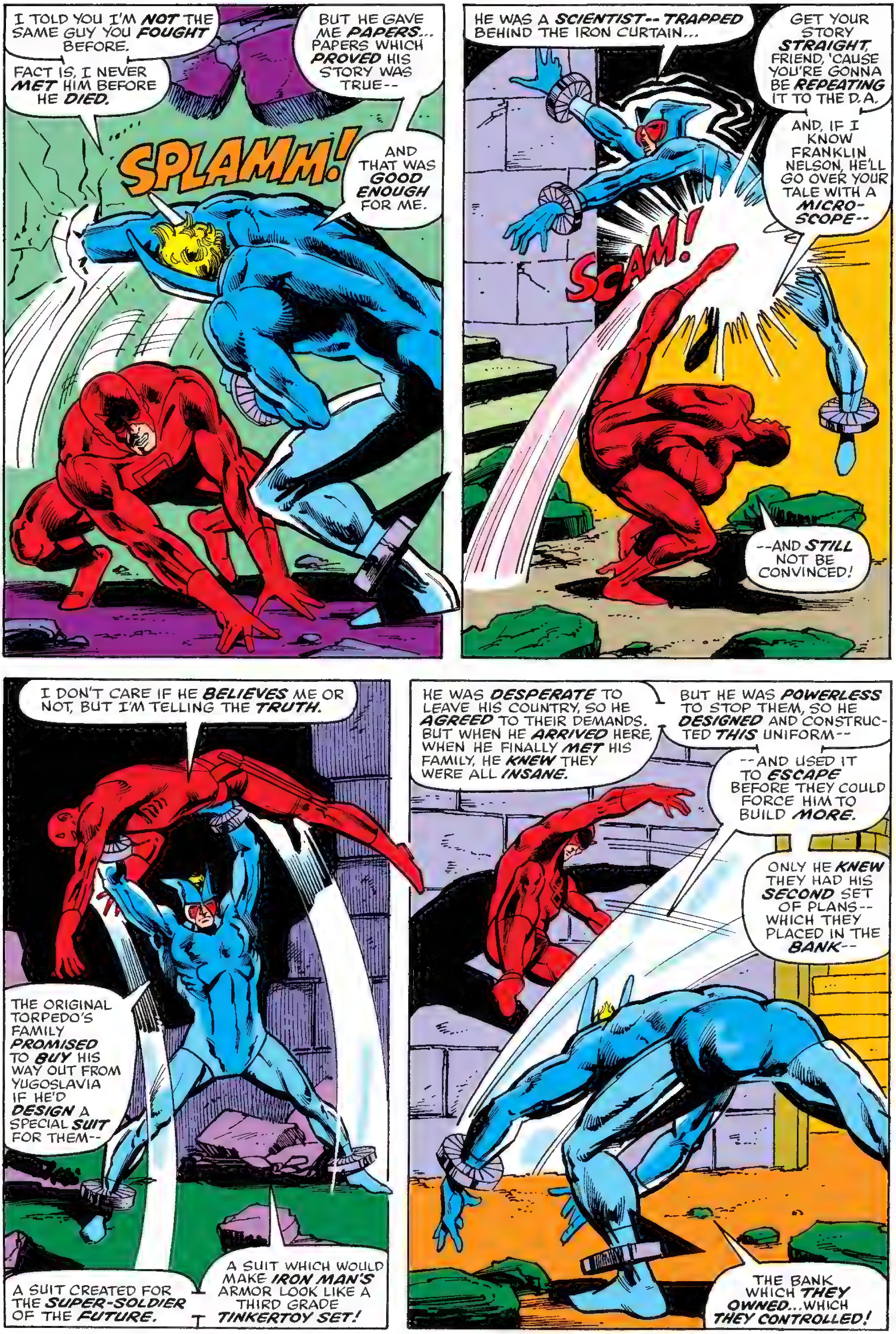

FOR, HE HAS A **JOB** WHICH MUST BE DONE...
...NO MATTER **WHAT** THE CONSEQUENCES.
HOWEVER, BACK IN NEW YORK CITY...
I'M REALLY GLAD YOU CAME, MATT. I'M AT MY WIT'S **END.**
NOT ONLY ABOUT THE ELECTION, BUT THIS **TORPEDO** FIASCO AS WELL. BUT IT LOOKS AS IF WE MAY HAVE **FINALLY** GOTTEN A LEAD ON **THAT** CASE, AT LEAST.
YOU REMEMBER DR. ARMSTRONG SMITH, DON'T YOU, MATT--?
OF COURSE, FOGGY. NICE TO SPEAK WITH YOU AGAIN, DR. SMITH.
MATT, WE RAN SOME **QUESTIONS** THROUGH DR. SMITH'S COMPUTER, AND IT'S TOLD US A FEW RATHER **INTERESTING** FACTS.
LIKE THE MAN THE TORPEDO ALLEGEDLY **KILLED** WAS A WELL-KNOWN **SCIENTIST** RECENTLY FROM THE SOVIET UNION.
AND, **CO-INCIDENTALLY** ENOUGH, HE WAS THE **BROTHER** OF THE MAN WHOSE SAFE-DEPOSIT BOX WAS **BROKEN INTO.** INTERESTING, EH?
THAT'S LIKE ASKING IF THE HULK IS **GREEN.** OF COURSE I'M **FASCINATED.** GO ON.
NOT MUCH ELSE, MATT. THE COMPUTER **STILL** ISN'T FUNCTIONING PERFECTLY YET.
THAT IS **RIGHT,** MR. MURDOCK. MY COLLEAGUE, DR. BRADLEY BOLTON, IS WORKING ON THE **FINAL** MEMORY CIRCUITS AT THIS TIME.
HEY, JUST WAIT ONE SLIPPERY SECOND-- WHAT'S HAPPENING?
HAVE THEY **BOMBED** HEADQUARTERS AGAIN? WHERE'S EVERYONE RUSHING OFF TO?
OH, IT'S **YOU,** SIR. HAVEN'T YOU **HEARD--?**
THE TORPEDO'S STRUCK AGAIN, IN WEST-CHESTER, AND THEY'RE ASKING THE CITY FOR **HELP!**

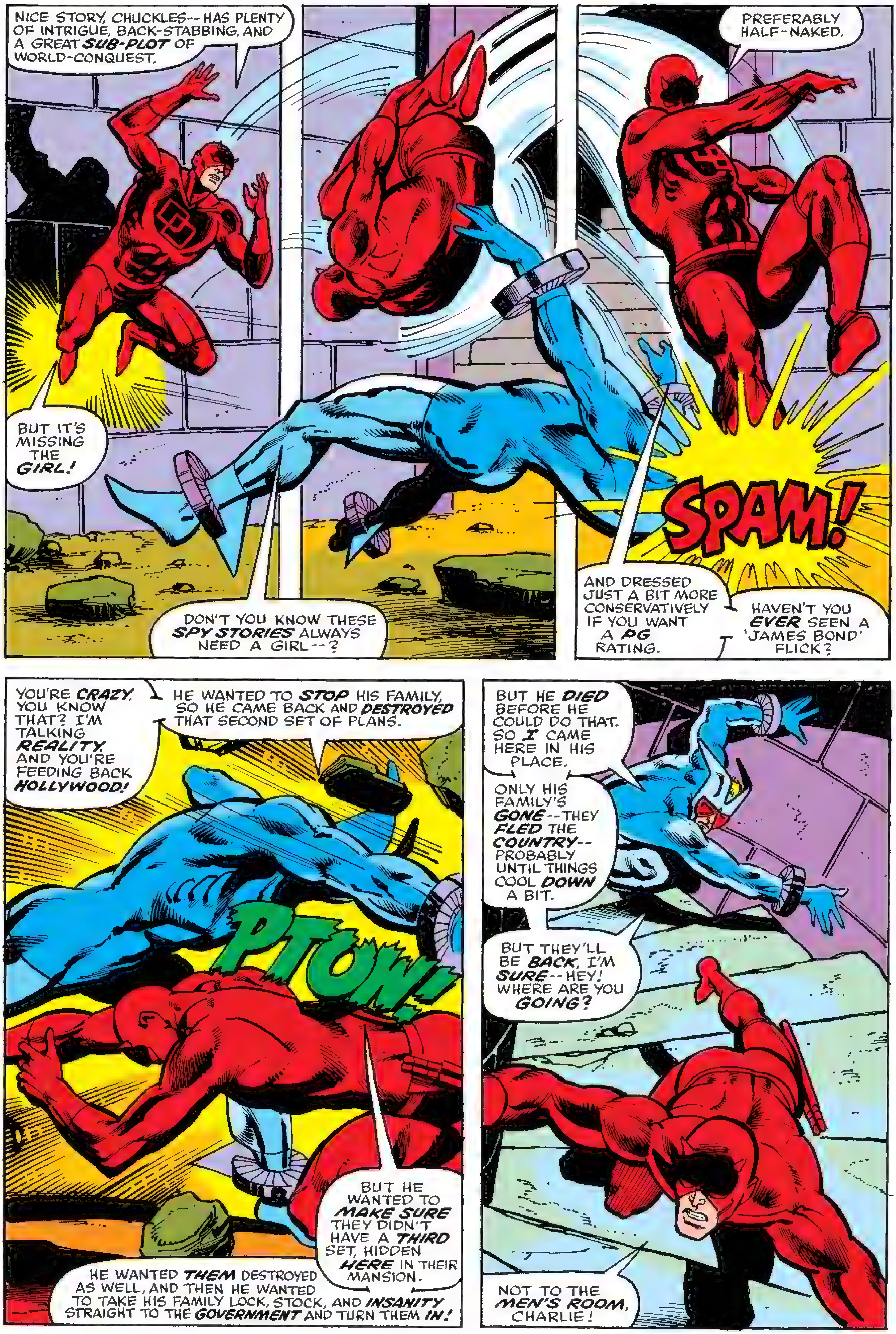

HE'S ENTERED A **MANSION** UP THERE, AND ACCORDING TO NEIGHBORS, HE'S STILL **INSIDE**-- LOOKING AROUND FOR SOMETHING.
THE WESTCHESTER POLICE SAY THEY'RE HOLDING **THEIR** MEN BACK-- THEY DON'T HAVE A "SPECIAL ARSENAL" FOR **CONTAINING** THEM SUPER-TYPES LIKE **WE** HAVE.
THANKS TO **STARK INTERNATIONAL** FOR THAT!
WHAT'S THE **PLAN**, THEN?
KNOWING THE "SPECIAL FORCES BRANCH," PROBABLY TO **HIGHTAIL** IT UP TO WESTCHESTER, JUST AS THE TORPEDO **LEAVES**.
DEDICATED THEY ARE, **ORGANIZED**, THEY'RE **NOT!**
I BETTER GO WITH THEM, MATT. IF **THEY'RE SUCCESSFUL**, MAYBE **I'LL** BE ON THE SIX O'CLOCK **NEWS**.
I UNDERSTAND, FOGGY. GOOD LUCK.
IF THEY'RE **NOT** SUCCESSFUL, I'LL **NEED** IT. THANKS.
FOGGY DOESN'T **KNOW** IT, BUT HE GAVE ME JUST THE **OUT** I WAS LOOKING FOR.
LOCKER ROOM
I'VE STILL GOT A **SCORE** TO SETTLE WITH MY LOW-FLYING FRIEND--
AND AS DOG-EARED **TIRED** AS I AM, THIS IS MY **CHANCE**.
WHO WAS IT WHO SAID "HEROES AREN'T **BORN**--
"--THEY'RE JUST LET **LOOSE** FROM THE LOONEY BIN!"*
RIGHT ON, ANONYMOUS. **RIGHT ON!**
*WE THINK IT WAS MARV W.--MARV W.!
HOWEVER, THERE **ARE** SOME COMPENSATIONS FOR BEING AMONG THE **ELITE** IN THE HERO RACKET--
--LIKE **AVOIDING** THE RUSH HOUR **TRAFFIC**.
WHICH OUR OVER-ANXIOUS POLICE DEPARTMENT WILL **HAVE** TO SUFFER THROUGH.
PAN AM
WITH ANY **LUCK**, THEY SHOULD MAKE IT TO WESTCHESTER BY NOON--**DECEMBER 22!**

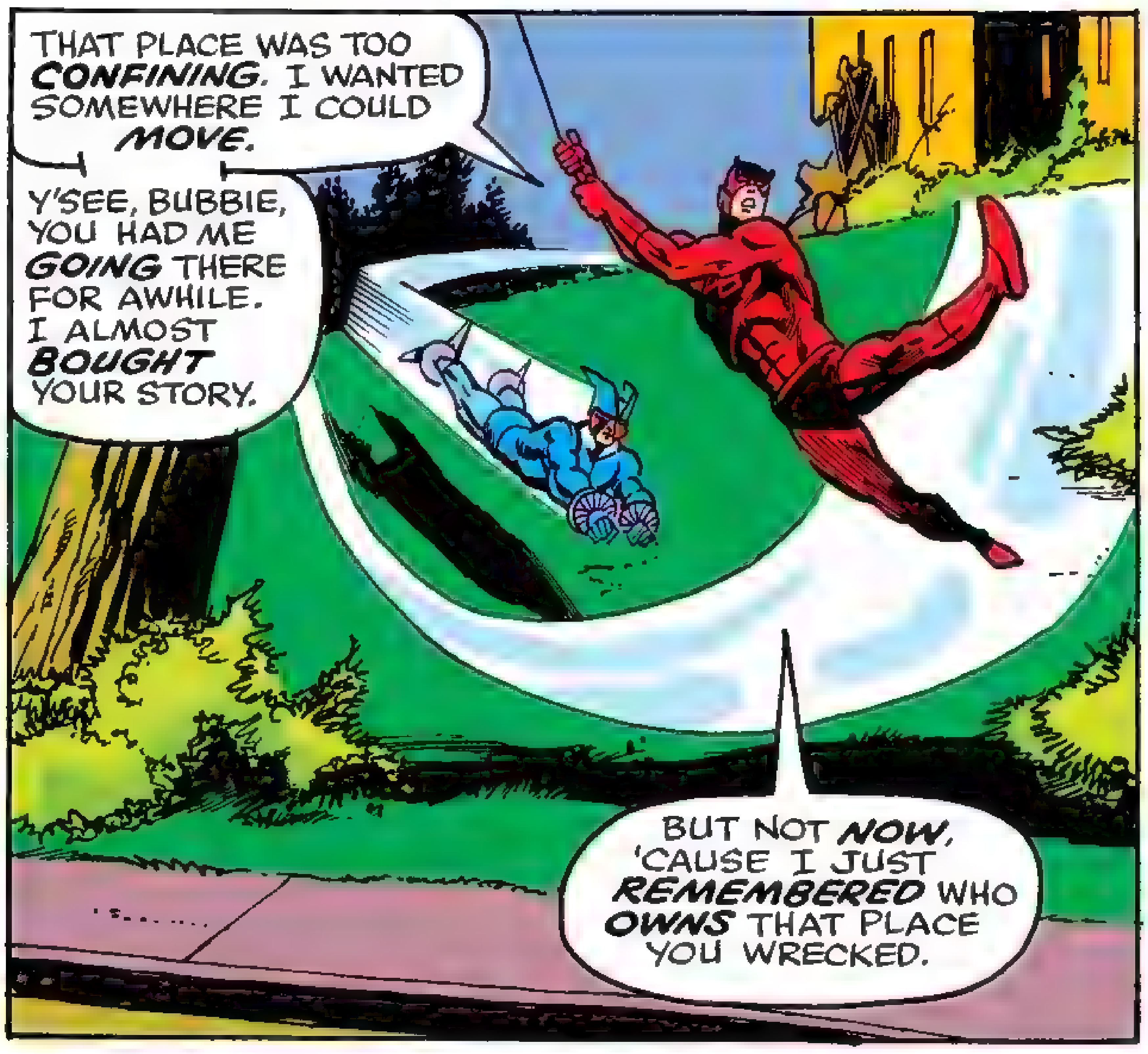

FIFTEEN MINUTES. NOT TOO BAD FOR A **SWINGING** SINGLE.
AND, ACCORDING TO THE NEIGHBORS, OUR FRIEND HASN'T GONE **BYE-BYE** YET.
SOMEDAY THINGS **DO** GO RIGHT.
I WAS BEGINNING TO GET **WORRIED** THAT MAYBE THEY **NEVER** DID.
I GUESS IT'S TO **MAKE UP** FOR ALL THE DAYS THAT ARE **LOUSY.**
OH WELL, I COULD'VE BEEN IN **ALUMINUM SIDING** LIKE MY MOTHER ALWAYS WANTED.
NINE TO FIVE, NO PROBLEMS, NO RIPPED RED UNDERWEAR.
AND PROBABLY AS **DULL** AS AN INSURANCE SALESMAN'S **PITCH!**
WESTCHESTER COUNTY'S POPULACE HAS ONE OF THE TEN **HIGHEST** PER CAPITA **INCOMES** IN THE NATION. BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN "IT DON'T RAIN IN INDIANAPOLIS IN THE SUMMERTIME," FRIENDS.
FOR, A FEW SHORT **BLOCKS** FROM THE LAVISH MANSIONS IN THE BACK HILLS--
--A **MODEST** SERIES OF LOW-INCOME **GARDEN APARTMENTS** LINE ITS SUBURBAN SIDE-STREETS.
AND, **INSIDE** ONE APARTMENT--
DON'T KNOW ABOUT **YOU**, HONEY, BUT I'M GETTIN' **SICK** OF "CANNON."
UNBELIEVABLE DUDE, KNOW WHAT I MEAN--?
I DON'T KNOW, FRANKY. HE'S KINDA **CUTE**--IN A **FAT** SORT OF WAY.
SWIFT! I GO FOR CHER, AND YOU DIG CANNON. MAKES ME WONDER IF I MADE THE **RIGHT** CHOICE, LITTLE LADY.
HEY, HONEY, WANT SOMETHING TO **DRINK?** I'M FAMISHED!
JUST WATER, FRANKY. OKAY?
SORRY, LOVE. WE'RE **CLEAN OUT** OF THAT. HOW ABOUT SOME H2O INSTEAD?

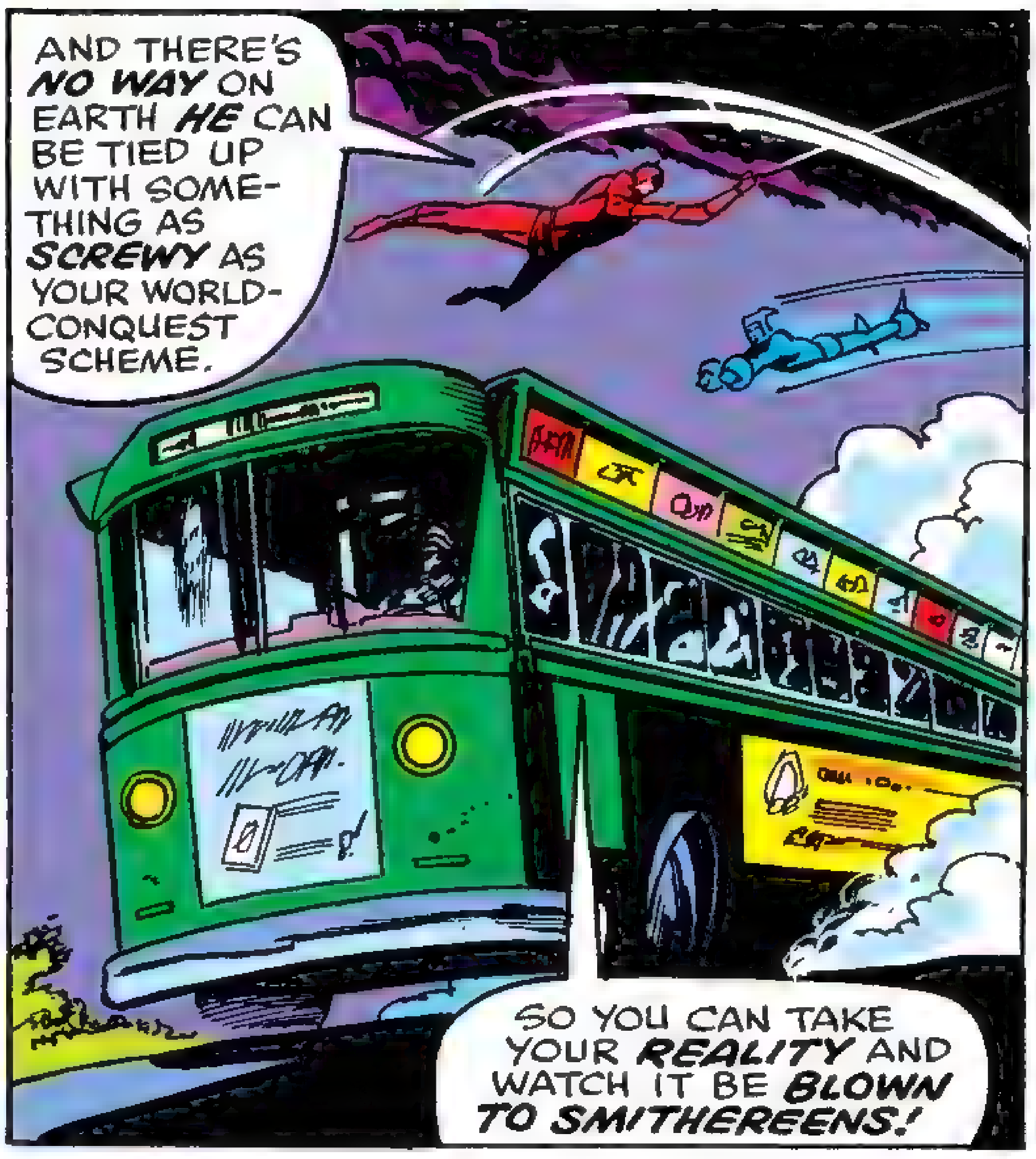

END OF THAT QUIET PATTER FOR NOW, FIGHT-FANS, AND LET'S MOVE BACK TO WHERE THE **ACTION'S** GONNA BE **AT.**
YEAH, HE'S BEEN THROUGH HERE-- AND **BACK.**
BY THE **LOOK** OF THINGS, HE MOST DEFINITELY **IS** SEARCHING FOR SOMETHING.
AND HOPEFULLY I'LL FIND **HIM** BEFORE **HE** FINDS WHATEVER HE'S LOOKING FOR.
NO PROBLEM IN LOCATING HIM EITHER--
JUST **FOLLOW** THE YELLOW-BRICK ROAD...
...OF **DESTRUCTION!**
BUT THERE'S STILL **SOMETHING** NAGGING AT ME. NAMELY A COUPLE OF **WHY'S** AND **WHEREFORES.**
FOR INSTANCE, MAYBE THAT **WASN'T** THE REAL TORPEDO BACK AT THAT OFFICE BUILDING.
THEN WHO--? **BLAST!**
IT'S LIKE A **JIGSAW** PUZZLE WITH HALF THE PIECES **MISSING.**
HOLD IT!
HEARTBEAT **AHEAD** OF ME--
GROWING **LOUDER... EXCITED--**
COMING AT ME!
WHAT--?
YOU COULDN'T HAVE **DUCKED!** HOW DID YOU KNOW I WAS **HERE?**
I DIDN'T MOVE... ALMOST DIDN'T **BREATHE** ONCE I SAW YOU **ENTER.**
SPLAM!
THAT'S FOR ME TO KNOW AND FOR YOU TO **GUESS,** CHUCKLE-HEAD!
SUFFICE IT TO SAY, I'M **NOT** THE KINDA GUY WHO "STALKS AND TALKS!"
THINGS LIKE THAT COULD **RUIN** A HERO'S REPUTATION!

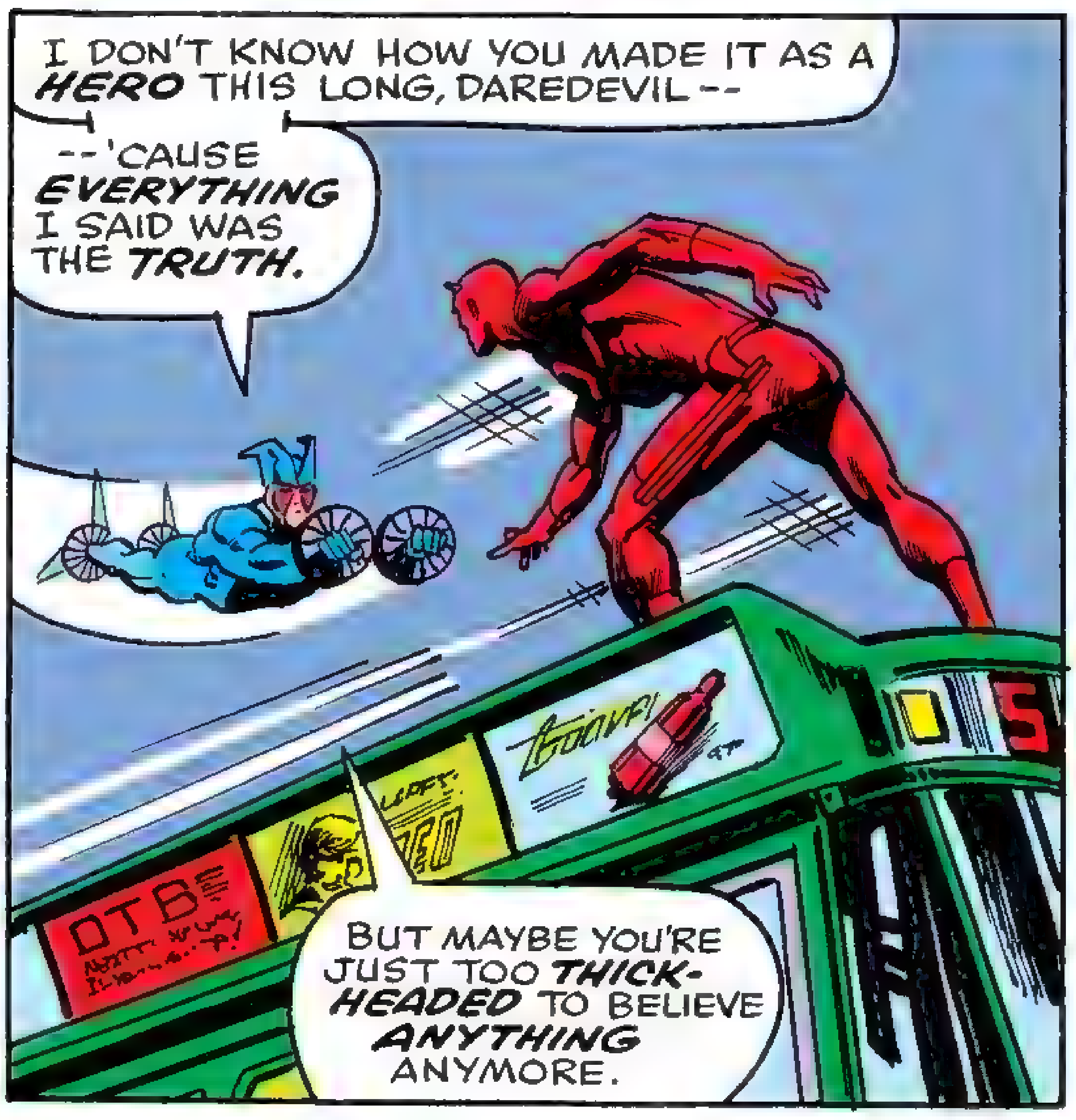

CUT THE WISE-CRACKING, HORN-HEAD. I'M PLAIN NOT IN THE MOOD FOR IT.
GOT TO COMPLETE WHAT I CAME HERE FOR, AND I CAN'T LET YOU OR ANYONE ELSE STOP ME.
SPLAM!
THAT'S THE WRONG ATTITUDE TO TAKE, HANDSOME.
DON'T YOU KNOW YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BEG ME TO CAPTURE AND LOCK YOU AWAY?
WOW, TALK ABOUT FOUL-UPS!
TELL YOU WHAT, TORP-- GIVE UP, COME WITH ME DOWNTOWN, AND WE'LL FORGET YOUR INCREDIBLE FAUX PAS.
AFTER ALL, I CAN FORGIVE YOU FOR NOT KNOWING THE BASIC RULES OF VILLAINY--
--CONSIDERING YOU'RE SO NEW TO IT. DEAL?
I TOLD YOU TO STOP WITH THE JOKES, MISTER, AND I MEANT IT. THIS IS SERIOUS BUSINESS. SOMETHING YOU KNOW NOTHING ABOUT!
SO TELL ME, FRIEND-- WHAT KIND OF BUSINESS--?
I MAY WANT TO BUY IN. COMPRENDE?
YOU WANT TO UNDERSTAND, DO YOU, DAREDEVIL--? OKAY, I'LL TELL YOU-- SEE WHAT GOOD IT DOES.
BUT I'M NOT GONNA STOP FIGHTING, 'CAUSE, FRANKLY, I DON'T TRUST YOU.
SUITS ME, MCDUFF. TALK ON!

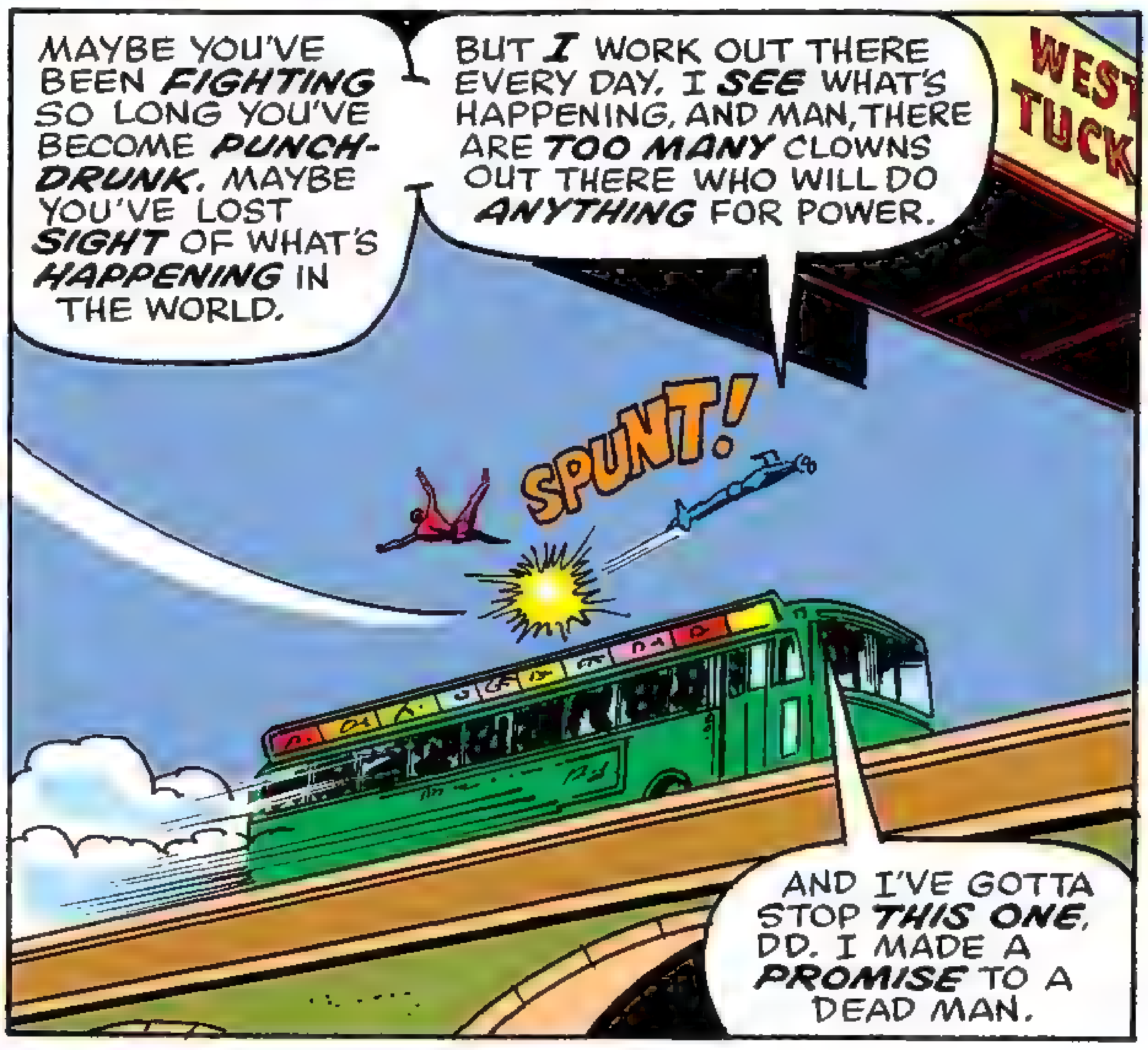

I TOLD YOU I'M NOT THE SAME GUY YOU FOUGHT BEFORE.
FACT IS, I NEVER MET HIM BEFORE HE DIED.
BUT HE GAVE ME PAPERS... PAPERS WHICH PROVED HIS STORY WAS TRUE--
SPLAMM!
AND THAT WAS GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME.
HE WAS A SCIENTIST-- TRAPPED BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN...
GET YOUR STORY STRAIGHT, FRIEND, 'CAUSE YOU'RE GONNA BE REPEATING IT TO THE D.A.
AND, IF I KNOW FRANKLIN NELSON, HE'LL GO OVER YOUR TALE WITH A MICRO-SCOPE--
SCAM!
--AND STILL NOT BE CONVINCED!
I DON'T CARE IF HE BELIEVES ME OR NOT, BUT I'M TELLING THE TRUTH.
THE ORIGINAL TORPEDO'S FAMILY PROMISED TO BUY HIS WAY OUT FROM YUGOSLAVIA IF HE'D DESIGN A SPECIAL SUIT FOR THEM--
A SUIT CREATED FOR THE SUPER-SOLDIER OF THE FUTURE.
A SUIT WHICH WOULD MAKE IRON MAN'S ARMOR LOOK LIKE A THIRD GRADE TINKERTOY SET!
HE WAS DESPERATE TO LEAVE HIS COUNTRY, SO HE AGREED TO THEIR DEMANDS. BUT WHEN HE ARRIVED HERE, WHEN HE FINALLY MET HIS FAMILY, HE KNEW THEY WERE ALL INSANE.
BUT HE WAS POWERLESS TO STOP THEM, SO HE DESIGNED AND CONSTRUCTED THIS UNIFORM--
--AND USED IT TO ESCAPE BEFORE THEY COULD FORCE HIM TO BUILD MORE.
ONLY HE KNEW THEY HAD HIS SECOND SET OF PLANS--WHICH THEY PLACED IN THE BANK--
THE BANK WHICH THEY OWNED...WHICH THEY CONTROLLED!

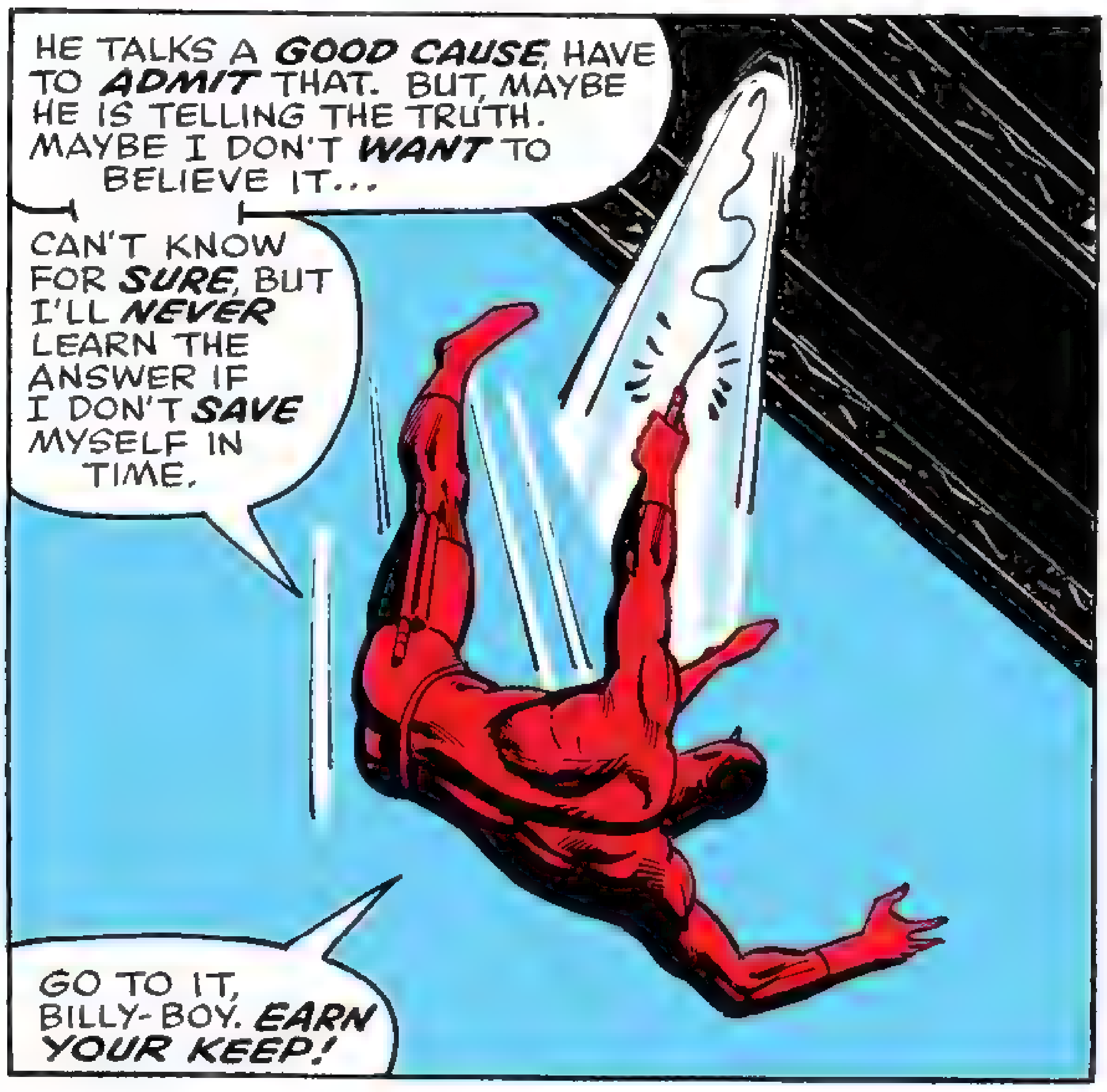

NICE STORY, CHUCKLES--HAS PLENTY OF INTRIGUE, BACK-STABBING, AND A GREAT SUB-PLOT OF WORLD-CONQUEST.
BUT IT'S MISSING THE GIRL!
DON'T YOU KNOW THESE SPY STORIES ALWAYS NEED A GIRL--?
PREFERABLY HALF-NAKED.
SPAM!
AND DRESSED JUST A BIT MORE CONSERVATIVELY IF YOU WANT A PG RATING.
HAVEN'T YOU EVER SEEN A 'JAMES BOND' FLICK?
YOU'RE CRAZY, YOU KNOW THAT? I'M TALKING REALITY, AND YOU'RE FEEDING BACK HOLLYWOOD!
HE WANTED TO STOP HIS FAMILY, SO HE CAME BACK AND DESTROYED THAT SECOND SET OF PLANS.
PTOW!
BUT HE WANTED TO MAKE SURE THEY DIDN'T HAVE A THIRD SET, HIDDEN HERE IN THEIR MANSION.
HE WANTED THEM DESTROYED AS WELL, AND THEN HE WANTED TO TAKE HIS FAMILY LOCK, STOCK, AND INSANITY STRAIGHT TO THE GOVERNMENT AND TURN THEM IN!
BUT HE DIED BEFORE HE COULD DO THAT. SO I CAME HERE IN HIS PLACE.
ONLY HIS FAMILY'S GONE--THEY FLED THE COUNTRY--PROBABLY UNTIL THINGS COOL DOWN A BIT.
BUT THEY'LL BE BACK, I'M SURE--HEY! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
NOT TO THE MEN'S ROOM, CHARLIE!

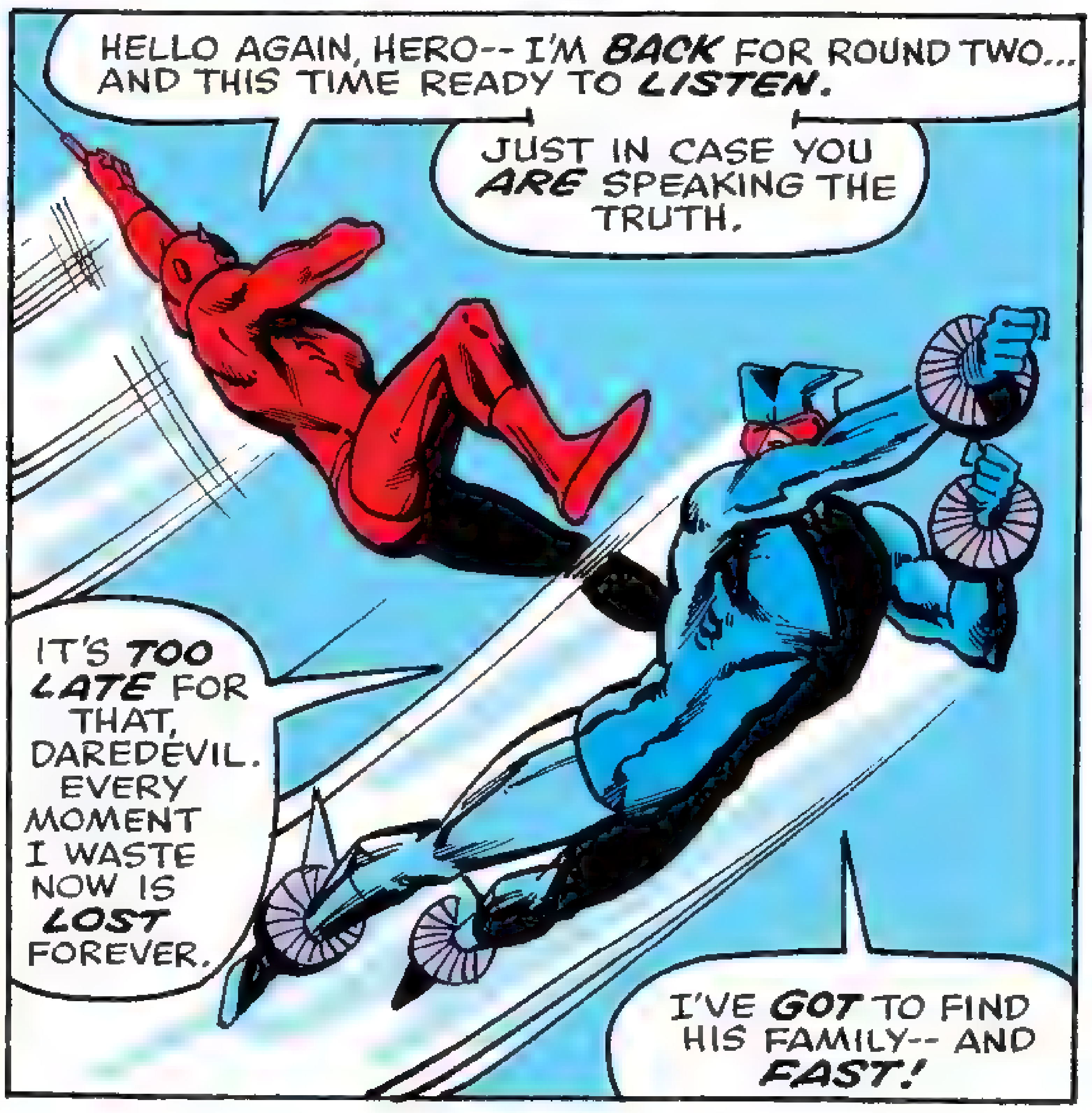

THAT PLACE WAS TOO CONFINING. I WANTED SOMEWHERE I COULD MOVE.
Y'SEE, BUBBIE, YOU HAD ME GOING THERE FOR AWHILE. I ALMOST BOUGHT YOUR STORY.
BUT NOT NOW, 'CAUSE I JUST REMEMBERED WHO OWNS THAT PLACE YOU WRECKED.

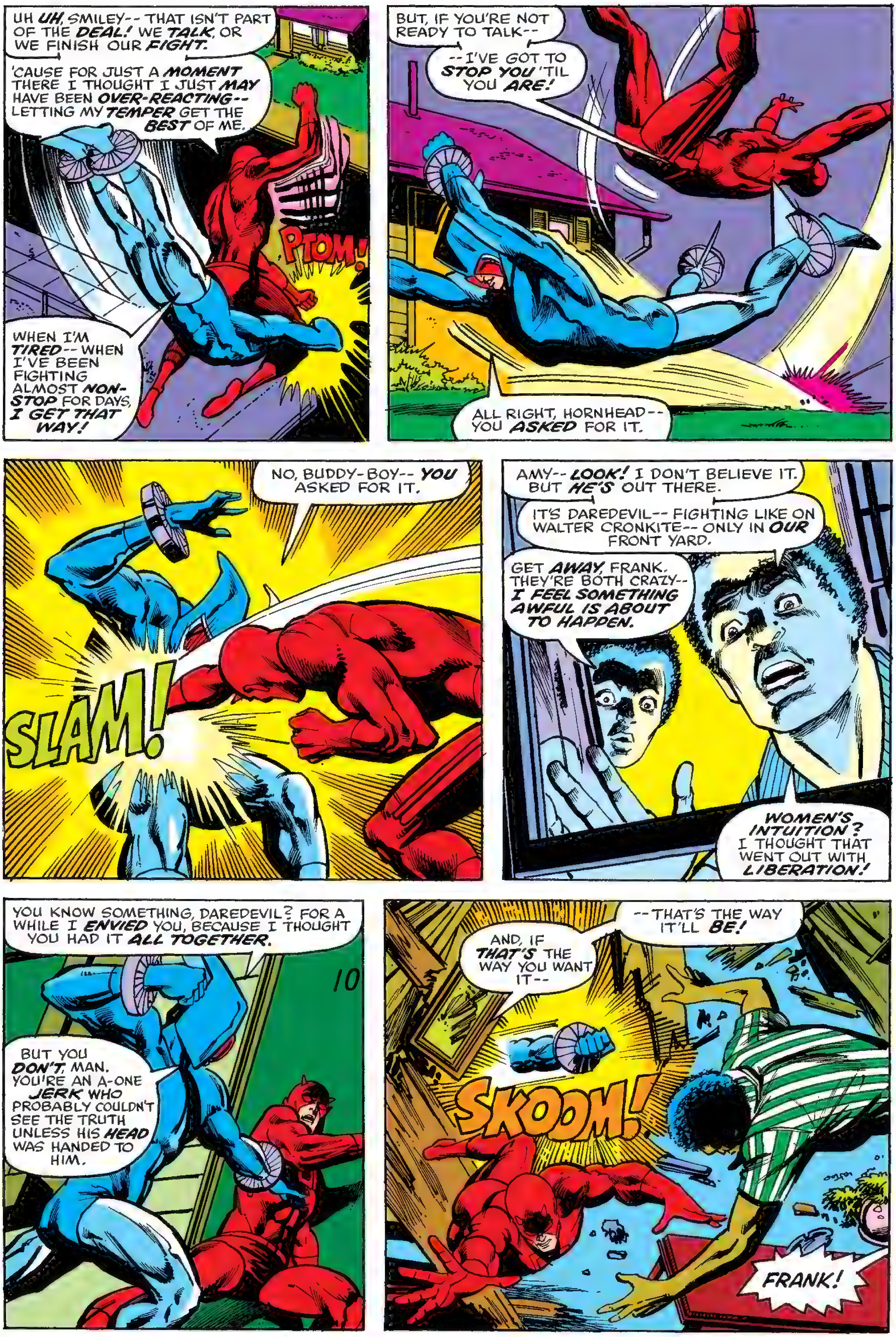

AND THERE'S NO WAY ON EARTH HE CAN BE TIED UP WITH SOMETHING AS SCREWY AS YOUR WORLD-CONQUEST SCHEME.
SO YOU CAN TAKE YOUR REALITY AND WATCH IT BE BLOWN TO SMITHEREENS!

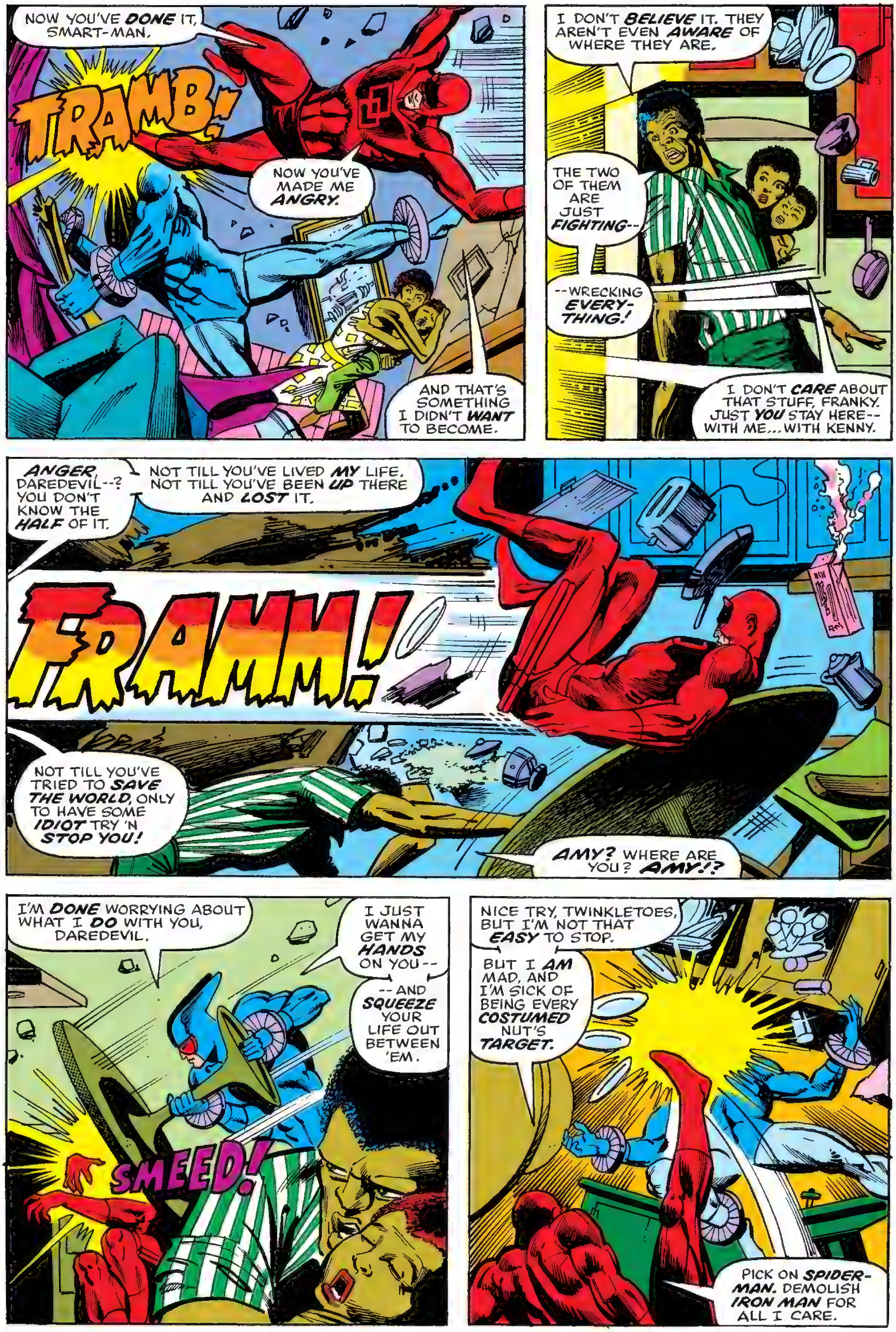

I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU MADE IT AS A HERO THIS LONG, DAREDEVIL --
-- 'CAUSE EVERYTHING I SAID WAS THE TRUTH.
BUT MAYBE YOU'RE JUST TOO THICK-HEADED TO BELIEVE ANYTHING ANYMORE.
OTB
5

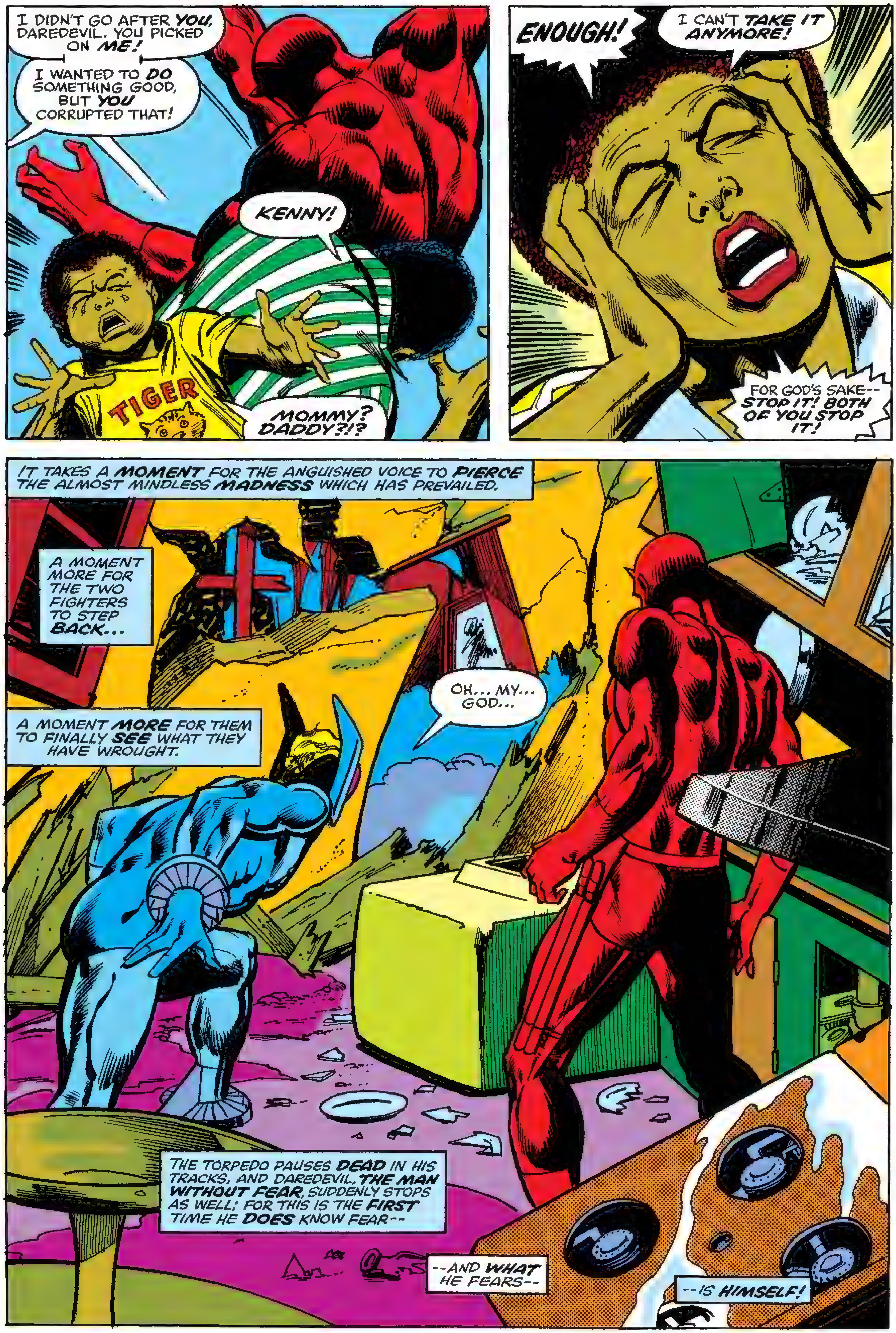

MAYBE YOU'VE BEEN FIGHTING SO LONG YOU'VE BECOME PUNCH-DRUNK. MAYBE YOU'VE LOST SIGHT OF WHAT'S HAPPENING IN THE WORLD.
BUT I WORK OUT THERE EVERY DAY. I SEE WHAT'S HAPPENING, AND MAN, THERE ARE TOO MANY CLOWNS OUT THERE WHO WILL DO ANYTHING FOR POWER.
WEST TUCK
SPUNT!
AND I'VE GOTTA STOP THIS ONE, DD. I MADE A PROMISE TO A DEAD MAN.

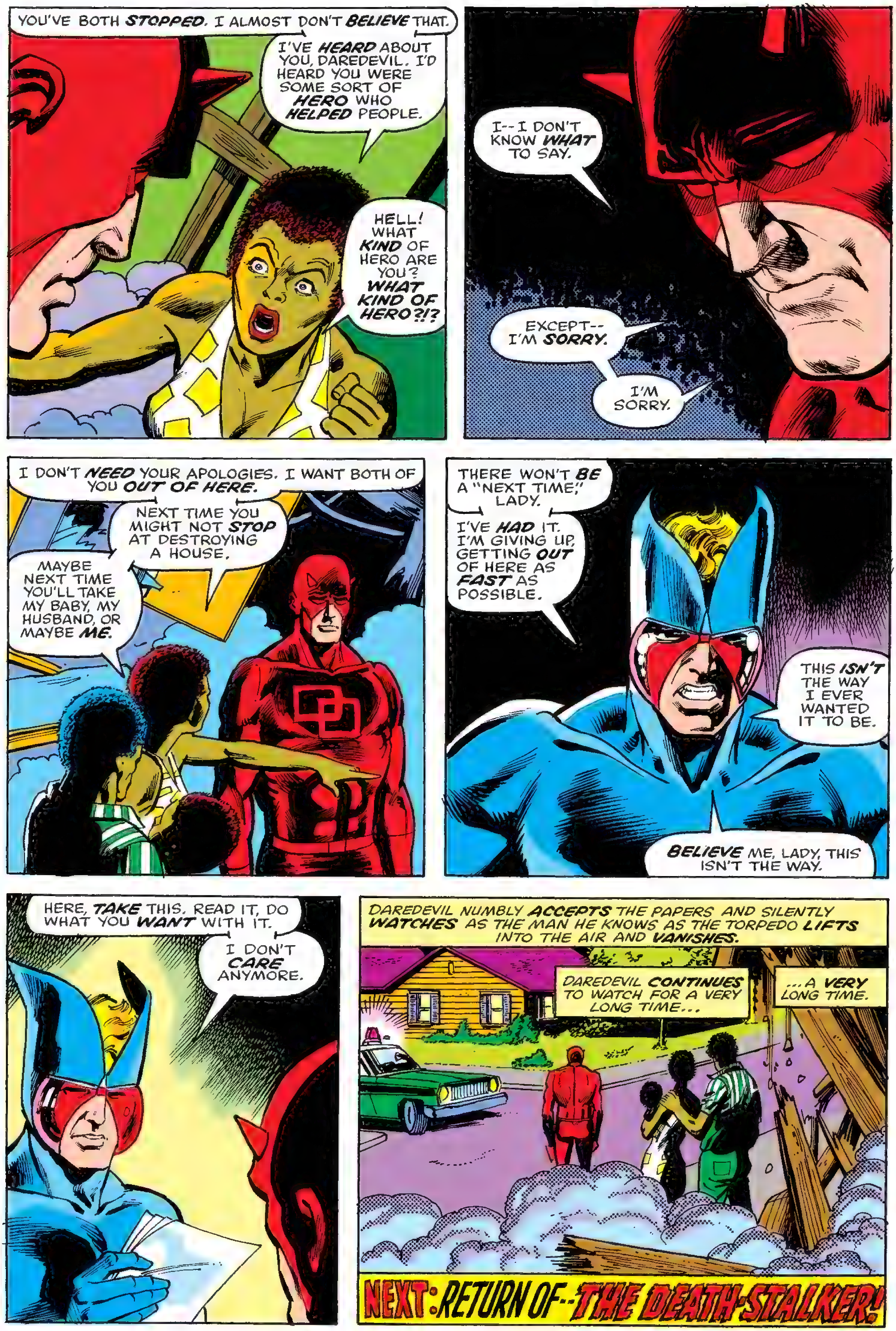

HE TALKS A GOOD CAUSE, HAVE TO ADMIT THAT. BUT, MAYBE HE IS TELLING THE TRUTH. MAYBE I DON'T WANT TO BELIEVE IT...
CAN'T KNOW FOR SURE, BUT I'LL NEVER LEARN THE ANSWER IF I DON'T SAVE MYSELF IN TIME.
GO TO IT, BILLY-BOY. EARN YOUR KEEP!


HELLO AGAIN, HERO-- I'M BACK FOR ROUND TWO... AND THIS TIME READY TO LISTEN.
JUST IN CASE YOU ARE SPEAKING THE TRUTH.
IT'S TOO LATE FOR THAT, DAREDEVIL. EVERY MOMENT I WASTE NOW IS LOST FOREVER.
I'VE GOT TO FIND HIS FAMILY-- AND FAST!

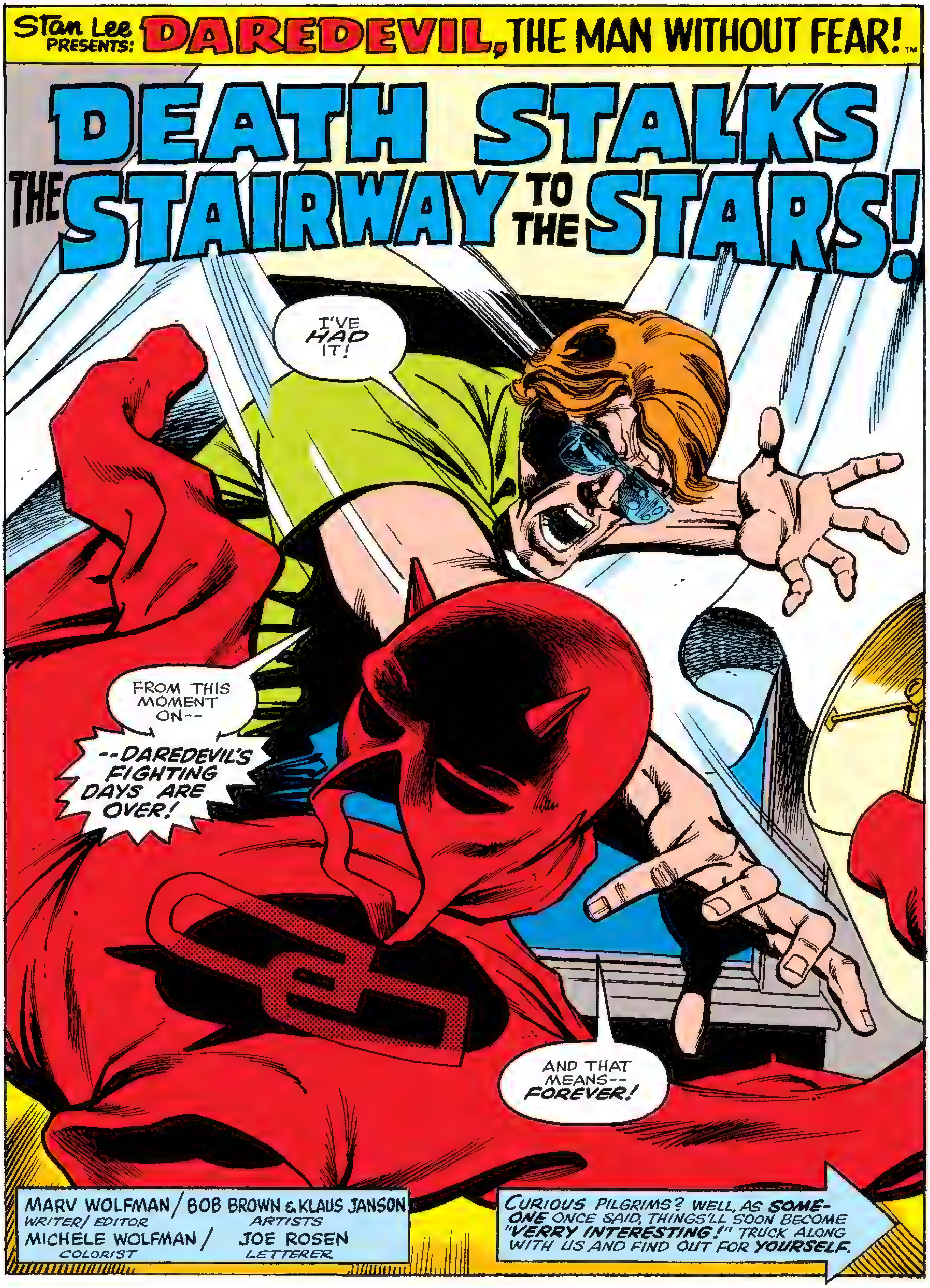

UH *UH*, SMILEY-- THAT ISN'T PART OF THE *DEAL!* WE *TALK*, OR WE FINISH OUR *FIGHT*.
'CAUSE FOR JUST A *MOMENT* THERE I THOUGHT I JUST *MAY* HAVE BEEN *OVER-REACTING*-- LETTING MY *TEMPER* GET THE *BEST* OF ME.
PTOM!
WHEN I'M *TIRED*-- WHEN I'VE BEEN FIGHTING ALMOST *NON-STOP* FOR DAYS, *I GET THAT WAY!*
BUT, IF YOU'RE NOT READY TO TALK--
--I'VE GOT TO *STOP YOU* 'TIL YOU *ARE!*
ALL RIGHT, HORNHEAD-- YOU *ASKED* FOR IT.
NO, BUDDY-BOY-- *YOU* ASKED FOR IT.
SLAM!
AMY-- *LOOK!* I DON'T BELIEVE IT. BUT *HE'S* OUT THERE.
IT'S DAREDEVIL-- FIGHTING LIKE ON WALTER CRONKITE-- ONLY IN *OUR* FRONT YARD.
GET *AWAY*, FRANK. THEY'RE BOTH CRAZY-- *I FEEL SOMETHING AWFUL IS ABOUT TO HAPPEN.*
WOMEN'S INTUITION? I THOUGHT THAT WENT OUT WITH *LIBERATION!*
YOU KNOW SOMETHING, DAREDEVIL? FOR A WHILE I *ENVIED* YOU, BECAUSE I THOUGHT YOU HAD IT *ALL TOGETHER*.
10
BUT YOU *DON'T*, MAN. YOU'RE AN A-ONE *JERK* WHO PROBABLY COULDN'T SEE THE TRUTH UNLESS HIS *HEAD* WAS HANDED TO HIM.
AND, IF *THAT'S* THE WAY YOU WANT IT--
--THAT'S THE WAY IT'LL *BE!*
SKOOM!
FRANK!

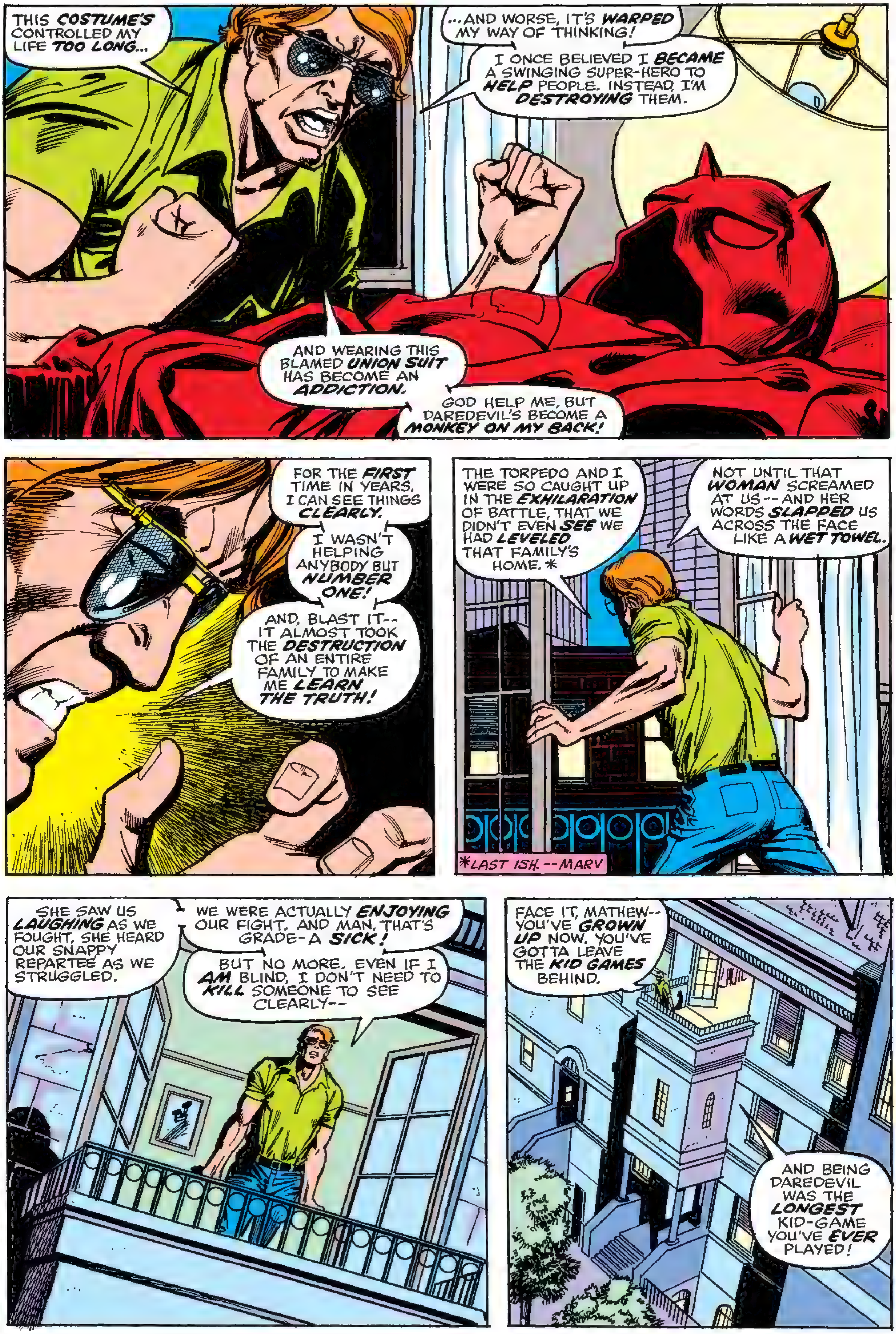

NOW YOU'VE **DONE** IT, SMART-MAN.
TRAMB!
NOW YOU'VE MADE ME **ANGRY.**
AND THAT'S SOMETHING I DIDN'T **WANT** TO BECOME.
I DON'T **BELIEVE** IT. THEY AREN'T EVEN **AWARE** OF WHERE THEY ARE.
THE TWO OF THEM ARE JUST **FIGHTING--**
--WRECKING **EVERY-THING!**
I DON'T **CARE** ABOUT THAT STUFF, FRANKY. JUST **YOU** STAY HERE-- WITH ME... WITH KENNY.
ANGER, DAREDEVIL--? YOU DON'T KNOW THE **HALF** OF IT.
NOT TILL YOU'VE LIVED **MY** LIFE. NOT TILL YOU'VE BEEN **UP** THERE AND **LOST** IT.
FRAMM!
NOT TILL YOU'VE TRIED TO **SAVE THE WORLD,** ONLY TO HAVE SOME **IDIOT** TRY 'N **STOP YOU!**
AMY? WHERE ARE YOU? **AMY!?**
I'M **DONE** WORRYING ABOUT WHAT I **DO** WITH YOU, DAREDEVIL.
I JUST WANNA GET MY **HANDS** ON YOU--
--AND **SQUEEZE** YOUR LIFE OUT BETWEEN 'EM.
SMEED!
NICE TRY, TWINKLETOES, BUT I'M NOT THAT **EASY** TO STOP.
BUT I **AM** MAD, AND I'M SICK OF BEING EVERY **COSTUMED** NUT'S **TARGET.**
PICK ON **SPIDER-MAN.** DEMOLISH **IRON MAN** FOR ALL I CARE.

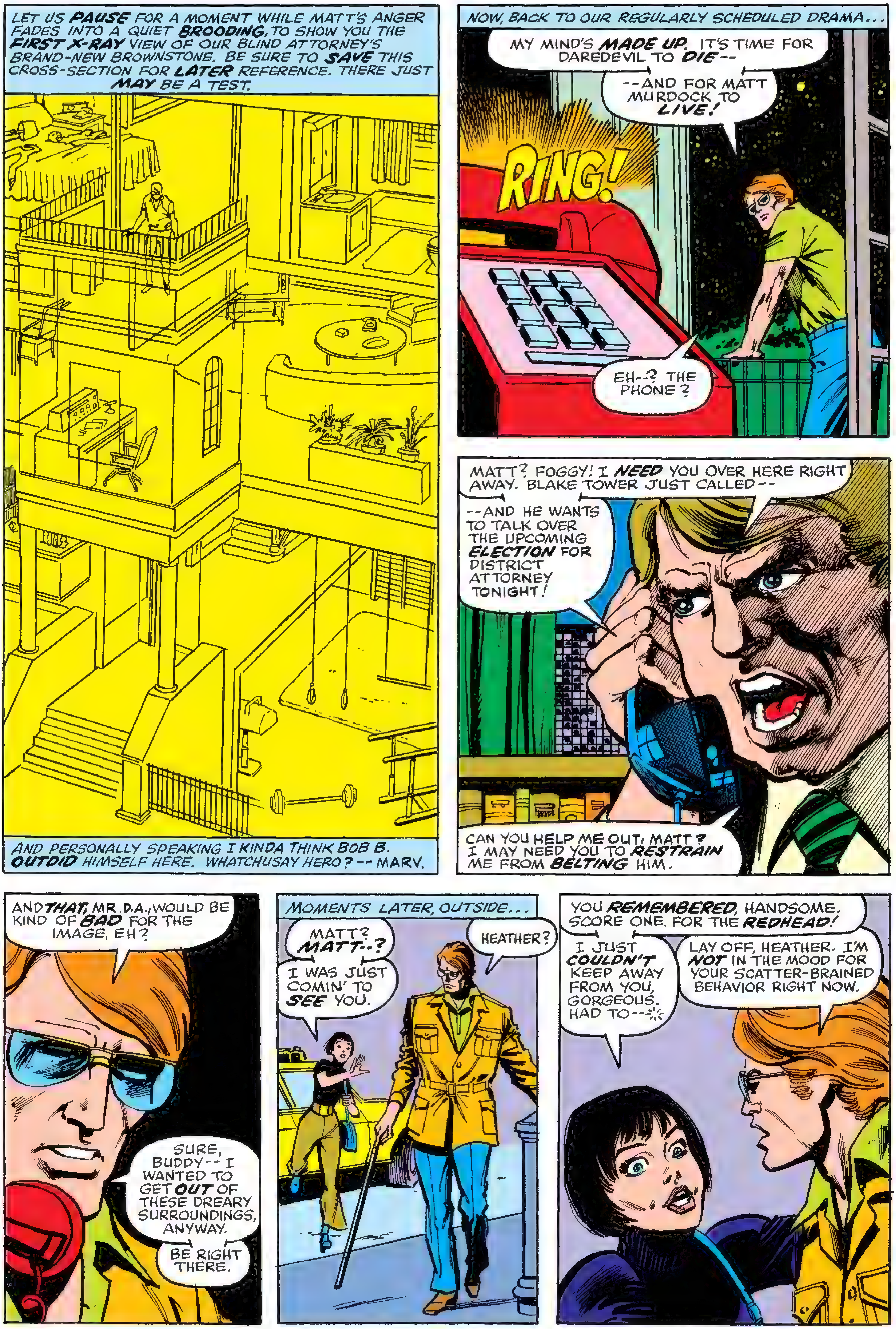

I DIDN'T GO AFTER *YOU*, DAREDEVIL. YOU PICKED ON *ME!*
I WANTED TO *DO* SOMETHING GOOD, BUT *YOU* CORRUPTED THAT!
KENNY!
TIGER
MOMMY? DADDY?!?
ENOUGH!
I CAN'T *TAKE IT ANYMORE!*
FOR GOD'S SAKE-- *STOP IT! BOTH OF YOU STOP IT!*
IT TAKES A *MOMENT* FOR THE ANGUISHED VOICE TO *PIERCE* THE ALMOST MINDLESS *MADNESS* WHICH HAS PREVAILED.
A MOMENT MORE FOR THE TWO FIGHTERS TO STEP *BACK...*
A MOMENT *MORE* FOR THEM TO FINALLY *SEE* WHAT THEY HAVE WROUGHT.
OH... MY... GOD...
THE TORPEDO PAUSES *DEAD* IN HIS TRACKS, AND DAREDEVIL, *THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR*, SUDDENLY STOPS AS WELL; FOR THIS IS THE *FIRST* TIME HE *DOES* KNOW FEAR--
--AND *WHAT* HE FEARS--
--IS *HIMSELF!*

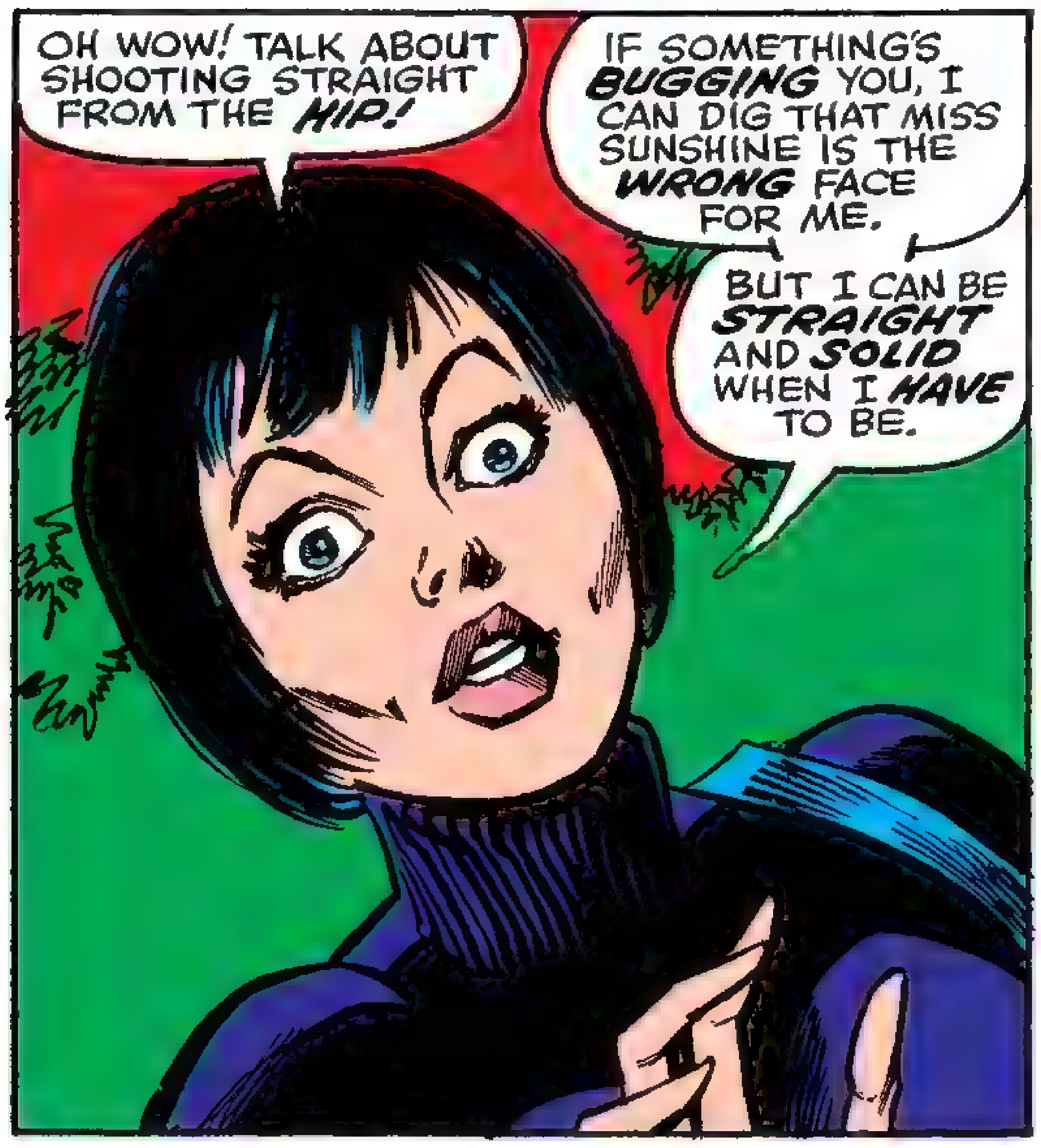

YOU'VE BOTH **STOPPED**. I ALMOST DON'T **BELIEVE** THAT.
I'VE **HEARD** ABOUT YOU, DAREDEVIL. I'D HEARD YOU WERE SOME SORT OF **HERO** WHO **HELPED** PEOPLE.
HELL! WHAT **KIND** OF HERO ARE YOU? **WHAT KIND OF HERO?!?**
I--I DON'T KNOW **WHAT** TO SAY.
EXCEPT-- I'M **SORRY**.
I'M SORRY.
I DON'T **NEED** YOUR APOLOGIES. I WANT BOTH OF YOU **OUT OF HERE**.
NEXT TIME YOU MIGHT NOT **STOP** AT DESTROYING A HOUSE.
MAYBE NEXT TIME YOU'LL TAKE MY BABY, MY HUSBAND, OR MAYBE **ME**.
THERE WON'T **BE** A "NEXT TIME," LADY.
I'VE **HAD** IT. I'M GIVING UP, GETTING **OUT** OF HERE AS **FAST** AS POSSIBLE.
THIS **ISN'T** THE WAY I EVER WANTED IT TO BE.
BELIEVE ME, LADY, THIS ISN'T THE WAY.
HERE, **TAKE** THIS. READ IT, DO WHAT YOU **WANT** WITH IT.
I DON'T **CARE** ANYMORE.
DAREDEVIL NUMBLY **ACCEPTS** THE PAPERS AND SILENTLY **WATCHES** AS THE MAN HE KNOWS AS THE TORPEDO **LIFTS** INTO THE AIR AND **VANISHES**.
DAREDEVIL **CONTINUES** TO WATCH FOR A VERY LONG TIME...
...A **VERY** LONG TIME.
NEXT: RETURN OF--THE DEATH-STALKER!

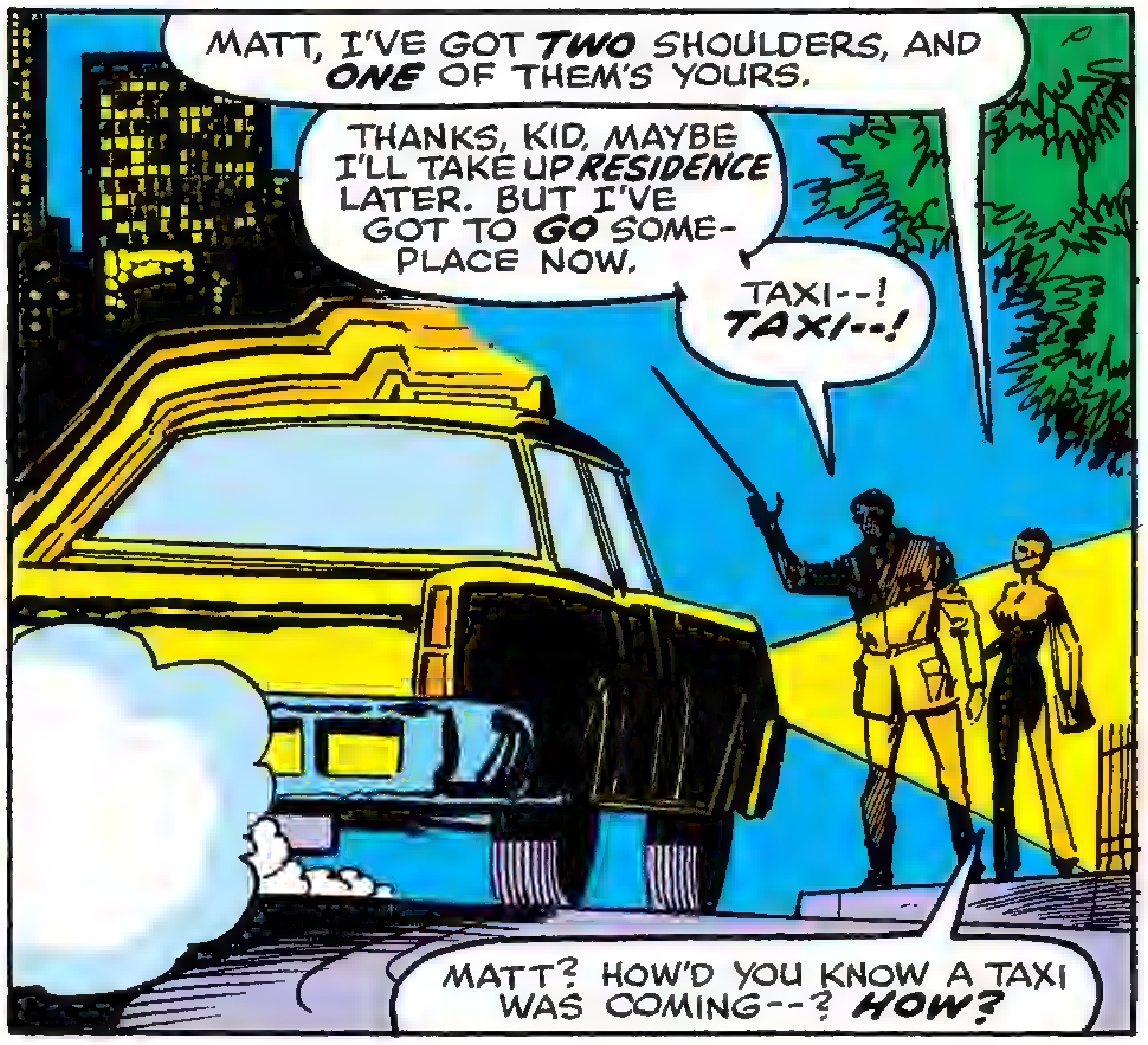
DAREDEVIL
MARVEL COMICS GROUP™
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
25¢
128
DEC
02459
DAREDEVIL®
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!
INTRODUCING THE MOST STARTLING CHARACTER IN THE ANNALS OF MARVELDOM!
THEY CALL ME DEATH-STALKER, HERO--
--AND HERE'S THE REASON WHY!
STAIRWAY TO SLAUGHTER!

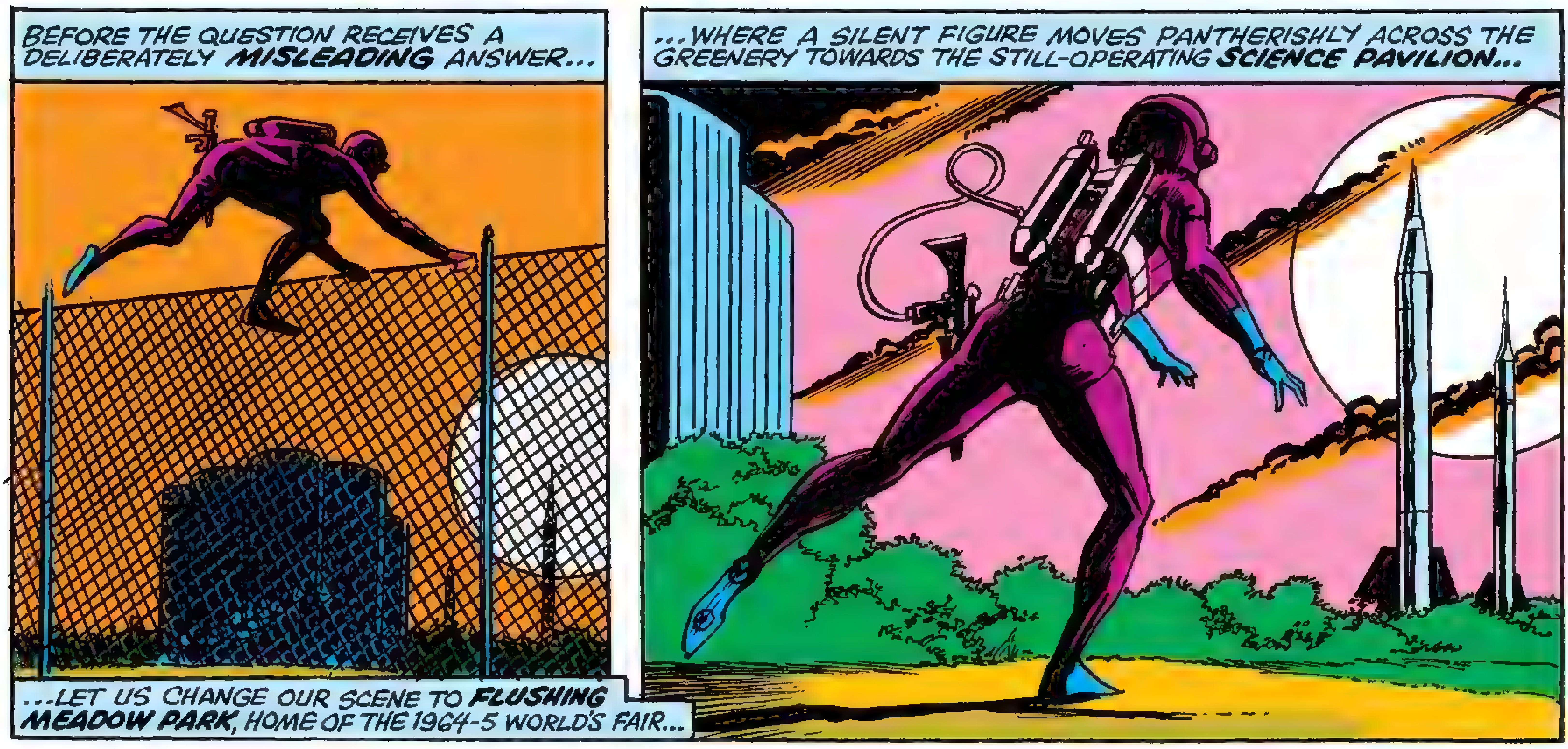

Stan Lee PRESENTS: DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR! ™
DEATH STALKS THE STAIRWAY TO THE STARS!
I'VE HAD IT!
FROM THIS MOMENT ON--
--DAREDEVIL'S FIGHTING DAYS ARE OVER!
AND THAT MEANS-- FOREVER!
MARV WOLFMAN / BOB BROWN & KLAUS JANSON
WRITER/ EDITOR ARTISTS
MICHELE WOLFMAN / JOE ROSEN
COLORIST LETTERER
CURIOUS PILGRIMS? WELL, AS SOMEONE ONCE SAID, THINGS'LL SOON BECOME "VERRY INTERESTING!" TRUCK ALONG WITH US AND FIND OUT FOR YOURSELF.

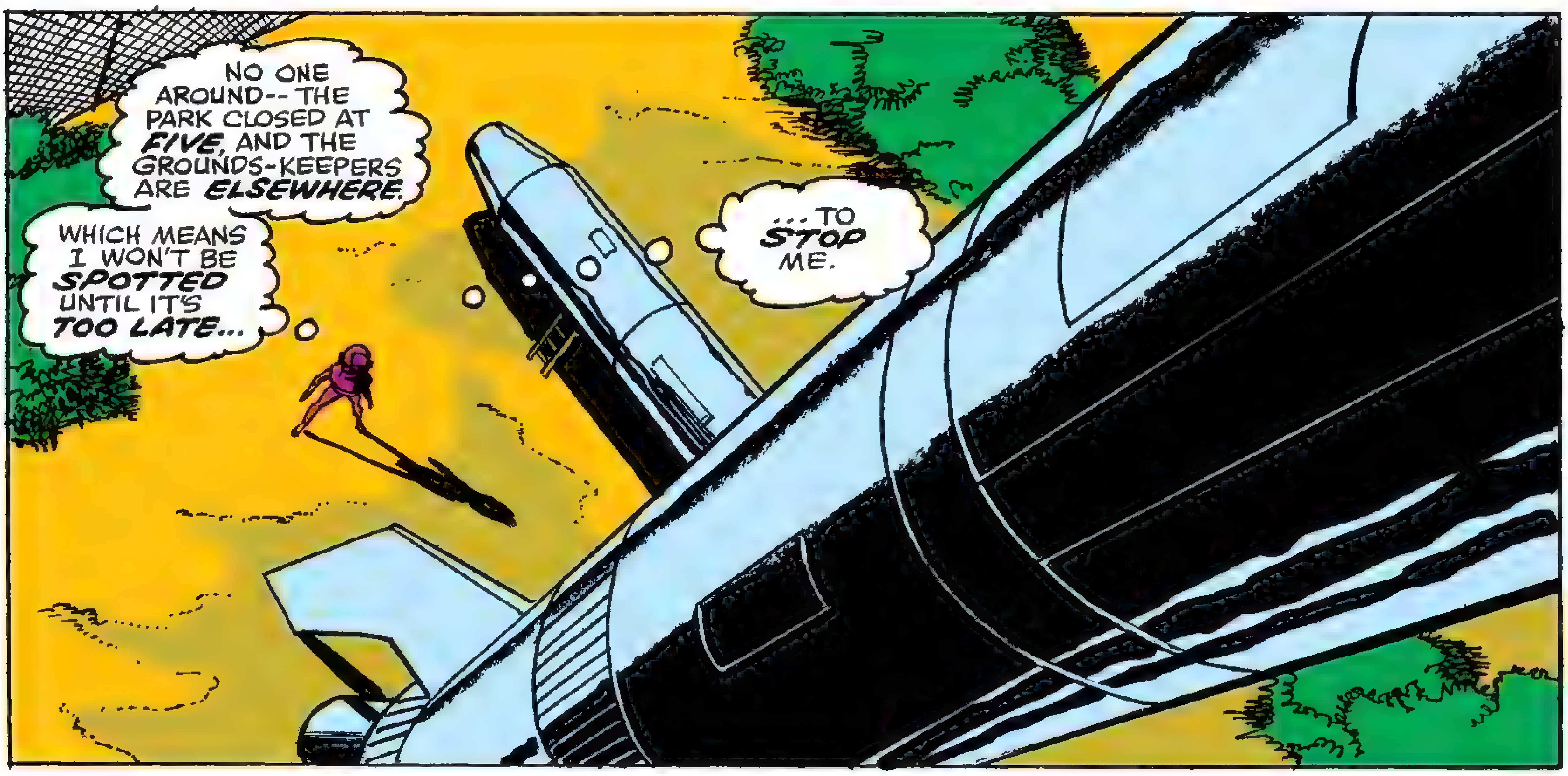

THIS COSTUME'S CONTROLLED MY LIFE TOO LONG...
...AND WORSE, IT'S WARPED MY WAY OF THINKING!
I ONCE BELIEVED I BECAME A SWINGING SUPER-HERO TO HELP PEOPLE. INSTEAD, I'M DESTROYING THEM.
AND WEARING THIS BLAMED UNION SUIT HAS BECOME AN ADDICTION.
GOD HELP ME, BUT DAREDEVIL'S BECOME A MONKEY ON MY BACK!
FOR THE FIRST TIME IN YEARS, I CAN SEE THINGS CLEARLY.
I WASN'T HELPING ANYBODY BUT NUMBER ONE!
AND, BLAST IT-- IT ALMOST TOOK THE DESTRUCTION OF AN ENTIRE FAMILY TO MAKE ME LEARN THE TRUTH!
THE TORPEDO AND I WERE SO CAUGHT UP IN THE EXHILARATION OF BATTLE, THAT WE DIDN'T EVEN SEE WE HAD LEVELED THAT FAMILY'S HOME. *
NOT UNTIL THAT WOMAN SCREAMED AT US -- AND HER WORDS SLAPPED US ACROSS THE FACE LIKE A WET TOWEL.
*LAST ISH. --MARV
SHE SAW US LAUGHING AS WE FOUGHT, SHE HEARD OUR SNAPPY REPARTEE AS WE STRUGGLED.
WE WERE ACTUALLY ENJOYING OUR FIGHT. AND MAN, THAT'S GRADE-A SICK!
BUT NO MORE. EVEN IF I AM BLIND, I DON'T NEED TO KILL SOMEONE TO SEE CLEARLY--
FACE IT, MATHEW-- YOU'VE GROWN UP NOW. YOU'VE GOTTA LEAVE THE KID GAMES BEHIND.
AND BEING DAREDEVIL WAS THE LONGEST KID-GAME YOU'VE EVER PLAYED!

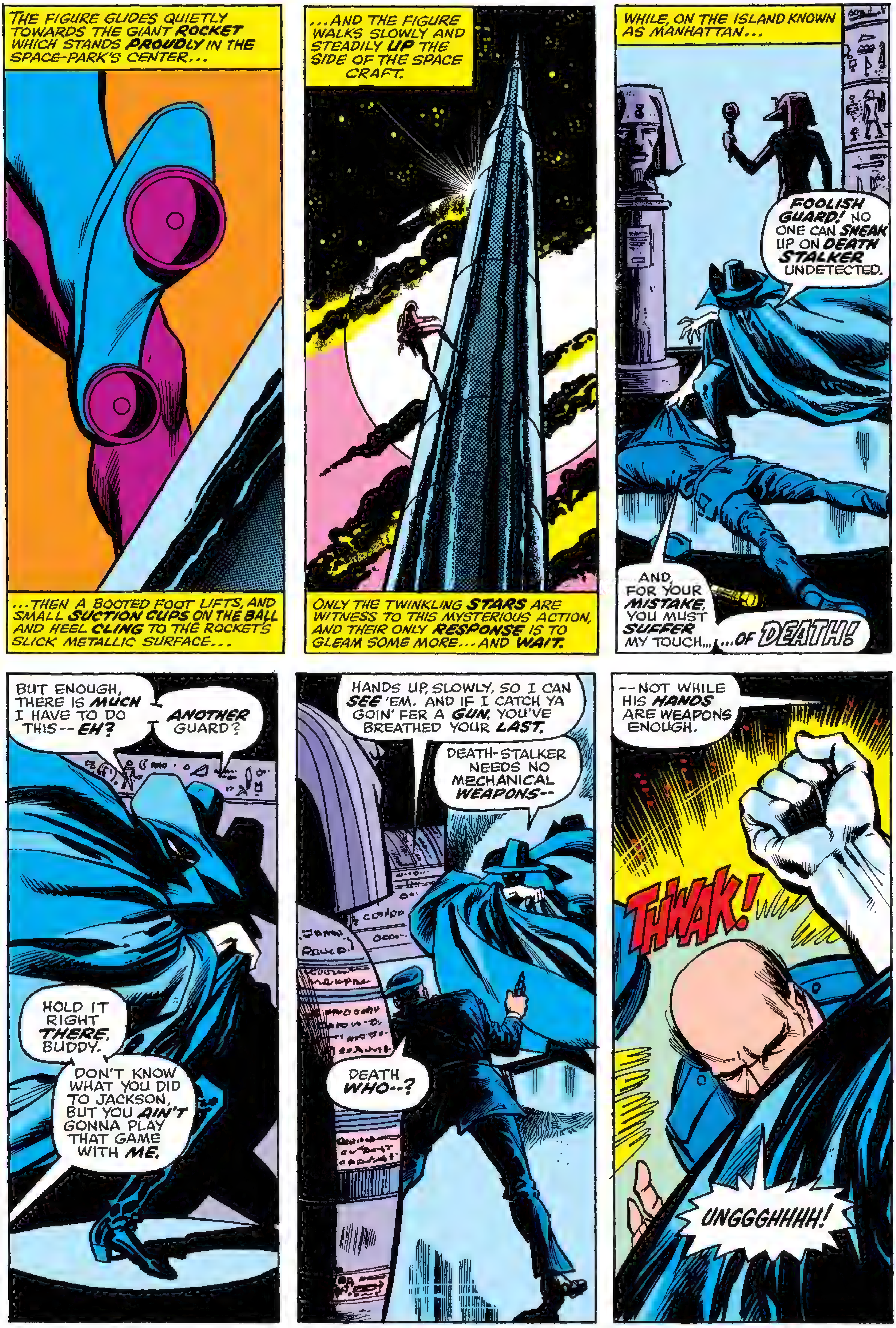

LET US PAUSE FOR A MOMENT WHILE MATT'S ANGER FADES INTO A QUIET BROODING, TO SHOW YOU THE FIRST X-RAY VIEW OF OUR BLIND ATTORNEY'S BRAND-NEW BROWNSTONE. BE SURE TO SAVE THIS CROSS-SECTION FOR LATER REFERENCE. THERE JUST MAY BE A TEST.
AND PERSONALLY SPEAKING I KINDA THINK BOB B. OUTDID HIMSELF HERE. WHATCHUSAY HERO? -- MARV.
NOW, BACK TO OUR REGULARLY SCHEDULED DRAMA...
MY MIND'S MADE UP. IT'S TIME FOR DAREDEVIL TO DIE--
--AND FOR MATT MURDOCK TO LIVE!
RING!
EH--? THE PHONE?
MATT? FOGGY! I NEED YOU OVER HERE RIGHT AWAY. BLAKE TOWER JUST CALLED--
--AND HE WANTS TO TALK OVER THE UPCOMING ELECTION FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY TONIGHT!
CAN YOU HELP ME OUT, MATT? I MAY NEED YOU TO RESTRAIN ME FROM BELTING HIM.
AND THAT, MR. D.A., WOULD BE KIND OF BAD FOR THE IMAGE, EH?
SURE, BUDDY-- I WANTED TO GET OUT OF THESE DREARY SURROUNDINGS, ANYWAY.
BE RIGHT THERE.
MOMENTS LATER, OUTSIDE...
MATT? MATT--?
I WAS JUST COMIN' TO SEE YOU.
HEATHER?
YOU REMEMBERED, HANDSOME. SCORE ONE FOR THE REDHEAD!
I JUST COULDN'T KEEP AWAY FROM YOU, GORGEOUS. HAD TO--
LAY OFF, HEATHER. I'M NOT IN THE MOOD FOR YOUR SCATTER-BRAINED BEHAVIOR RIGHT NOW.

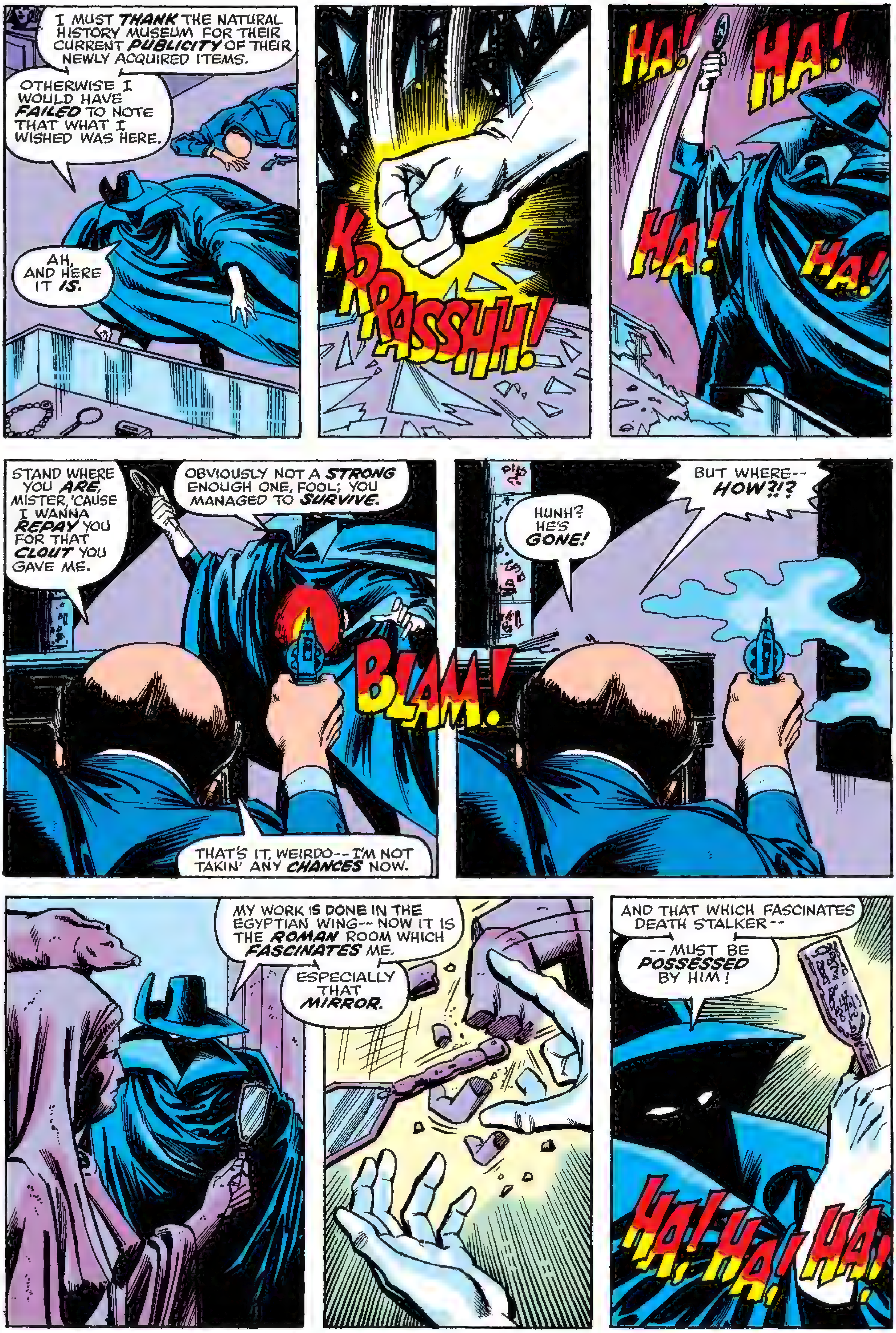

OH WOW! TALK ABOUT SHOOTING STRAIGHT FROM THE *HIP!*
IF SOMETHING'S *BUGGING* YOU, I CAN DIG THAT MISS SUNSHINE IS THE *WRONG* FACE FOR ME.
BUT I CAN BE *STRAIGHT* AND *SOLID* WHEN I *HAVE* TO BE.

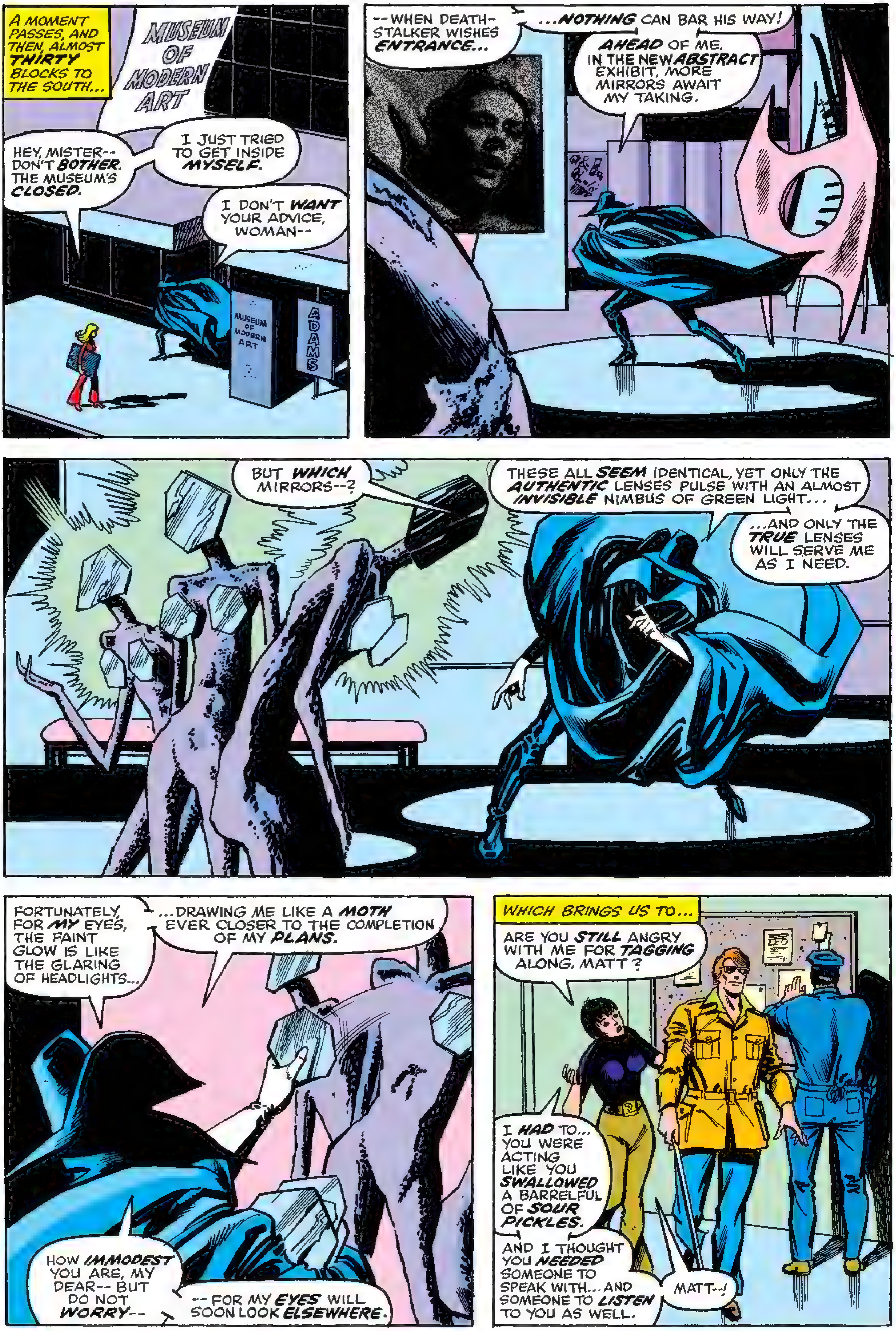

MATT, I'VE GOT *TWO* SHOULDERS, AND *ONE* OF THEM'S YOURS.
THANKS, KID. MAYBE I'LL TAKE UP *RESIDENCE* LATER. BUT I'VE GOT TO *GO* SOMEPLACE NOW.
TAXI--! *TAXI--!*
MATT? HOW'D YOU KNOW A TAXI WAS COMING--? *HOW?*

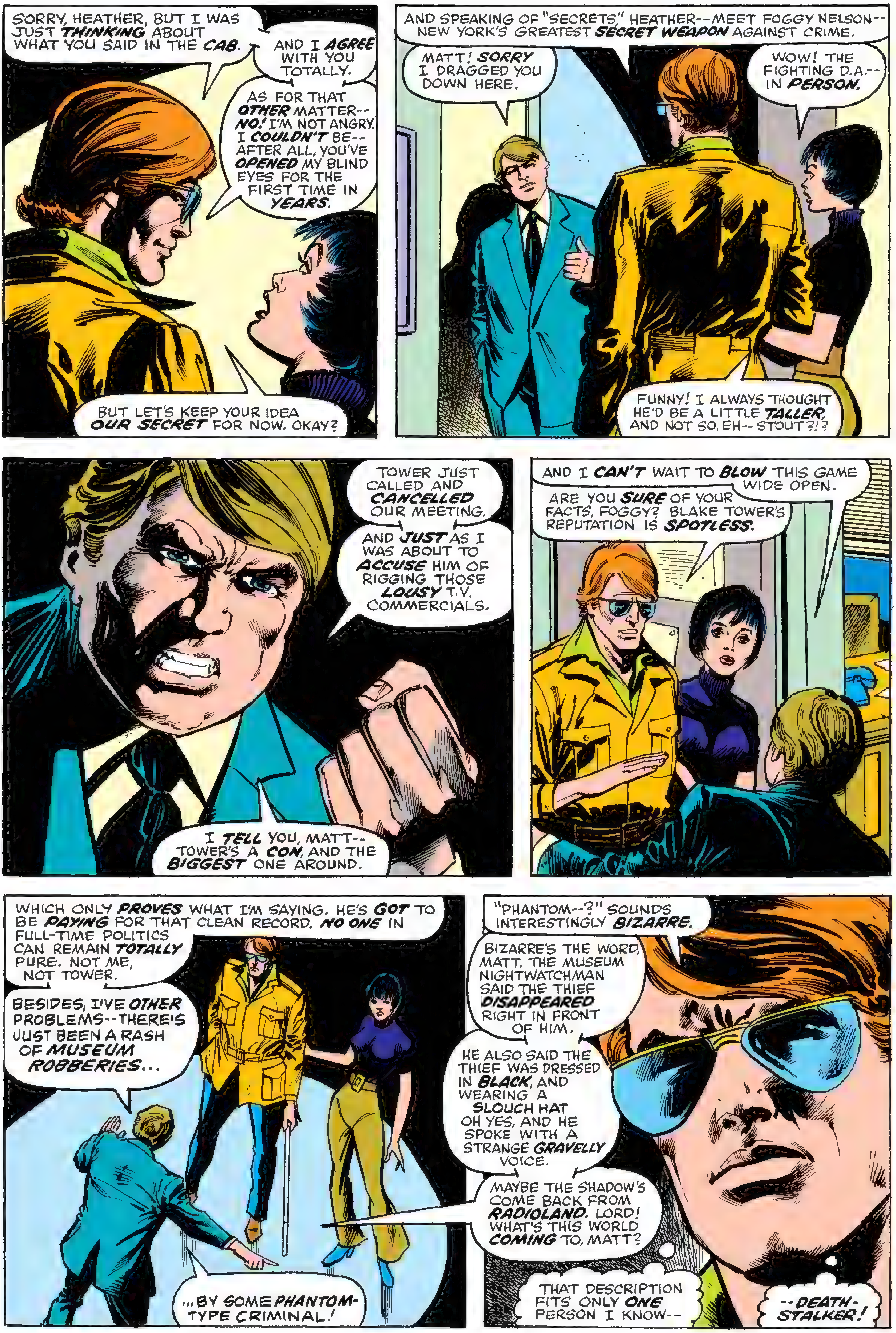

BEFORE THE QUESTION RECEIVES A DELIBERATELY *MISLEADING* ANSWER...
...LET US CHANGE OUR SCENE TO *FLUSHING MEADOW PARK*, HOME OF THE 1964-5 WORLD'S FAIR...
...WHERE A SILENT FIGURE MOVES PANTHERISHLY ACROSS THE GREENERY TOWARDS THE STILL-OPERATING *SCIENCE PAVILION...*

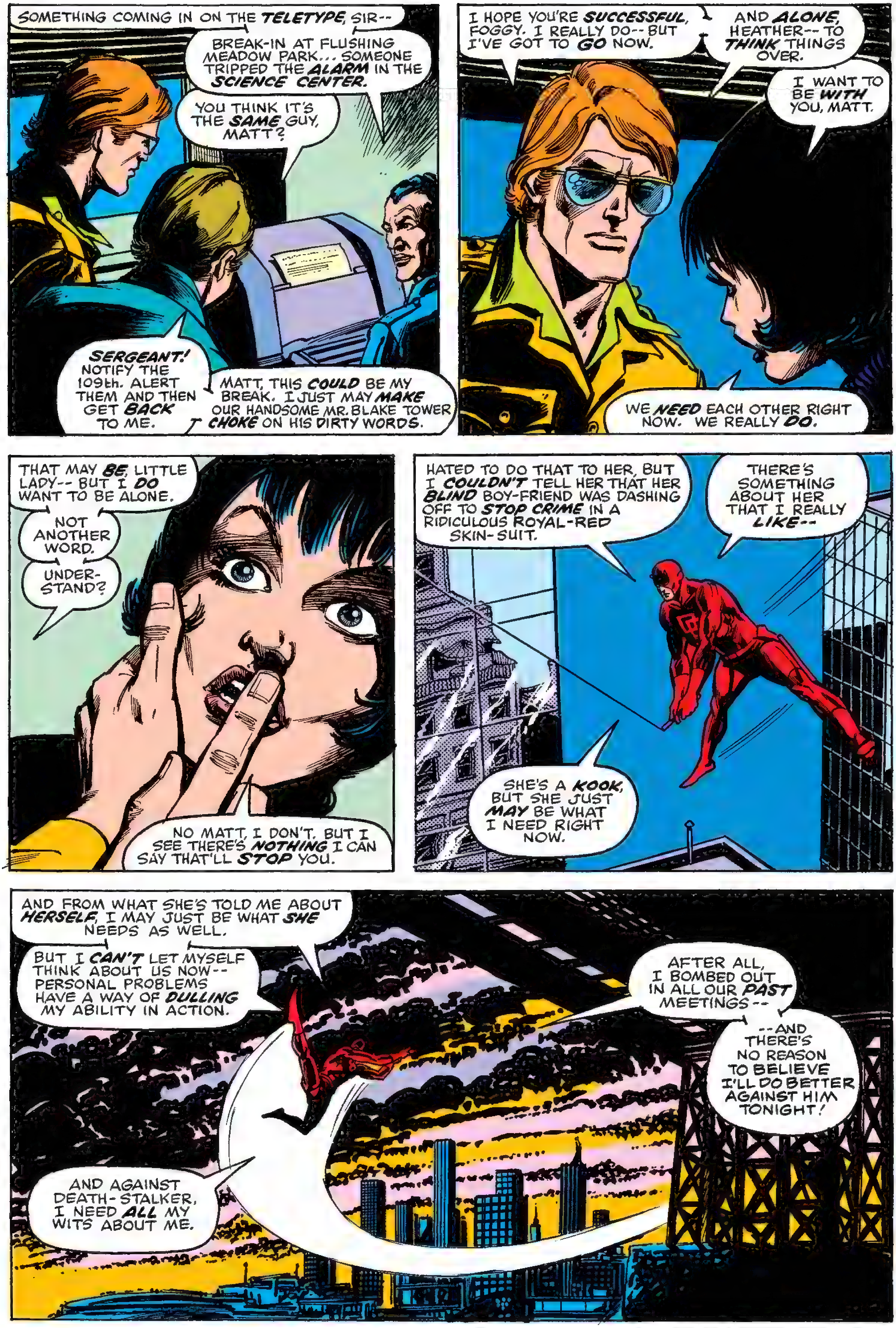

NO ONE AROUND-- THE PARK CLOSED AT *FIVE*, AND THE GROUNDS-KEEPERS ARE *ELSEWHERE.*
WHICH MEANS I WON'T BE *SPOTTED* UNTIL IT'S *TOO LATE...*
...TO *STOP* ME.

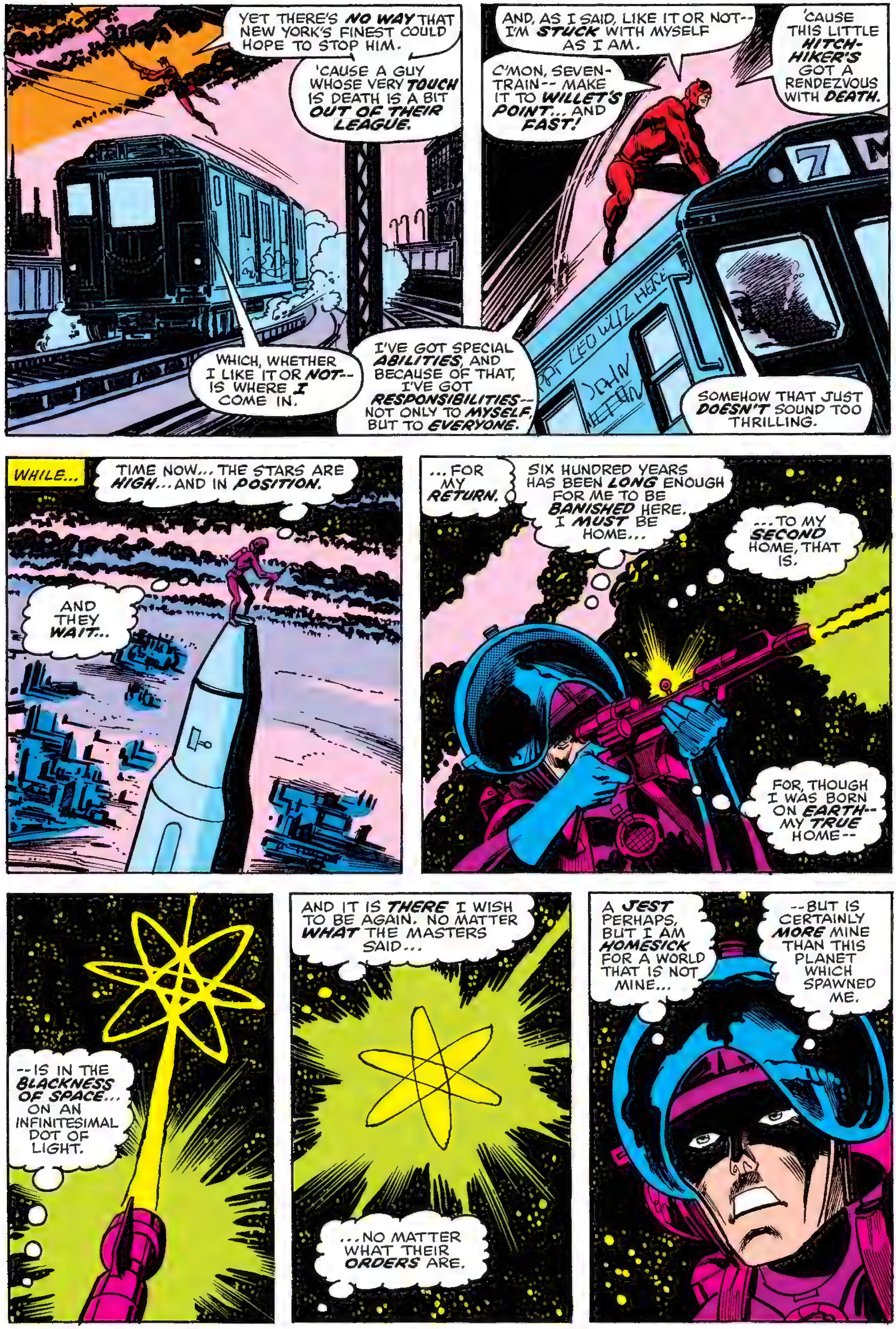

THE FIGURE GLIDES QUIETLY TOWARDS THE GIANT ROCKET WHICH STANDS PROUDLY IN THE SPACE-PARK'S CENTER...
...THEN A BOOTED FOOT LIFTS, AND SMALL SUCTION CUPS ON THE BALL AND HEEL CLING TO THE ROCKET'S SLICK METALLIC SURFACE...
...AND THE FIGURE WALKS SLOWLY AND STEADILY UP THE SIDE OF THE SPACE CRAFT.
ONLY THE TWINKLING STARS ARE WITNESS TO THIS MYSTERIOUS ACTION, AND THEIR ONLY RESPONSE IS TO GLEAM SOME MORE... AND WAIT.
WHILE, ON THE ISLAND KNOWN AS MANHATTAN...
FOOLISH GUARD! NO ONE CAN SNEAK UP ON DEATH STALKER UNDETECTED.
AND FOR YOUR MISTAKE, YOU MUST SUFFER MY TOUCH... ...OF DEATH!
BUT ENOUGH, THERE IS MUCH I HAVE TO DO THIS--EH?
ANOTHER GUARD?
HOLD IT RIGHT THERE, BUDDY.
DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU DID TO JACKSON, BUT YOU AIN'T GONNA PLAY THAT GAME WITH ME.
HANDS UP, SLOWLY, SO I CAN SEE 'EM. AND IF I CATCH YA GOIN' FER A GUN, YOU'VE BREATHED YOUR LAST.
DEATH-STALKER NEEDS NO MECHANICAL WEAPONS--
DEATH WHO--?
--NOT WHILE HIS HANDS ARE WEAPONS ENOUGH.
THWAK!
UNGGGHHHH!

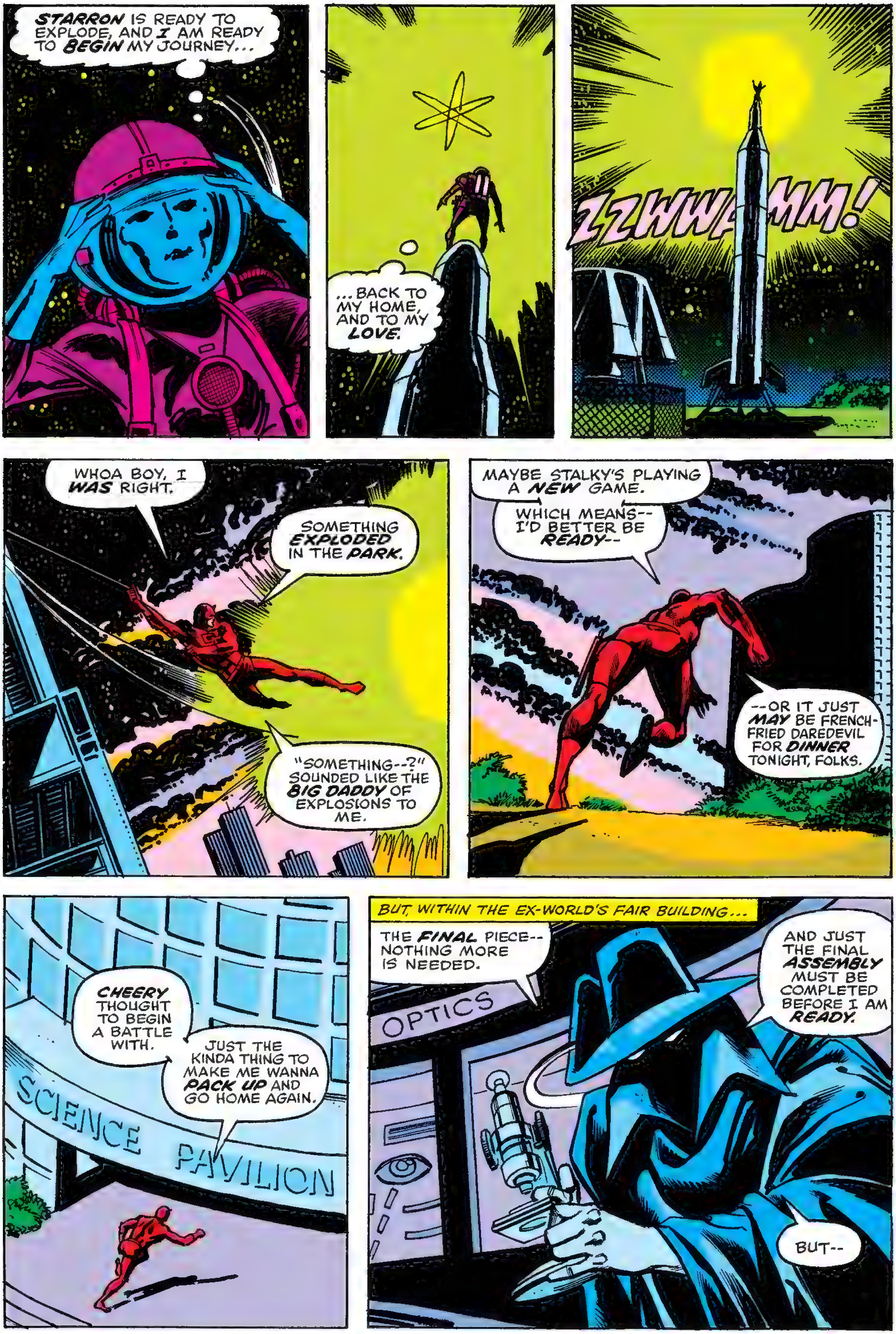

I MUST THANK THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM FOR THEIR CURRENT PUBLICITY OF THEIR NEWLY ACQUIRED ITEMS.
OTHERWISE I WOULD HAVE FAILED TO NOTE THAT WHAT I WISHED WAS HERE.
AH, AND HERE IT IS.
KRRASSHH!
HA! HA! HA! HA!
STAND WHERE YOU ARE, MISTER, 'CAUSE I WANNA REPAY YOU FOR THAT CLOUT YOU GAVE ME.
OBVIOUSLY NOT A STRONG ENOUGH ONE, FOOL; YOU MANAGED TO SURVIVE.
BLAM!
THAT'S IT, WEIRDO--I'M NOT TAKIN' ANY CHANCES NOW.
HUNH? HE'S GONE!
BUT WHERE--HOW?!?
MY WORK IS DONE IN THE EGYPTIAN WING--NOW IT IS THE ROMAN ROOM WHICH FASCINATES ME.
ESPECIALLY THAT MIRROR.
AND THAT WHICH FASCINATES DEATH STALKER--
--MUST BE POSSESSED BY HIM!
HA! HA! HA!

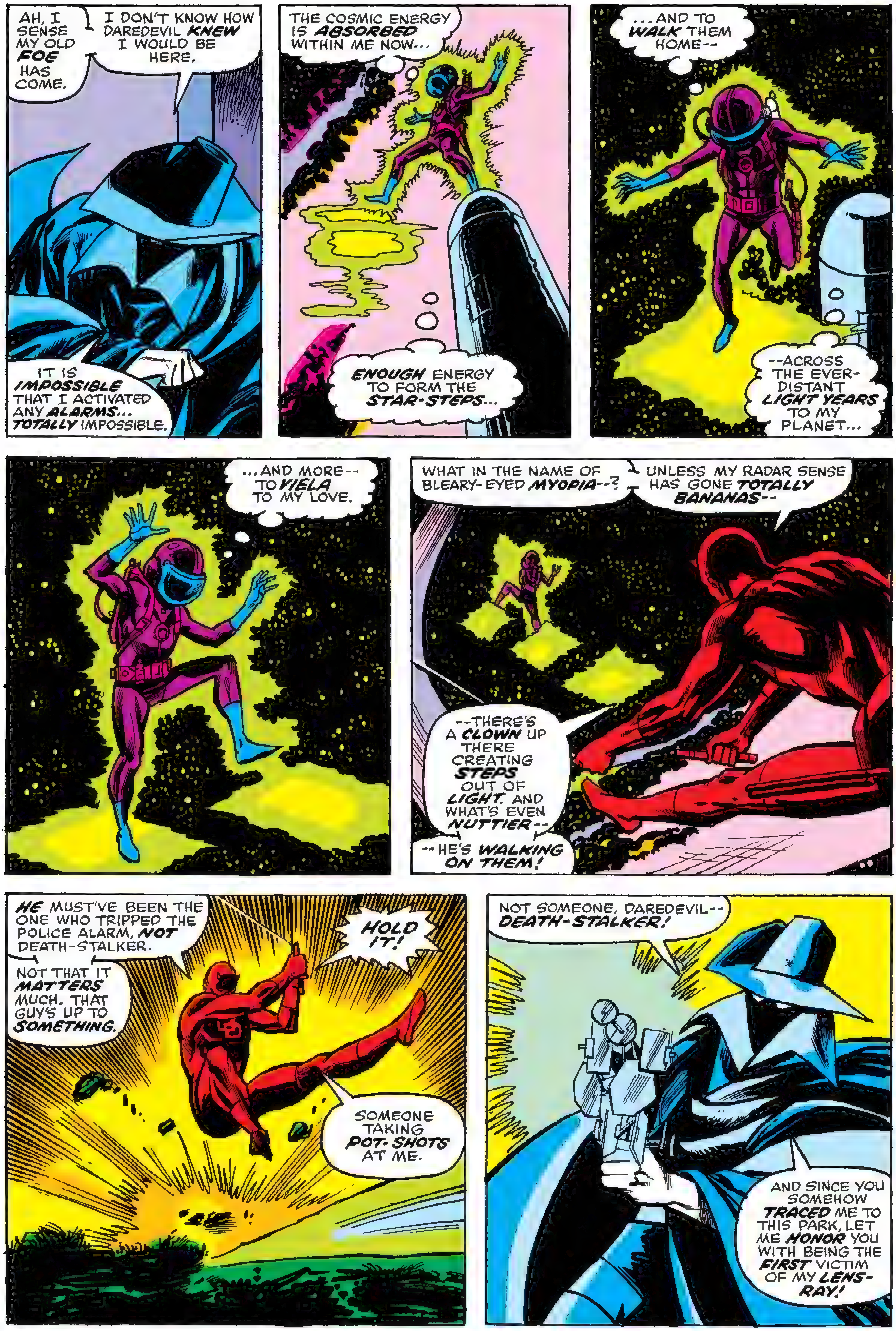

A MOMENT PASSES, AND THEN, ALMOST **THIRTY** BLOCKS TO THE SOUTH...
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART
HEY, MISTER-- DON'T **BOTHER**. THE MUSEUM'S **CLOSED**.
I JUST TRIED TO GET INSIDE **MYSELF**.
I DON'T **WANT** YOUR ADVICE, WOMAN--
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART
ADAMS
--WHEN DEATH-STALKER WISHES **ENTRANCE...**
...**NOTHING** CAN BAR HIS WAY!
AHEAD OF ME, IN THE NEW **ABSTRACT** EXHIBIT, MORE MIRRORS AWAIT MY TAKING.
BUT **WHICH** MIRRORS--?
THESE ALL **SEEM** IDENTICAL, YET ONLY THE **AUTHENTIC** LENSES PULSE WITH AN ALMOST **INVISIBLE** NIMBUS OF GREEN LIGHT...
...AND ONLY THE **TRUE** LENSES WILL SERVE ME AS I NEED.
FORTUNATELY, FOR **MY** EYES, THE FAINT GLOW IS LIKE THE GLARING OF HEADLIGHTS...
...DRAWING ME LIKE A **MOTH** EVER CLOSER TO THE COMPLETION OF MY **PLANS**.
HOW **IMMODEST** YOU ARE, MY DEAR-- BUT DO NOT **WORRY**--
-- FOR MY **EYES** WILL SOON LOOK **ELSEWHERE**.
WHICH BRINGS US TO...
ARE YOU **STILL** ANGRY WITH ME FOR **TAGGING** ALONG, MATT?
I **HAD** TO... YOU WERE ACTING LIKE YOU **SWALLOWED** A BARRELFUL OF **SOUR PICKLES**.
AND I THOUGHT YOU **NEEDED** SOMEONE TO SPEAK WITH... AND SOMEONE TO **LISTEN** TO YOU AS WELL.
MATT--!

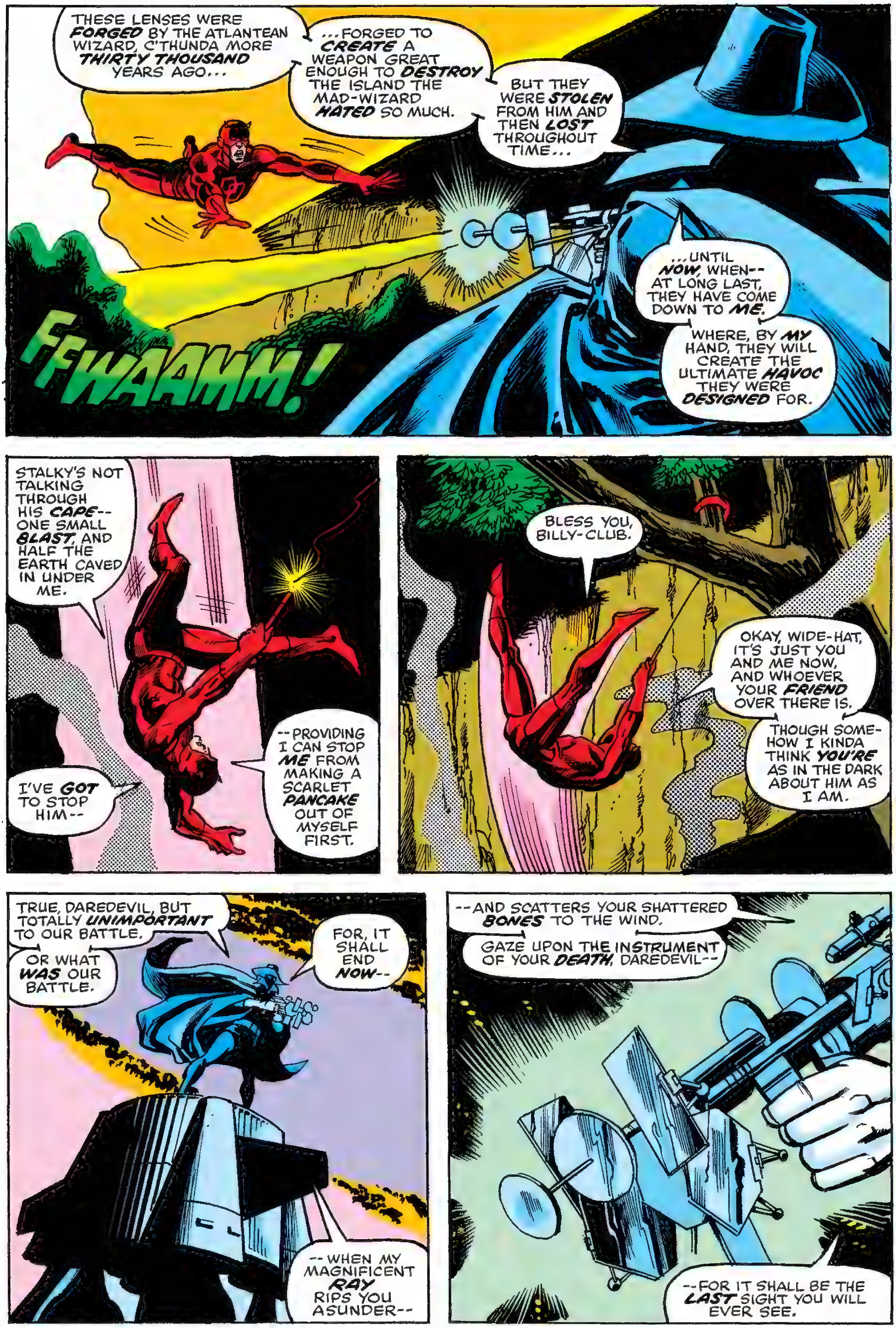

SORRY, HEATHER, BUT I WAS JUST THINKING ABOUT WHAT YOU SAID IN THE CAB.
AND I AGREE WITH YOU TOTALLY.
AS FOR THAT OTHER MATTER-- NO! I'M NOT ANGRY. I COULDN'T BE-- AFTER ALL, YOU'VE OPENED MY BLIND EYES FOR THE FIRST TIME IN YEARS.
BUT LET'S KEEP YOUR IDEA OUR SECRET FOR NOW. OKAY?
AND SPEAKING OF "SECRETS" HEATHER--MEET FOGGY NELSON--NEW YORK'S GREATEST SECRET WEAPON AGAINST CRIME.
MATT! SORRY I DRAGGED YOU DOWN HERE.
WOW! THE FIGHTING D.A.-- IN PERSON.
FUNNY! I ALWAYS THOUGHT HE'D BE A LITTLE TALLER, AND NOT SO, EH-- STOUT?!?
TOWER JUST CALLED AND CANCELLED OUR MEETING.
AND JUST AS I WAS ABOUT TO ACCUSE HIM OF RIGGING THOSE LOUSY T.V. COMMERCIALS.
I TELL YOU, MATT-- TOWER'S A CON, AND THE BIGGEST ONE AROUND.
AND I CAN'T WAIT TO BLOW THIS GAME WIDE OPEN.
ARE YOU SURE OF YOUR FACTS, FOGGY? BLAKE TOWER'S REPUTATION IS SPOTLESS.
WHICH ONLY PROVES WHAT I'M SAYING. HE'S GOT TO BE PAYING FOR THAT CLEAN RECORD. NO ONE IN FULL-TIME POLITICS CAN REMAIN TOTALLY PURE. NOT ME, NOT TOWER.
BESIDES, I'VE OTHER PROBLEMS--THERE'S JUST BEEN A RASH OF MUSEUM ROBBERIES...
...BY SOME PHANTOM-TYPE CRIMINAL!
"PHANTOM--?" SOUNDS INTERESTINGLY BIZARRE.
BIZARRE'S THE WORD, MATT. THE MUSEUM NIGHTWATCHMAN SAID THE THIEF DISAPPEARED RIGHT IN FRONT OF HIM.
HE ALSO SAID THE THIEF WAS DRESSED IN BLACK, AND WEARING A SLOUCH HAT OH YES, AND HE SPOKE WITH A STRANGE GRAVELLY VOICE.
MAYBE THE SHADOW'S COME BACK FROM RADIOLAND. LORD! WHAT'S THIS WORLD COMING TO, MATT?
THAT DESCRIPTION FITS ONLY ONE PERSON I KNOW--
--DEATH-STALKER!

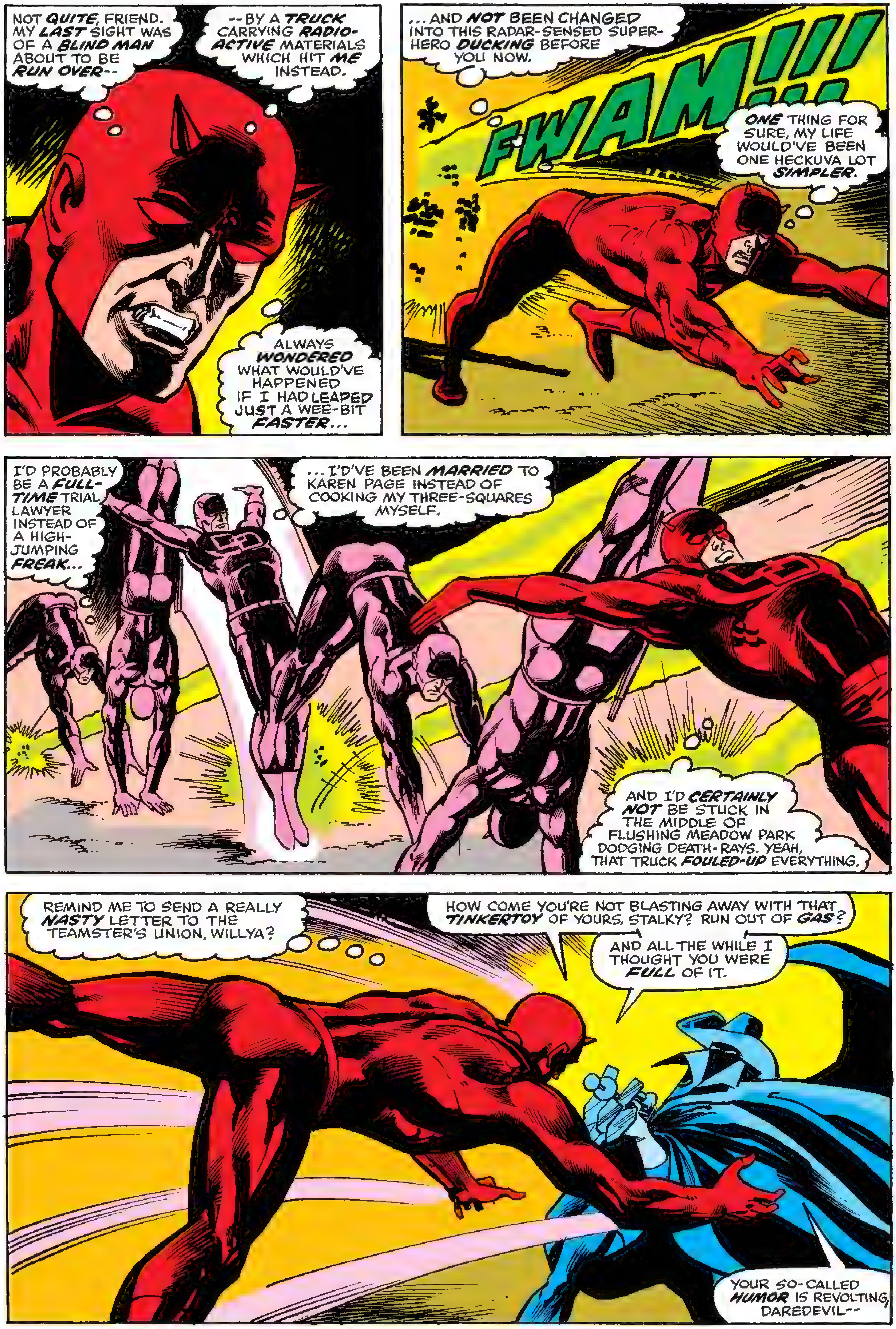

SOMETHING COMING IN ON THE *TELETYPE*, SIR--
BREAK-IN AT FLUSHING MEADOW PARK... SOMEONE TRIPPED THE *ALARM* IN THE *SCIENCE CENTER.*
YOU THINK IT'S THE *SAME* GUY, MATT?
SERGEANT! NOTIFY THE 109th. ALERT THEM AND THEN GET *BACK* TO ME.
MATT, THIS *COULD* BE MY BREAK. I JUST MAY *MAKE* OUR HANDSOME MR. BLAKE TOWER *CHOKE* ON HIS DIRTY WORDS.
I HOPE YOU'RE *SUCCESSFUL*, FOGGY. I REALLY DO-- BUT I'VE GOT TO *GO* NOW.
AND *ALONE*, HEATHER-- TO *THINK* THINGS OVER.
I WANT TO BE *WITH* YOU, MATT.
WE *NEED* EACH OTHER RIGHT NOW. WE REALLY *DO.*
THAT MAY *BE*, LITTLE LADY-- BUT I *DO* WANT TO BE ALONE.
NOT ANOTHER WORD.
UNDERSTAND?
NO MATT, I DON'T. BUT I SEE THERE'S *NOTHING* I CAN SAY THAT'LL *STOP* YOU.
HATED TO DO THAT TO HER, BUT I *COULDN'T* TELL HER THAT HER *BLIND* BOY-FRIEND WAS DASHING OFF TO *STOP CRIME* IN A RIDICULOUS ROYAL-RED SKIN-SUIT.
THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT HER THAT I REALLY *LIKE*--
SHE'S A *KOOK*, BUT SHE JUST *MAY* BE WHAT I NEED RIGHT NOW.
AND FROM WHAT SHE'S TOLD ME ABOUT *HERSELF*, I MAY JUST BE WHAT *SHE* NEEDS AS WELL.
BUT I *CAN'T* LET MYSELF THINK ABOUT US NOW-- PERSONAL PROBLEMS HAVE A WAY OF *DULLING* MY ABILITY IN ACTION.
AFTER ALL, I BOMBED OUT IN ALL OUR *PAST* MEETINGS--
--AND THERE'S NO REASON TO BELIEVE I'LL DO BETTER AGAINST HIM TONIGHT!
AND AGAINST DEATH-STALKER, I NEED *ALL* MY WITS ABOUT ME.

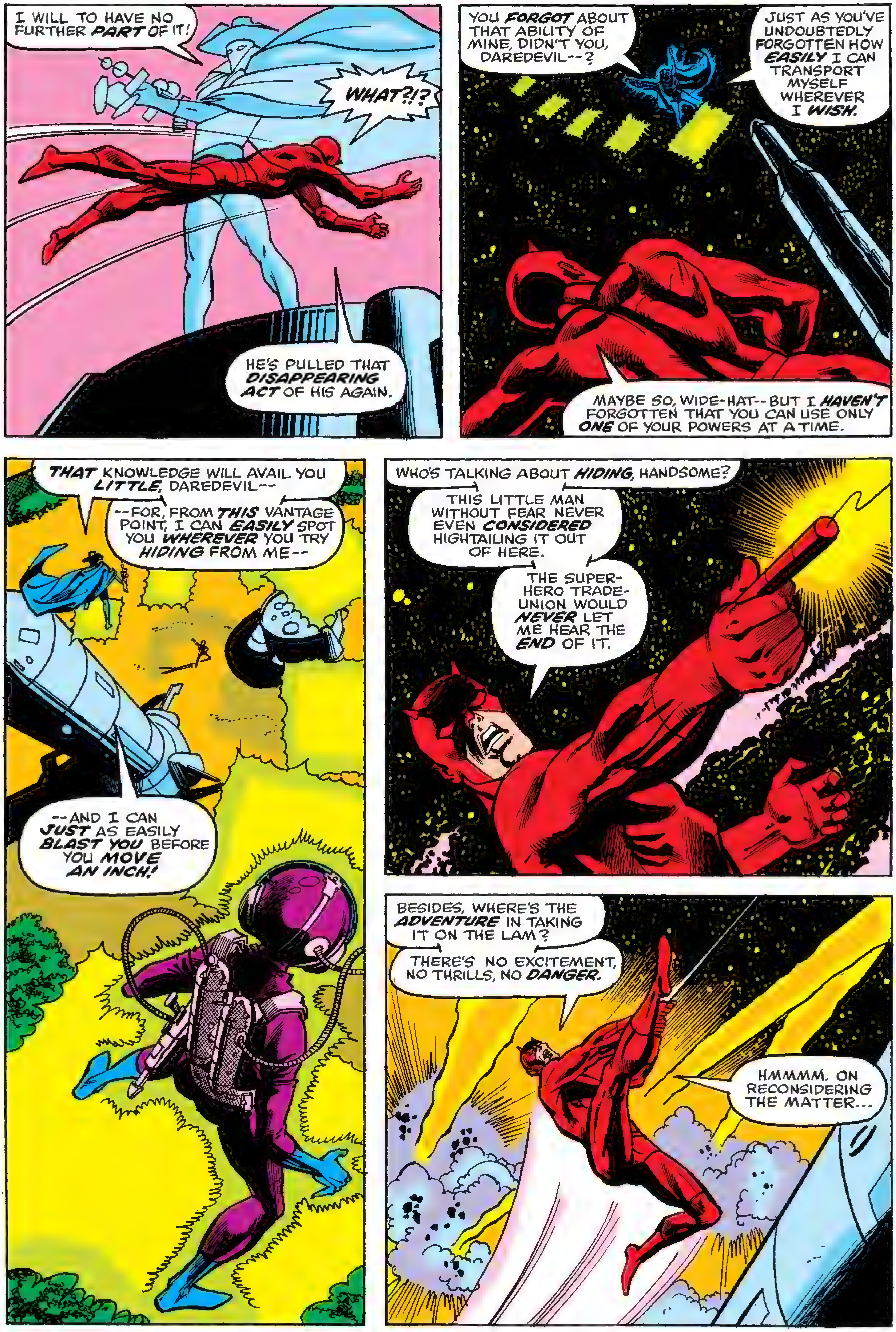

YET THERE'S **NO WAY** THAT NEW YORK'S FINEST COULD HOPE TO STOP HIM.
'CAUSE A GUY WHOSE VERY **TOUCH** IS DEATH IS A BIT **OUT OF THEIR LEAGUE.**
WHICH, WHETHER I LIKE IT OR **NOT**-- IS WHERE **I** COME IN.
I'VE GOT SPECIAL **ABILITIES**, AND BECAUSE OF THAT, I'VE GOT **RESPONSIBILITIES**-- NOT ONLY TO **MYSELF**, BUT TO **EVERYONE.**
AND, AS I SAID, LIKE IT OR NOT-- I'M **STUCK** WITH MYSELF AS I AM.
C'MON, SEVEN-TRAIN-- MAKE IT TO **WILLET'S POINT**... AND **FAST!**
'CAUSE THIS LITTLE **HITCH-HIKER'S** GOT A RENDEZVOUS WITH **DEATH.**
7
LEO WIZ HERE
JOHN
SOMEHOW THAT JUST **DOESN'T** SOUND TOO THRILLING.
WHILE...
TIME NOW... THE STARS ARE **HIGH**... AND IN **POSITION.**
AND THEY **WAIT...**
...FOR MY **RETURN.**
SIX HUNDRED YEARS HAS BEEN **LONG** ENOUGH FOR ME TO BE **BANISHED** HERE. I **MUST** BE HOME...
...TO MY **SECOND** HOME, THAT IS.
FOR, THOUGH I WAS BORN ON **EARTH**-- MY **TRUE** HOME--
--IS IN THE **BLACKNESS OF SPACE...** ON AN INFINITESIMAL DOT OF LIGHT.
AND IT IS **THERE** I WISH TO BE AGAIN. NO MATTER **WHAT** THE MASTERS SAID...
...NO MATTER WHAT THEIR **ORDERS** ARE.
A **JEST** PERHAPS, BUT I AM **HOMESICK** FOR A WORLD THAT IS NOT MINE...
--BUT IS CERTAINLY **MORE** MINE THAN THIS PLANET WHICH SPAWNED ME.

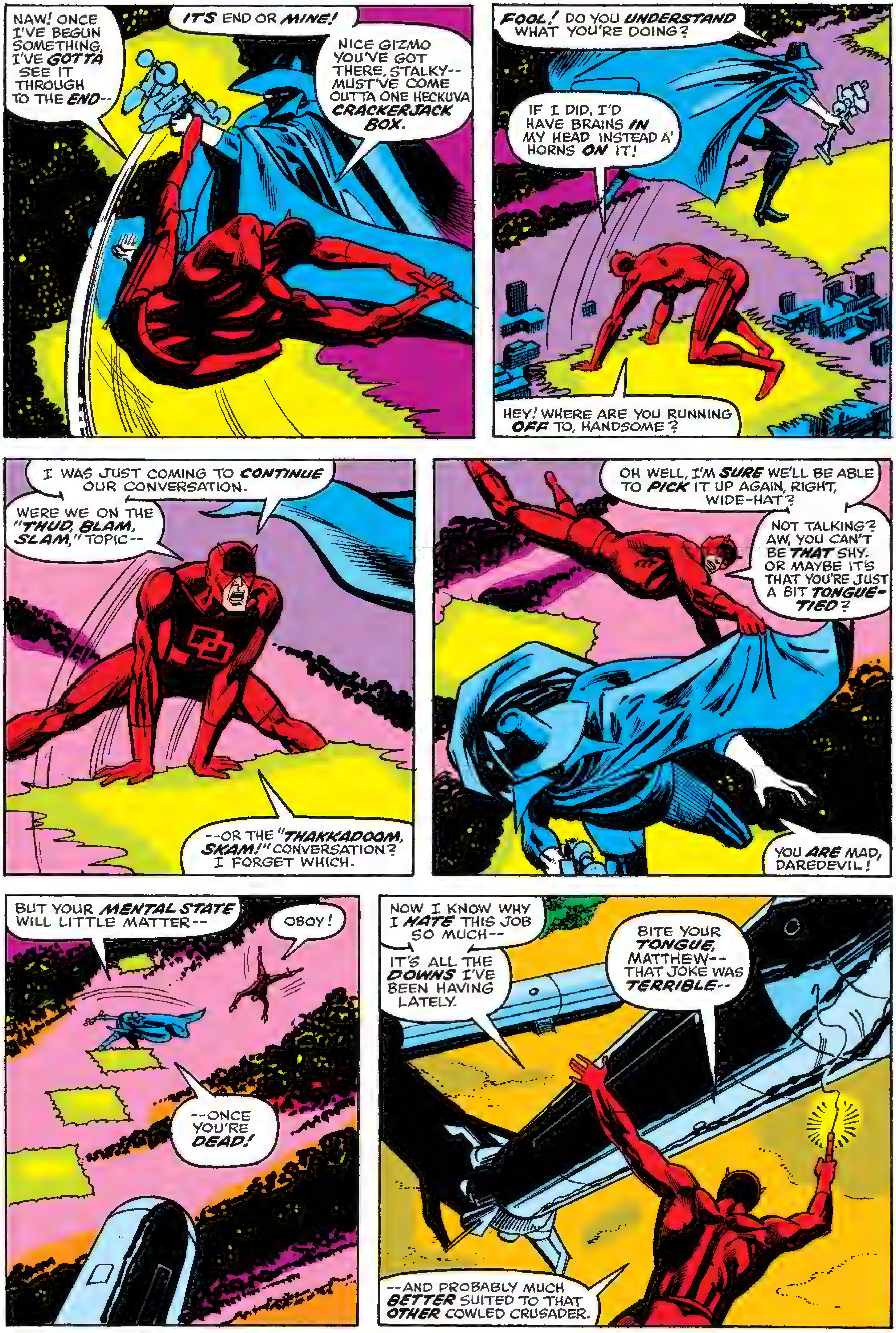

STARRON IS READY TO EXPLODE, AND I AM READY TO BEGIN MY JOURNEY...
...BACK TO MY HOME, AND TO MY LOVE.
ZZWWAMMM!
WHOA BOY, I WAS RIGHT.
SOMETHING EXPLODED IN THE PARK.
"SOMETHING--?" SOUNDED LIKE THE BIG DADDY OF EXPLOSIONS TO ME.
MAYBE STALKY'S PLAYING A NEW GAME.
WHICH MEANS-- I'D BETTER BE READY--
--OR IT JUST MAY BE FRENCH-FRIED DAREDEVIL FOR DINNER TONIGHT, FOLKS.
SCIENCE PAVILION
CHEERY THOUGHT TO BEGIN A BATTLE WITH.
JUST THE KINDA THING TO MAKE ME WANNA PACK UP AND GO HOME AGAIN.
BUT, WITHIN THE EX-WORLD'S FAIR BUILDING...
OPTICS
THE FINAL PIECE-- NOTHING MORE IS NEEDED.
AND JUST THE FINAL ASSEMBLY MUST BE COMPLETED BEFORE I AM READY.
BUT--

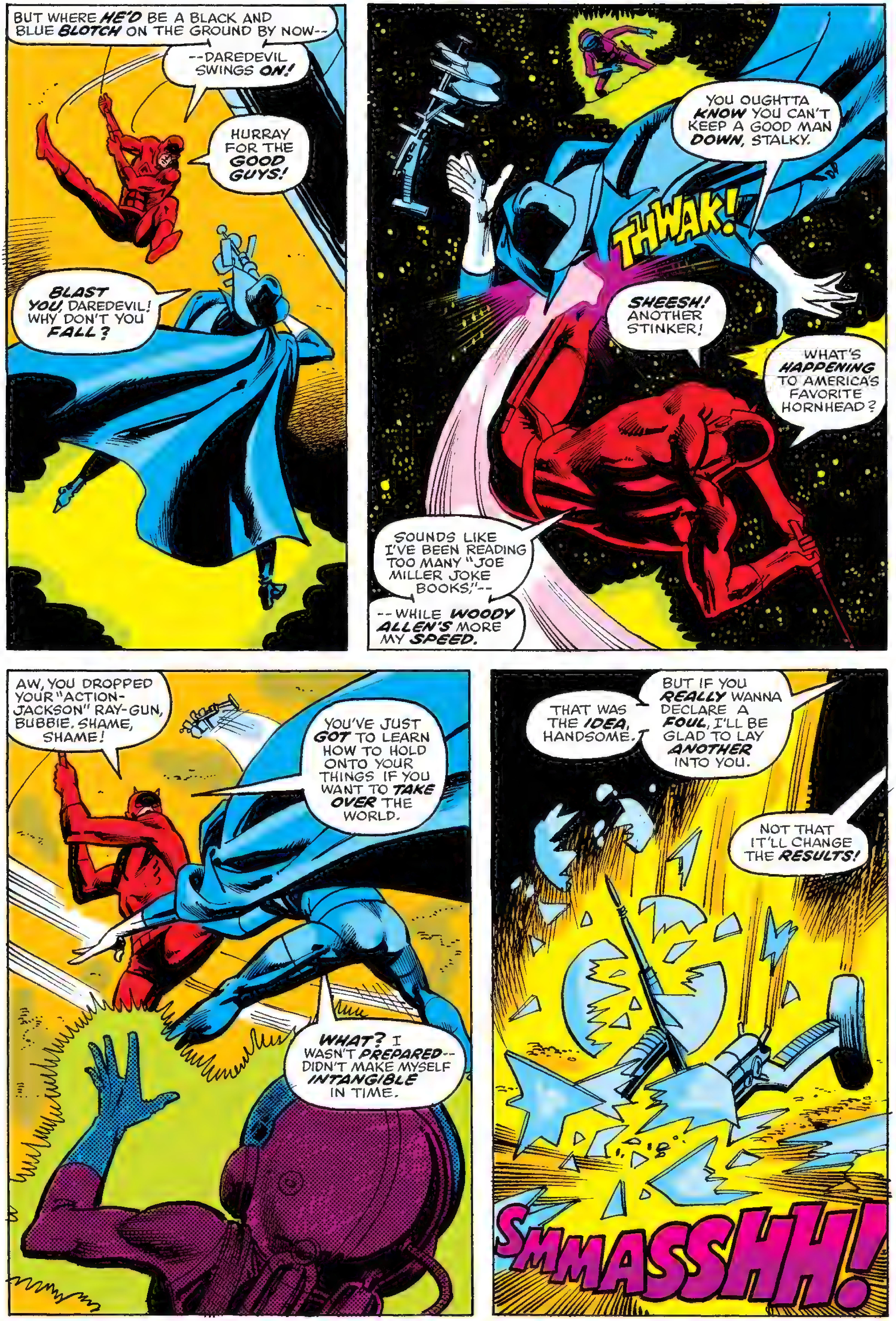

AH, I SENSE MY OLD **FOE** HAS COME.
I DON'T KNOW HOW DAREDEVIL **KNEW** I WOULD BE HERE.
IT IS **IMPOSSIBLE** THAT I ACTIVATED ANY **ALARMS...** **TOTALLY** IMPOSSIBLE.
THE COSMIC ENERGY IS **ABSORBED** WITHIN ME NOW...
ENOUGH ENERGY TO FORM THE **STAR-STEPS...**
...AND TO **WALK** THEM HOME--
--ACROSS THE EVER-DISTANT **LIGHT YEARS** TO MY PLANET...
...AND MORE-- TO **VIELA** TO MY LOVE.
WHAT IN THE NAME OF BLEARY-EYED **MYOPIA**--?
UNLESS MY RADAR SENSE HAS GONE **TOTALLY BANANAS**--
--THERE'S A **CLOWN** UP THERE CREATING **STEPS** OUT OF **LIGHT**, AND WHAT'S EVEN **NUTTIER**--
--HE'S **WALKING ON THEM!**
HE MUST'VE BEEN THE ONE WHO TRIPPED THE POLICE ALARM, **NOT** DEATH-STALKER.
NOT THAT IT **MATTERS** MUCH. THAT GUY'S UP TO **SOMETHING**.
HOLD IT!
SOMEONE TAKING **POT-SHOTS** AT ME.
NOT SOMEONE, DAREDEVIL-- **DEATH-STALKER!**
AND SINCE YOU SOMEHOW **TRACED** ME TO THIS PARK, LET ME **HONOR** YOU WITH BEING THE **FIRST** VICTIM OF MY **LENS-RAY!**

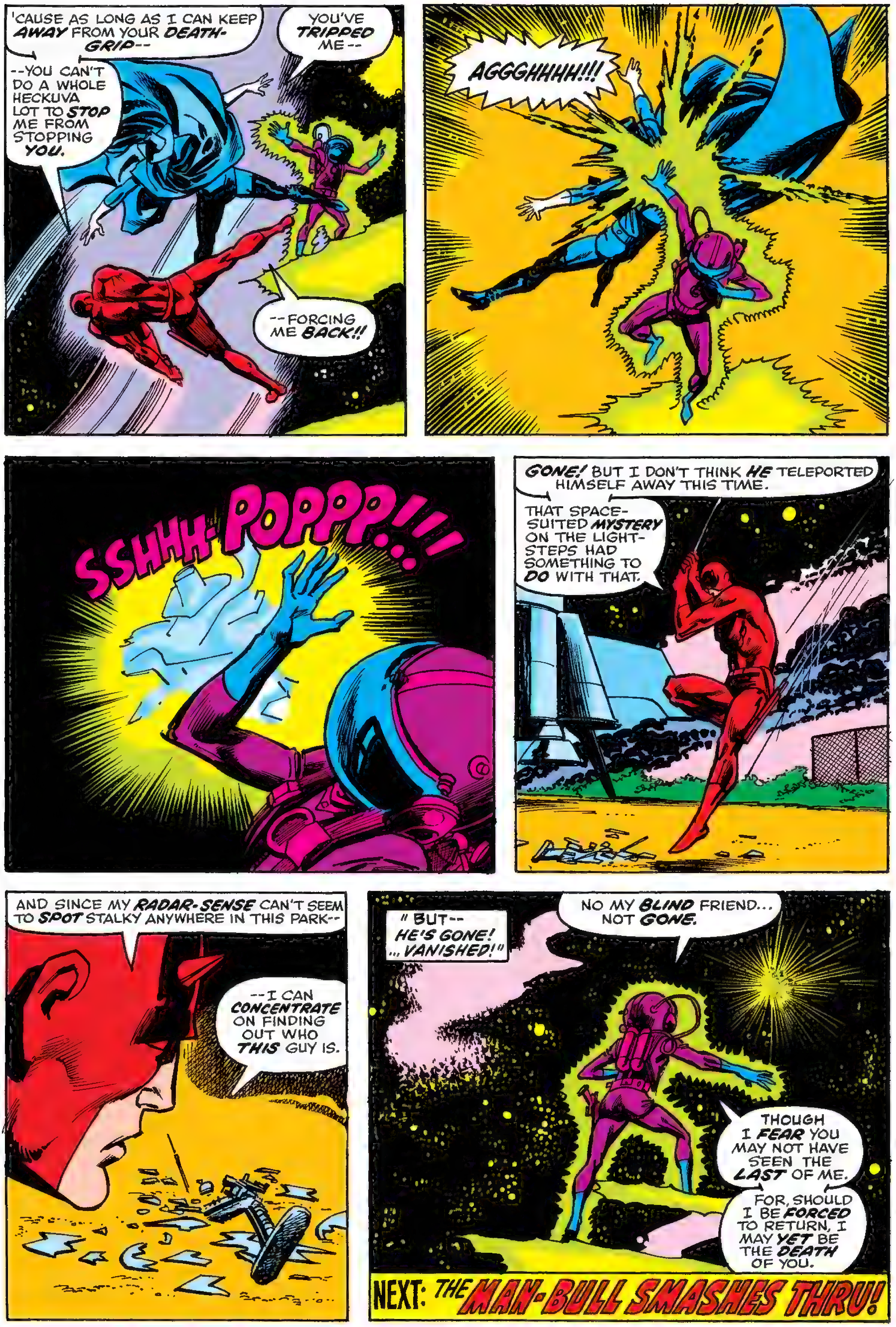

THESE LENSES WERE FORGED BY THE ATLANTEAN WIZARD, C'THUNDA MORE THIRTY THOUSAND YEARS AGO...
...FORGED TO CREATE A WEAPON GREAT ENOUGH TO DESTROY THE ISLAND THE MAD-WIZARD HATED SO MUCH.
BUT THEY WERE STOLEN FROM HIM AND THEN LOST THROUGHOUT TIME...
...UNTIL NOW, WHEN-- AT LONG LAST, THEY HAVE COME DOWN TO ME.
WHERE, BY MY HAND, THEY WILL CREATE THE ULTIMATE HAVOC THEY WERE DESIGNED FOR.
FFWAAMM!
STALKY'S NOT TALKING THROUGH HIS CAPE-- ONE SMALL BLAST, AND HALF THE EARTH CAVED IN UNDER ME.
I'VE GOT TO STOP HIM--
--PROVIDING I CAN STOP ME FROM MAKING A SCARLET PANCAKE OUT OF MYSELF FIRST.
BLESS YOU, BILLY-CLUB.
OKAY, WIDE-HAT, IT'S JUST YOU AND ME NOW, AND WHOEVER YOUR FRIEND OVER THERE IS.
THOUGH SOMEHOW I KINDA THINK YOU'RE AS IN THE DARK ABOUT HIM AS I AM.
TRUE, DAREDEVIL, BUT TOTALLY UNIMPORTANT TO OUR BATTLE.
OR WHAT WAS OUR BATTLE.
FOR, IT SHALL END NOW--
--WHEN MY MAGNIFICENT RAY RIPS YOU ASUNDER--
--AND SCATTERS YOUR SHATTERED BONES TO THE WIND.
GAZE UPON THE INSTRUMENT OF YOUR DEATH, DAREDEVIL--
--FOR IT SHALL BE THE LAST SIGHT YOU WILL EVER SEE.


NOT QUITE, FRIEND. MY LAST SIGHT WAS OF A BLIND MAN ABOUT TO BE RUN OVER--
--BY A TRUCK CARRYING RADIOACTIVE MATERIALS WHICH HIT ME INSTEAD.
ALWAYS WONDERED WHAT WOULD'VE HAPPENED IF I HAD LEAPED JUST A WEE-BIT FASTER...
...AND NOT BEEN CHANGED INTO THIS RADAR-SENSED SUPER-HERO DUCKING BEFORE YOU NOW.
FWAM!!!!
ONE THING FOR SURE, MY LIFE WOULD'VE BEEN ONE HECKUVA LOT SIMPLER.
I'D PROBABLY BE A FULL-TIME TRIAL LAWYER INSTEAD OF A HIGH-JUMPING FREAK...
...I'D'VE BEEN MARRIED TO KAREN PAGE INSTEAD OF COOKING MY THREE-SQUARES MYSELF.
AND I'D CERTAINLY NOT BE STUCK IN THE MIDDLE OF FLUSHING MEADOW PARK DODGING DEATH-RAYS. YEAH, THAT TRUCK FOULED-UP EVERYTHING.
REMIND ME TO SEND A REALLY NASTY LETTER TO THE TEAMSTER'S UNION, WILLYA?
HOW COME YOU'RE NOT BLASTING AWAY WITH THAT TINKERTOY OF YOURS, STALKY? RUN OUT OF GAS?
AND ALL THE WHILE I THOUGHT YOU WERE FULL OF IT.
YOUR SO-CALLED HUMOR IS REVOLTING, DAREDEVIL--


I WILL TO HAVE NO FURTHER **PART** OF IT!
WHAT?!?
HE'S PULLED THAT **DISAPPEARING ACT** OF HIS AGAIN.
YOU **FORGOT** ABOUT THAT ABILITY OF MINE, DIDN'T YOU, DAREDEVIL--?
JUST AS YOU'VE UNDOUBTEDLY FORGOTTEN HOW **EASILY** I CAN TRANSPORT MYSELF WHEREVER I **WISH.**
MAYBE SO, WIDE-HAT--BUT I **HAVEN'T** FORGOTTEN THAT YOU CAN USE ONLY **ONE** OF YOUR POWERS AT A TIME.
THAT KNOWLEDGE WILL AVAIL YOU **LITTLE,** DAREDEVIL--
--FOR, FROM **THIS** VANTAGE POINT, I CAN **EASILY** SPOT YOU **WHEREVER** YOU TRY **HIDING** FROM ME--
--AND I CAN **JUST** AS EASILY **BLAST YOU** BEFORE YOU **MOVE AN INCH!**
WHO'S TALKING ABOUT **HIDING,** HANDSOME?
THIS LITTLE MAN WITHOUT FEAR NEVER EVEN **CONSIDERED** HIGHTAILING IT OUT OF HERE.
THE SUPER-HERO TRADE-UNION WOULD **NEVER** LET ME HEAR THE **END** OF IT.
BESIDES, WHERE'S THE **ADVENTURE** IN TAKING IT ON THE LAM?
THERE'S NO EXCITEMENT, NO THRILLS, NO **DANGER.**
HMMMM. ON RECONSIDERING THE MATTER...


NAW! ONCE I'VE BEGUN SOMETHING, I'VE **GOTTA** SEE IT THROUGH TO THE **END**--
IT'S END OR **MINE!**
NICE GIZMO YOU'VE GOT THERE, STALKY-- MUST'VE COME OUTTA ONE HECKUVA **CRACKERJACK BOX.**
FOOL! DO YOU **UNDERSTAND** WHAT YOU'RE DOING?
IF I DID, I'D HAVE BRAINS **IN** MY HEAD INSTEAD A' HORNS **ON** IT!
HEY! WHERE ARE YOU RUNNING **OFF** TO, HANDSOME?
I WAS JUST COMING TO **CONTINUE** OUR CONVERSATION.
WERE WE ON THE "**THUD, BLAM, SLAM,**" TOPIC--
--OR THE "**THAKKADOOM, SKAM!**" CONVERSATION? I FORGET WHICH.
OH WELL, I'M **SURE** WE'LL BE ABLE TO **PICK** IT UP AGAIN, RIGHT, WIDE-HAT?
NOT TALKING? AW, YOU CAN'T BE **THAT** SHY. OR MAYBE IT'S THAT YOU'RE JUST A BIT **TONGUE-TIED**?
YOU **ARE** MAD, DAREDEVIL!
BUT YOUR **MENTAL STATE** WILL LITTLE MATTER--
OBOY!
--ONCE YOU'RE **DEAD!**
NOW I KNOW WHY I **HATE** THIS JOB SO MUCH--
IT'S ALL THE **DOWNS** I'VE BEEN HAVING LATELY.
BITE YOUR **TONGUE,** MATTHEW-- THAT JOKE WAS **TERRIBLE**--
--AND PROBABLY MUCH **BETTER** SUITED TO THAT **OTHER** COWLED CRUSADER.


BUT WHERE *HE'D* BE A BLACK AND BLUE *BLOTCH* ON THE GROUND BY NOW--
--DAREDEVIL SWINGS *ON!*
HURRAY FOR THE *GOOD GUYS!*
BLAST YOU, DAREDEVIL! WHY DON'T YOU *FALL?*
YOU OUGHTTA *KNOW* YOU CAN'T KEEP A GOOD MAN *DOWN,* STALKY.
THWAK!
SHEESH! ANOTHER STINKER!
WHAT'S *HAPPENING* TO AMERICA'S FAVORITE HORNHEAD?
SOUNDS LIKE I'VE BEEN READING TOO MANY "JOE MILLER JOKE BOOKS,"--
--WHILE *WOODY ALLEN'S* MORE MY *SPEED.*
AW, YOU DROPPED YOUR "ACTION-JACKSON" RAY-GUN, BUBBIE. SHAME, SHAME!
YOU'VE JUST *GOT* TO LEARN HOW TO HOLD ONTO YOUR THINGS IF YOU WANT TO *TAKE OVER* THE WORLD.
WHAT? I WASN'T *PREPARED*--DIDN'T MAKE MYSELF *INTANGIBLE* IN TIME.
THAT WAS THE *IDEA,* HANDSOME.
BUT IF YOU *REALLY* WANNA DECLARE A *FOUL,* I'LL BE GLAD TO LAY *ANOTHER* INTO YOU.
NOT THAT IT'LL CHANGE THE *RESULTS!*
SMMASSHH!

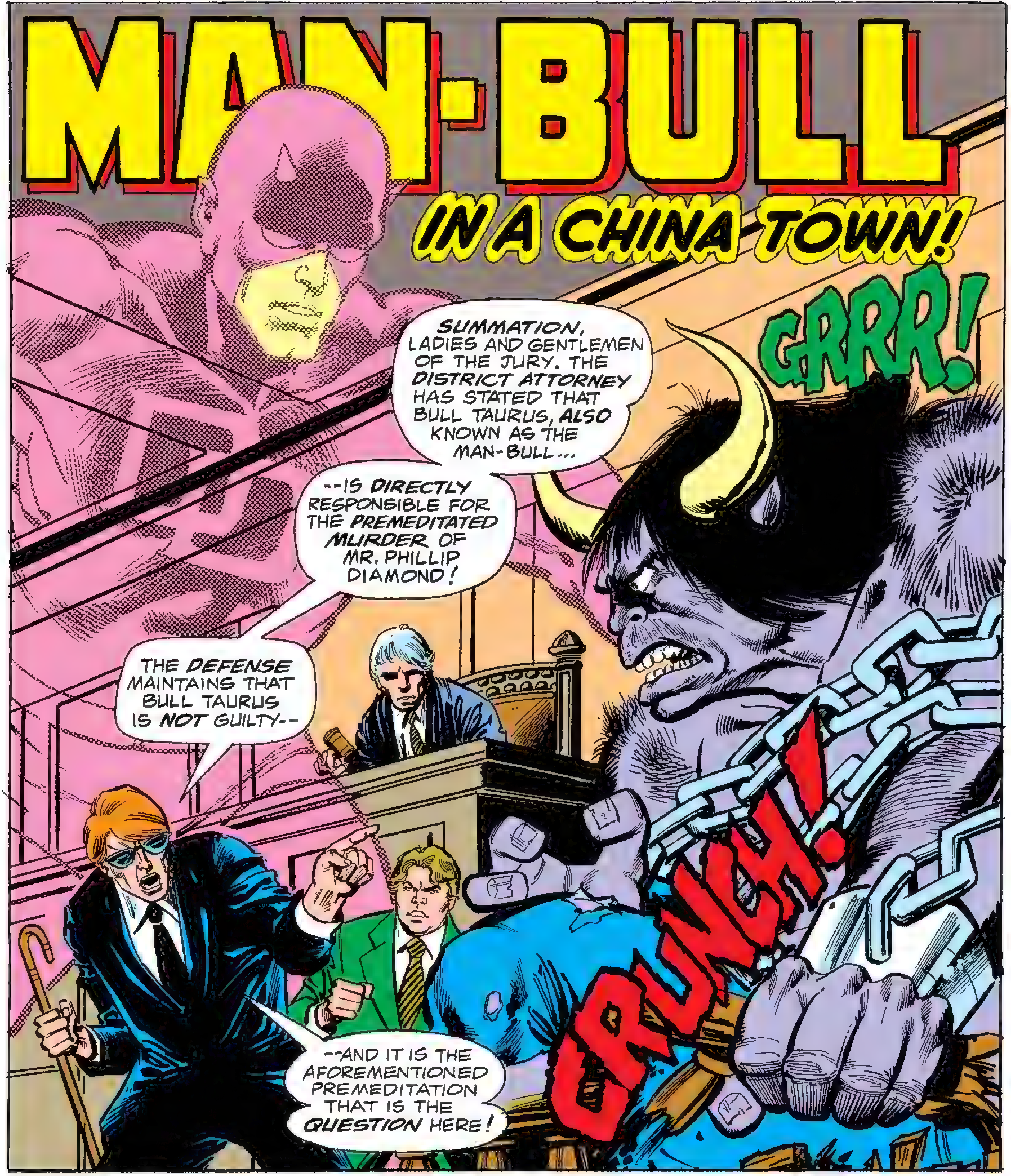

'CAUSE AS LONG AS I CAN KEEP *AWAY* FROM YOUR *DEATH-GRIP*--
--YOU CAN'T DO A WHOLE HECKUVA LOT TO *STOP* ME FROM STOPPING *YOU.*
YOU'VE *TRIPPED* ME--
--FORCING ME *BACK!!*
AGGGHHHH!!!
SSHHH-POPPP!!!
GONE! BUT I DON'T THINK *HE* TELEPORTED HIMSELF AWAY THIS TIME.
THAT SPACE-SUITED *MYSTERY* ON THE LIGHT-STEPS HAD SOMETHING TO *DO* WITH THAT.
AND SINCE MY *RADAR-SENSE* CAN'T SEEM TO *SPOT* STALKY ANYWHERE IN THIS PARK--
--I CAN *CONCENTRATE* ON FINDING OUT WHO *THIS* GUY IS.
" BUT-- *HE'S GONE!* ...*VANISHED!*"
NO MY *BLIND* FRIEND... NOT *GONE.*
THOUGH I *FEAR* YOU MAY NOT HAVE SEEN THE *LAST* OF ME.
FOR, SHOULD I BE *FORCED* TO RETURN, I MAY *YET* BE THE *DEATH* OF YOU.
NEXT: THE MAN-BULL SMASHES THRU!

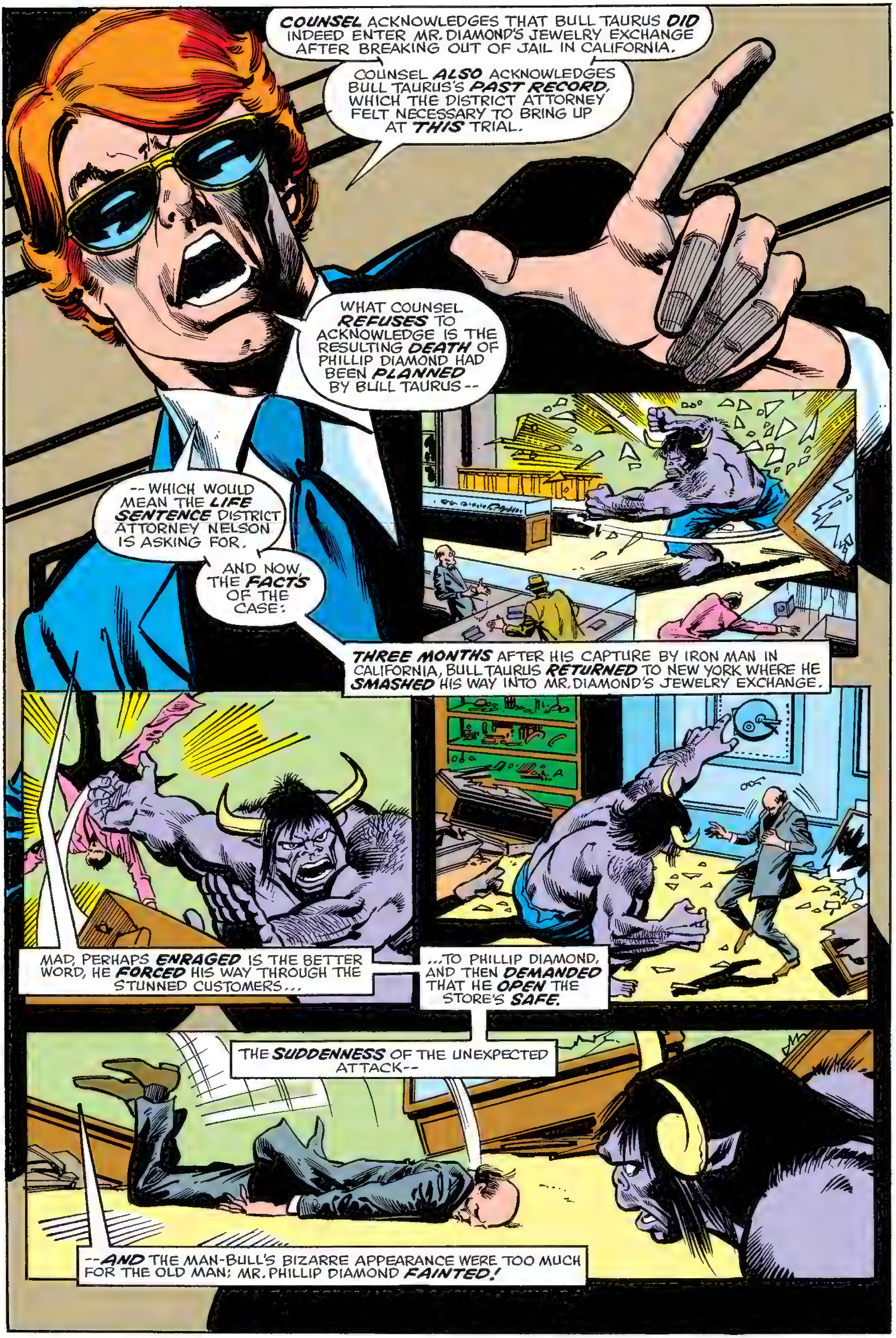
DAREDEVIL
MARVEL COMICS GROUP™
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
25¢
129
JAN
02459
DAREDEVIL
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!
YOU'LL NEVER STOP ME, HERO-MAN! TODAY IS THE DAY I'VE WAITED FOR! TODAY IS THE DAY...
THE MAN-BULL BUSTS LOOSE!
MY STRONGEST PUNCHES HAVE NO EFFECT ON THIS BRUTE!
ALL-OUT ACTION IN THE MIGHTY MARVEL MANNER!

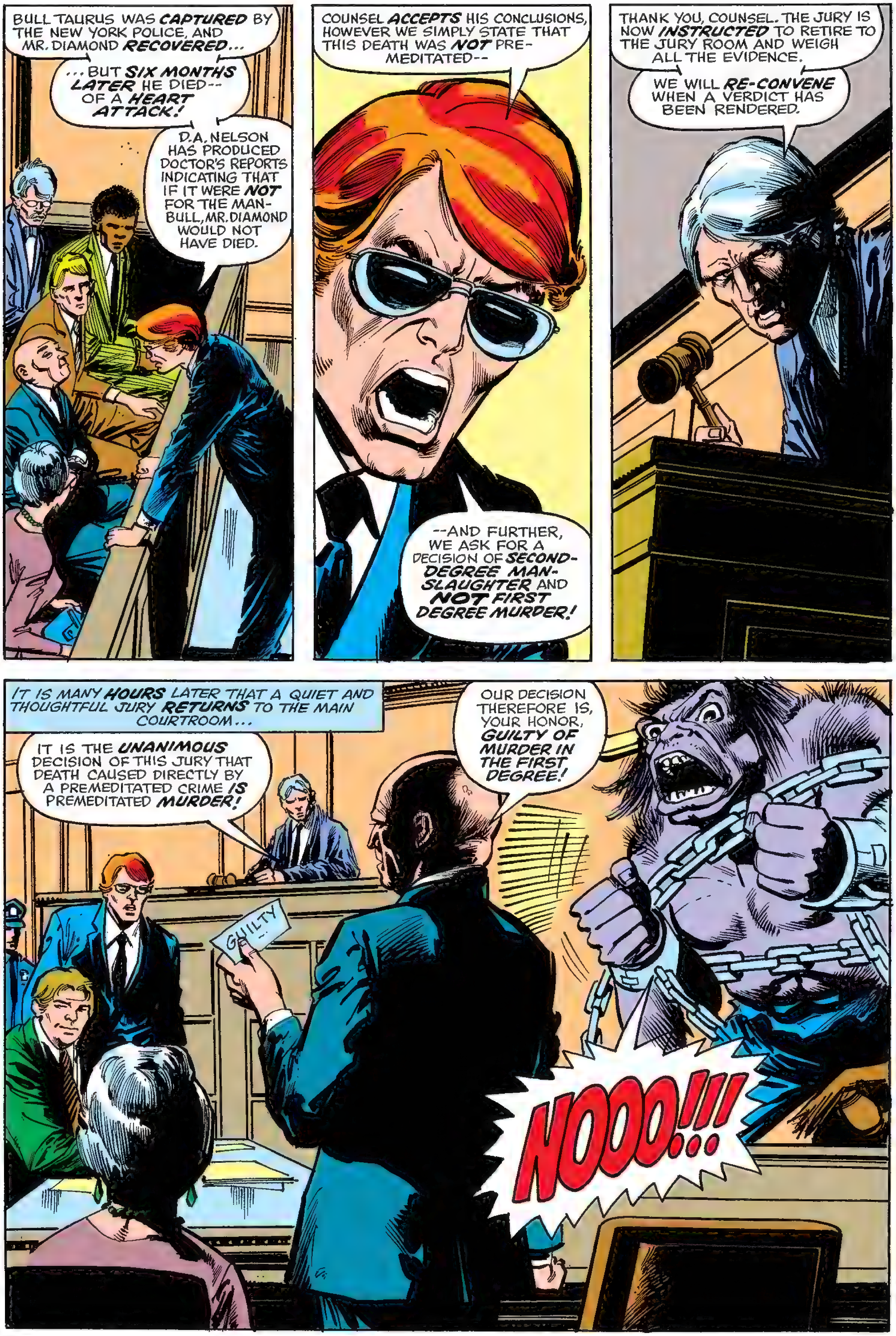
He dwells in eternal night— but the blackness is filled with sounds and scents, tastes and textures other men cannot perceive. For though attorney MATT MURDOCK is *blind,* his other four senses function with *superhuman sharpness*—his uncanny *radar sense* guides him over every obstacle! He stalks the streets by night, a relentless red-garbed foe of evil!

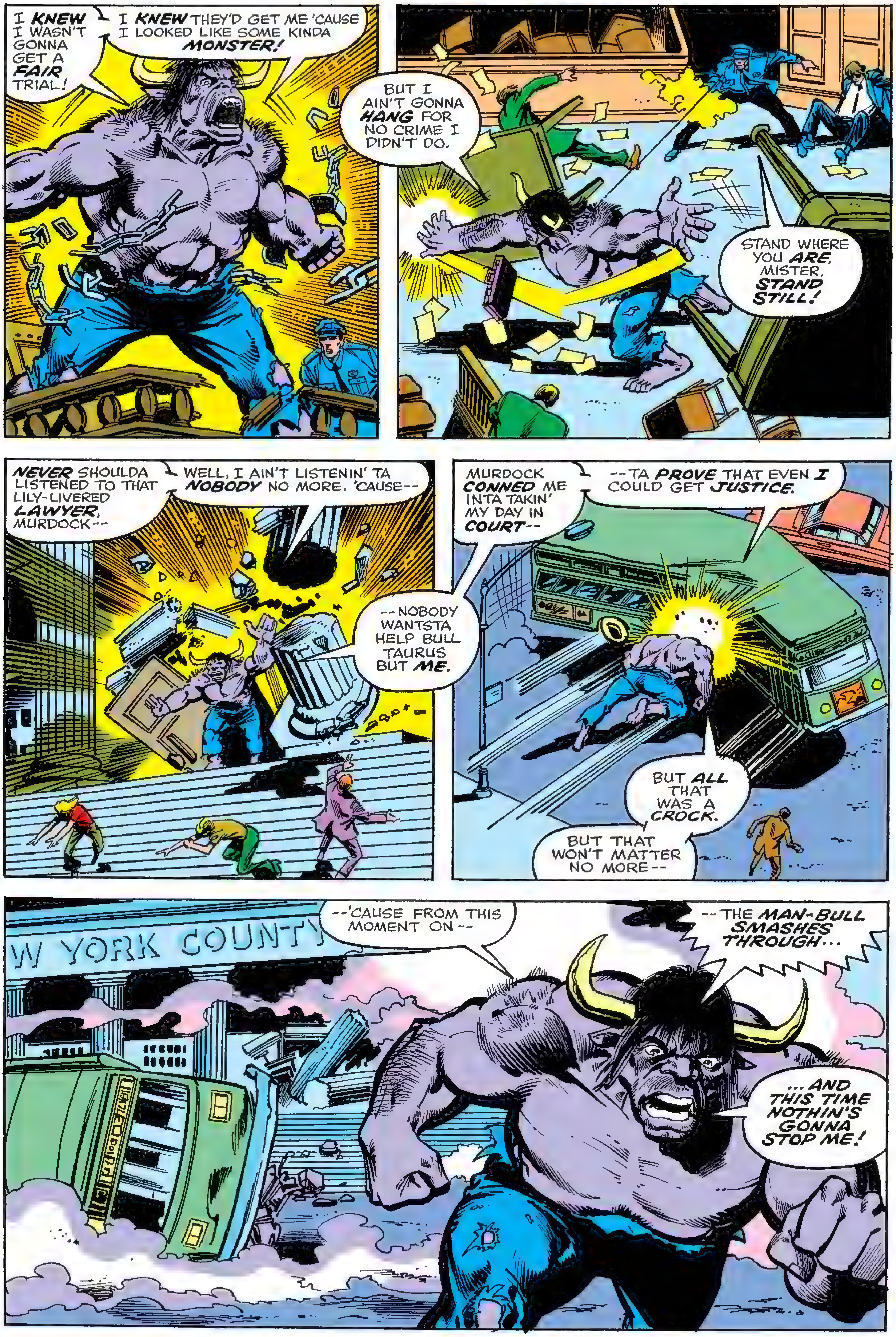
Stan Lee PRESENTS: DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!™

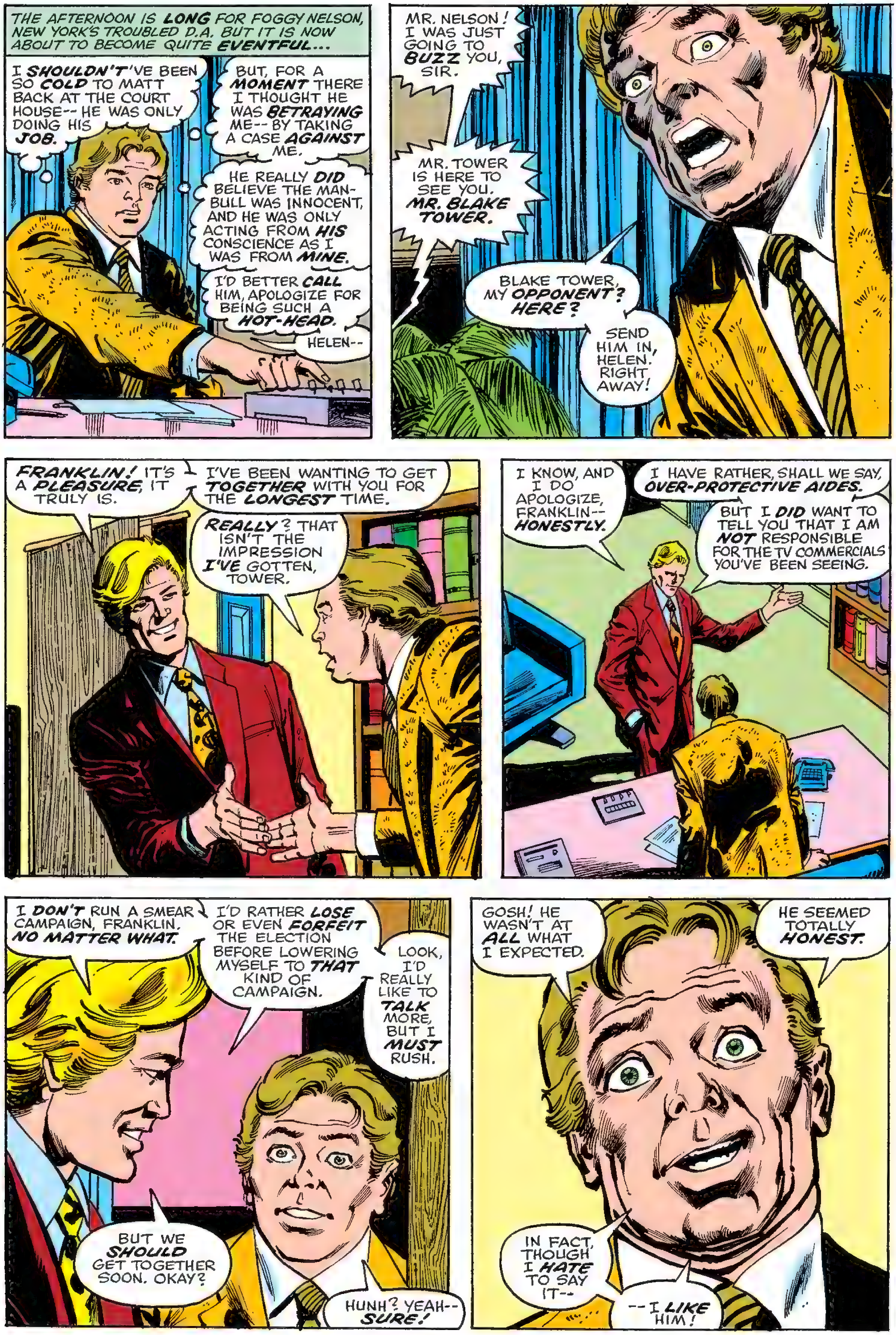
MARV WOLFMAN WRITER / EDITOR • **BOB BROWN & KLAUS JANSON** ARTISTS • **MICHELE WOLFMAN** COLORIST • **JOE ROSEN** LETTERER

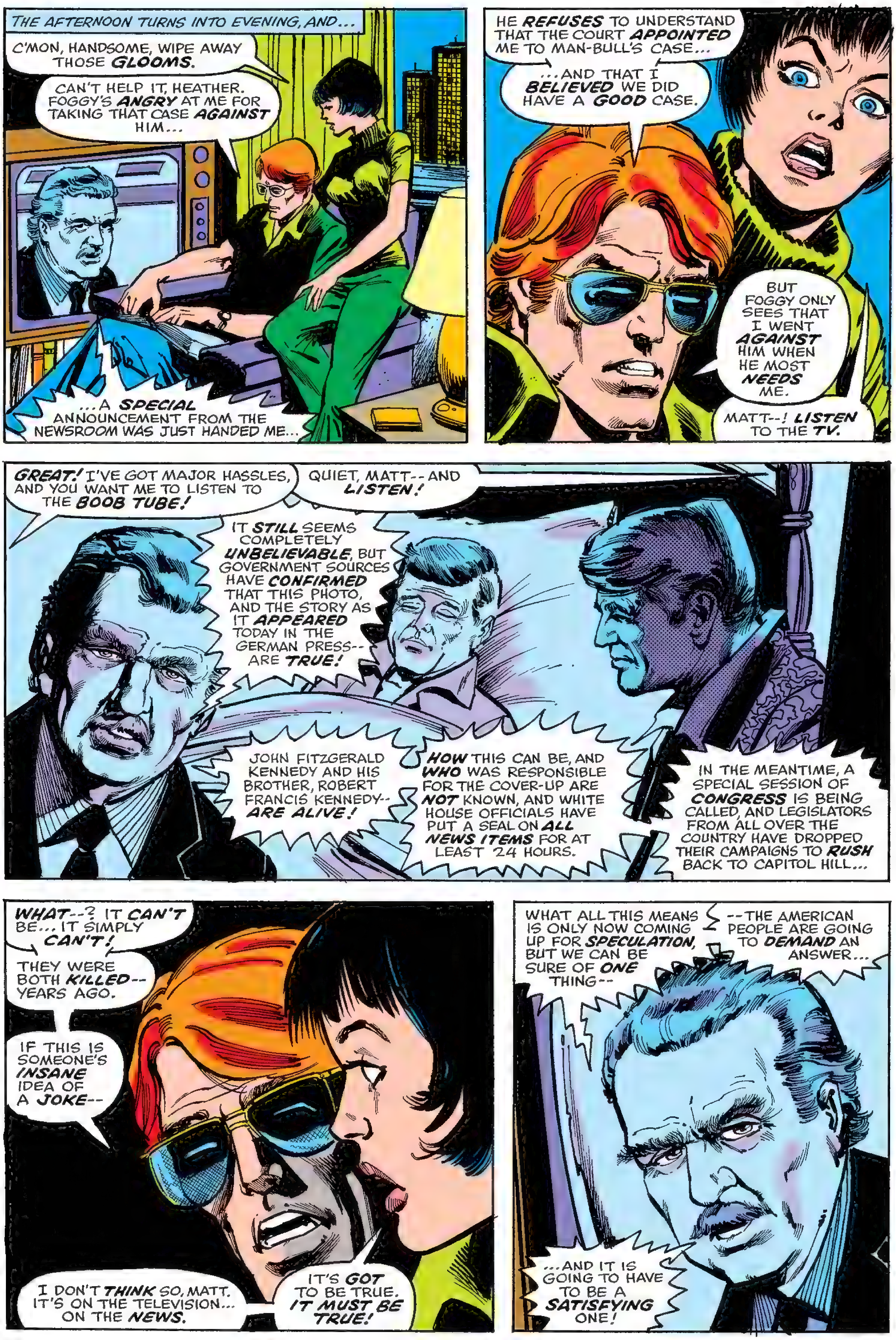

MAN-BULL
IN A CHINA TOWN!
SUMMATION, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY. THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY HAS STATED THAT BULL TAURUS, ALSO KNOWN AS THE MAN-BULL...
--IS DIRECTLY RESPONSIBLE FOR THE PREMEDITATED MURDER OF MR. PHILLIP DIAMOND!
THE DEFENSE MAINTAINS THAT BULL TAURUS IS NOT GUILTY--
--AND IT IS THE AFOREMENTIONED PREMEDITATION THAT IS THE QUESTION HERE!
GRRR!
CRUNCH!

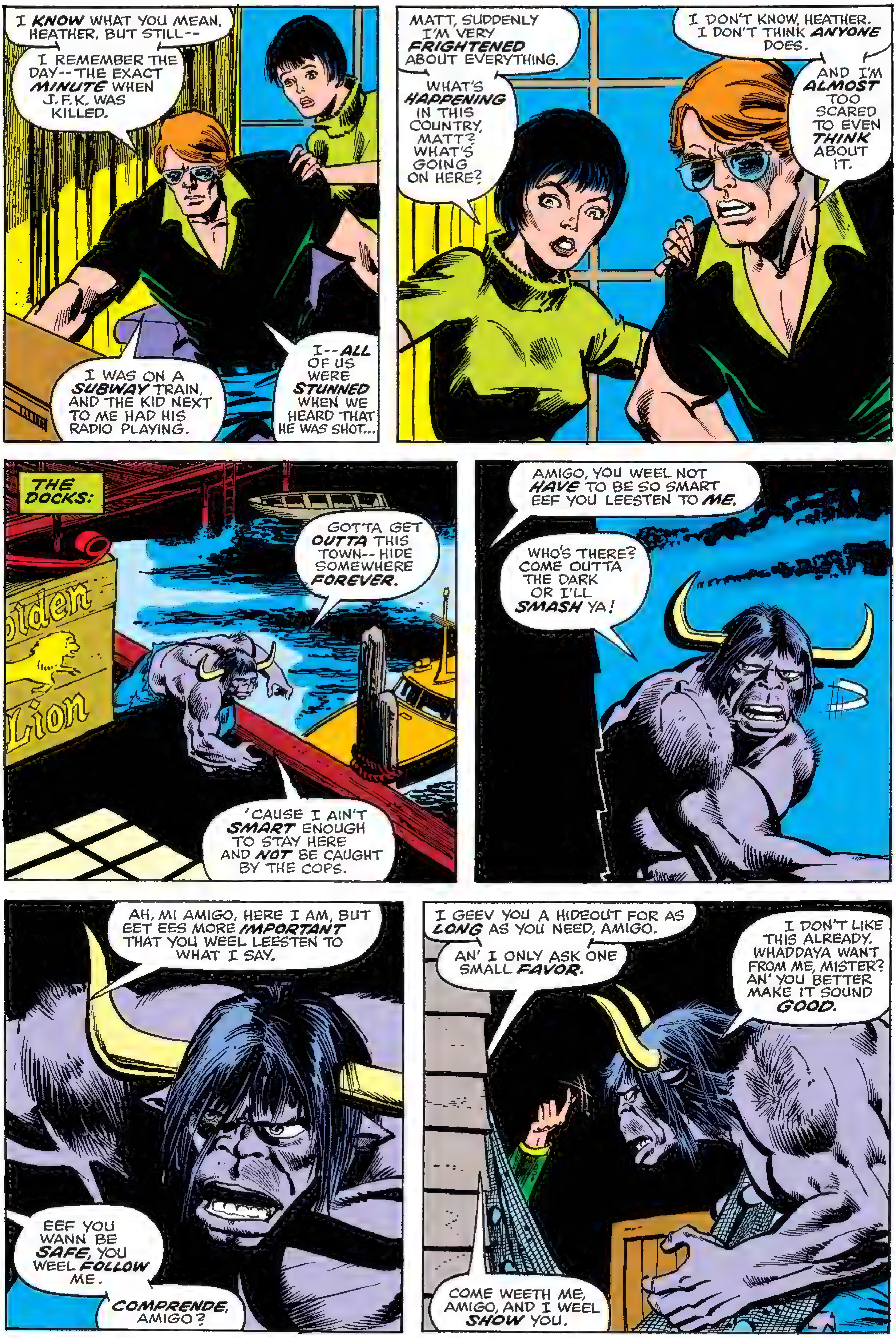

COUNSEL ACKNOWLEDGES THAT BULL TAURUS **DID** INDEED ENTER MR. DIAMOND'S JEWELRY EXCHANGE AFTER BREAKING OUT OF JAIL IN CALIFORNIA.
COUNSEL **ALSO** ACKNOWLEDGES BULL TAURUS'S **PAST RECORD**, WHICH THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY FELT NECESSARY TO BRING UP AT **THIS** TRIAL.
WHAT COUNSEL **REFUSES** TO ACKNOWLEDGE IS THE RESULTING **DEATH** OF PHILLIP DIAMOND HAD BEEN **PLANNED** BY BULL TAURUS--
--WHICH WOULD MEAN THE **LIFE SENTENCE** DISTRICT ATTORNEY NELSON IS ASKING FOR.
AND NOW, THE **FACTS** OF THE CASE:
THREE MONTHS AFTER HIS CAPTURE BY IRON MAN IN CALIFORNIA, BULL TAURUS **RETURNED** TO NEW YORK WHERE HE **SMASHED** HIS WAY INTO MR. DIAMOND'S JEWELRY EXCHANGE.
MAD, PERHAPS **ENRAGED** IS THE BETTER WORD, HE **FORCED** HIS WAY THROUGH THE STUNNED CUSTOMERS...
...TO PHILLIP DIAMOND, AND THEN **DEMANDED** THAT HE **OPEN** THE STORE'S **SAFE**.
THE **SUDDENNESS** OF THE UNEXPECTED ATTACK--
--**AND** THE MAN-BULL'S BIZARRE APPEARANCE WERE TOO MUCH FOR THE OLD MAN: MR. PHILLIP DIAMOND **FAINTED!**

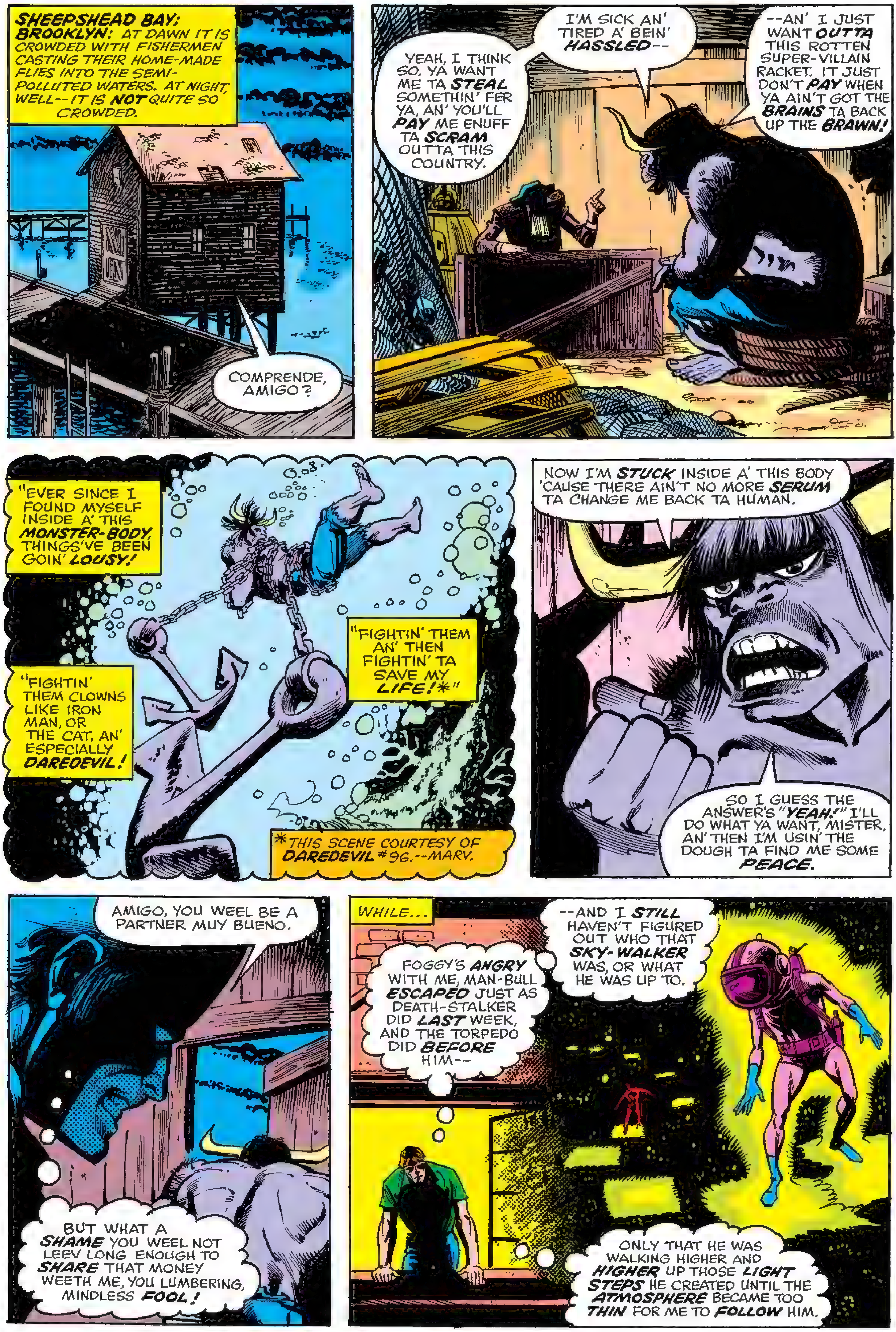

BULL TAURUS WAS **CAPTURED** BY THE NEW YORK POLICE, AND MR. DIAMOND **RECOVERED...**
...BUT **SIX MONTHS LATER** HE DIED-- OF A **HEART ATTACK!**
D.A. NELSON HAS PRODUCED DOCTOR'S REPORTS INDICATING THAT IF IT WERE **NOT** FOR THE MAN-BULL, MR. DIAMOND WOULD NOT HAVE DIED.
COUNSEL **ACCEPTS** HIS CONCLUSIONS, HOWEVER WE SIMPLY STATE THAT THIS DEATH WAS **NOT** PREMEDITATED--
--AND FURTHER, WE ASK FOR A DECISION OF **SECOND-DEGREE MANSLAUGHTER** AND **NOT FIRST DEGREE MURDER!**
THANK YOU, COUNSEL. THE JURY IS NOW **INSTRUCTED** TO RETIRE TO THE JURY ROOM AND WEIGH ALL THE EVIDENCE.
WE WILL **RE-CONVENE** WHEN A VERDICT HAS BEEN RENDERED.
*IT IS MANY **HOURS** LATER THAT A QUIET AND THOUGHTFUL JURY **RETURNS** TO THE MAIN COURTROOM...*
IT IS THE **UNANIMOUS** DECISION OF THIS JURY THAT DEATH CAUSED DIRECTLY BY A PREMEDITATED CRIME ***IS*** PREMEDITATED **MURDER!**
GUILTY
OUR DECISION THEREFORE IS, YOUR HONOR, **GUILTY OF MURDER IN THE FIRST DEGREE!**
NOOO!!!

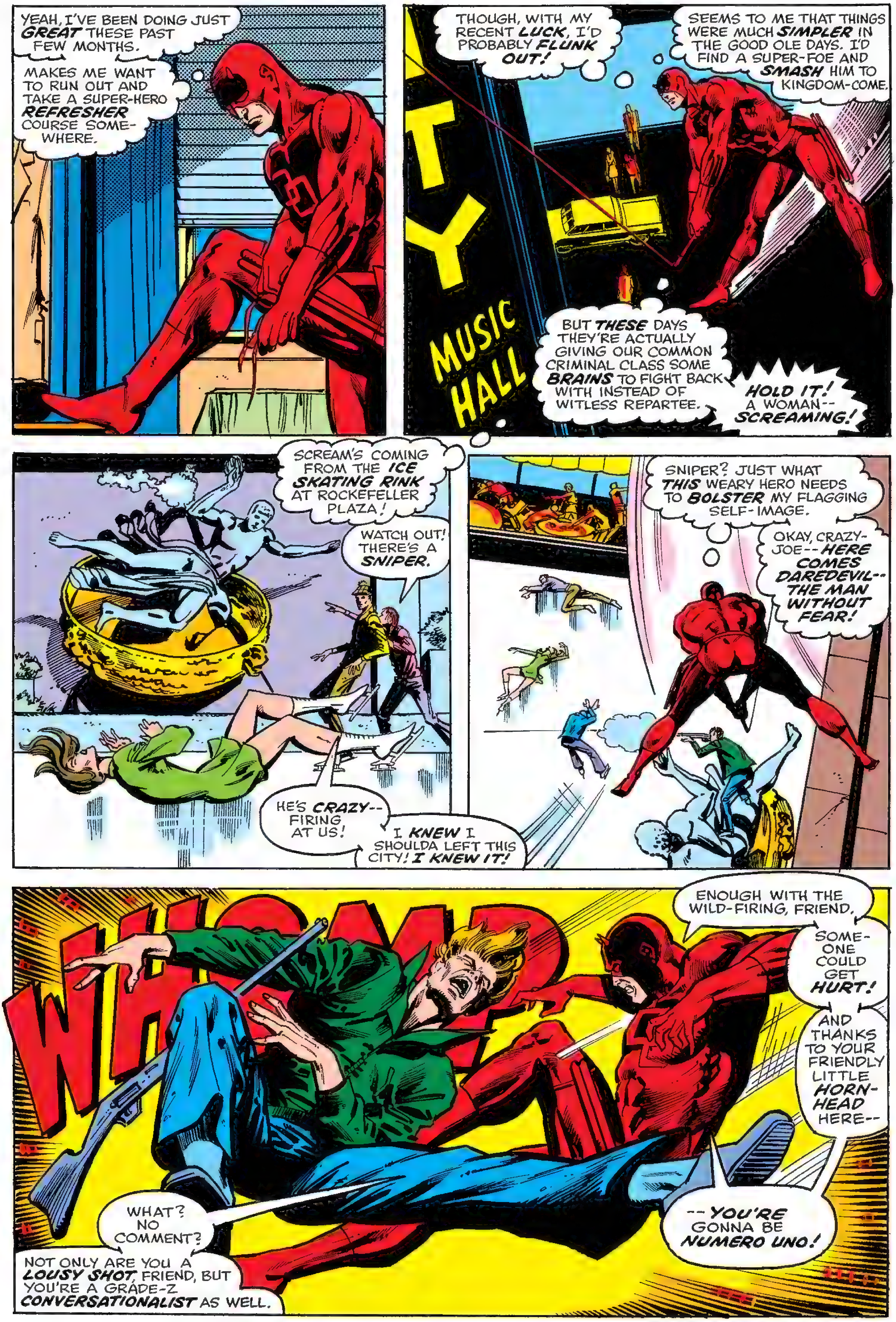

I KNEW I WASN'T GONNA GET A FAIR TRIAL!
I KNEW THEY'D GET ME 'CAUSE I LOOKED LIKE SOME KINDA MONSTER!
BUT I AIN'T GONNA HANG FOR NO CRIME I DIDN'T DO.
STAND WHERE YOU ARE, MISTER. STAND STILL!
NEVER SHOULDA LISTENED TO THAT LILY-LIVERED LAWYER, MURDOCK--
WELL, I AIN'T LISTENIN' TA NOBODY NO MORE. 'CAUSE--
--NOBODY WANTSTA HELP BULL TAURUS BUT ME.
MURDOCK CONNED ME INTA TAKIN' MY DAY IN COURT--
--TA PROVE THAT EVEN I COULD GET JUSTICE.
BUT ALL THAT WAS A CROCK.
BUT THAT WON'T MATTER NO MORE--
W YORK COUNTY
--'CAUSE FROM THIS MOMENT ON--
--THE MAN-BULL SMASHES THROUGH...
...AND THIS TIME NOTHIN'S GONNA STOP ME!

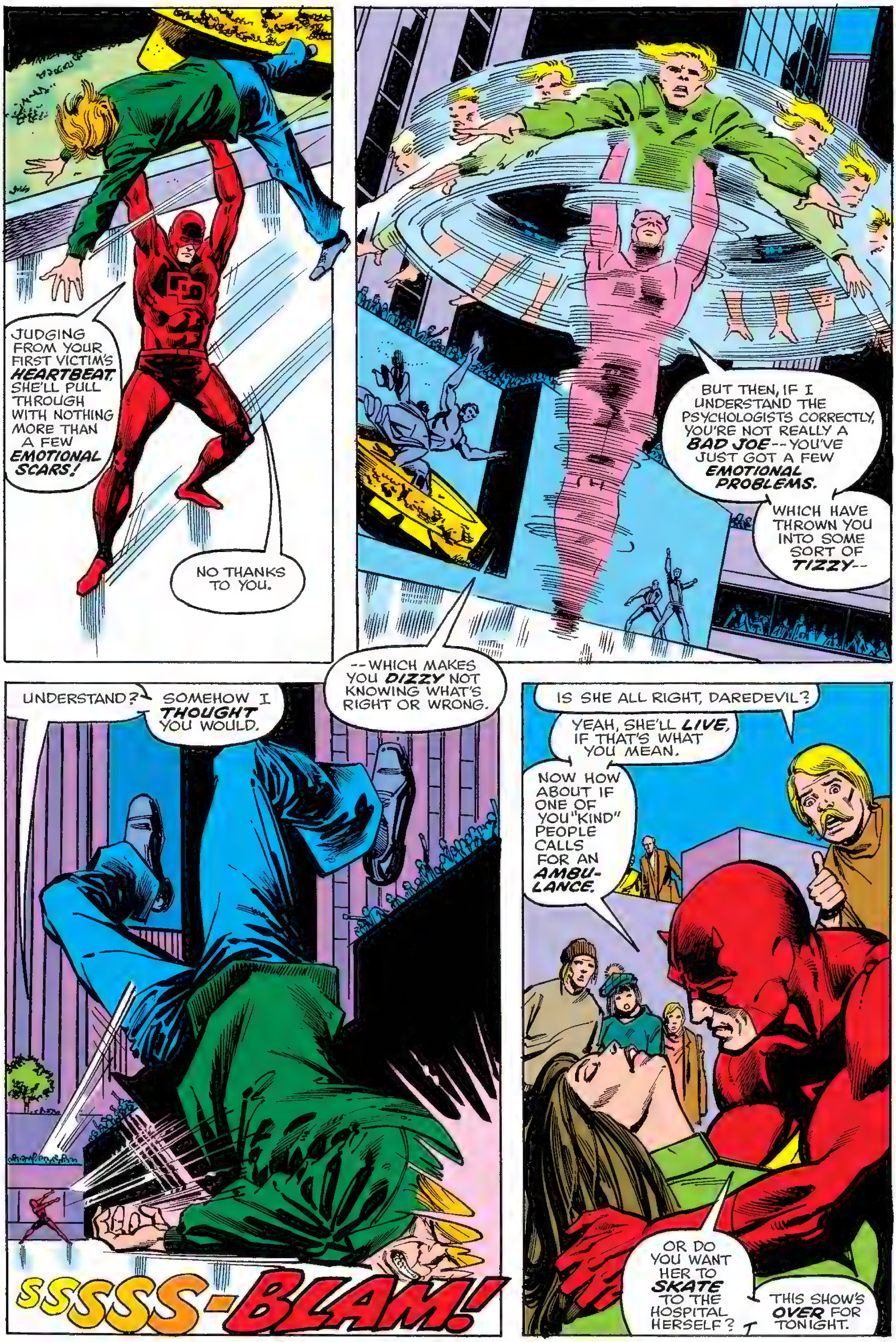

THE AFTERNOON IS **LONG** FOR FOGGY NELSON, NEW YORK'S TROUBLED D.A. BUT IT IS NOW ABOUT TO BECOME QUITE **EVENTFUL...**
I **SHOULDN'T**'VE BEEN SO **COLD** TO MATT BACK AT THE COURT HOUSE-- HE WAS ONLY DOING HIS **JOB.**
BUT, FOR A **MOMENT** THERE I THOUGHT HE WAS **BETRAYING** ME-- BY TAKING A CASE **AGAINST** ME.
HE REALLY **DID** BELIEVE THE MAN-BULL WAS INNOCENT, AND HE WAS ONLY ACTING FROM **HIS** CONSCIENCE AS I WAS FROM **MINE.**
I'D BETTER **CALL** HIM, APOLOGIZE FOR BEING SUCH A **HOT-HEAD.**
HELEN--
MR. NELSON! I WAS JUST GOING TO **BUZZ** YOU, SIR.
MR. TOWER IS HERE TO SEE YOU. **MR. BLAKE TOWER.**
BLAKE TOWER, MY **OPPONENT? HERE?**
SEND HIM IN, HELEN. RIGHT AWAY!
FRANKLIN! IT'S A **PLEASURE,** IT TRULY IS.
I'VE BEEN WANTING TO GET **TOGETHER** WITH YOU FOR THE **LONGEST** TIME.
REALLY? THAT ISN'T THE IMPRESSION **I'VE** GOTTEN, TOWER.
I KNOW, AND I DO APOLOGIZE, FRANKLIN-- **HONESTLY.**
I HAVE RATHER, SHALL WE SAY, **OVER-PROTECTIVE AIDES.**
BUT I **DID** WANT TO TELL YOU THAT I AM **NOT** RESPONSIBLE FOR THE TV COMMERCIALS YOU'VE BEEN SEEING.
I **DON'T** RUN A SMEAR CAMPAIGN, FRANKLIN. **NO MATTER WHAT.**
I'D RATHER **LOSE** OR EVEN **FORFEIT** THE ELECTION BEFORE LOWERING MYSELF TO **THAT** KIND OF CAMPAIGN.
LOOK, I'D REALLY LIKE TO **TALK** MORE, BUT I **MUST** RUSH.
BUT WE **SHOULD** GET TOGETHER SOON. OKAY?
HUNH? YEAH-- **SURE!**
GOSH! HE WASN'T AT **ALL** WHAT I EXPECTED.
HE SEEMED TOTALLY **HONEST.**
IN FACT, THOUGH I **HATE** TO SAY IT--
-- I **LIKE** HIM!

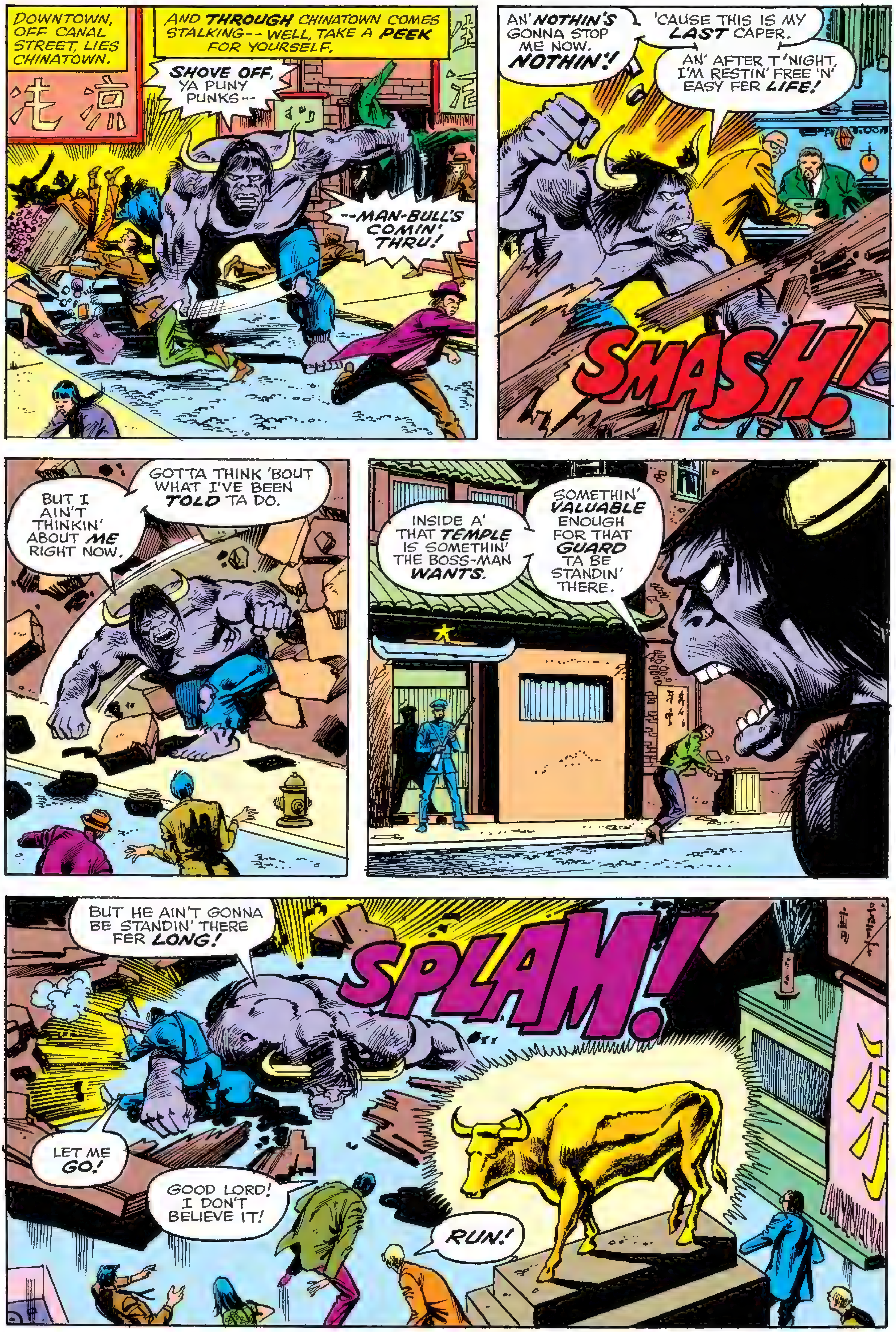

THE AFTERNOON TURNS INTO EVENING, AND...
C'MON, HANDSOME, WIPE AWAY THOSE **GLOOMS.**
CAN'T HELP IT, HEATHER. FOGGY'S **ANGRY** AT ME FOR TAKING THAT CASE **AGAINST** HIM...
...A **SPECIAL** ANNOUNCEMENT FROM THE NEWSROOM WAS JUST HANDED ME...
HE **REFUSES** TO UNDERSTAND THAT THE COURT **APPOINTED** ME TO MAN-BULL'S CASE...
...AND THAT I **BELIEVED** WE DID HAVE A **GOOD** CASE.
BUT FOGGY ONLY SEES THAT I WENT **AGAINST** HIM WHEN HE MOST **NEEDS** ME.
MATT--! **LISTEN** TO THE **TV.**
GREAT! I'VE GOT MAJOR HASSLES, AND YOU WANT ME TO LISTEN TO THE **BOOB TUBE!**
QUIET, MATT--AND **LISTEN!**
IT **STILL** SEEMS COMPLETELY **UNBELIEVABLE**, BUT GOVERNMENT SOURCES HAVE **CONFIRMED** THAT THIS PHOTO, AND THE STORY AS IT **APPEARED** TODAY IN THE GERMAN PRESS--ARE **TRUE!**
JOHN FITZGERALD KENNEDY AND HIS BROTHER, ROBERT FRANCIS KENNEDY--**ARE ALIVE!**
HOW THIS CAN BE, AND **WHO** WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE COVER-UP ARE **NOT** KNOWN, AND WHITE HOUSE OFFICIALS HAVE PUT A SEAL ON **ALL NEWS ITEMS** FOR AT LEAST 24 HOURS.
IN THE MEANTIME, A SPECIAL SESSION OF **CONGRESS** IS BEING CALLED, AND LEGISLATORS FROM ALL OVER THE COUNTRY HAVE DROPPED THEIR CAMPAIGNS TO **RUSH** BACK TO CAPITOL HILL...
WHAT--? IT **CAN'T** BE... IT SIMPLY **CAN'T!**
THEY WERE BOTH **KILLED**--YEARS AGO.
IF THIS IS SOMEONE'S **INSANE** IDEA OF A **JOKE**--
I DON'T **THINK** SO, MATT. IT'S ON THE TELEVISION... ON THE **NEWS.**
IT'S **GOT** TO BE TRUE. **IT MUST BE TRUE!**
WHAT ALL THIS MEANS IS ONLY NOW COMING UP FOR **SPECULATION**, BUT WE CAN BE SURE OF **ONE** THING--
--THE AMERICAN PEOPLE ARE GOING TO **DEMAND** AN ANSWER...
...AND IT IS GOING TO HAVE TO BE A **SATISFYING** ONE!

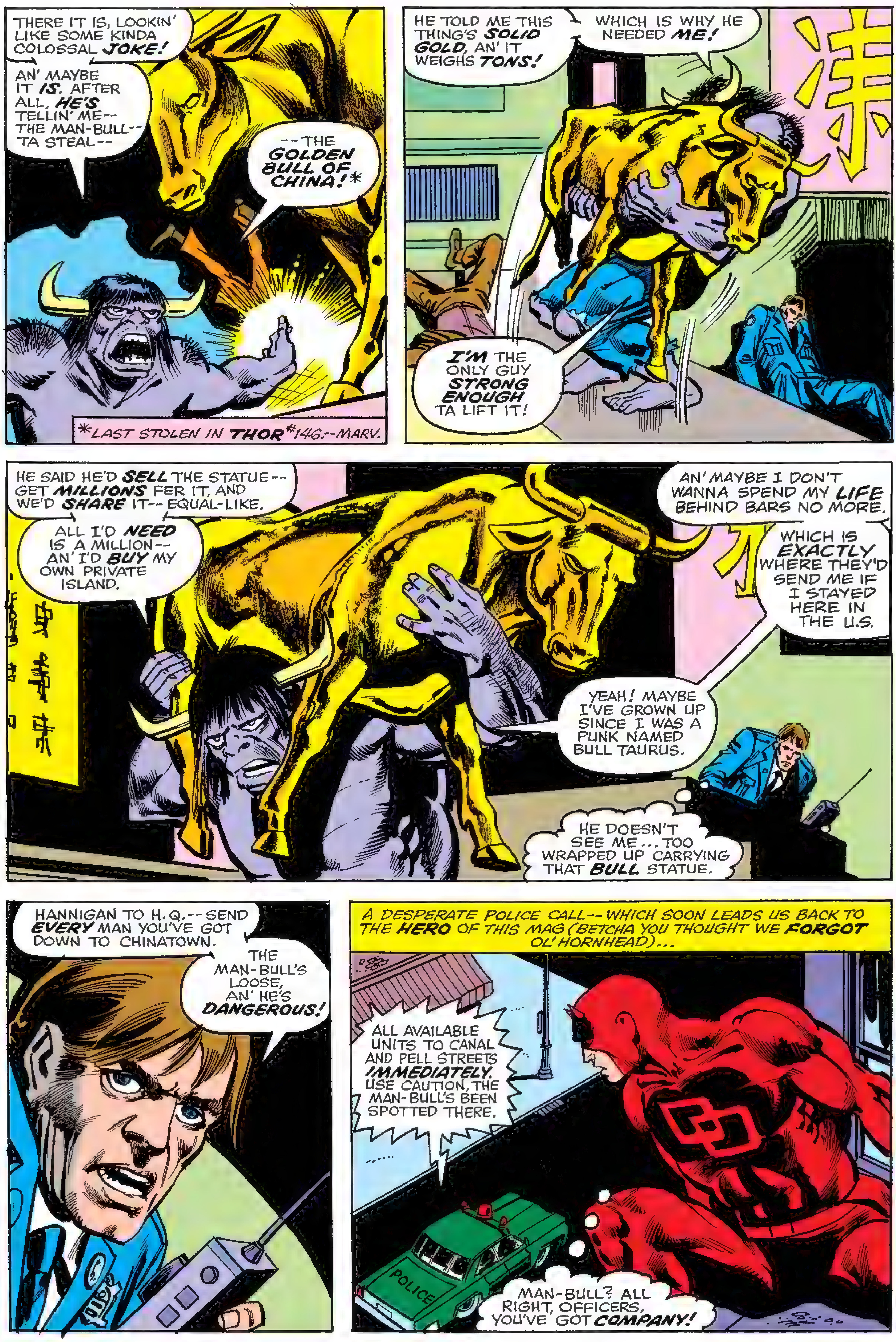

I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN, HEATHER, BUT STILL--
I REMEMBER THE DAY--THE EXACT MINUTE WHEN J.F.K. WAS KILLED.
I WAS ON A SUBWAY TRAIN, AND THE KID NEXT TO ME HAD HIS RADIO PLAYING.
I--ALL OF US WERE STUNNED WHEN WE HEARD THAT HE WAS SHOT...
MATT, SUDDENLY I'M VERY FRIGHTENED ABOUT EVERYTHING.
WHAT'S HAPPENING IN THIS COUNTRY, MATT? WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?
I DON'T KNOW, HEATHER. I DON'T THINK ANYONE DOES.
AND I'M ALMOST TOO SCARED TO EVEN THINK ABOUT IT.
THE DOCKS:
Golden Lion
GOTTA GET OUTTA THIS TOWN-- HIDE SOMEWHERE FOREVER.
'CAUSE I AIN'T SMART ENOUGH TO STAY HERE AND NOT BE CAUGHT BY THE COPS.
AMIGO, YOU WEEL NOT HAVE TO BE SO SMART EEF YOU LEESTEN TO ME.
WHO'S THERE? COME OUTTA THE DARK OR I'LL SMASH YA!
AH, MI AMIGO, HERE I AM, BUT EET EES MORE IMPORTANT THAT YOU WEEL LEESTEN TO WHAT I SAY.
EEF YOU WANN BE SAFE, YOU WEEL FOLLOW ME.
COMPRENDE, AMIGO?
I GEEV YOU A HIDEOUT FOR AS LONG AS YOU NEED, AMIGO.
AN' I ONLY ASK ONE SMALL FAVOR.
I DON'T LIKE THIS ALREADY. WHADDAYA WANT FROM ME, MISTER? AN' YOU BETTER MAKE IT SOUND GOOD.
COME WEETH ME, AMIGO, AND I WEEL SHOW YOU.

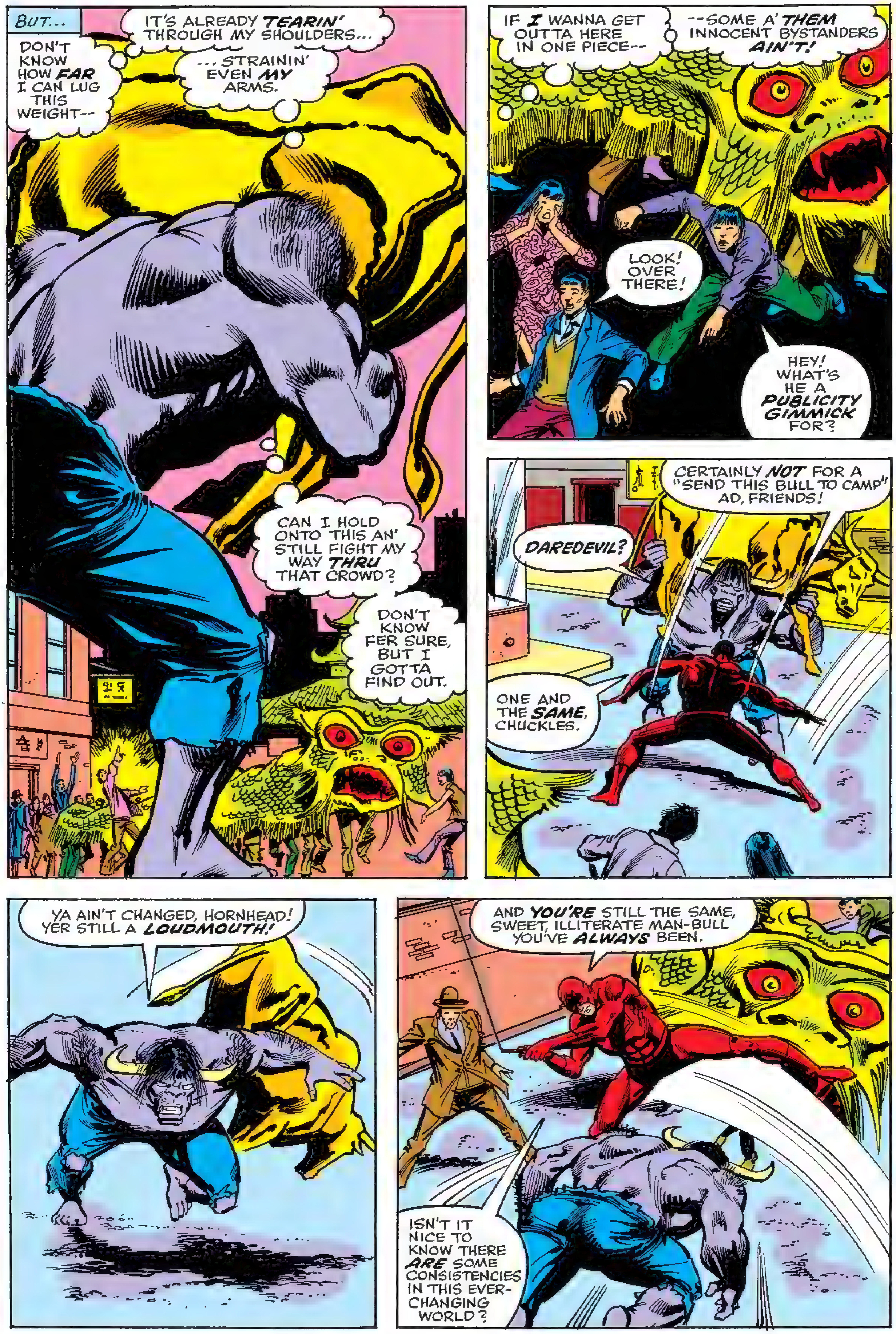

SHEEPSHEAD BAY: BROOKLYN: AT DAWN IT IS CROWDED WITH FISHERMEN CASTING THEIR HOME-MADE FLIES INTO THE SEMI-POLLUTED WATERS. AT NIGHT, WELL--IT IS NOT QUITE SO CROWDED.
COMPRENDE, AMIGO?
YEAH, I THINK SO. YA WANT ME TA STEAL SOMETHIN' FER YA, AN' YOU'LL PAY ME ENUFF TA SCRAM OUTTA THIS COUNTRY.
I'M SICK AN' TIRED A' BEIN' HASSLED--
--AN' I JUST WANT OUTTA THIS ROTTEN SUPER-VILLAIN RACKET. IT JUST DON'T PAY WHEN YA AIN'T GOT THE BRAINS TA BACK UP THE BRAWN!
"EVER SINCE I FOUND MYSELF INSIDE A' THIS MONSTER-BODY, THINGS'VE BEEN GOIN' LOUSY!
"FIGHTIN' THEM CLOWNS LIKE IRON MAN, OR THE CAT, AN' ESPECIALLY DAREDEVIL!
"FIGHTIN' THEM AN' THEN FIGHTIN' TA SAVE MY LIFE!*"
*THIS SCENE COURTESY OF DAREDEVIL #96.--MARV.
NOW I'M STUCK INSIDE A' THIS BODY 'CAUSE THERE AIN'T NO MORE SERUM TA CHANGE ME BACK TA HUMAN.
SO I GUESS THE ANSWER'S "YEAH!" I'LL DO WHAT YA WANT, MISTER, AN' THEN I'M USIN' THE DOUGH TA FIND ME SOME PEACE.
AMIGO, YOU WEEL BE A PARTNER MUY BUENO.
BUT WHAT A SHAME YOU WEEL NOT LEEV LONG ENOUGH TO SHARE THAT MONEY WEETH ME, YOU LUMBERING, MINDLESS FOOL!
WHILE...
FOGGY'S ANGRY WITH ME, MAN-BULL ESCAPED JUST AS DEATH-STALKER DID LAST WEEK, AND THE TORPEDO DID BEFORE HIM--
--AND I STILL HAVEN'T FIGURED OUT WHO THAT SKY-WALKER WAS, OR WHAT HE WAS UP TO.
ONLY THAT HE WAS WALKING HIGHER AND HIGHER UP THOSE LIGHT STEPS HE CREATED UNTIL THE ATMOSPHERE BECAME TOO THIN FOR ME TO FOLLOW HIM.

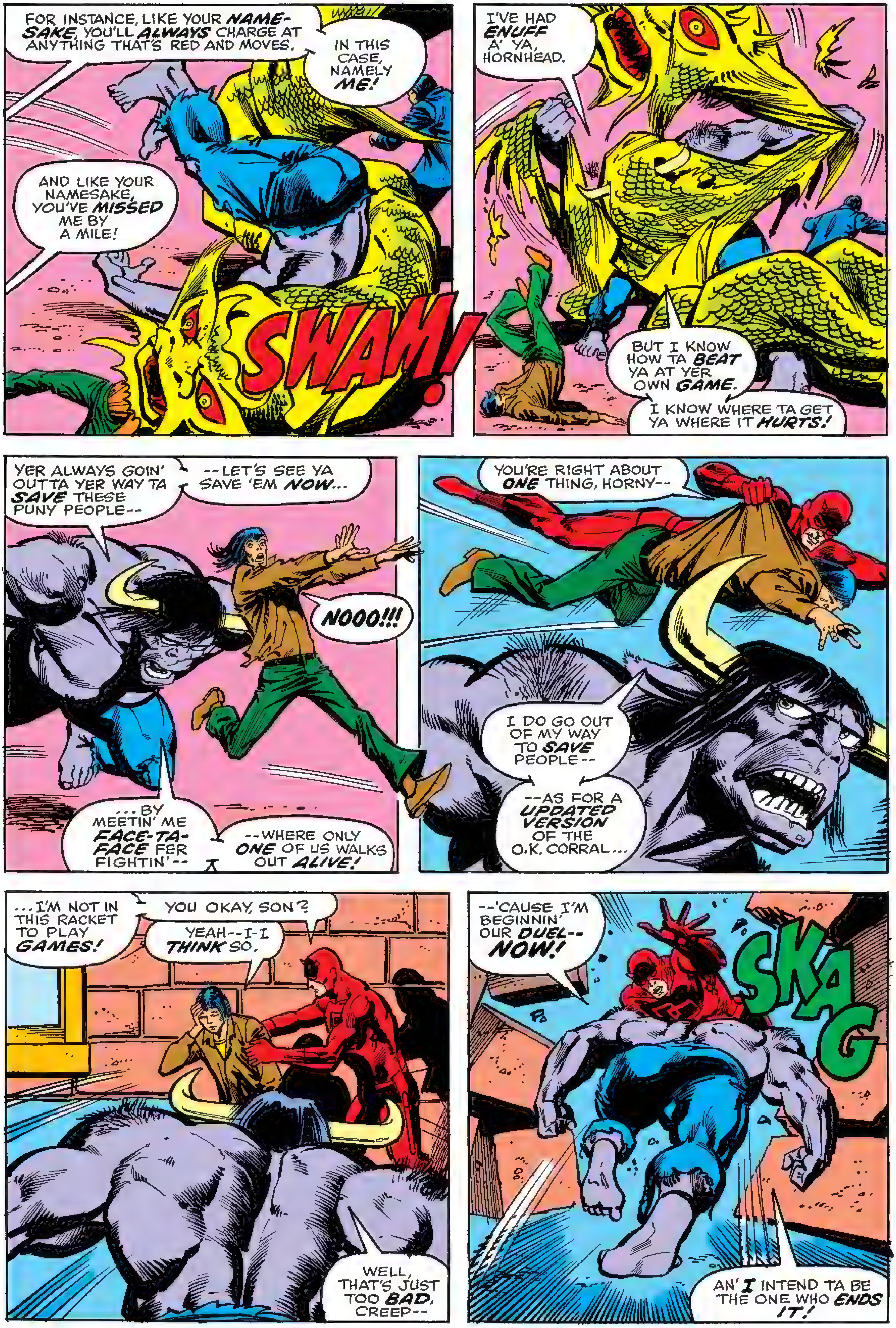

YEAH, I'VE BEEN DOING JUST **GREAT** THESE PAST FEW MONTHS.
MAKES ME WANT TO RUN OUT AND TAKE A SUPER-HERO **REFRESHER** COURSE SOMEWHERE.
THOUGH, WITH MY RECENT **LUCK**, I'D PROBABLY **FLUNK OUT!**
SEEMS TO ME THAT THINGS WERE MUCH **SIMPLER** IN THE GOOD OLE DAYS. I'D FIND A SUPER-FOE AND **SMASH** HIM TO KINGDOM-COME.
TY
MUSIC HALL
BUT **THESE** DAYS THEY'RE ACTUALLY GIVING OUR COMMON CRIMINAL CLASS SOME **BRAINS** TO FIGHT BACK WITH INSTEAD OF WITLESS REPARTEE.
HOLD IT! A WOMAN-- **SCREAMING!**
SCREAM'S COMING FROM THE **ICE SKATING RINK** AT ROCKEFELLER PLAZA!
WATCH OUT! THERE'S A **SNIPER.**
HE'S **CRAZY**-- FIRING AT US!
I **KNEW** I SHOULDA LEFT THIS CITY! **I KNEW IT!**
SNIPER? JUST WHAT **THIS** WEARY HERO NEEDS TO **BOLSTER** MY FLAGGING SELF-IMAGE.
OKAY, CRAZY-JOE--**HERE COMES DAREDEVIL-- THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!**
WHOMP
ENOUGH WITH THE WILD-FIRING, FRIEND.
SOMEONE COULD GET **HURT!**
AND THANKS TO YOUR FRIENDLY LITTLE **HORN-HEAD** HERE--
--**YOU'RE** GONNA BE **NUMERO UNO!**
WHAT? NO COMMENT?
NOT ONLY ARE YOU A **LOUSY SHOT**, FRIEND, BUT YOU'RE A GRADE-Z **CONVERSATIONALIST** AS WELL.

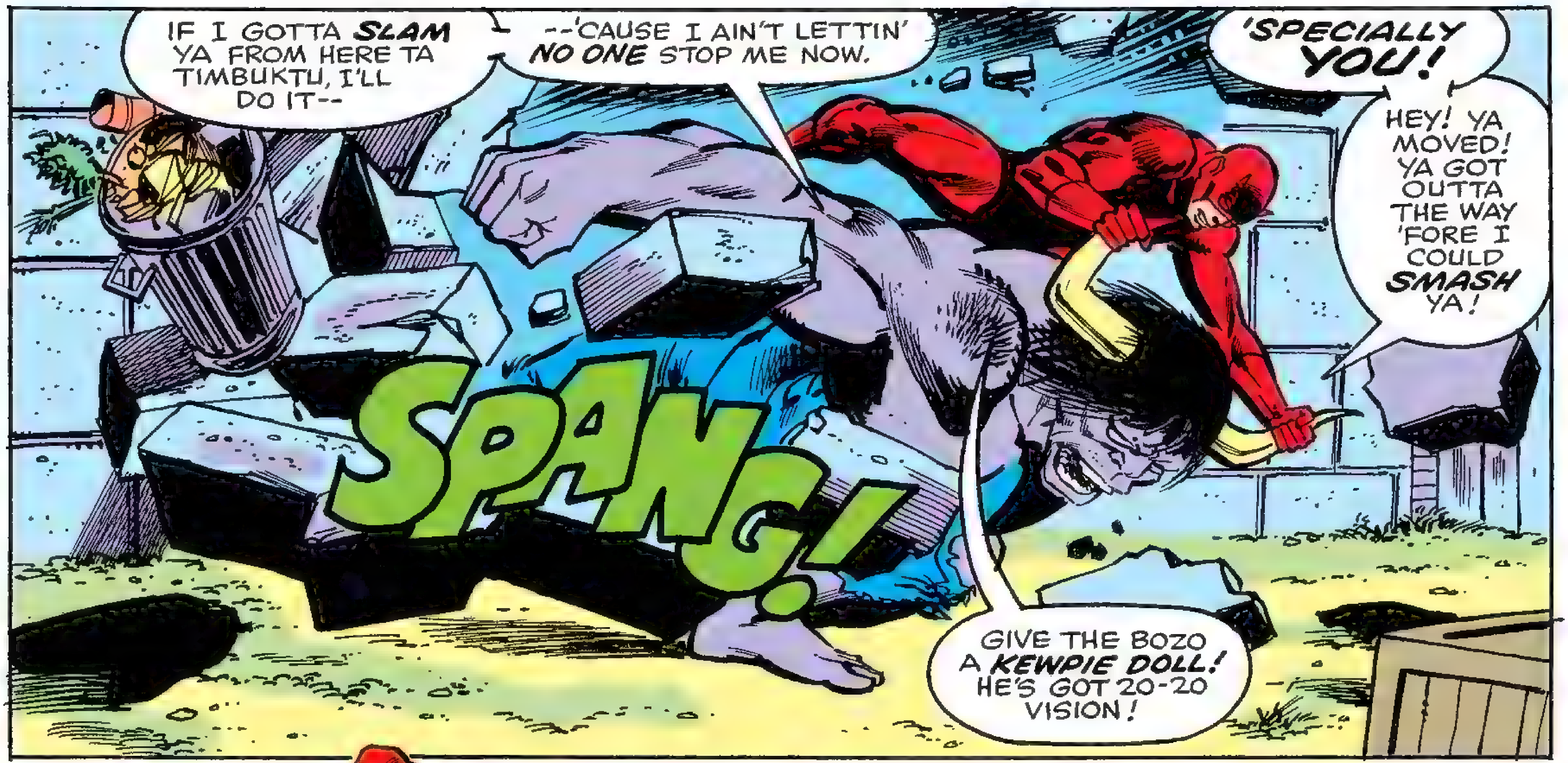

JUDGING FROM YOUR FIRST VICTIM'S HEARTBEAT, SHE'LL PULL THROUGH WITH NOTHING MORE THAN A FEW EMOTIONAL SCARS!
NO THANKS TO YOU.
BUT THEN, IF I UNDERSTAND THE PSYCHOLOGISTS CORRECTLY, YOU'RE NOT REALLY A BAD JOE--YOU'VE JUST GOT A FEW EMOTIONAL PROBLEMS.
WHICH HAVE THROWN YOU INTO SOME SORT OF TIZZY--
--WHICH MAKES YOU DIZZY NOT KNOWING WHAT'S RIGHT OR WRONG.
UNDERSTAND?
SOMEHOW I THOUGHT YOU WOULD.
SSSSS-BLAM!
IS SHE ALL RIGHT, DAREDEVIL?
YEAH, SHE'LL LIVE, IF THAT'S WHAT YOU MEAN.
NOW HOW ABOUT IF ONE OF YOU "KIND" PEOPLE CALLS FOR AN AMBULANCE.
OR DO YOU WANT HER TO SKATE TO THE HOSPITAL HERSELF?
THIS SHOW'S OVER FOR TONIGHT.

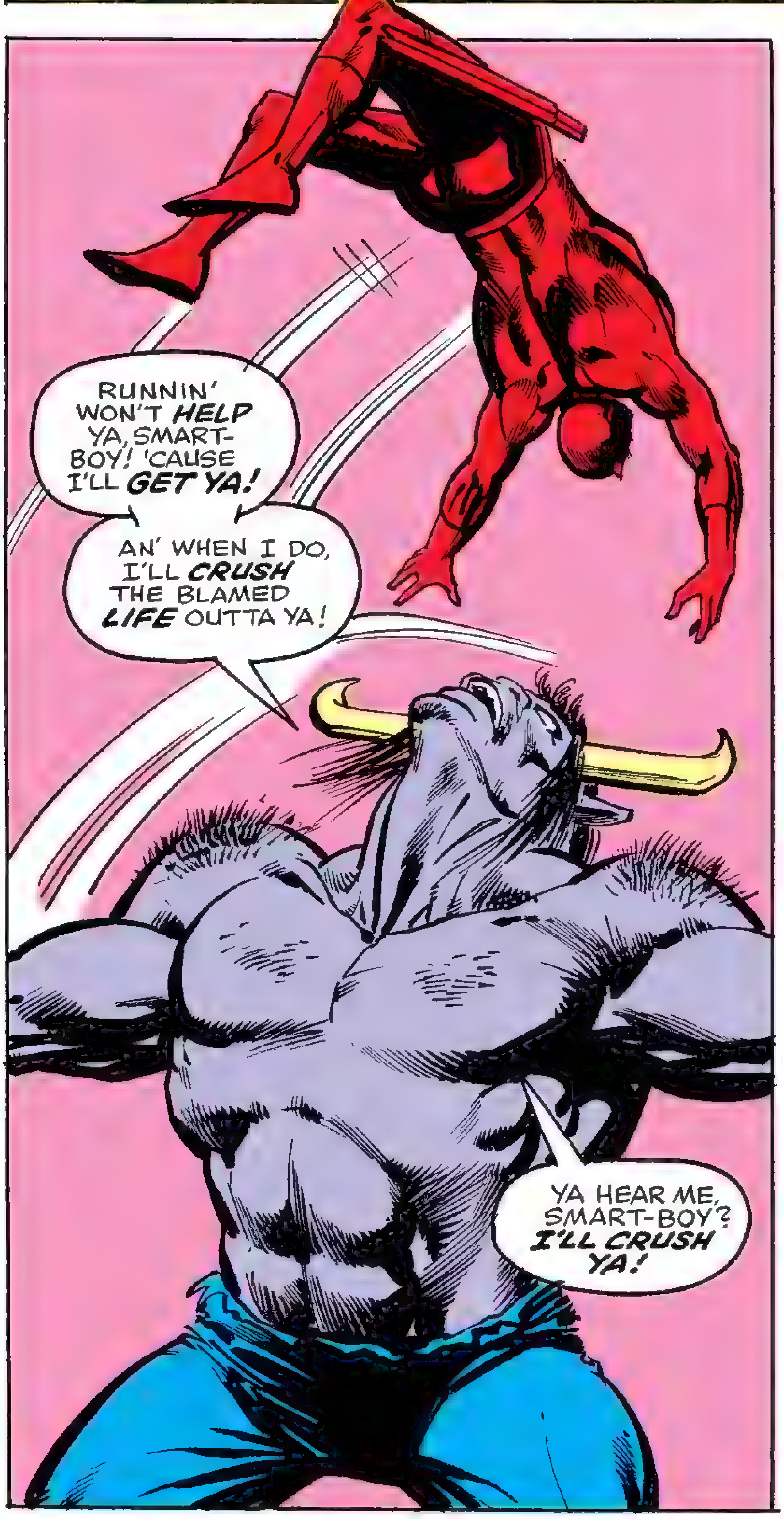

DOWNTOWN, OFF CANAL STREET, LIES CHINATOWN.
AND THROUGH CHINATOWN COMES STALKING-- WELL, TAKE A PEEK FOR YOURSELF.
SHOVE OFF, YA PUNY PUNKS--
--MAN-BULL'S COMIN' THRU!
AN' NOTHIN'S GONNA STOP ME NOW. NOTHIN'!
'CAUSE THIS IS MY LAST CAPER.
AN' AFTER T'NIGHT, I'M RESTIN' FREE 'N' EASY FER LIFE!
SMASH!
GOTTA THINK 'BOUT WHAT I'VE BEEN TOLD TA DO.
BUT I AIN'T THINKIN' ABOUT ME RIGHT NOW.
INSIDE A' THAT TEMPLE IS SOMETHIN' THE BOSS-MAN WANTS.
SOMETHIN' VALUABLE ENOUGH FOR THAT GUARD TA BE STANDIN' THERE.
BUT HE AIN'T GONNA BE STANDIN' THERE FER LONG!
SPLAM!
LET ME GO!
GOOD LORD! I DON'T BELIEVE IT!
RUN!

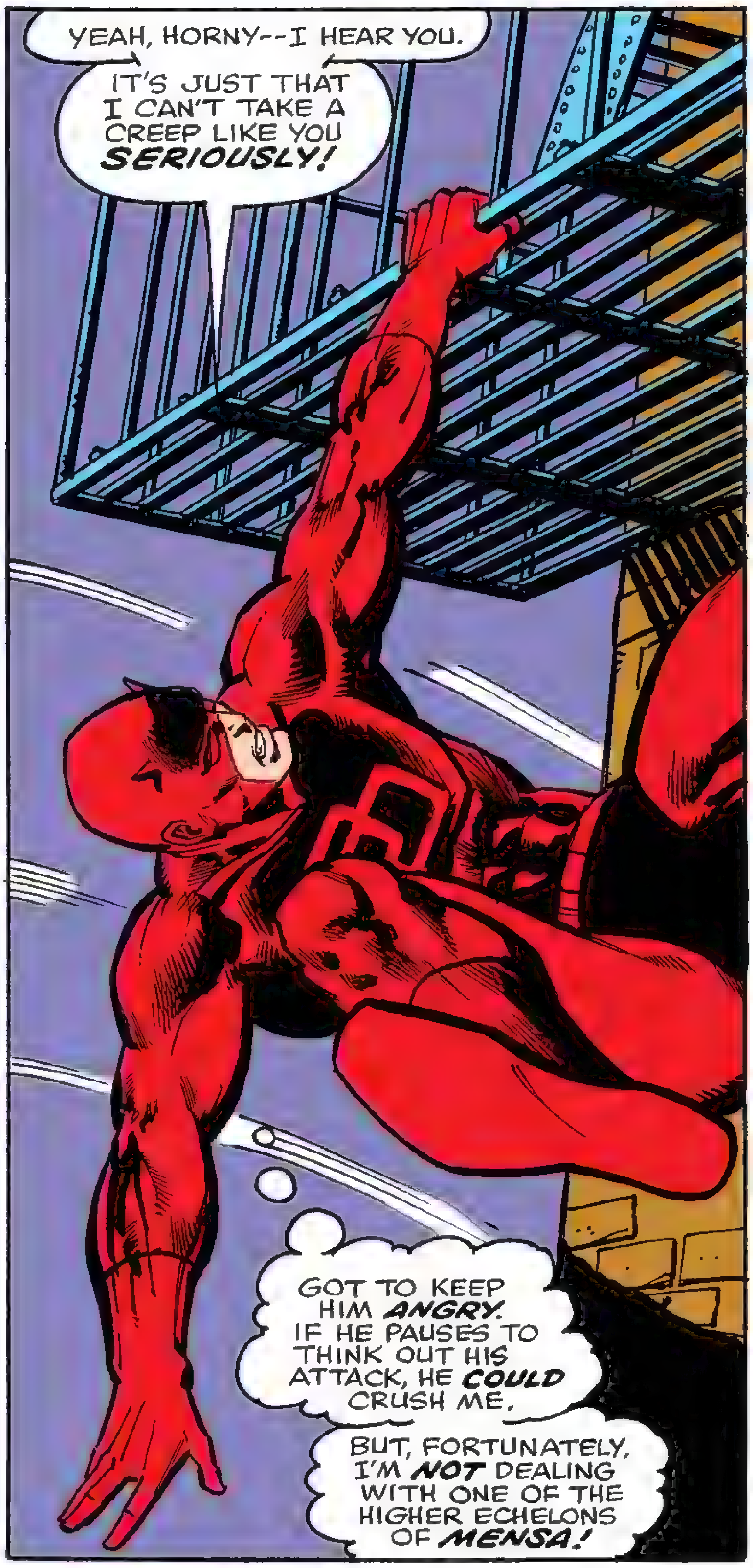

THERE IT IS, LOOKIN' LIKE SOME KINDA COLOSSAL JOKE!
AN' MAYBE IT IS. AFTER ALL, HE'S TELLIN' ME-- THE MAN-BULL-- TA STEAL--
--THE GOLDEN BULL OF CHINA!*
*LAST STOLEN IN THOR #146.--MARV.
HE TOLD ME THIS THING'S SOLID GOLD, AN' IT WEIGHS TONS!
WHICH IS WHY HE NEEDED ME!
I'M THE ONLY GUY STRONG ENOUGH TA LIFT IT!
HE SAID HE'D SELL THE STATUE-- GET MILLIONS FER IT, AND WE'D SHARE IT-- EQUAL-LIKE.
ALL I'D NEED IS A MILLION-- AN' I'D BUY MY OWN PRIVATE ISLAND.
AN' MAYBE I DON'T WANNA SPEND MY LIFE BEHIND BARS NO MORE.
WHICH IS EXACTLY WHERE THEY'D SEND ME IF I STAYED HERE IN THE U.S.
YEAH! MAYBE I'VE GROWN UP SINCE I WAS A PUNK NAMED BULL TAURUS.
HE DOESN'T SEE ME... TOO WRAPPED UP CARRYING THAT BULL STATUE.
HANNIGAN TO H.Q.-- SEND EVERY MAN YOU'VE GOT DOWN TO CHINATOWN.
THE MAN-BULL'S LOOSE, AN' HE'S DANGEROUS!
A DESPERATE POLICE CALL-- WHICH SOON LEADS US BACK TO THE HERO OF THIS MAG (BETCHA YOU THOUGHT WE FORGOT OL' HORNHEAD)...
ALL AVAILABLE UNITS TO CANAL AND PELL STREETS IMMEDIATELY. USE CAUTION, THE MAN-BULL'S BEEN SPOTTED THERE.
POLICE
MAN-BULL? ALL RIGHT, OFFICERS, YOU'VE GOT COMPANY!

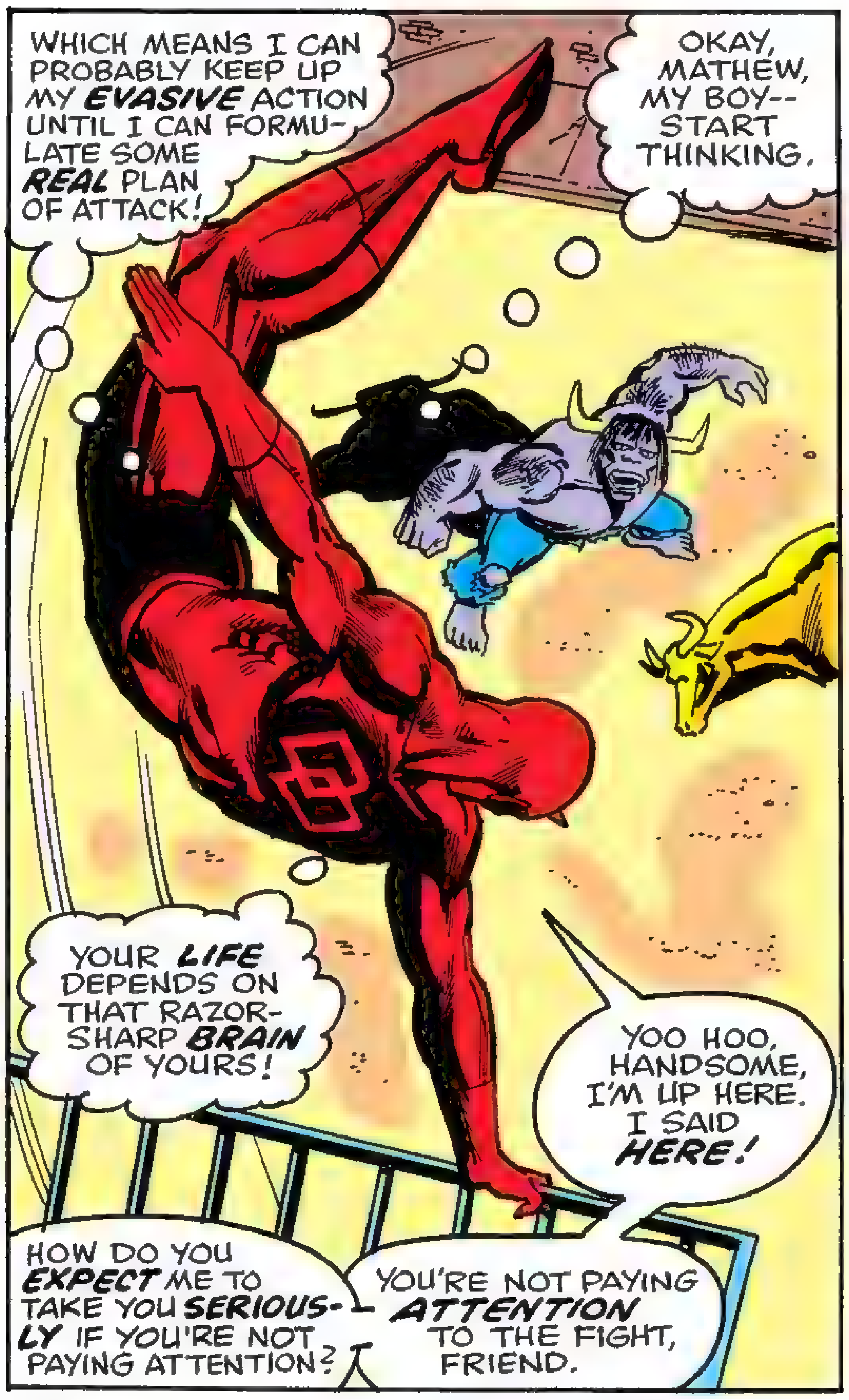

BUT...
DON'T KNOW HOW FAR I CAN LUG THIS WEIGHT--
IT'S ALREADY TEARIN' THROUGH MY SHOULDERS...
...STRAININ' EVEN MY ARMS.
CAN I HOLD ONTO THIS AN' STILL FIGHT MY WAY THRU THAT CROWD?
DON'T KNOW FER SURE, BUT I GOTTA FIND OUT.
IF I WANNA GET OUTTA HERE IN ONE PIECE--
--SOME A' THEM INNOCENT BYSTANDERS AIN'T!
LOOK! OVER THERE!
HEY! WHAT'S HE A PUBLICITY GIMMICK FOR?
CERTAINLY NOT FOR A "SEND THIS BULL TO CAMP" AD, FRIENDS!
DAREDEVIL?
ONE AND THE SAME, CHUCKLES.
YA AIN'T CHANGED, HORNHEAD! YER STILL A LOUDMOUTH!
AND YOU'RE STILL THE SAME, SWEET, ILLITERATE MAN-BULL YOU'VE ALWAYS BEEN.
ISN'T IT NICE TO KNOW THERE ARE SOME CONSISTENCIES IN THIS EVER-CHANGING WORLD?

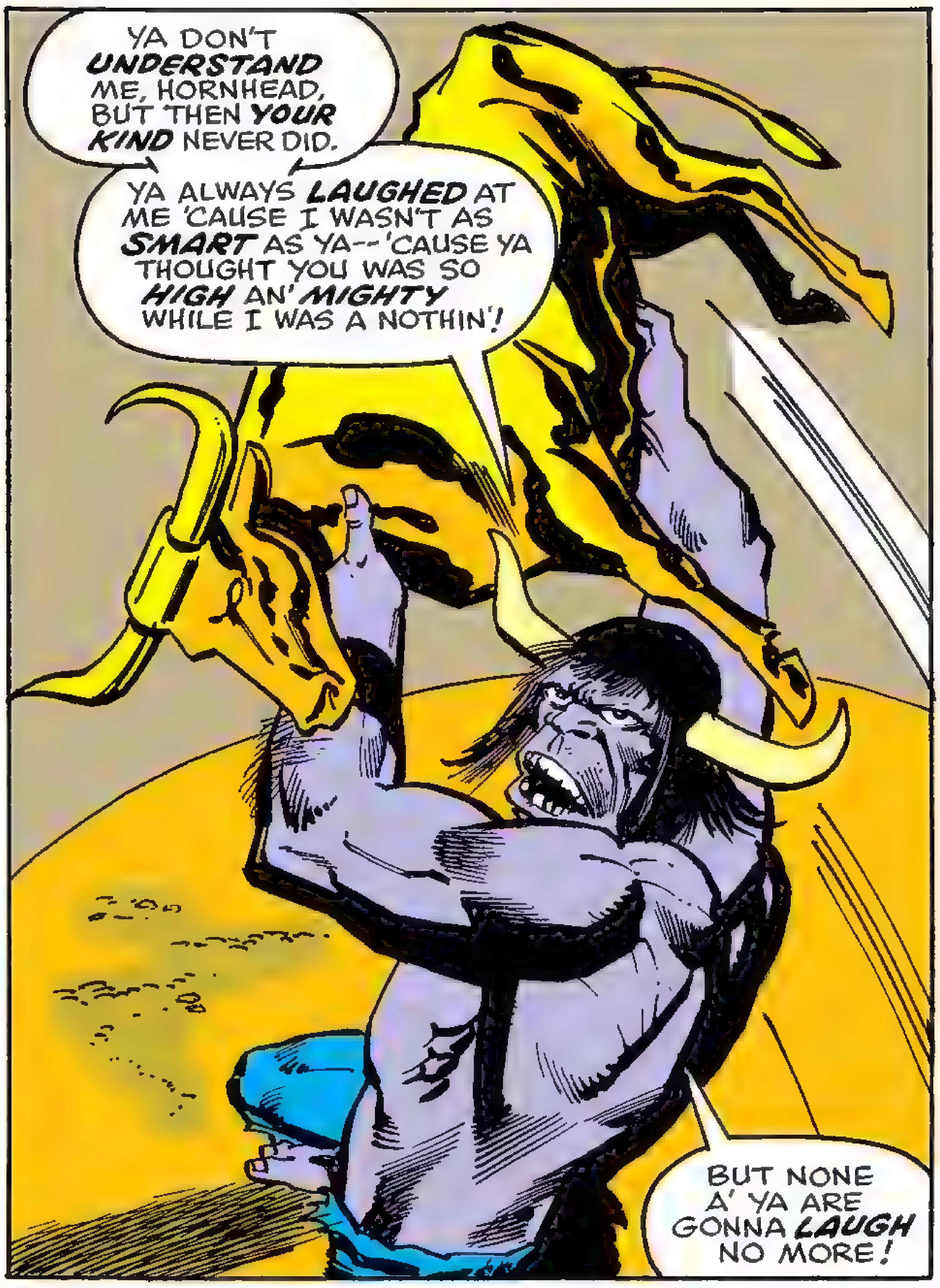

FOR INSTANCE, LIKE YOUR NAMESAKE, YOU'LL ALWAYS CHARGE AT ANYTHING THAT'S RED AND MOVES,
IN THIS CASE, NAMELY ME!
AND LIKE YOUR NAMESAKE, YOU'VE MISSED ME BY A MILE!
SWAM!
I'VE HAD ENUFF A' YA, HORNHEAD.
BUT I KNOW HOW TA BEAT YA AT YER OWN GAME.
I KNOW WHERE TA GET YA WHERE IT HURTS!
YER ALWAYS GOIN' OUTTA YER WAY TA SAVE THESE PUNY PEOPLE--
--LET'S SEE YA SAVE 'EM NOW...
NOOO!!!
...BY MEETIN' ME FACE-TA-FACE FER FIGHTIN'--
--WHERE ONLY ONE OF US WALKS OUT ALIVE!
YOU'RE RIGHT ABOUT ONE THING, HORNY--
I DO GO OUT OF MY WAY TO SAVE PEOPLE--
--AS FOR A UPDATED VERSION OF THE O.K. CORRAL...
...I'M NOT IN THIS RACKET TO PLAY GAMES!
YOU OKAY, SON?
YEAH--I-I THINK SO.
WELL, THAT'S JUST TOO BAD, CREEP--
--'CAUSE I'M BEGINNIN' OUR DUEL--NOW!
SKAG
AN' I INTEND TA BE THE ONE WHO ENDS IT!

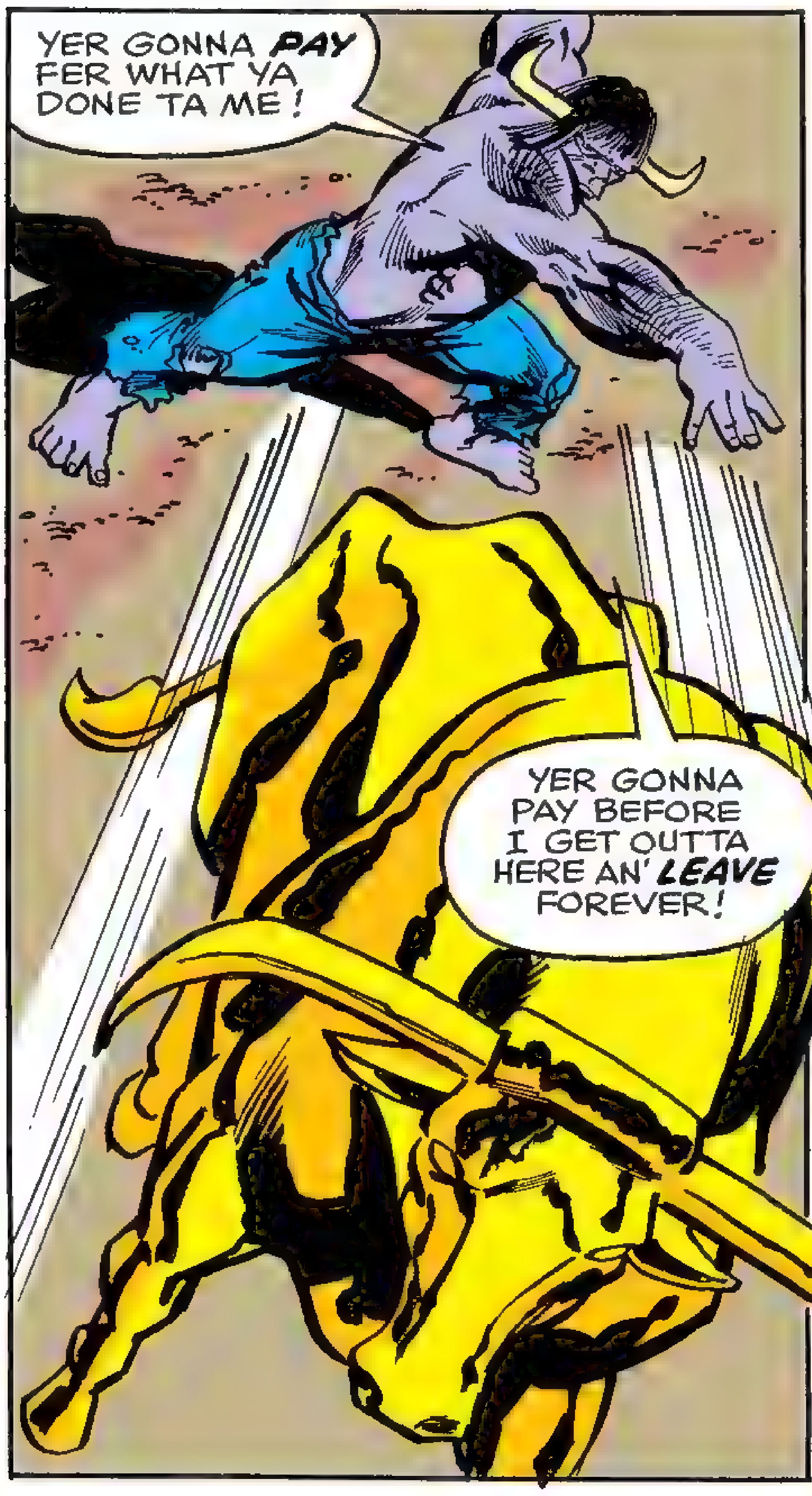

IF I GOTTA SLAM YA FROM HERE TA TIMBUKTU, I'LL DO IT--
--'CAUSE I AIN'T LETTIN' NO ONE STOP ME NOW.
'SPECIALLY YOU!
HEY! YA MOVED! YA GOT OUTTA THE WAY 'FORE I COULD SMASH YA!
SPANG!
GIVE THE BOZO A KEWPIE DOLL! HE'S GOT 20-20 VISION!

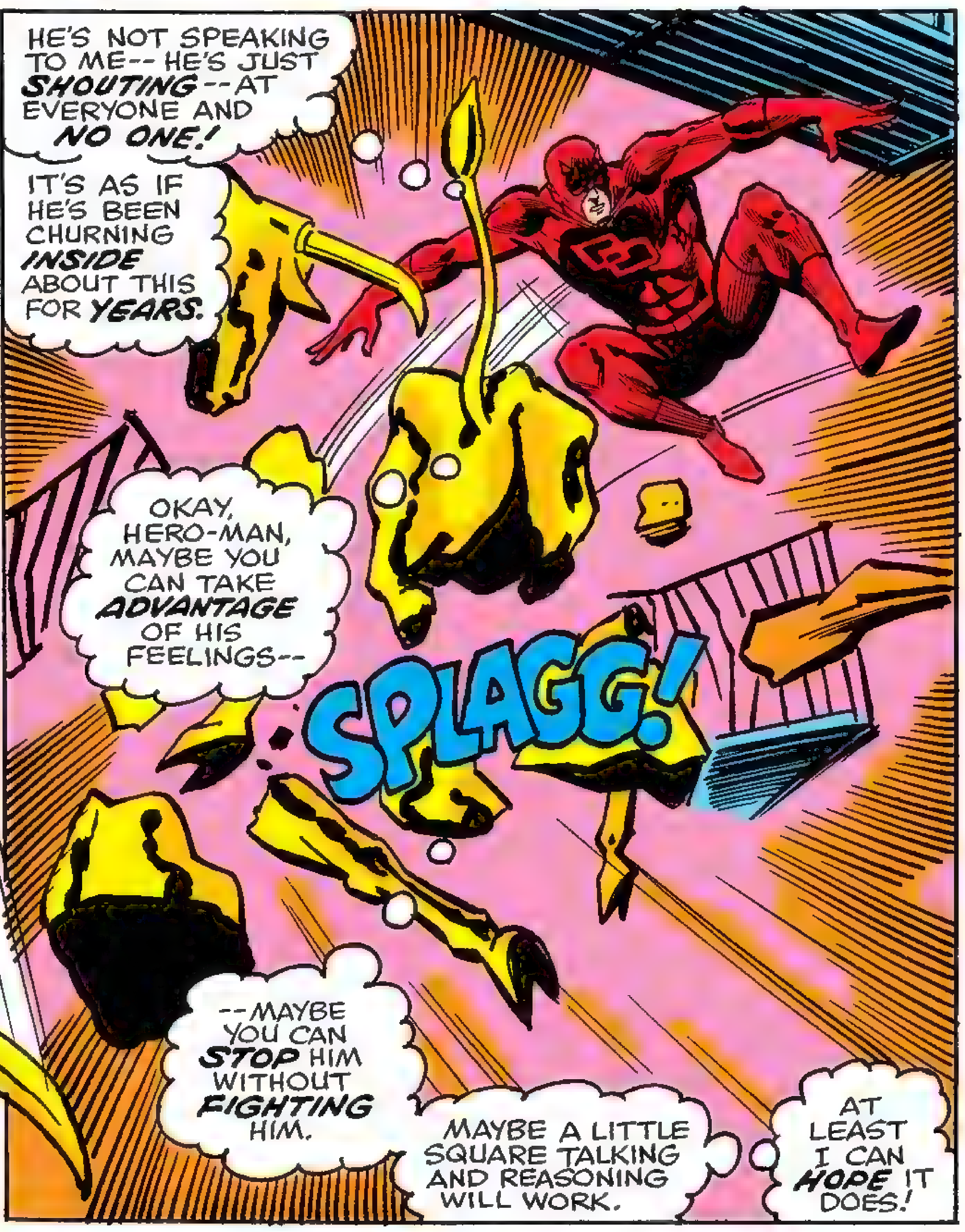

RUNNIN' WON'T HELP YA, SMART-BOY! 'CAUSE I'LL GET YA!
AN' WHEN I DO, I'LL CRUSH THE BLAMED LIFE OUTTA YA!
YA HEAR ME, SMART-BOY? I'LL CRUSH YA!

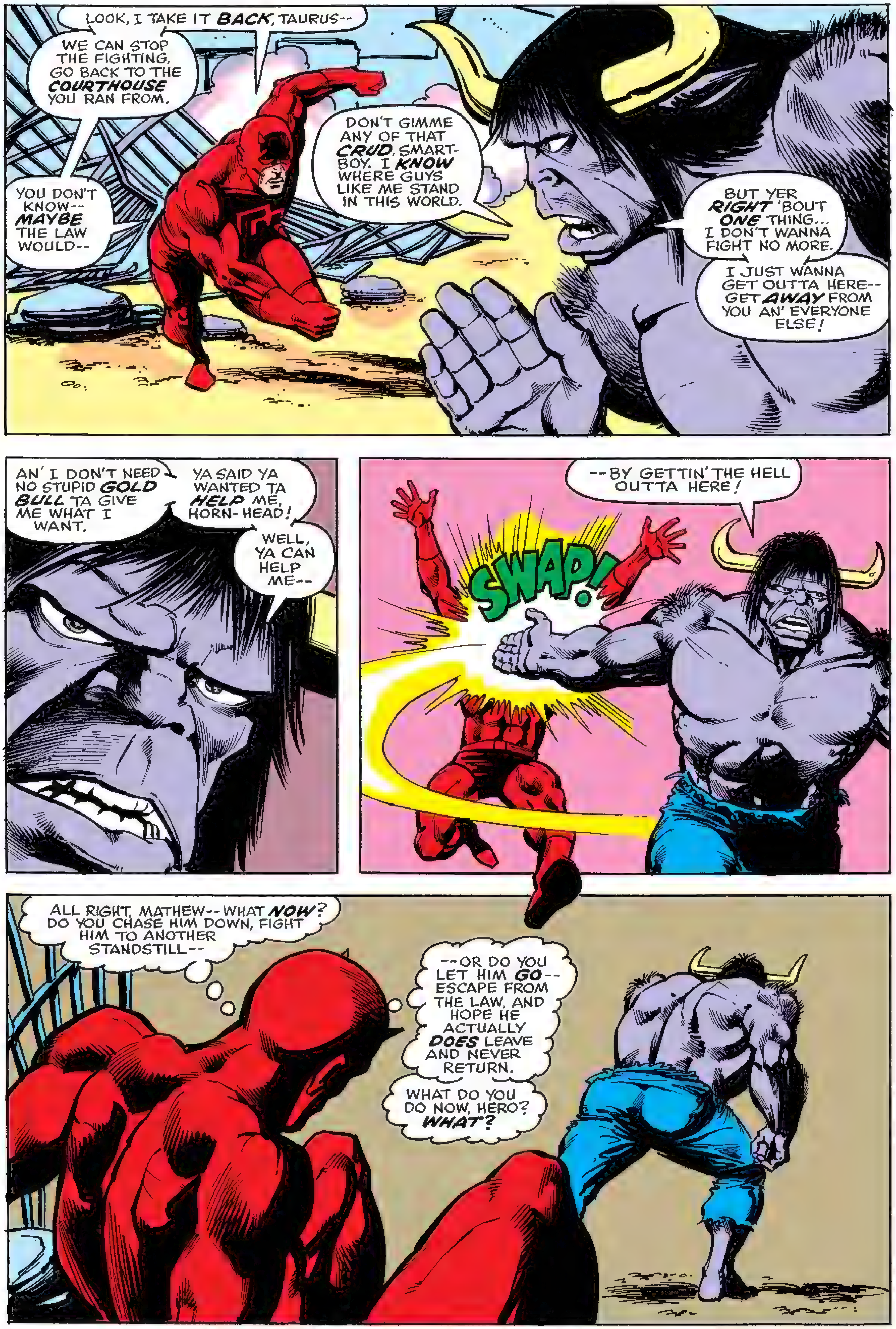

YEAH, HORNY--I HEAR YOU.
IT'S JUST THAT I CAN'T TAKE A CREEP LIKE YOU SERIOUSLY!
GOT TO KEEP HIM ANGRY. IF HE PAUSES TO THINK OUT HIS ATTACK, HE COULD CRUSH ME.
BUT, FORTUNATELY, I'M NOT DEALING WITH ONE OF THE HIGHER ECHELONS OF MENSA!

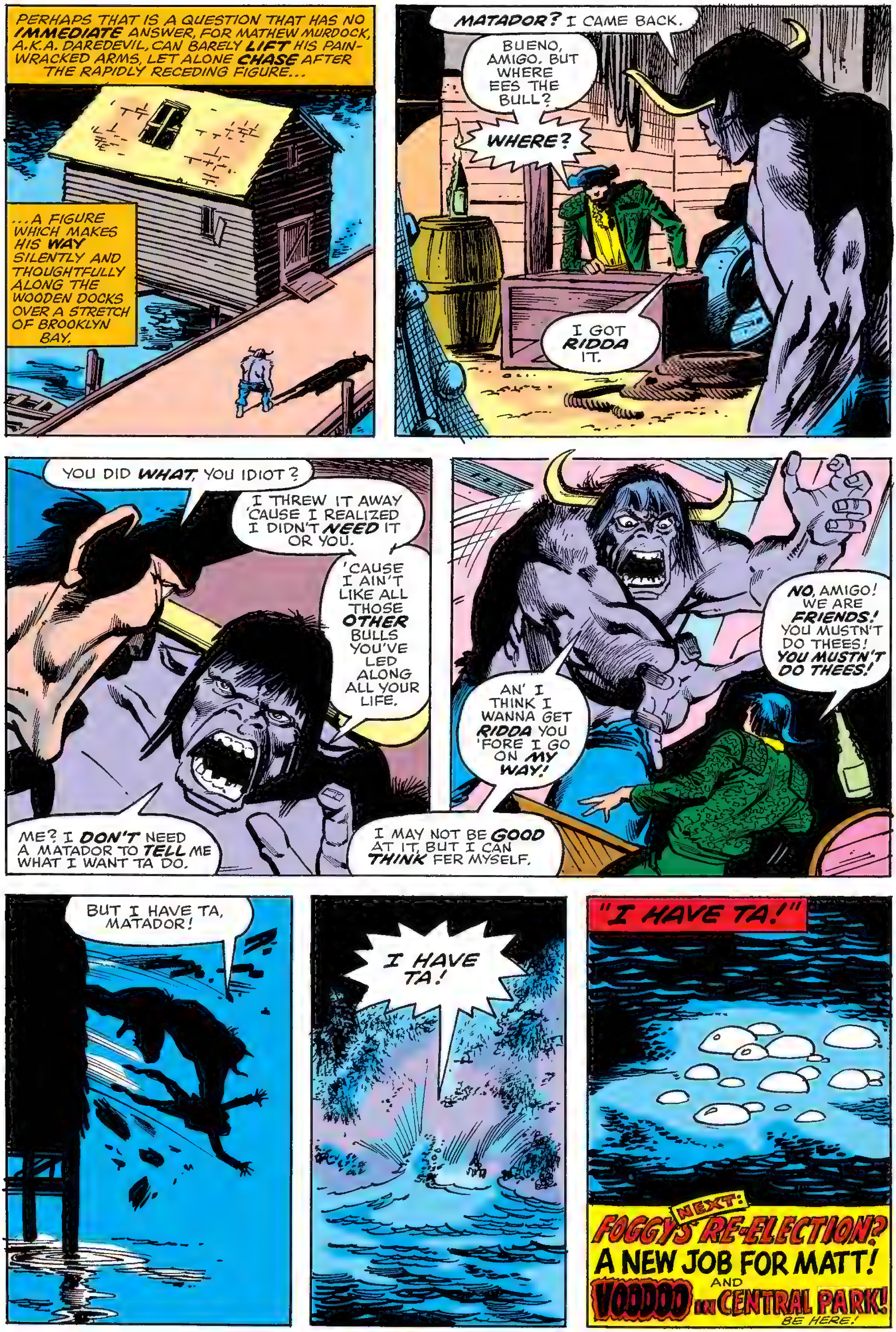

WHICH MEANS I CAN PROBABLY KEEP UP MY EVASIVE ACTION UNTIL I CAN FORMULATE SOME REAL PLAN OF ATTACK!
OKAY, MATHEW, MY BOY-- START THINKING.
YOUR LIFE DEPENDS ON THAT RAZOR-SHARP BRAIN OF YOURS!
YOO HOO, HANDSOME, I'M UP HERE. I SAID HERE!
HOW DO YOU EXPECT ME TO TAKE YOU SERIOUSLY IF YOU'RE NOT PAYING ATTENTION?
YOU'RE NOT PAYING ATTENTION TO THE FIGHT, FRIEND.


YA DON'T UNDERSTAND ME, HORNHEAD, BUT THEN YOUR KIND NEVER DID.
YA ALWAYS LAUGHED AT ME 'CAUSE I WASN'T AS SMART AS YA-- 'CAUSE YA THOUGHT YOU WAS SO HIGH AN' MIGHTY WHILE I WAS A NOTHIN'!
BUT NONE A' YA ARE GONNA LAUGH NO MORE!


YER GONNA PAY FER WHAT YA DONE TA ME!
YER GONNA PAY BEFORE I GET OUTTA HERE AN' LEAVE FOREVER!


HE'S NOT SPEAKING TO ME-- HE'S JUST SHOUTING --AT EVERYONE AND NO ONE!
IT'S AS IF HE'S BEEN CHURNING INSIDE ABOUT THIS FOR YEARS.
OKAY, HERO-MAN, MAYBE YOU CAN TAKE ADVANTAGE OF HIS FEELINGS--
SPLAGG!
--MAYBE YOU CAN STOP HIM WITHOUT FIGHTING HIM.
MAYBE A LITTLE SQUARE TALKING AND REASONING WILL WORK.
AT LEAST I CAN HOPE IT DOES!


LOOK, I TAKE IT **BACK**, TAURUS--
WE CAN STOP THE FIGHTING, GO BACK TO THE **COURTHOUSE** YOU RAN FROM.
YOU DON'T KNOW-- **MAYBE** THE LAW WOULD--
DON'T GIMME ANY OF THAT **CRUD**, SMART-BOY. I **KNOW** WHERE GUYS LIKE ME STAND IN THIS WORLD.
BUT YER **RIGHT** 'BOUT **ONE** THING... I DON'T WANNA FIGHT NO MORE.
I JUST WANNA GET OUTTA HERE-- GET **AWAY** FROM YOU AN' EVERYONE ELSE!
AN' I DON'T NEED NO STUPID **GOLD BULL** TA GIVE ME WHAT I WANT.
YA SAID YA WANTED TA **HELP** ME, HORN-HEAD!
WELL, YA CAN HELP ME--
--BY GETTIN' THE HELL OUTTA HERE!
SWAP!
ALL RIGHT, MATHEW-- WHAT **NOW**? DO YOU CHASE HIM DOWN, FIGHT HIM TO ANOTHER STANDSTILL--
--OR DO YOU LET HIM **GO**-- ESCAPE FROM THE LAW, AND HOPE HE ACTUALLY **DOES** LEAVE AND NEVER RETURN.
WHAT DO YOU DO NOW, HERO? **WHAT?**

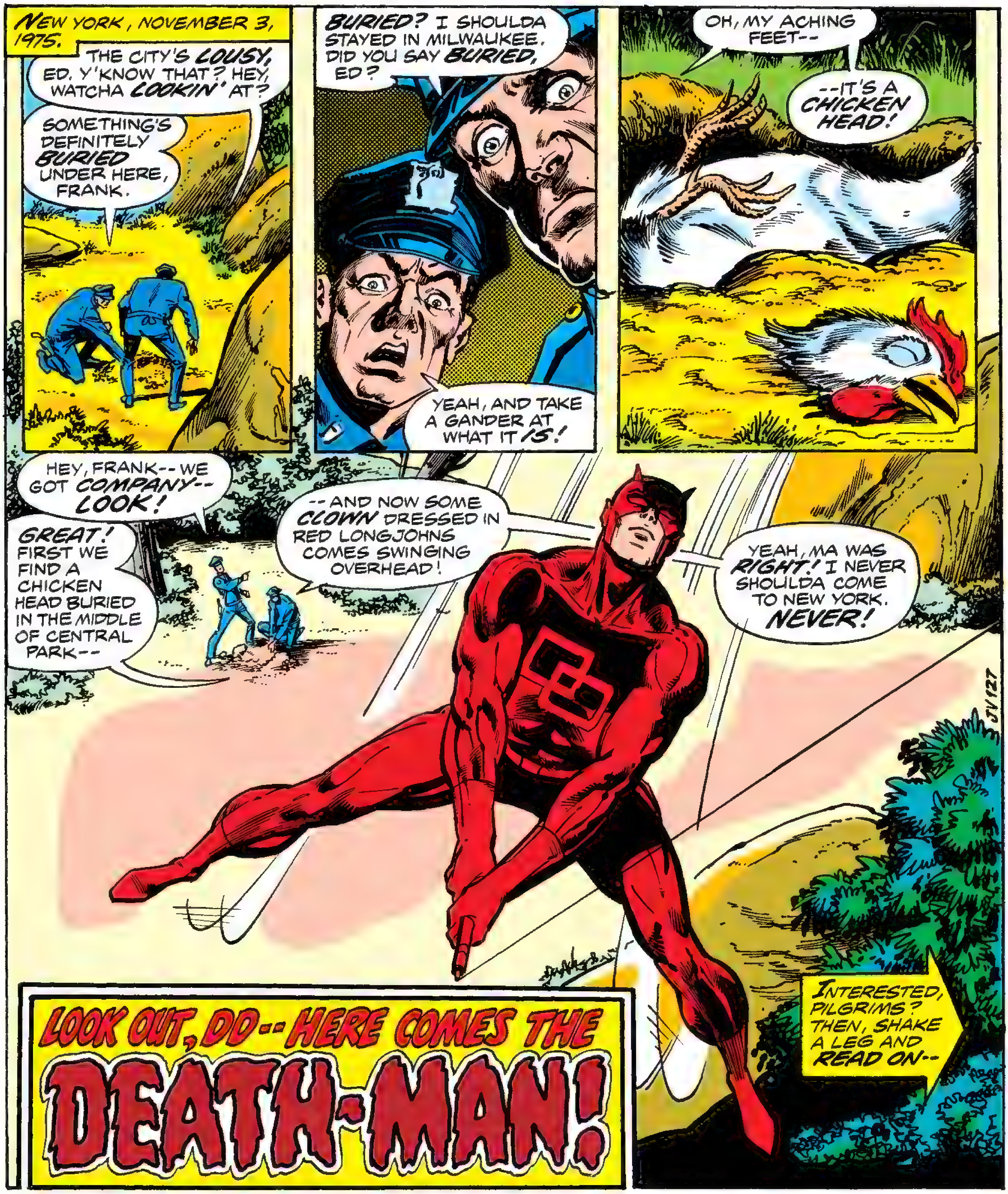

PERHAPS THAT IS A QUESTION THAT HAS NO *IMMEDIATE* ANSWER, FOR MATHEW MURDOCK, A.K.A. DAREDEVIL, CAN BARELY *LIFT* HIS PAIN-WRACKED ARMS, LET ALONE *CHASE* AFTER THE RAPIDLY RECEDING FIGURE...
...A FIGURE WHICH MAKES HIS *WAY* SILENTLY AND THOUGHTFULLY ALONG THE WOODEN DOCKS OVER A STRETCH OF BROOKLYN BAY.
MATADOR? I CAME BACK.
BUENO, AMIGO. BUT WHERE EES THE BULL?
WHERE?
I GOT *RIDDA* IT.
YOU DID *WHAT*, YOU IDIOT?
I THREW IT AWAY 'CAUSE I REALIZED I DIDN'T *NEED* IT OR YOU.
'CAUSE I AIN'T LIKE ALL THOSE *OTHER* BULLS YOU'VE LED ALONG ALL YOUR LIFE.
ME? I *DON'T* NEED A MATADOR TO *TELL* ME WHAT I WANT TA DO.
I MAY NOT BE *GOOD* AT IT, BUT I CAN *THINK* FER MYSELF.
AN' I THINK I WANNA GET *RIDDA* YOU 'FORE I GO ON *MY WAY!*
NO, AMIGO! WE ARE *FRIENDS!* YOU MUSTN'T DO THEES! *YOU MUSTN'T DO THEES!*
BUT I HAVE TA, MATADOR!
I HAVE TA!
"I HAVE TA!"
NEXT:
FOGGY'S RE-ELECTION?
A NEW JOB FOR MATT!
AND
VOODOO IN CENTRAL PARK!
BE HERE!

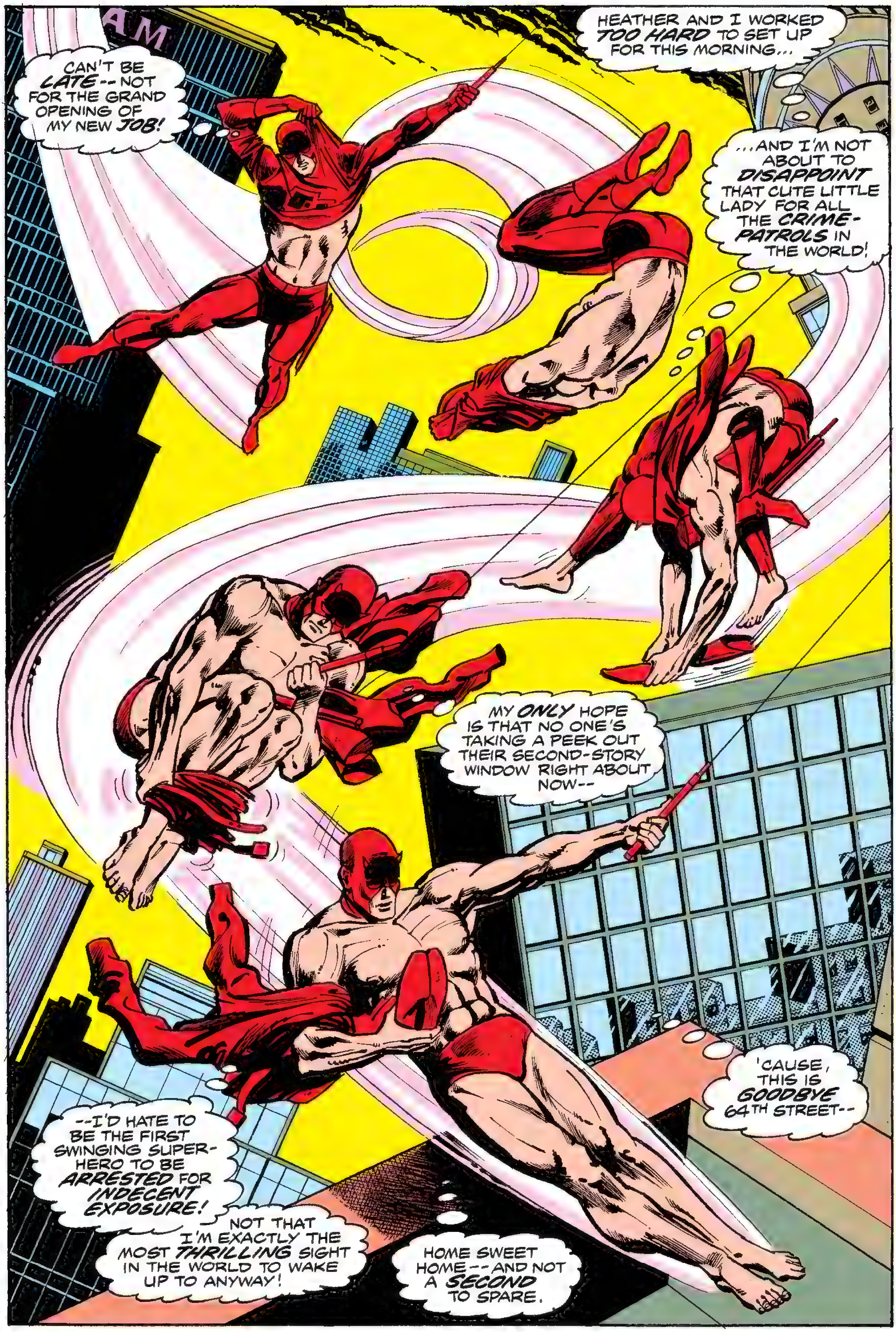
DAREDEVIL
MARVEL COMICS GROUP
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
25¢
CC
130
FEB
02459
TM
DAREDEVIL
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!
AND FROM THE
DARKNESS -- DEATH!

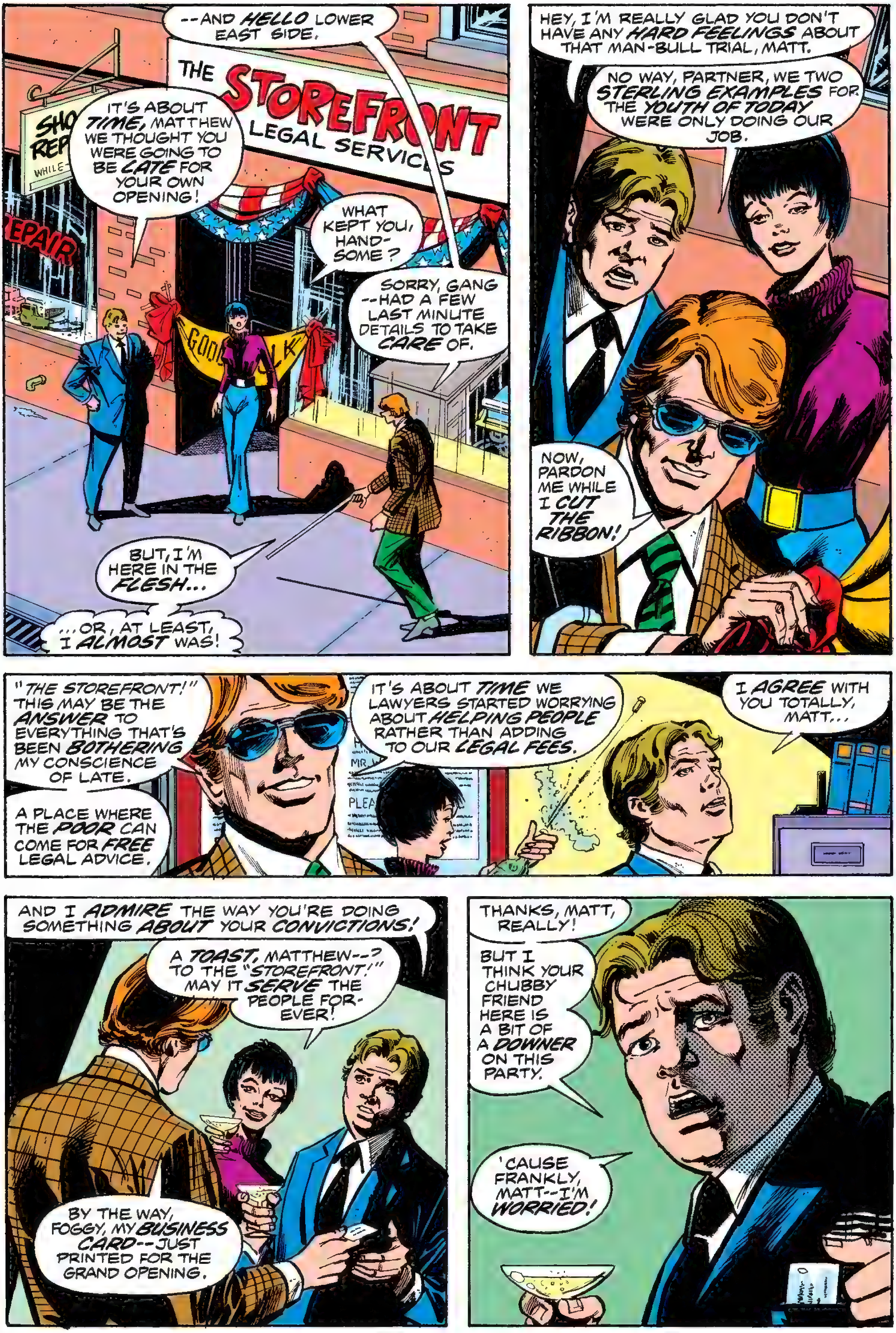
He dwells in eternal night— but the blackness is filled with sounds and scents, tastes and textures other men cannot perceive. For though attorney MATT MURDOCK is *blind*, his other four senses function with *superhuman sharpness*—his uncanny *radar sense* guides him over every obstacle! He stalks the streets by night, a relentless red-garbed foe of evil!

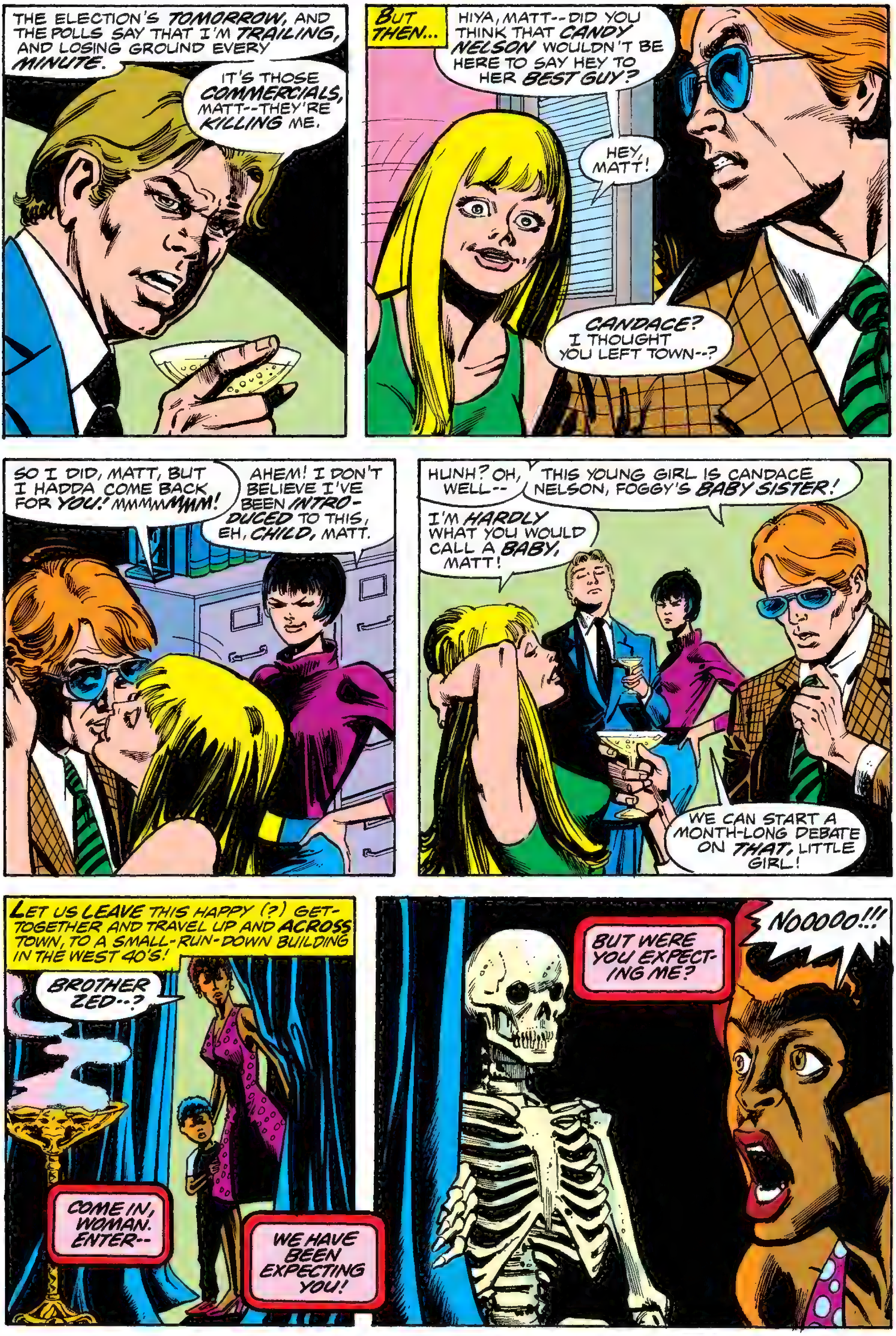
Stan Lee PRESENTS: DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!™

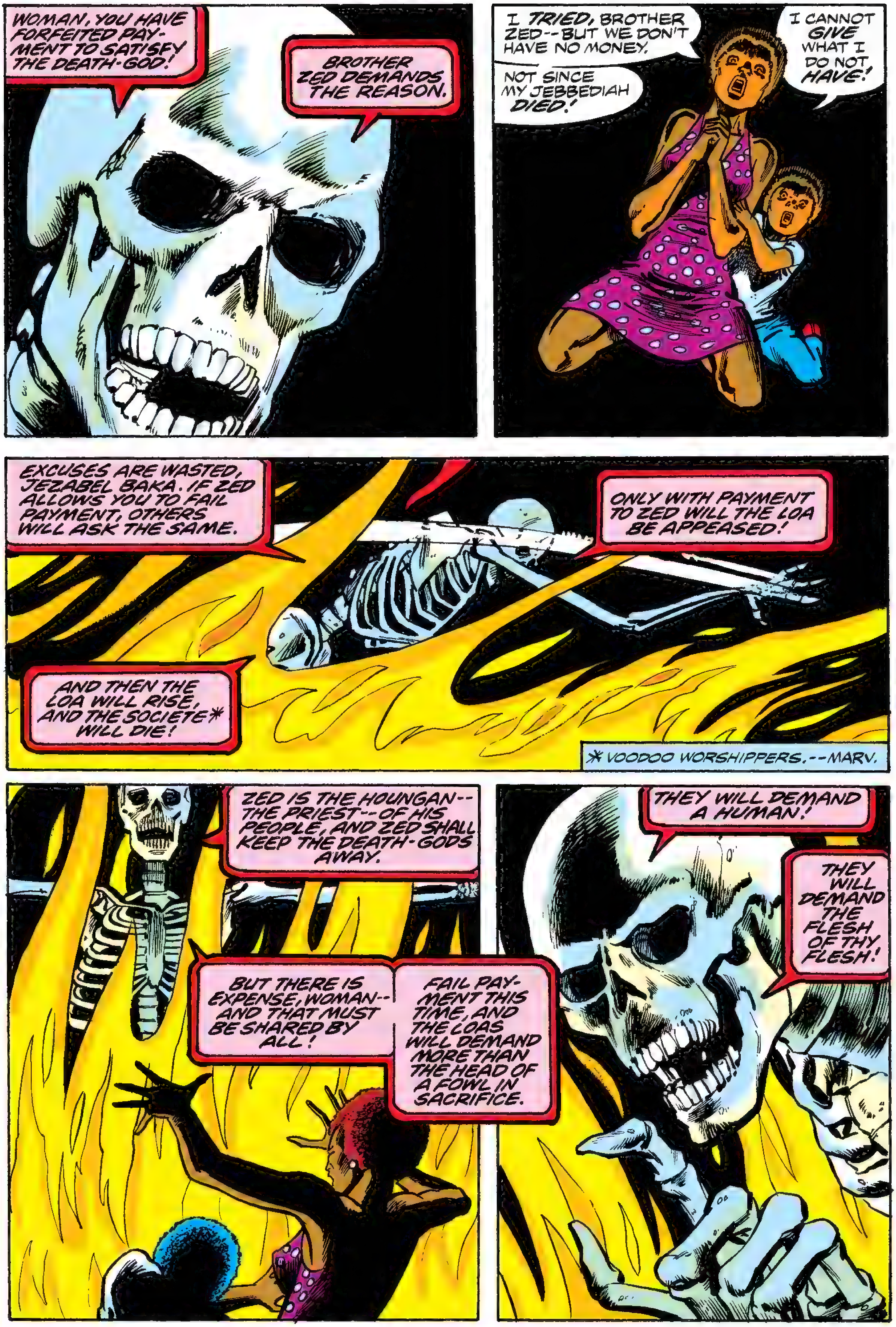
MARV WOLFMAN WRITER / EDITOR | BOB BROWN & KLAUS JANSON ARTISTS | MICHELE WOLFMAN colorist | JOHN COSTANZA letterer

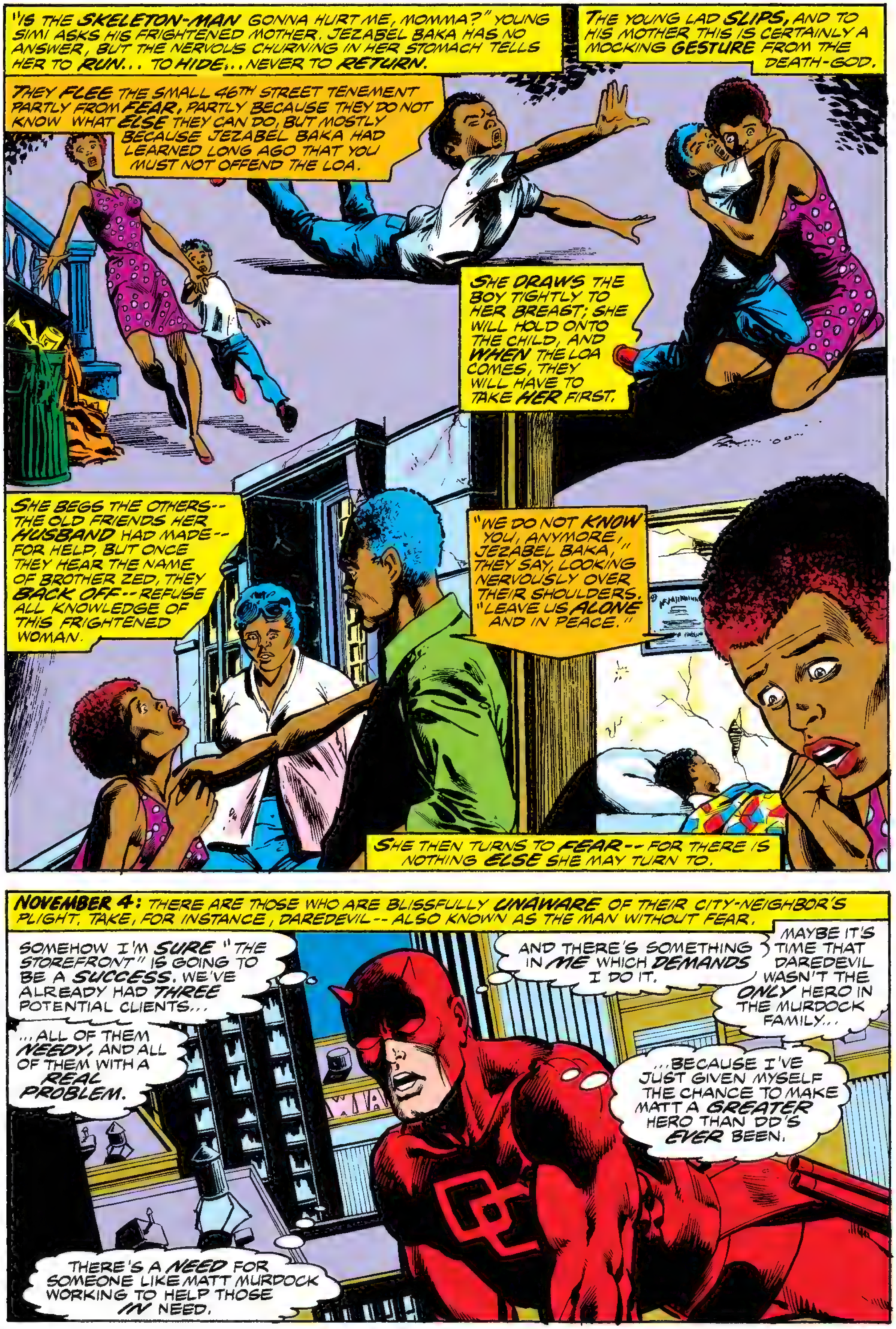

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 3, 1975.
THE CITY'S LOUSY, ED. Y'KNOW THAT? HEY, WATCHA LOOKIN' AT?
SOMETHING'S DEFINITELY BURIED UNDER HERE, FRANK.
BURIED? I SHOULDA STAYED IN MILWAUKEE. DID YOU SAY BURIED, ED?
YEAH, AND TAKE A GANDER AT WHAT IT IS!
OH, MY ACHING FEET--
--IT'S A CHICKEN HEAD!
HEY, FRANK-- WE GOT COMPANY-- LOOK!
GREAT! FIRST WE FIND A CHICKEN HEAD BURIED IN THE MIDDLE OF CENTRAL PARK--
--AND NOW SOME CLOWN DRESSED IN RED LONGJOHNS COMES SWINGING OVERHEAD!
YEAH, MA WAS RIGHT! I NEVER SHOULDA COME TO NEW YORK. NEVER!
LOOK OUT, DD-- HERE COMES THE DEATH-MAN!
INTERESTED, PILGRIMS? THEN, SHAKE A LEG AND READ ON--

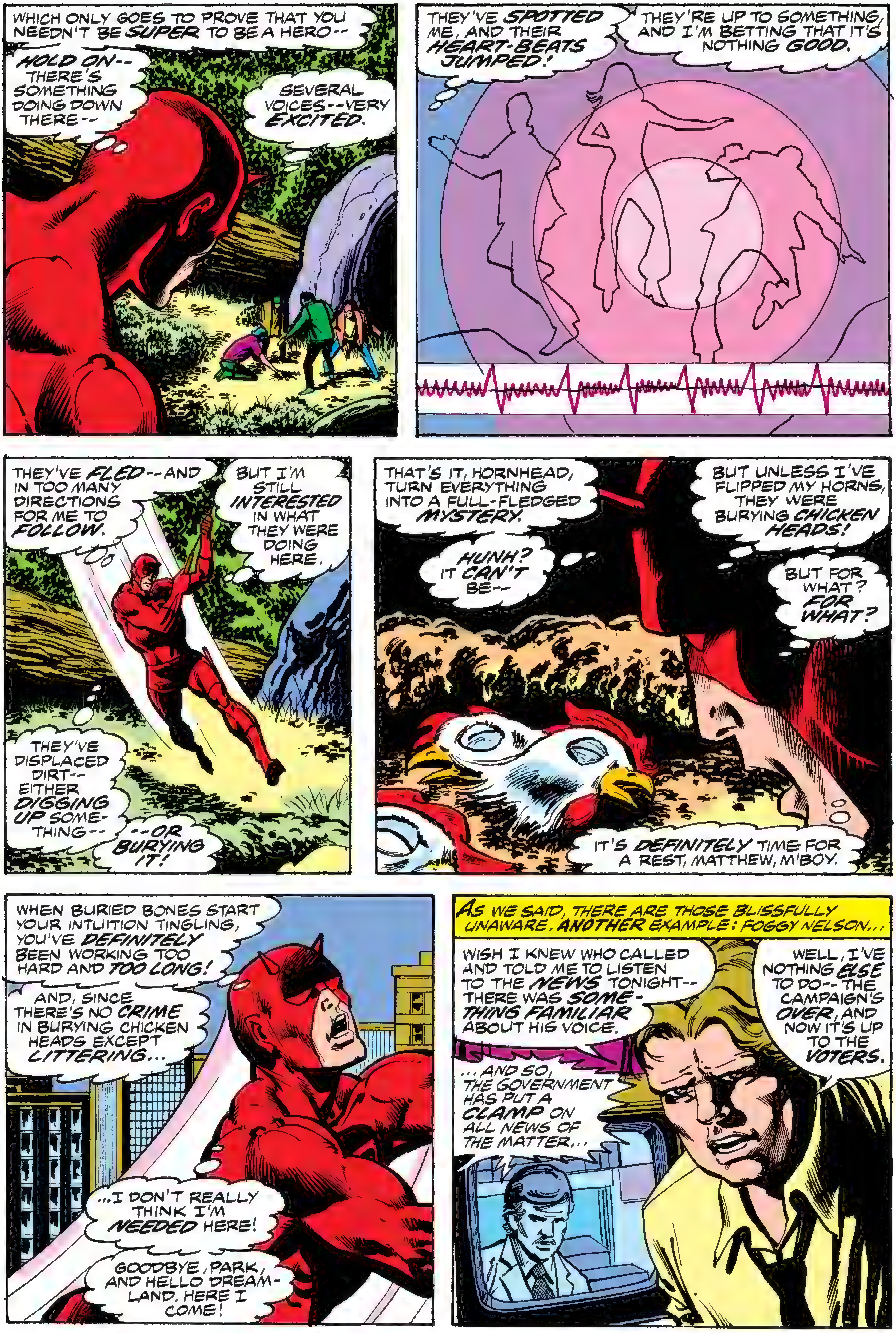

AM
CAN'T BE LATE-- NOT FOR THE GRAND OPENING OF MY NEW JOB!
HEATHER AND I WORKED TOO HARD TO SET UP FOR THIS MORNING...
...AND I'M NOT ABOUT TO DISAPPOINT THAT CUTE LITTLE LADY FOR ALL THE CRIME-PATROLS IN THE WORLD!
MY ONLY HOPE IS THAT NO ONE'S TAKING A PEEK OUT THEIR SECOND-STORY WINDOW RIGHT ABOUT NOW--
--I'D HATE TO BE THE FIRST SWINGING SUPER-HERO TO BE ARRESTED FOR INDECENT EXPOSURE!
NOT THAT I'M EXACTLY THE MOST THRILLING SIGHT IN THE WORLD TO WAKE UP TO ANYWAY!
'CAUSE, THIS IS GOODBYE 64TH STREET--
HOME SWEET HOME--AND NOT A SECOND TO SPARE.

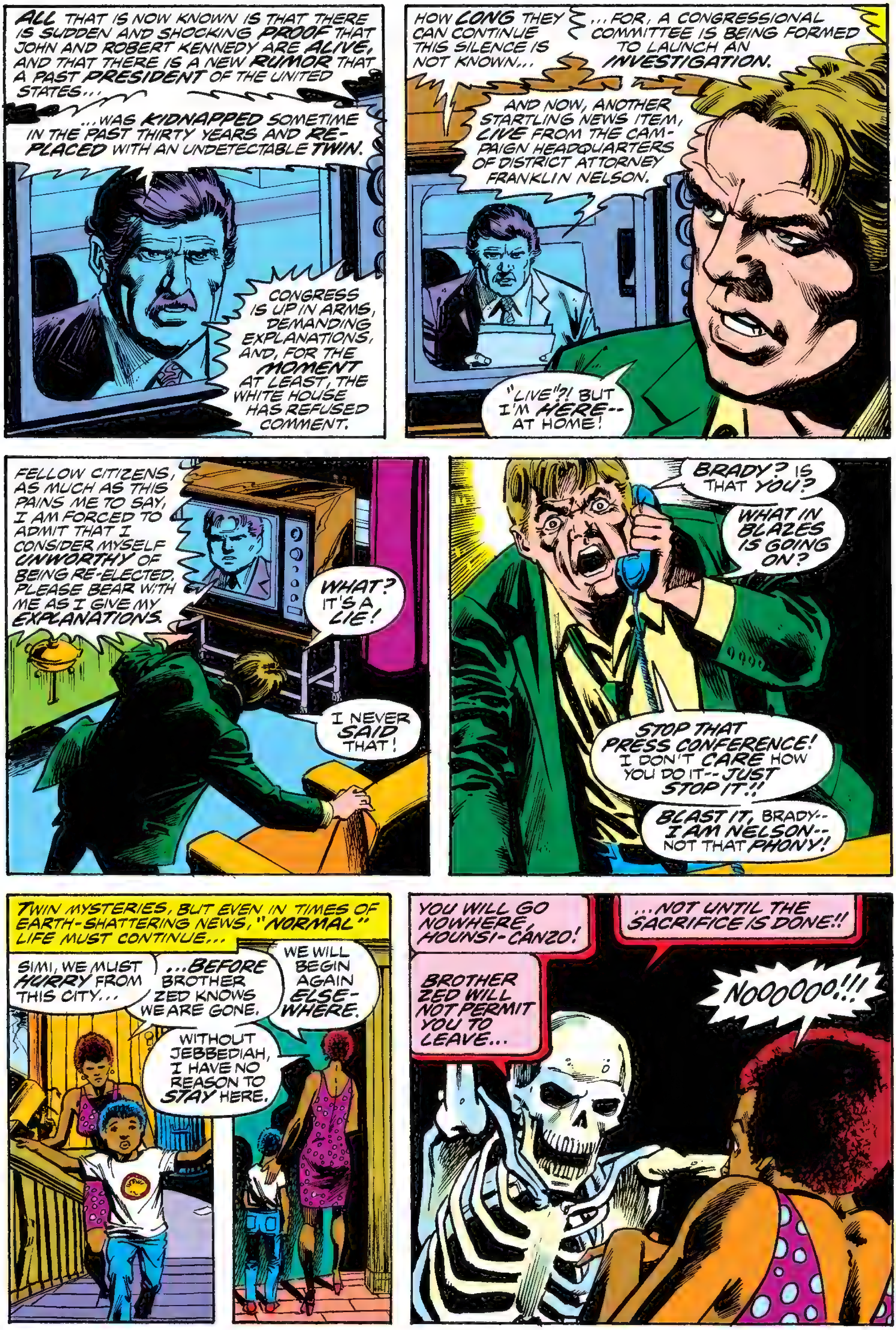

--AND *HELLO* LOWER EAST SIDE.
THE STOREFRONT LEGAL SERVICES
IT'S ABOUT *TIME,* MATTHEW WE THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING TO BE *LATE* FOR YOUR OWN OPENING!
WHAT KEPT YOU, HANDSOME?
SORRY, GANG --HAD A FEW LAST MINUTE DETAILS TO TAKE *CARE* OF.
BUT, I'M HERE IN THE *FLESH...*
...OR, AT LEAST, I *ALMOST* WAS!
HEY, I'M REALLY GLAD YOU DON'T HAVE ANY *HARD FEELINGS* ABOUT THAT MAN-BULL TRIAL, MATT.
NO WAY, PARTNER, WE TWO *STERLING EXAMPLES* FOR THE *YOUTH OF TODAY* WERE ONLY DOING OUR JOB.
NOW, PARDON ME WHILE I *CUT THE RIBBON!*
"*THE STOREFRONT!*" THIS MAY BE THE *ANSWER* TO EVERYTHING THAT'S BEEN *BOTHERING* MY CONSCIENCE OF LATE.
A PLACE WHERE THE *POOR* CAN COME FOR *FREE* LEGAL ADVICE.
IT'S ABOUT *TIME* WE LAWYERS STARTED WORRYING ABOUT *HELPING PEOPLE* RATHER THAN ADDING TO OUR *LEGAL FEES.*
I *AGREE* WITH YOU TOTALLY, MATT...
AND I *ADMIRE* THE WAY YOU'RE DOING SOMETHING *ABOUT* YOUR *CONVICTIONS!*
A *TOAST,* MATTHEW--? TO THE "*STOREFRONT!*" MAY IT *SERVE* THE PEOPLE FOREVER!
BY THE WAY, FOGGY, MY *BUSINESS CARD*--JUST PRINTED FOR THE GRAND OPENING.
THANKS, MATT, REALLY!
BUT I THINK YOUR CHUBBY FRIEND HERE IS A BIT OF A *DOWNER* ON THIS PARTY.
'CAUSE FRANKLY, MATT--I'M *WORRIED!*

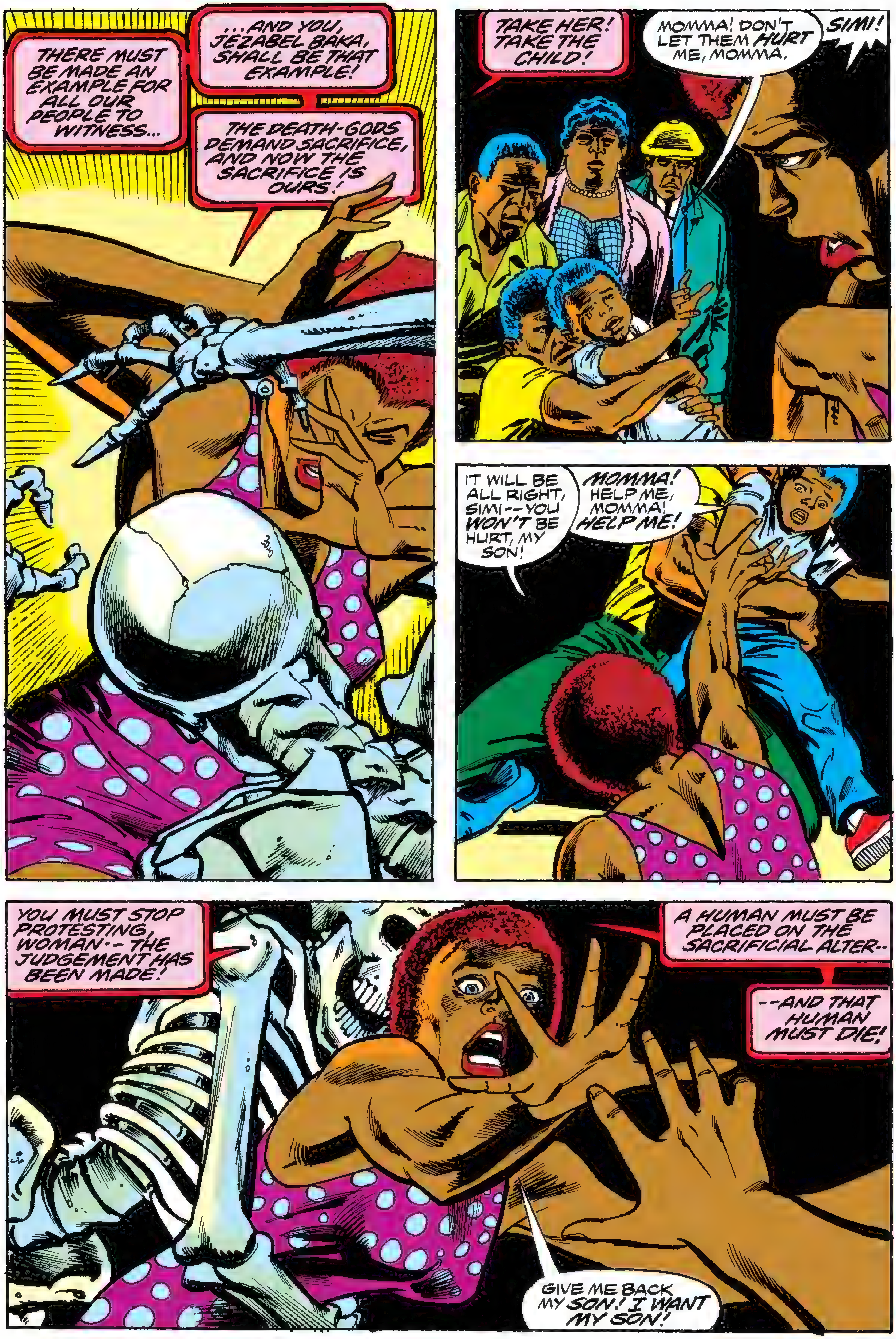

THE ELECTION'S TOMORROW, AND THE POLLS SAY THAT I'M TRAILING, AND LOSING GROUND EVERY MINUTE.
IT'S THOSE COMMERCIALS, MATT--THEY'RE KILLING ME.
BUT THEN...
HIYA, MATT--DID YOU THINK THAT CANDY NELSON WOULDN'T BE HERE TO SAY HEY TO HER BEST GUY?
HEY, MATT!
CANDACE? I THOUGHT YOU LEFT TOWN--?
SO I DID, MATT, BUT I HADDA COME BACK FOR YOU! MMMMMMM!
AHEM! I DON'T BELIEVE I'VE BEEN INTRODUCED TO THIS, EH, CHILD, MATT.
HUNH? OH, WELL--
THIS YOUNG GIRL IS CANDACE NELSON, FOGGY'S BABY SISTER!
I'M HARDLY WHAT YOU WOULD CALL A BABY, MATT!
WE CAN START A MONTH-LONG DEBATE ON THAT, LITTLE GIRL!
LET US LEAVE THIS HAPPY (?) GET-TOGETHER AND TRAVEL UP AND ACROSS TOWN, TO A SMALL-RUN-DOWN BUILDING IN THE WEST 40'S!
BROTHER ZED--?
COME IN, WOMAN. ENTER--
WE HAVE BEEN EXPECTING YOU!
BUT WERE YOU EXPECTING ME?
NOOOOO!!!

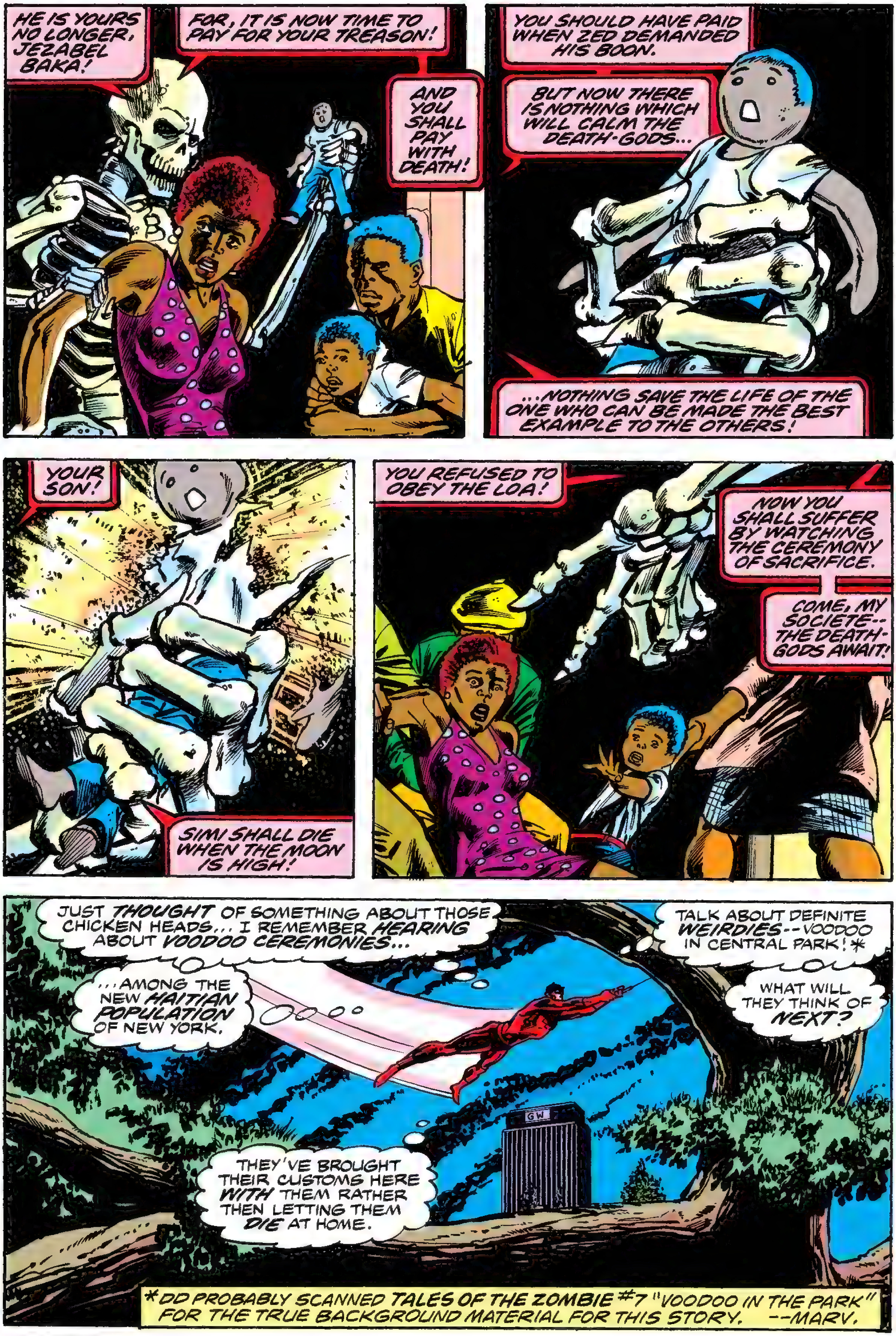

WOMAN, YOU HAVE FORFEITED PAYMENT TO SATISFY THE DEATH-GOD!
BROTHER ZED DEMANDS THE REASON.
I *TRIED*, BROTHER ZED--BUT WE DON'T HAVE NO MONEY.
NOT SINCE MY JEBBEDIAH *DIED!*
I CANNOT *GIVE* WHAT I DO NOT *HAVE!*
EXCUSES ARE WASTED, JEZABEL BAKA. IF ZED ALLOWS YOU TO FAIL PAYMENT, OTHERS WILL ASK THE SAME.
ONLY WITH PAYMENT TO ZED WILL THE LOA BE APPEASED!
AND THEN THE LOA WILL RISE, AND THE SOCIETE* WILL DIE!
* VOODOO WORSHIPPERS.--MARV.
ZED IS THE HOUNGAN--THE PRIEST--OF HIS PEOPLE, AND ZED SHALL KEEP THE DEATH-GODS AWAY.
BUT THERE IS EXPENSE, WOMAN--AND THAT MUST BE SHARED BY ALL!
FAIL PAYMENT THIS TIME, AND THE LOAS WILL DEMAND MORE THAN THE HEAD OF A FOWL IN SACRIFICE.
THEY WILL DEMAND A HUMAN!
THEY WILL DEMAND THE FLESH OF THY FLESH!

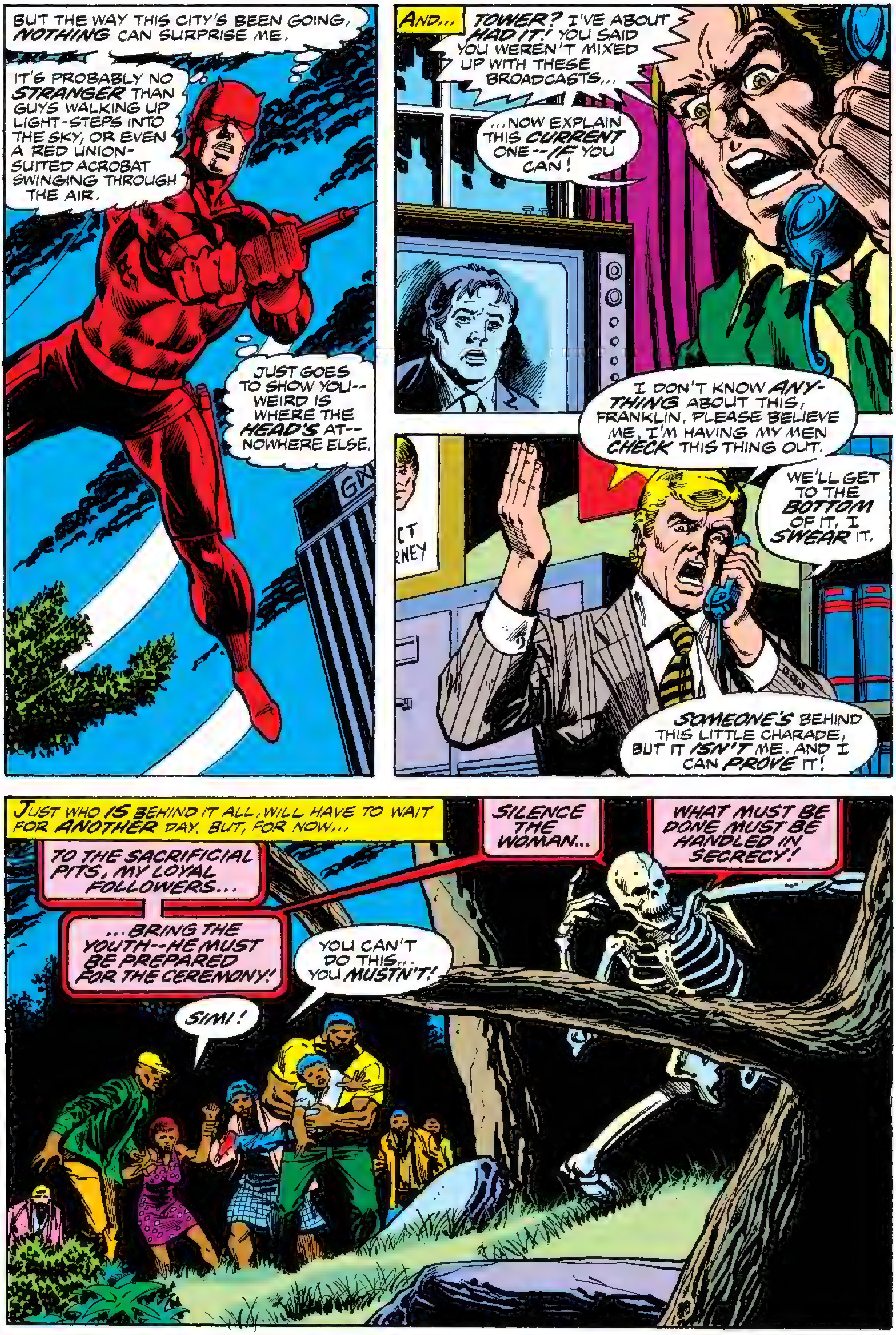

"IS THE SKELETON-MAN GONNA HURT ME, MOMMA?" YOUNG SIMI ASKS HIS FRIGHTENED MOTHER. JEZABEL BAKA HAS NO ANSWER, BUT THE NERVOUS CHURNING IN HER STOMACH TELLS HER TO RUN... TO HIDE... NEVER TO RETURN.
THEY FLEE THE SMALL 46TH STREET TENEMENT PARTLY FROM FEAR, PARTLY BECAUSE THEY DO NOT KNOW WHAT ELSE THEY CAN DO, BUT MOSTLY BECAUSE JEZABEL BAKA HAD LEARNED LONG AGO THAT YOU MUST NOT OFFEND THE LOA.
THE YOUNG LAD SLIPS, AND TO HIS MOTHER THIS IS CERTAINLY A MOCKING GESTURE FROM THE DEATH-GOD.
SHE DRAWS THE BOY TIGHTLY TO HER BREAST; SHE WILL HOLD ONTO THE CHILD, AND WHEN THE LOA COMES, THEY WILL HAVE TO TAKE HER FIRST.
SHE BEGS THE OTHERS-- THE OLD FRIENDS HER HUSBAND HAD MADE-- FOR HELP, BUT ONCE THEY HEAR THE NAME OF BROTHER ZED, THEY BACK OFF-- REFUSE ALL KNOWLEDGE OF THIS FRIGHTENED WOMAN.
"WE DO NOT KNOW YOU, ANYMORE, JEZABEL BAKA," THEY SAY, LOOKING NERVOUSLY OVER THEIR SHOULDERS. "LEAVE US ALONE AND IN PEACE."
SHE THEN TURNS TO FEAR-- FOR THERE IS NOTHING ELSE SHE MAY TURN TO.
NOVEMBER 4: THERE ARE THOSE WHO ARE BLISSFULLY UNAWARE OF THEIR CITY-NEIGHBOR'S PLIGHT. TAKE, FOR INSTANCE, DAREDEVIL-- ALSO KNOWN AS THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR.
SOMEHOW I'M SURE "THE STOREFRONT" IS GOING TO BE A SUCCESS. WE'VE ALREADY HAD THREE POTENTIAL CLIENTS...
...ALL OF THEM NEEDY, AND ALL OF THEM WITH A REAL PROBLEM.
THERE'S A NEED FOR SOMEONE LIKE MATT MURDOCK WORKING TO HELP THOSE IN NEED.
AND THERE'S SOMETHING IN ME WHICH DEMANDS I DO IT.
MAYBE IT'S TIME THAT DAREDEVIL WASN'T THE ONLY HERO IN THE MURDOCK FAMILY...
...BECAUSE I'VE JUST GIVEN MYSELF THE CHANCE TO MAKE MATT A GREATER HERO THAN DD'S EVER BEEN.

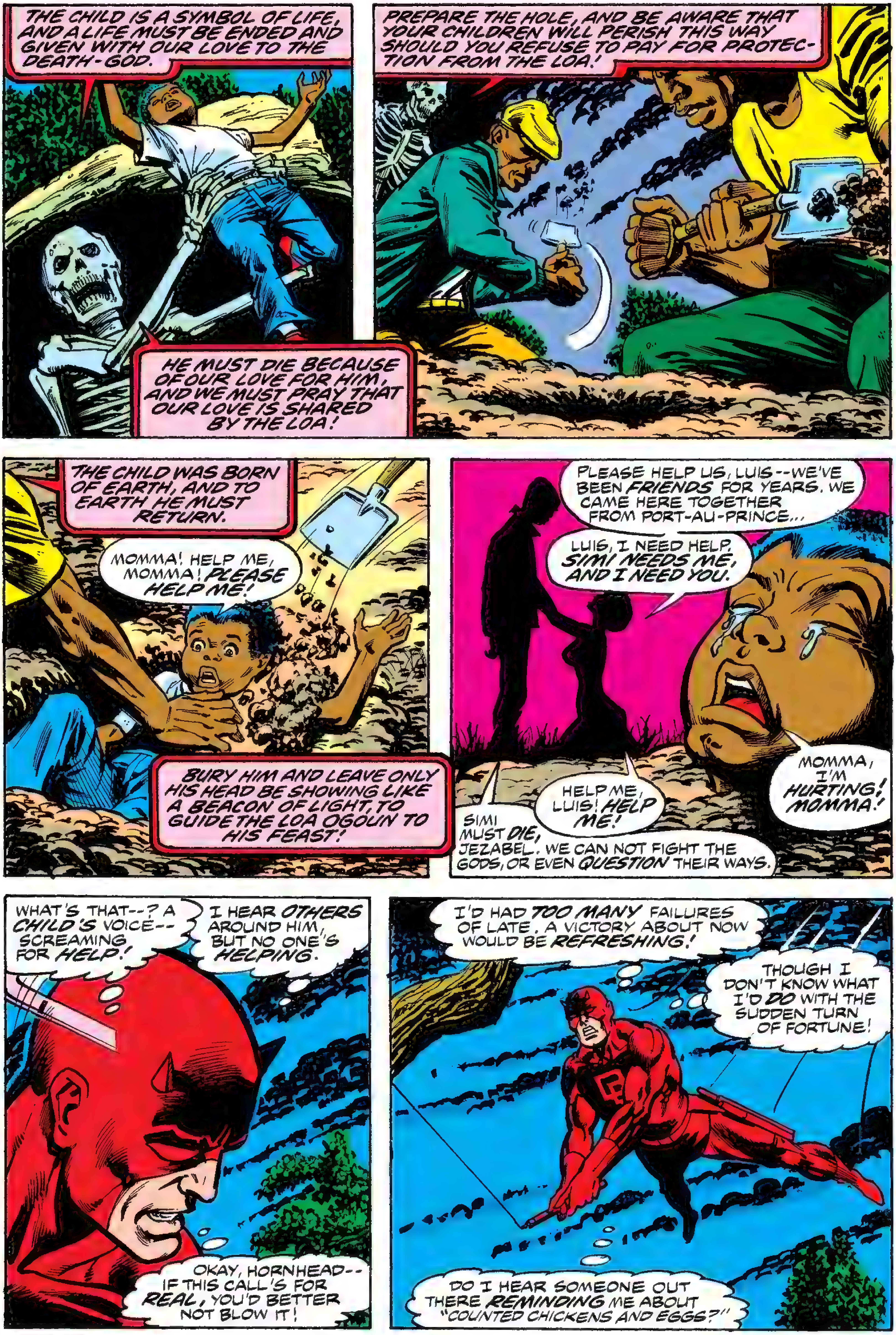

WHICH ONLY GOES TO PROVE THAT YOU NEEDN'T BE SUPER TO BE A HERO--
HOLD ON-- THERE'S SOMETHING DOING DOWN THERE--
SEVERAL VOICES--VERY EXCITED.
THEY'VE SPOTTED ME, AND THEIR HEART-BEATS JUMPED!
THEY'RE UP TO SOMETHING, AND I'M BETTING THAT IT'S NOTHING GOOD.
THEY'VE FLED--AND IN TOO MANY DIRECTIONS FOR ME TO FOLLOW.
BUT I'M STILL INTERESTED IN WHAT THEY WERE DOING HERE.
THEY'VE DISPLACED DIRT-- EITHER DIGGING UP SOMETHING--
--OR BURYING IT!
THAT'S IT, HORNHEAD, TURN EVERYTHING INTO A FULL-FLEDGED MYSTERY.
HUNH? IT CAN'T BE--
BUT UNLESS I'VE FLIPPED MY HORNS, THEY WERE BURYING CHICKEN HEADS!
BUT FOR WHAT? FOR WHAT?
IT'S DEFINITELY TIME FOR A REST, MATTHEW, M'BOY.
WHEN BURIED BONES START YOUR INTUITION TINGLING, YOU'VE DEFINITELY BEEN WORKING TOO HARD AND TOO LONG!
AND, SINCE THERE'S NO CRIME IN BURYING CHICKEN HEADS EXCEPT LITTERING...
...I DON'T REALLY THINK I'M NEEDED HERE!
GOODBYE, PARK, AND HELLO DREAM-LAND. HERE I COME!
AS WE SAID, THERE ARE THOSE BLISSFULLY UNAWARE. ANOTHER EXAMPLE: FOGGY NELSON...
WISH I KNEW WHO CALLED AND TOLD ME TO LISTEN TO THE NEWS TONIGHT-- THERE WAS SOMETHING FAMILIAR ABOUT HIS VOICE.
WELL, I'VE NOTHING ELSE TO DO-- THE CAMPAIGN'S OVER, AND NOW IT'S UP TO THE VOTERS.
...AND SO, THE GOVERNMENT HAS PUT A CLAMP ON ALL NEWS OF THE MATTER...

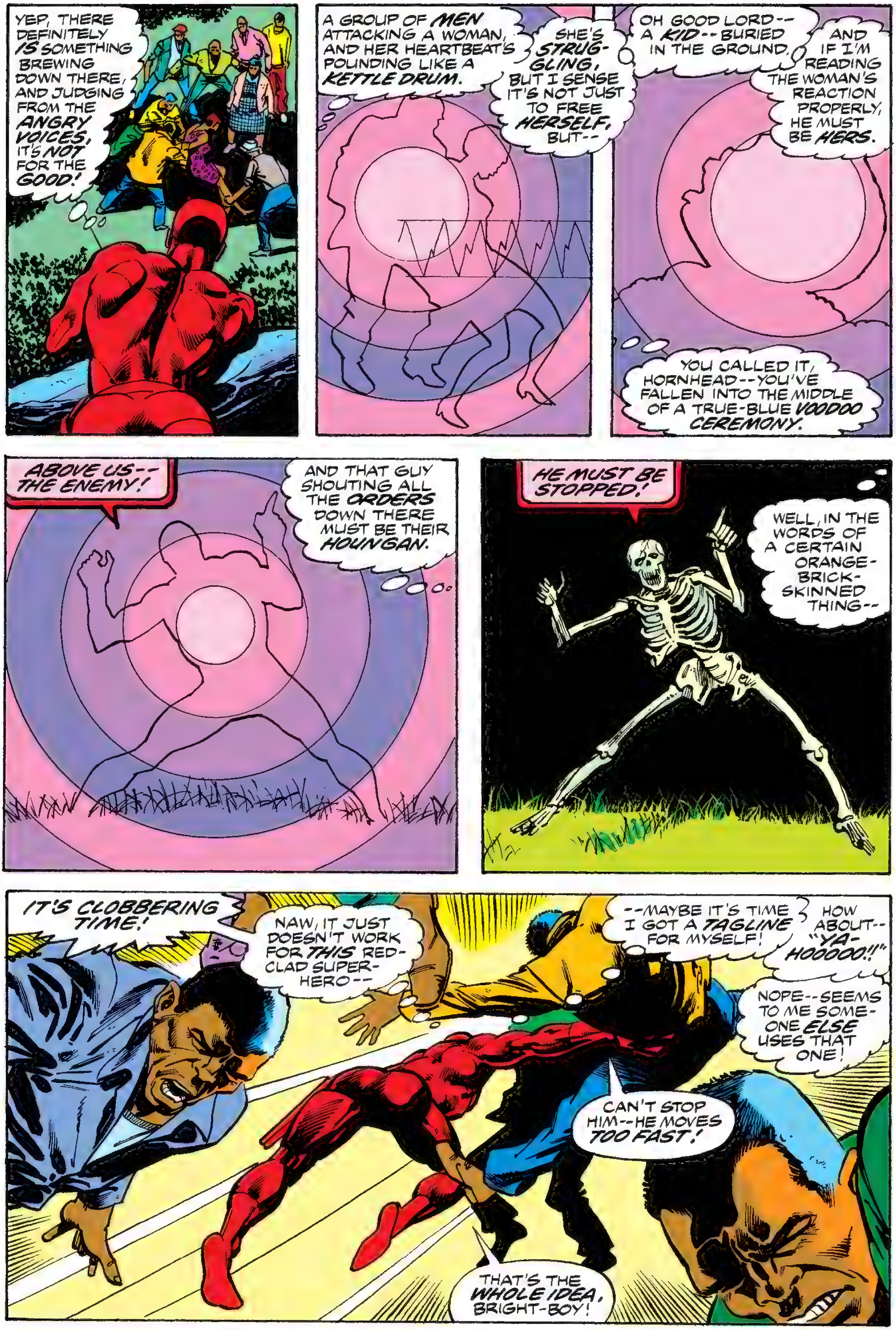

ALL THAT IS NOW KNOWN IS THAT THERE IS SUDDEN AND SHOCKING PROOF THAT JOHN AND ROBERT KENNEDY ARE ALIVE, AND THAT THERE IS A NEW RUMOR THAT A PAST PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES...
...WAS KIDNAPPED SOMETIME IN THE PAST THIRTY YEARS AND REPLACED WITH AN UNDETECTABLE TWIN.
CONGRESS IS UP IN ARMS, DEMANDING EXPLANATIONS, AND, FOR THE MOMENT AT LEAST, THE WHITE HOUSE HAS REFUSED COMMENT.
HOW LONG THEY CAN CONTINUE THIS SILENCE IS NOT KNOWN...
...FOR, A CONGRESSIONAL COMMITTEE IS BEING FORMED TO LAUNCH AN INVESTIGATION.
AND NOW, ANOTHER STARTLING NEWS ITEM, LIVE FROM THE CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS OF DISTRICT ATTORNEY FRANKLIN NELSON.
"LIVE"?! BUT I'M HERE-- AT HOME!
FELLOW CITIZENS, AS MUCH AS THIS PAINS ME TO SAY, I AM FORCED TO ADMIT THAT I CONSIDER MYSELF UNWORTHY OF BEING RE-ELECTED. PLEASE BEAR WITH ME AS I GIVE MY EXPLANATIONS.
WHAT? IT'S A LIE!
I NEVER SAID THAT!
BRADY? IS THAT YOU?
WHAT IN BLAZES IS GOING ON?
STOP THAT PRESS CONFERENCE! I DON'T CARE HOW YOU DO IT-- JUST STOP IT!!
BLAST IT, BRADY-- I AM NELSON-- NOT THAT PHONY!
TWIN MYSTERIES, BUT EVEN IN TIMES OF EARTH-SHATTERING NEWS, "NORMAL" LIFE MUST CONTINUE...
SIMI, WE MUST HURRY FROM THIS CITY...
...BEFORE BROTHER ZED KNOWS WE ARE GONE.
WE WILL BEGIN AGAIN ELSEWHERE.
WITHOUT JEBBEDIAH, I HAVE NO REASON TO STAY HERE.
YOU WILL GO NOWHERE, HOUNSI-CANZO!
...NOT UNTIL THE SACRIFICE IS DONE!!
BROTHER ZED WILL NOT PERMIT YOU TO LEAVE...
NOOOOOO!!!

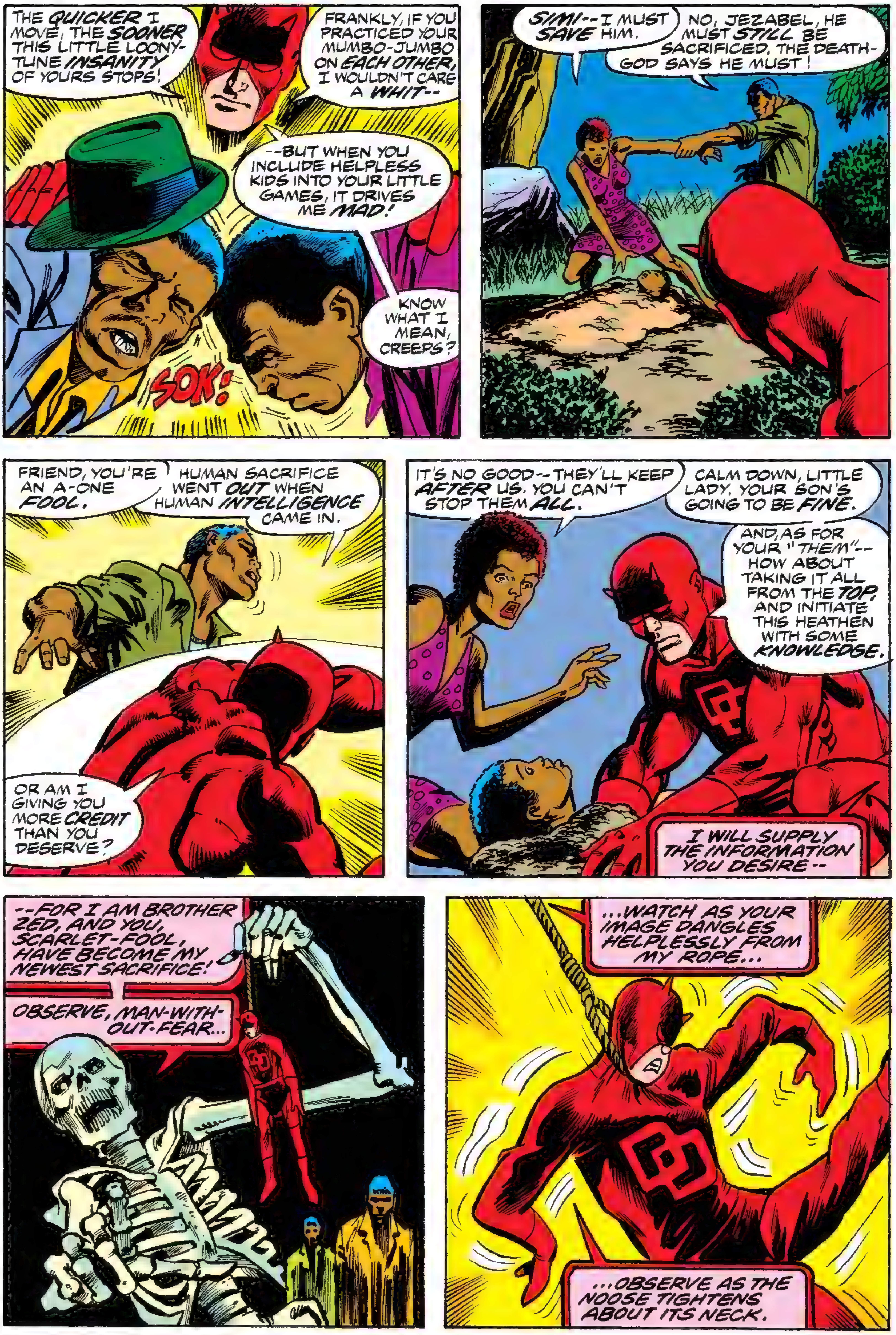

THERE MUST BE MADE AN EXAMPLE FOR ALL OUR PEOPLE TO WITNESS...
...AND YOU, JEZABEL BAKA, SHALL BE THAT EXAMPLE!
THE DEATH-GODS DEMAND SACRIFICE, AND NOW THE SACRIFICE IS OURS!
TAKE HER! TAKE THE CHILD!
MOMMA! DON'T LET THEM HURT ME, MOMMA.
SIMI!
IT WILL BE ALL RIGHT, SIMI--YOU WON'T BE HURT, MY SON!
MOMMA! HELP ME, MOMMA! HELP ME!
YOU MUST STOP PROTESTING, WOMAN--THE JUDGEMENT HAS BEEN MADE!
A HUMAN MUST BE PLACED ON THE SACRIFICIAL ALTER--
--AND THAT HUMAN MUST DIE!
GIVE ME BACK MY SON! I WANT MY SON!

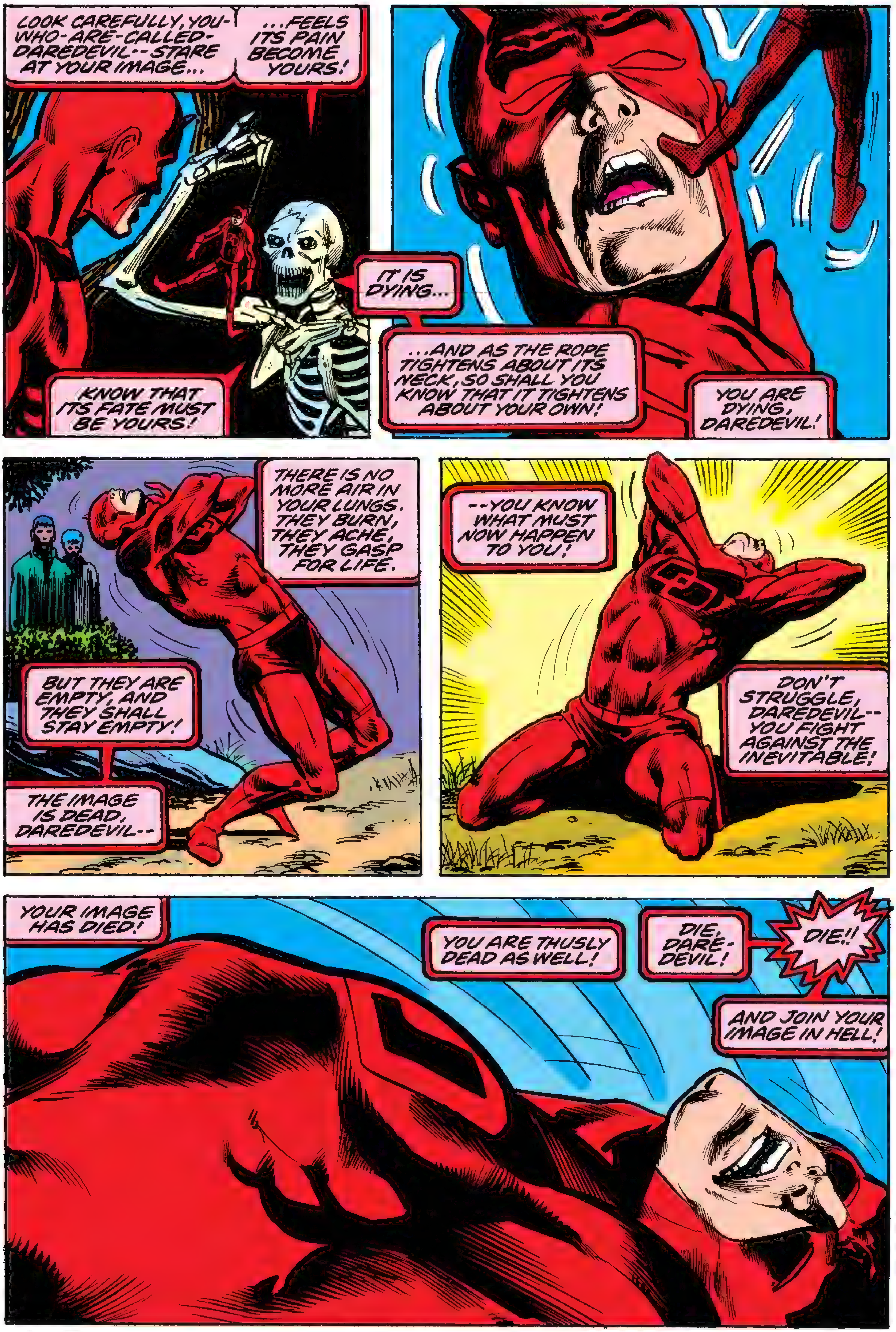

HE IS YOURS NO LONGER, JEZABEL BAKA!
FOR, IT IS NOW TIME TO PAY FOR YOUR TREASON!
AND YOU SHALL PAY WITH DEATH!
YOU SHOULD HAVE PAID WHEN ZED DEMANDED HIS BOON.
BUT NOW THERE IS NOTHING WHICH WILL CALM THE DEATH-GODS...
...NOTHING SAVE THE LIFE OF THE ONE WHO CAN BE MADE THE BEST EXAMPLE TO THE OTHERS!
YOUR SON!
SIMI SHALL DIE WHEN THE MOON IS HIGH!
YOU REFUSED TO OBEY THE LOA!
NOW YOU SHALL SUFFER BY WATCHING THE CEREMONY OF SACRIFICE.
COME, MY SOCIETE-- THE DEATH-GODS AWAIT!
JUST THOUGHT OF SOMETHING ABOUT THOSE CHICKEN HEADS... I REMEMBER HEARING ABOUT VOODOO CEREMONIES...
...AMONG THE NEW HAITIAN POPULATION OF NEW YORK.
TALK ABOUT DEFINITE WEIRDIES--VOODOO IN CENTRAL PARK!*
WHAT WILL THEY THINK OF NEXT?
GW
THEY'VE BROUGHT THEIR CUSTOMS HERE WITH THEM RATHER THEN LETTING THEM DIE AT HOME.
*DD PROBABLY SCANNED TALES OF THE ZOMBIE #7 "VOODOO IN THE PARK" FOR THE TRUE BACKGROUND MATERIAL FOR THIS STORY. --MARV.

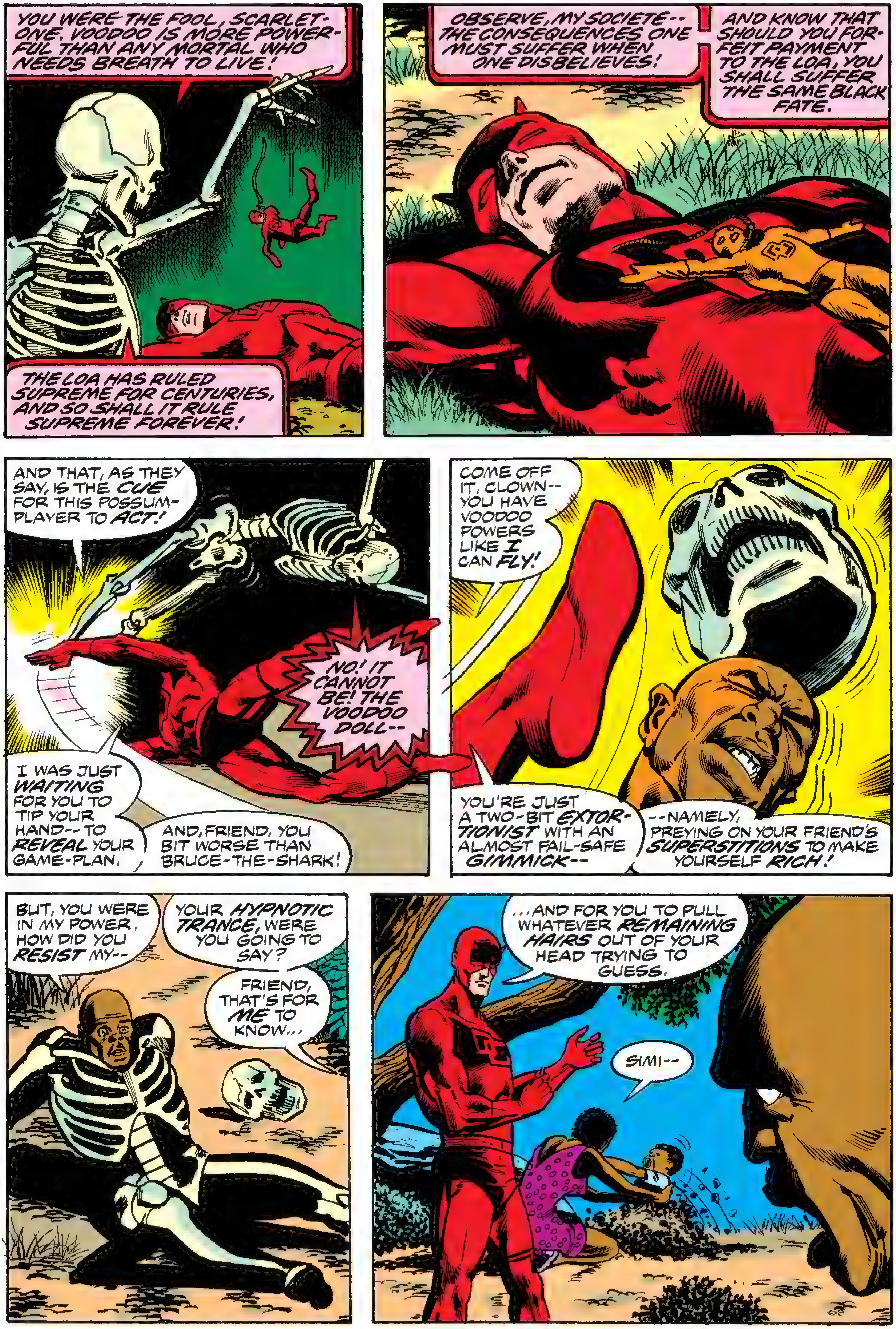

BUT THE WAY THIS CITY'S BEEN GOING, NOTHING CAN SURPRISE ME.
IT'S PROBABLY NO STRANGER THAN GUYS WALKING UP LIGHT-STEPS INTO THE SKY, OR EVEN A RED UNION-SUITED ACROBAT SWINGING THROUGH THE AIR.
JUST GOES TO SHOW YOU-- WEIRD IS WHERE THE HEAD'S AT-- NOWHERE ELSE.
AND...
TOWER? I'VE ABOUT HAD IT! YOU SAID YOU WEREN'T MIXED UP WITH THESE BROADCASTS...
...NOW EXPLAIN THIS CURRENT ONE--IF YOU CAN!
I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THIS, FRANKLIN, PLEASE BELIEVE ME. I'M HAVING MY MEN CHECK THIS THING OUT.
WE'LL GET TO THE BOTTOM OF IT, I SWEAR IT.
SOMEONE'S BEHIND THIS LITTLE CHARADE, BUT IT ISN'T ME. AND I CAN PROVE IT!
JUST WHO IS BEHIND IT ALL, WILL HAVE TO WAIT FOR ANOTHER DAY. BUT, FOR NOW...
SILENCE THE WOMAN...
WHAT MUST BE DONE MUST BE HANDLED IN SECRECY!
TO THE SACRIFICIAL PITS, MY LOYAL FOLLOWERS...
...BRING THE YOUTH--HE MUST BE PREPARED FOR THE CEREMONY!
YOU CAN'T DO THIS... YOU MUSTN'T!
SIMI!

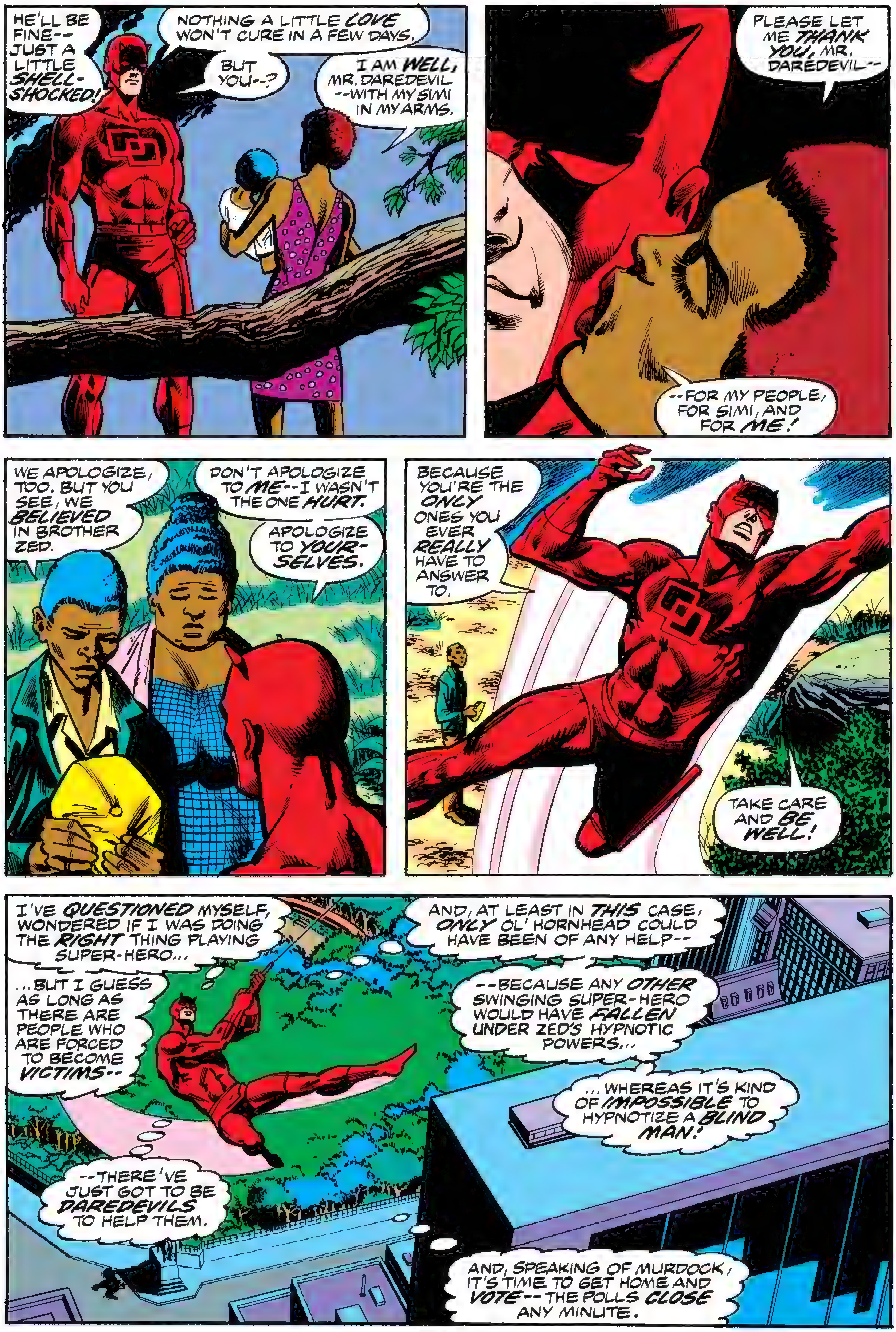

THE CHILD IS A SYMBOL OF LIFE, AND A LIFE MUST BE ENDED AND GIVEN WITH OUR LOVE TO THE DEATH-GOD.
HE MUST DIE BECAUSE OF OUR LOVE FOR HIM, AND WE MUST PRAY THAT OUR LOVE IS SHARED BY THE LOA!
PREPARE THE HOLE, AND BE AWARE THAT YOUR CHILDREN WILL PERISH THIS WAY SHOULD YOU REFUSE TO PAY FOR PROTECTION FROM THE LOA!
THE CHILD WAS BORN OF EARTH, AND TO EARTH HE MUST RETURN.
MOMMA! HELP ME, MOMMA! *PLEASE HELP ME!*
BURY HIM AND LEAVE ONLY HIS HEAD BE SHOWING LIKE A BEACON OF LIGHT, TO GUIDE THE LOA OGOUN TO HIS FEAST!
PLEASE HELP US, LUIS--WE'VE BEEN *FRIENDS* FOR YEARS. WE CAME HERE TOGETHER FROM PORT-AU-PRINCE...
LUIS, I NEED HELP. *SIMI NEEDS ME, AND I NEED YOU.*
MOMMA, I'M *HURTING!* *MOMMA!*
HELP ME, LUIS! *HELP ME!*
SIMI MUST *DIE,* JEZABEL. WE CAN NOT FIGHT THE GODS, OR EVEN *QUESTION* THEIR WAYS.
WHAT'S THAT--? A *CHILD'S* VOICE--SCREAMING FOR *HELP!*
I HEAR *OTHERS* AROUND HIM, BUT NO ONE'S *HELPING.*
OKAY, HORNHEAD--IF THIS CALL'S FOR *REAL,* YOU'D BETTER NOT BLOW IT!
I'D HAD *TOO MANY* FAILURES OF LATE. A VICTORY ABOUT NOW WOULD BE *REFRESHING!*
THOUGH I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'D *DO* WITH THE SUDDEN TURN OF FORTUNE!
DO I HEAR SOMEONE OUT THERE *REMINDING* ME ABOUT "COUNTED CHICKENS AND EGGS?"

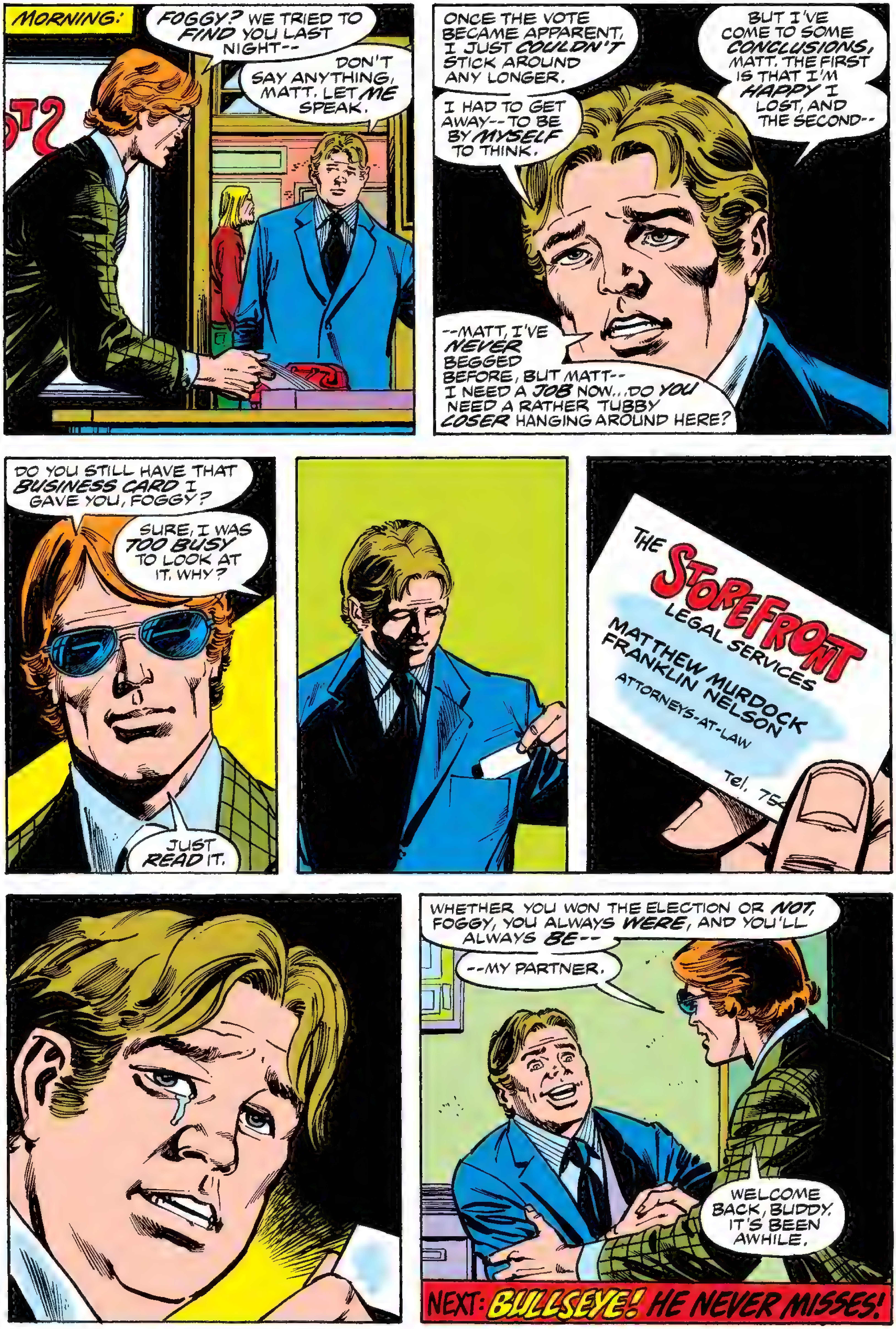

YEP, THERE DEFINITELY *IS* SOMETHING BREWING DOWN THERE, AND JUDGING FROM THE *ANGRY VOICES,* IT'S *NOT* FOR THE *GOOD!*
A GROUP OF *MEN* ATTACKING A WOMAN, AND HER HEARTBEAT'S POUNDING LIKE A *KETTLE DRUM.*
SHE'S *STRUGGLING,* BUT I SENSE IT'S NOT JUST TO FREE *HERSELF,* BUT--
OH GOOD LORD-- A *KID*-- BURIED IN THE GROUND.
AND IF I'M READING THE WOMAN'S REACTION PROPERLY, HE MUST BE *HERS.*
YOU CALLED IT, HORNHEAD--YOU'VE FALLEN INTO THE MIDDLE OF A TRUE-BLUE *VOODOO CEREMONY.*
ABOVE US-- THE ENEMY!
AND THAT GUY SHOUTING ALL THE *ORDERS* DOWN THERE MUST BE THEIR *HOUNGAN.*
HE MUST BE STOPPED!
WELL, IN THE WORDS OF A CERTAIN ORANGE-BRICK-SKINNED THING--
IT'S CLOBBERING TIME!
NAW, IT JUST DOESN'T WORK FOR *THIS* RED-CLAD SUPER-HERO--
--MAYBE IT'S TIME I GOT A *TAGLINE* FOR MYSELF!
HOW ABOUT-- *"YA-HOOOOO!!"*
NOPE--SEEMS TO ME SOME-ONE *ELSE* USES THAT ONE!
CAN'T STOP HIM--HE MOVES *TOO FAST!*
THAT'S THE *WHOLE IDEA,* BRIGHT-BOY!


THE QUICKER I MOVE, THE SOONER THIS LITTLE LOONY-TUNE INSANITY OF YOURS STOPS!
FRANKLY, IF YOU PRACTICED YOUR MUMBO-JUMBO ON EACH OTHER, I WOULDN'T CARE A WHIT--
--BUT WHEN YOU INCLUDE HELPLESS KIDS INTO YOUR LITTLE GAMES, IT DRIVES ME MAD!
KNOW WHAT I MEAN, CREEPS?
SOK!
SIMI--I MUST SAVE HIM.
NO, JEZABEL, HE MUST STILL BE SACRIFICED. THE DEATH-GOD SAYS HE MUST!
FRIEND, YOU'RE AN A-ONE FOOL.
HUMAN SACRIFICE WENT OUT WHEN HUMAN INTELLIGENCE CAME IN.
OR AM I GIVING YOU MORE CREDIT THAN YOU DESERVE?
IT'S NO GOOD--THEY'LL KEEP AFTER US. YOU CAN'T STOP THEM ALL.
CALM DOWN, LITTLE LADY. YOUR SON'S GOING TO BE FINE.
AND, AS FOR YOUR "THEM"--HOW ABOUT TAKING IT ALL FROM THE TOP, AND INITIATE THIS HEATHEN WITH SOME KNOWLEDGE.
I WILL SUPPLY THE INFORMATION YOU DESIRE--
--FOR I AM BROTHER ZED, AND YOU, SCARLET-FOOL, HAVE BECOME MY NEWEST SACRIFICE!
OBSERVE, MAN-WITH-OUT-FEAR...
...WATCH AS YOUR IMAGE DANGLES HELPLESSLY FROM MY ROPE...
...OBSERVE AS THE NOOSE TIGHTENS ABOUT ITS NECK.


LOOK CAREFULLY, YOU-WHO-ARE-CALLED-DAREDEVIL--STARE AT YOUR IMAGE...
...FEELS ITS PAIN BECOME YOURS!
KNOW THAT ITS FATE MUST BE YOURS!
IT IS DYING...
...AND AS THE ROPE TIGHTENS ABOUT ITS NECK, SO SHALL YOU KNOW THAT IT TIGHTENS ABOUT YOUR OWN!
YOU ARE DYING, DAREDEVIL!
THERE IS NO MORE AIR IN YOUR LUNGS. THEY BURN, THEY ACHE, THEY GASP FOR LIFE.
BUT THEY ARE EMPTY, AND THEY SHALL STAY EMPTY!
THE IMAGE IS DEAD, DAREDEVIL--
--YOU KNOW WHAT MUST NOW HAPPEN TO YOU!
DON'T STRUGGLE, DAREDEVIL--YOU FIGHT AGAINST THE INEVITABLE!
YOUR IMAGE HAS DIED!
YOU ARE THUSLY DEAD AS WELL!
DIE, DARE-DEVIL!
DIE!!
AND JOIN YOUR IMAGE IN HELL!


YOU WERE THE FOOL, SCARLET-ONE. VOODOO IS MORE POWERFUL THAN ANY MORTAL WHO NEEDS BREATH TO LIVE!
THE LOA HAS RULED SUPREME FOR CENTURIES, AND SO SHALL IT RULE SUPREME FOREVER!
OBSERVE, MY SOCIETE-- THE CONSEQUENCES ONE MUST SUFFER WHEN ONE DISBELIEVES!
AND KNOW THAT SHOULD YOU FORFEIT PAYMENT TO THE LOA, YOU SHALL SUFFER THE SAME BLACK FATE.
AND THAT, AS THEY SAY, IS THE CUE FOR THIS POSSUM-PLAYER TO ACT!
NO! IT CANNOT BE! THE VOODOO DOLL--
I WAS JUST WAITING FOR YOU TO TIP YOUR HAND-- TO REVEAL YOUR GAME-PLAN.
AND, FRIEND, YOU BIT WORSE THAN BRUCE-THE-SHARK!
COME OFF IT, CLOWN-- YOU HAVE VOODOO POWERS LIKE I CAN FLY!
YOU'RE JUST A TWO-BIT EXTORTIONIST WITH AN ALMOST FAIL-SAFE GIMMICK--
--NAMELY, PREYING ON YOUR FRIEND'S SUPERSTITIONS TO MAKE YOURSELF RICH!
BUT, YOU WERE IN MY POWER. HOW DID YOU RESIST MY--
YOUR HYPNOTIC TRANCE, WERE YOU GOING TO SAY?
FRIEND, THAT'S FOR ME TO KNOW...
...AND FOR YOU TO PULL WHATEVER REMAINING HAIRS OUT OF YOUR HEAD TRYING TO GUESS.
SIMI--


HE'LL BE FINE-- JUST A LITTLE SHELL-SHOCKED!
NOTHING A LITTLE LOVE WON'T CURE IN A FEW DAYS.
BUT YOU--?
I AM WELL, MR. DAREDEVIL --WITH MY SIMI IN MY ARMS.
PLEASE LET ME THANK YOU, MR. DAREDEVIL--
--FOR MY PEOPLE, FOR SIMI, AND FOR ME!
WE APOLOGIZE, TOO. BUT YOU SEE, WE BELIEVED IN BROTHER ZED.
DON'T APOLOGIZE TO ME--I WASN'T THE ONE HURT.
APOLOGIZE TO YOURSELVES.
BECAUSE YOU'RE THE ONLY ONES YOU EVER REALLY HAVE TO ANSWER TO.
TAKE CARE AND BE WELL!
I'VE QUESTIONED MYSELF, WONDERED IF I WAS DOING THE RIGHT THING PLAYING SUPER-HERO...
...BUT I GUESS AS LONG AS THERE ARE PEOPLE WHO ARE FORCED TO BECOME VICTIMS--
--THERE'VE JUST GOT TO BE DAREDEVILS TO HELP THEM.
AND, AT LEAST IN THIS CASE, ONLY OL' HORNHEAD COULD HAVE BEEN OF ANY HELP--
--BECAUSE ANY OTHER SWINGING SUPER-HERO WOULD HAVE FALLEN UNDER ZED'S HYPNOTIC POWERS...
...WHEREAS IT'S KIND OF IMPOSSIBLE TO HYPNOTIZE A BLIND MAN!
AND, SPEAKING OF MURDOCK, IT'S TIME TO GET HOME AND VOTE--THE POLLS CLOSE ANY MINUTE.

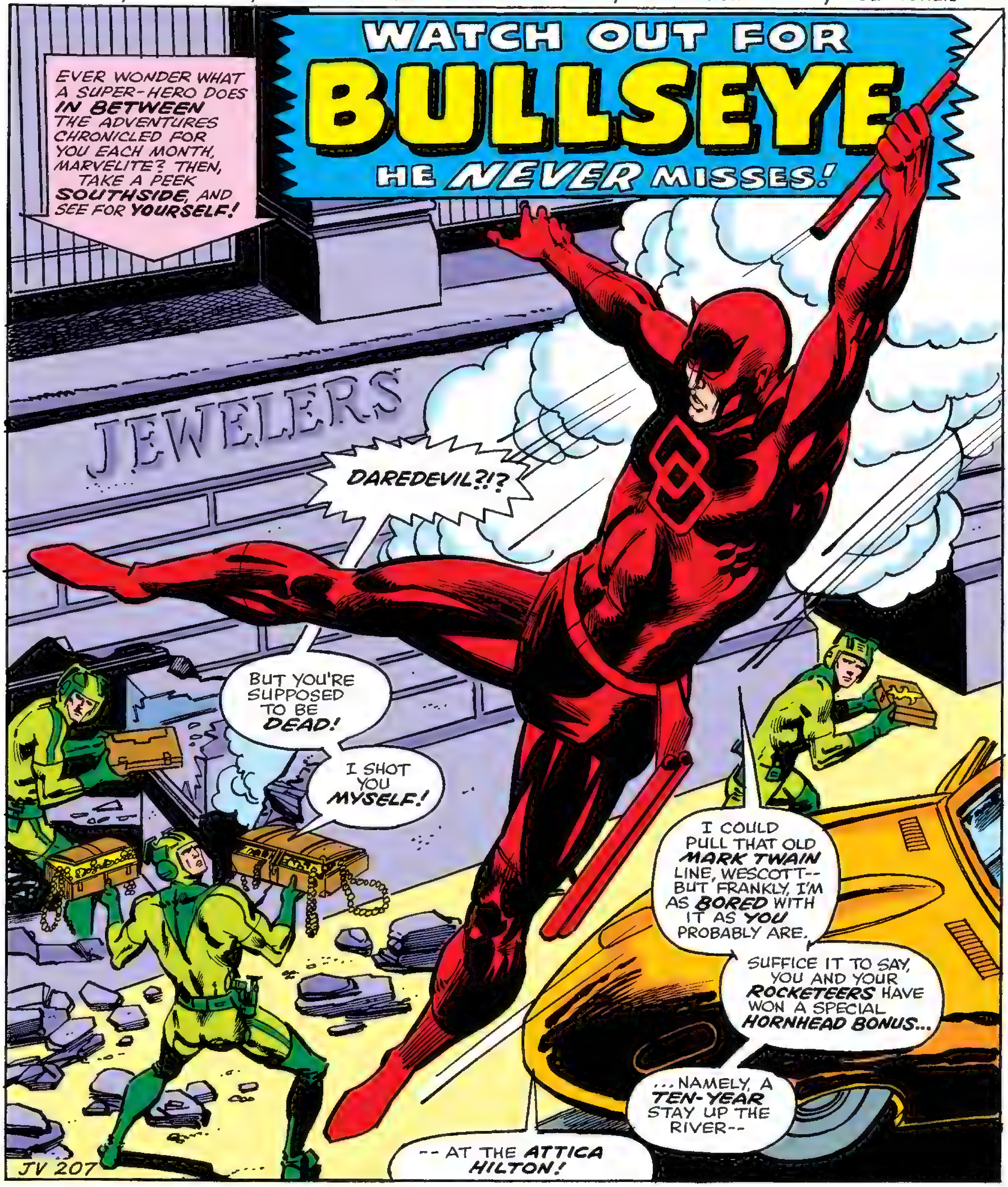

MORNING:
FOGGY? WE TRIED TO FIND YOU LAST NIGHT--
DON'T SAY ANYTHING, MATT. LET ME SPEAK.
ONCE THE VOTE BECAME APPARENT, I JUST COULDN'T STICK AROUND ANY LONGER.
I HAD TO GET AWAY--TO BE BY MYSELF TO THINK.
BUT I'VE COME TO SOME CONCLUSIONS, MATT. THE FIRST IS THAT I'M HAPPY I LOST, AND THE SECOND--
--MATT, I'VE NEVER BEGGED BEFORE, BUT MATT-- I NEED A JOB NOW... DO YOU NEED A RATHER TUBBY LOSER HANGING AROUND HERE?
DO YOU STILL HAVE THAT BUSINESS CARD I GAVE YOU, FOGGY?
SURE, I WAS TOO BUSY TO LOOK AT IT. WHY?
JUST READ IT.
THE STOREFRONT LEGAL SERVICES
MATTHEW MURDOCK
FRANKLIN NELSON
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
Tel. 75
WHETHER YOU WON THE ELECTION OR NOT, FOGGY, YOU ALWAYS WERE, AND YOU'LL ALWAYS BE--
--MY PARTNER.
WELCOME BACK, BUDDY. IT'S BEEN AWHILE.
NEXT: BULLSEYE! HE NEVER MISSES!

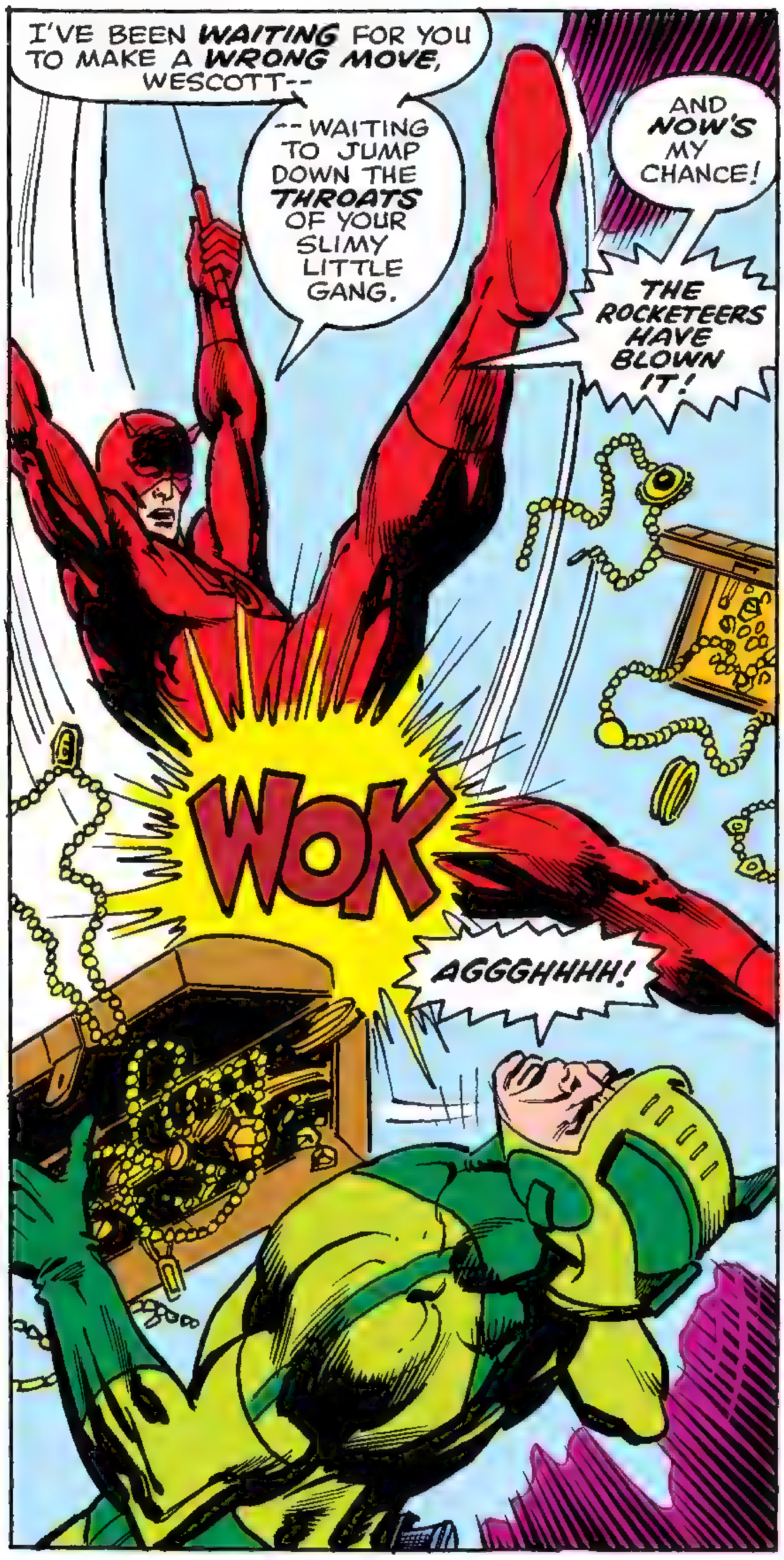
DAREDEVIL
MARVEL COMICS GROUP
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
25¢
131
MAR
02459
DAREDEVIL®
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!
TM
YEAH, HORNEAD-- I KILLED THAT CREEP, JUST LIKE I'M GONNA KILL YOU! Y'SEE--
BULLSEYE NEVER MISSES!
HE'S GOT THE DROP ON ME-- AND THERE'S NO WAY I CAN SAVE MYSELF!
PLUS: A STARTLING NEW JOB FOR MATT MURDOCK!

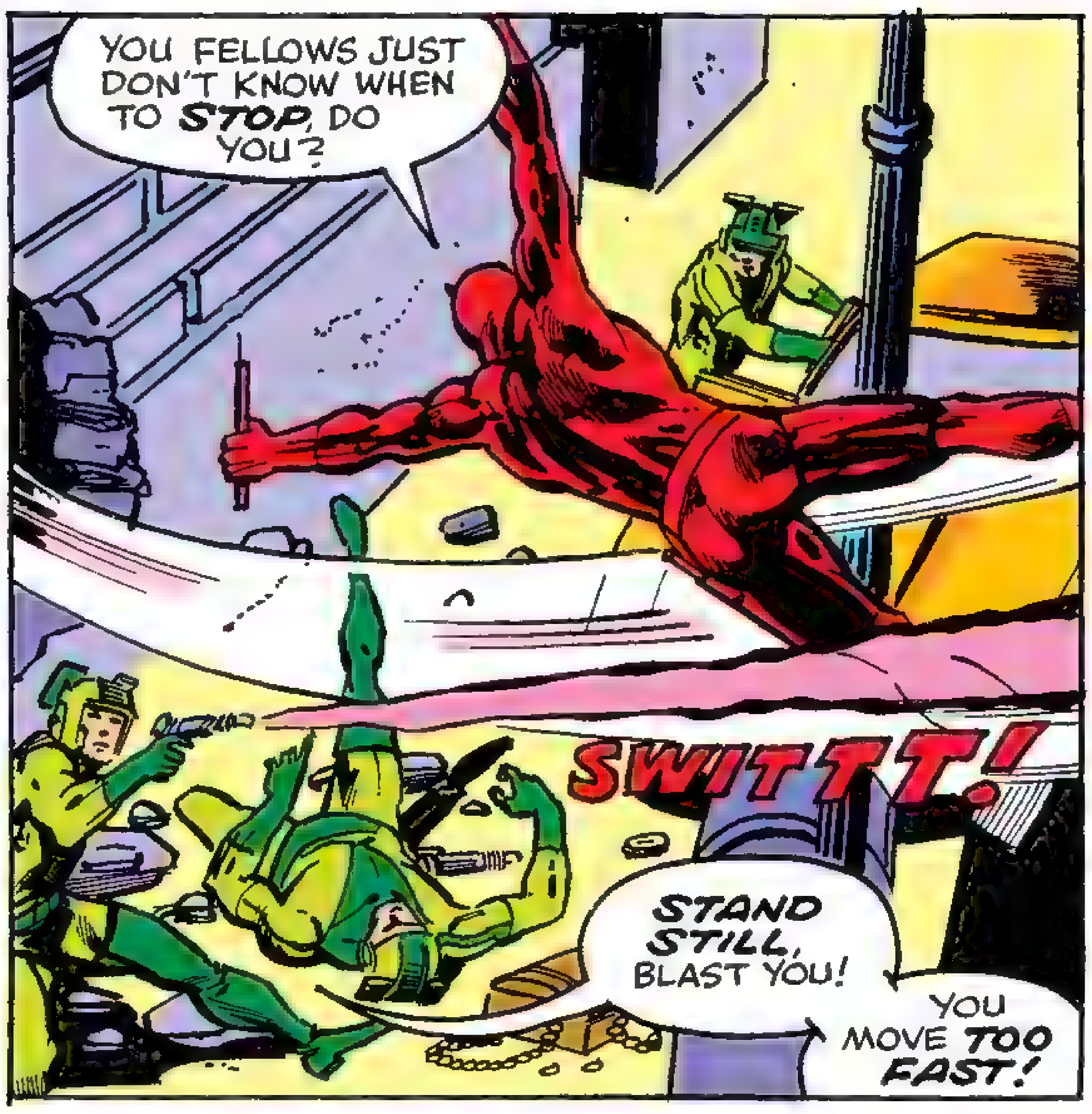
He dwells in eternal night— but the blackness is filled with sounds and scents, tastes and textures other men cannot perceive. For though attorney MATT MURDOCK is *blind,* his other four senses function with *superhuman sharpness*—his uncanny *radar sense* guides him over every obstacle! He stalks the streets by night, a relentless red-garbed foe of evil!

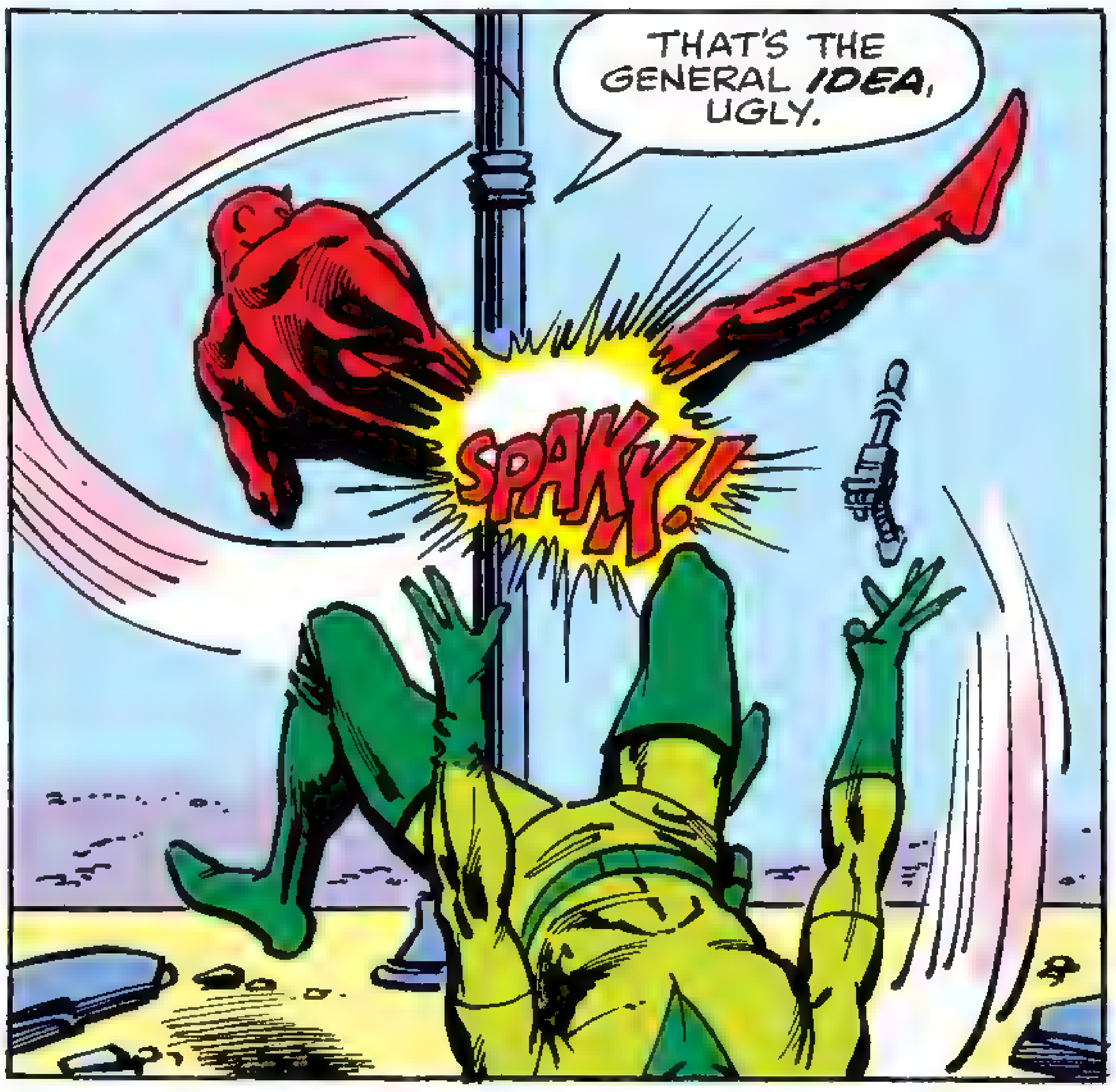
Stan Lee PRESENTS: DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!™

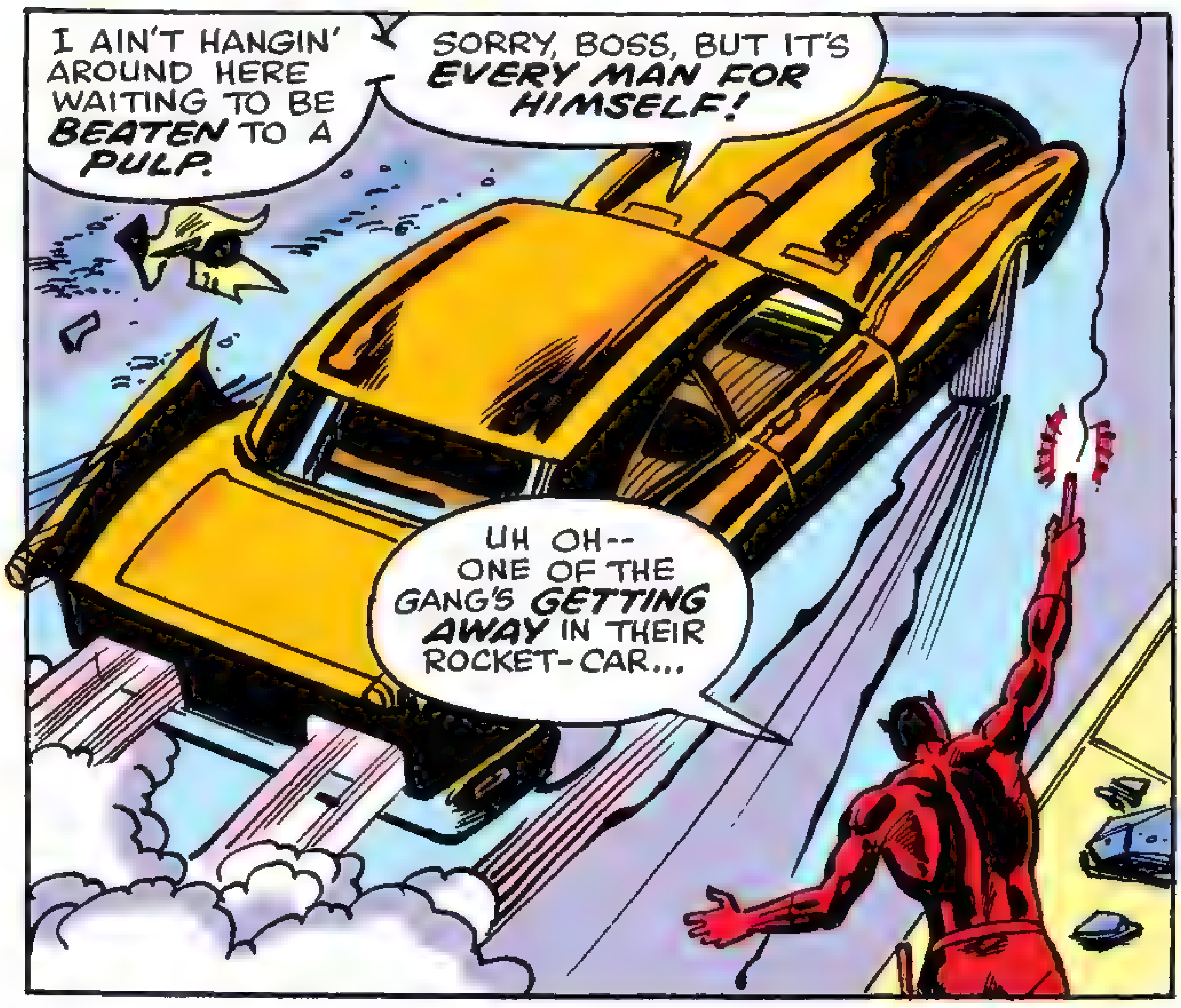
MARV WOLFMAN WRITER / EDITOR / **BOB BROWN** & **KLAUS JANSON** ARTISTS / **MICHELE WOLFMAN** COLORIST / **JOE ROSEN** LETTERER

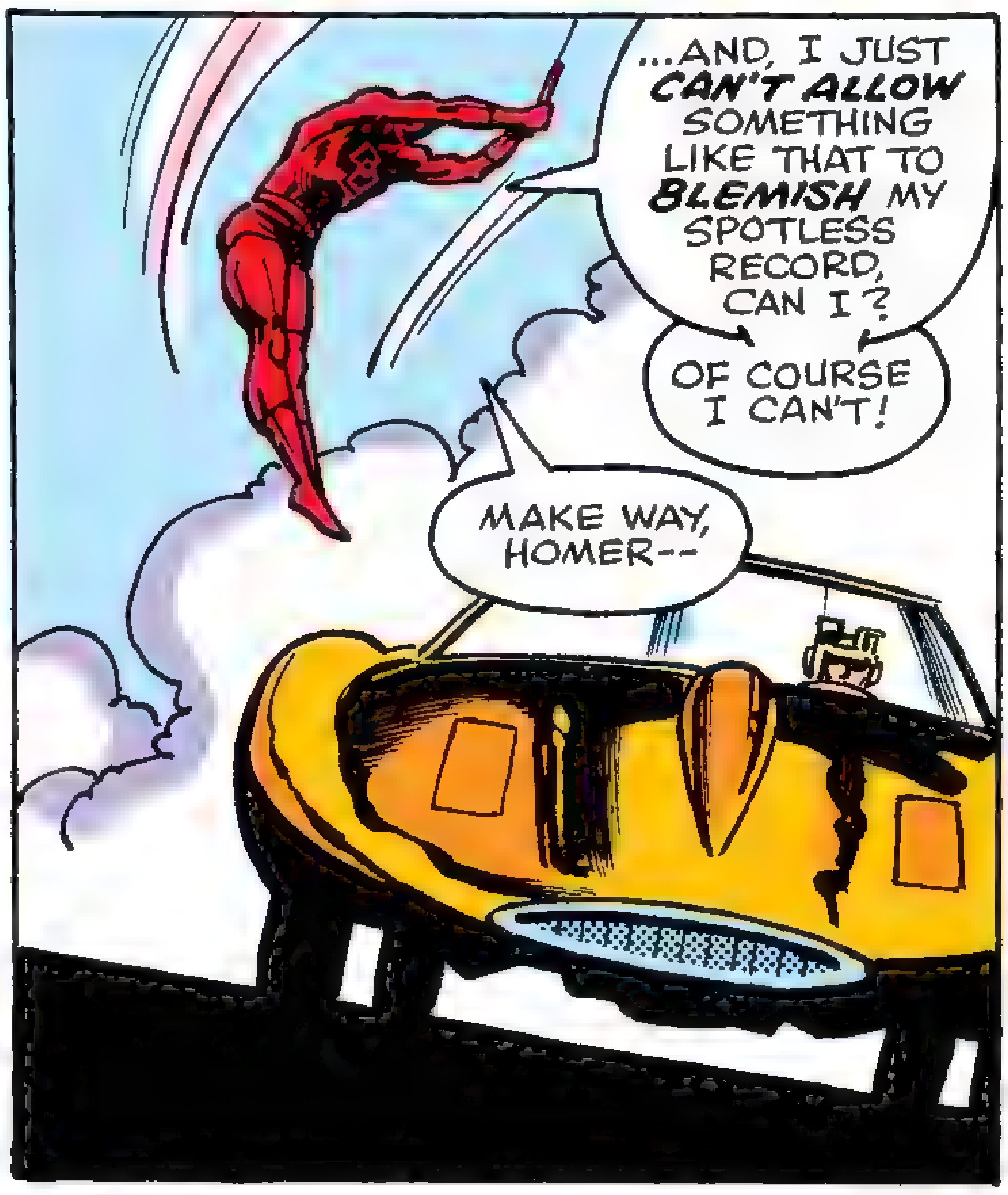

WATCH OUT FOR BULLSEYE HE *NEVER* MISSES!
EVER WONDER WHAT A SUPER-HERO DOES ***IN BETWEEN*** THE ADVENTURES CHRONICLED FOR YOU EACH MONTH, MARVELITE? THEN, TAKE A PEEK ***SOUTHSIDE,*** AND SEE FOR ***YOURSELF!***
JEWELERS
DAREDEVIL?!?
BUT YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE ***DEAD!***
I SHOT YOU ***MYSELF!***
I COULD PULL THAT OLD ***MARK TWAIN*** LINE, WESCOTT-- BUT FRANKLY, I'M AS ***BORED*** WITH IT AS ***YOU*** PROBABLY ARE.
SUFFICE IT TO SAY, YOU AND YOUR ***ROCKETEERS*** HAVE WON A SPECIAL ***HORNHEAD BONUS...***
...NAMELY, A ***TEN-YEAR*** STAY UP THE RIVER--
-- AT THE ***ATTICA HILTON!***
JV 207

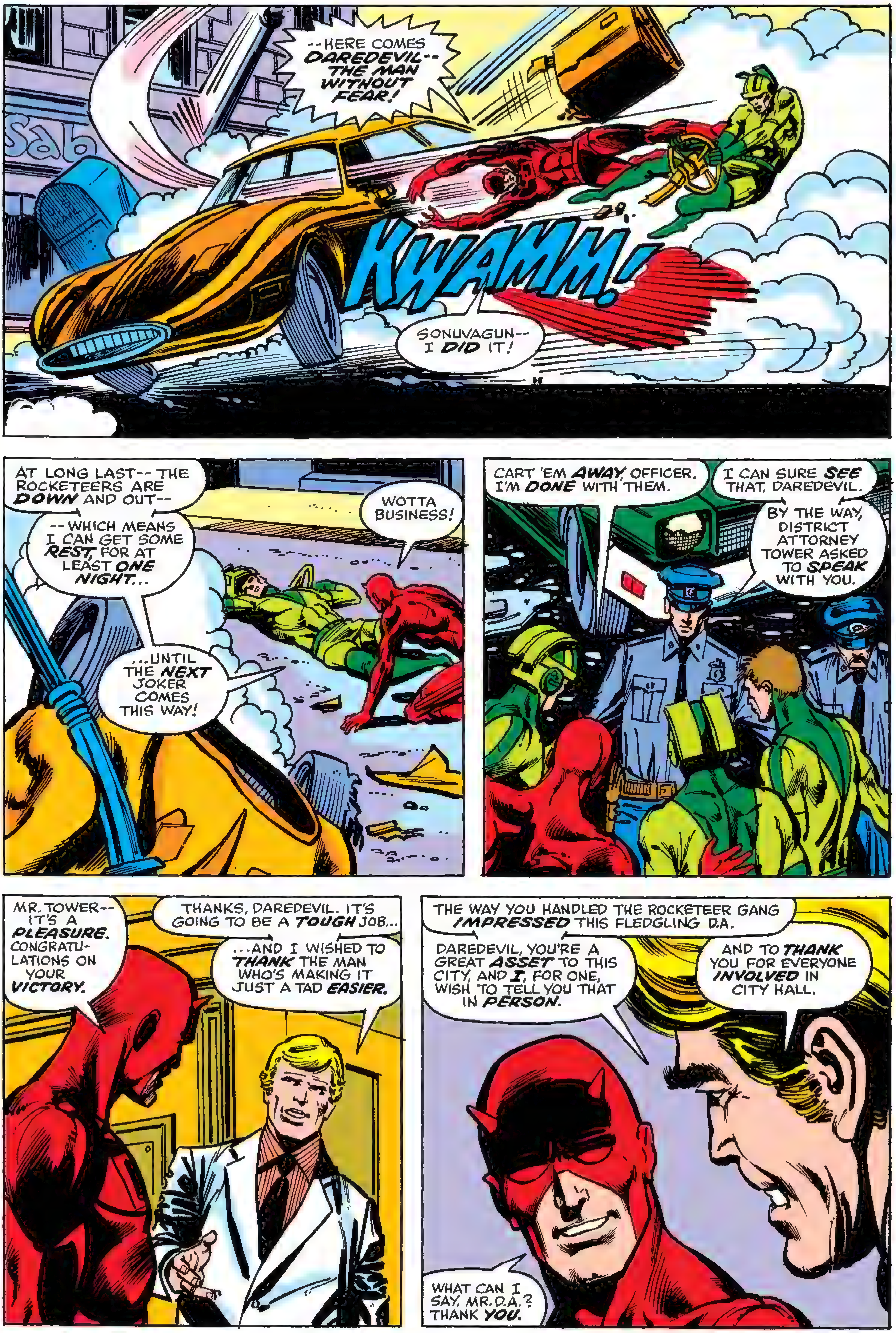

I'VE BEEN **WAITING** FOR YOU TO MAKE A **WRONG MOVE**, WESCOTT--
--WAITING TO JUMP DOWN THE **THROATS** OF YOUR SLIMY LITTLE GANG.
AND **NOW'S** MY CHANCE!
THE ROCKETEERS HAVE BLOWN IT!
WOK
AGGGHHHH!

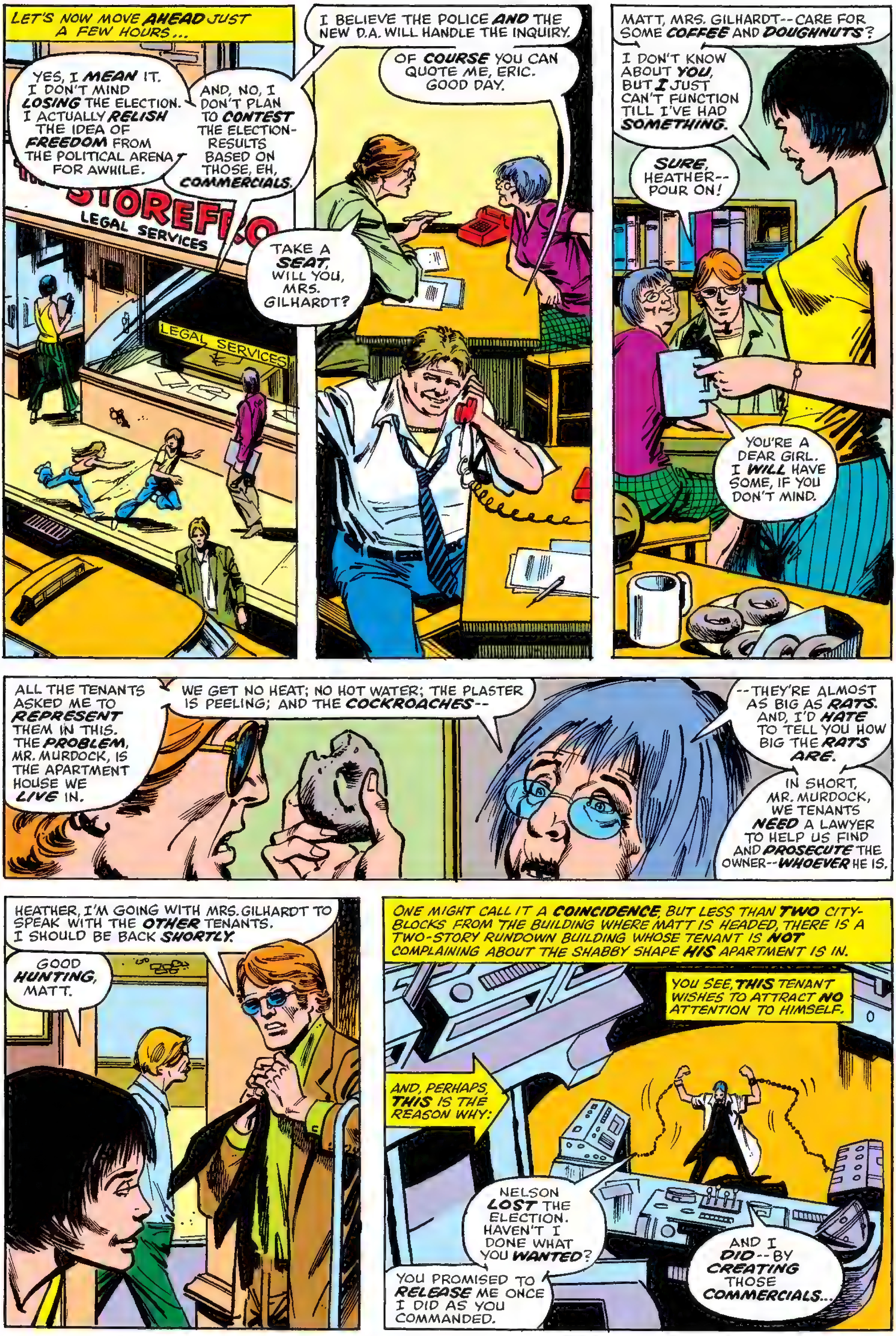

YOU FELLOWS JUST DON'T KNOW WHEN TO **STOP**, DO YOU?
SWITTTT!
STAND STILL, BLAST YOU!
YOU MOVE **TOO FAST!**

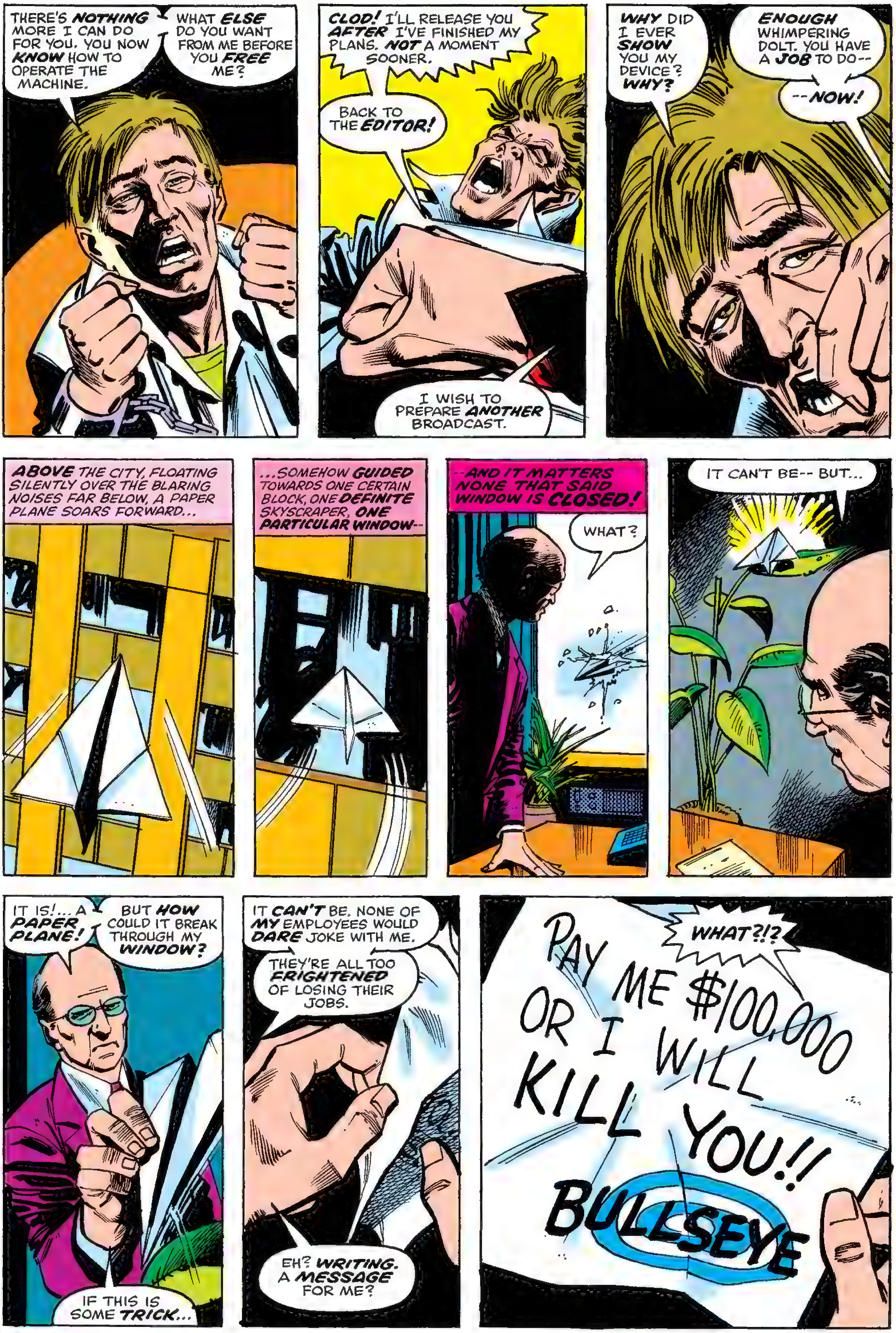

THAT'S THE GENERAL **IDEA**, UGLY.
SPAKK!

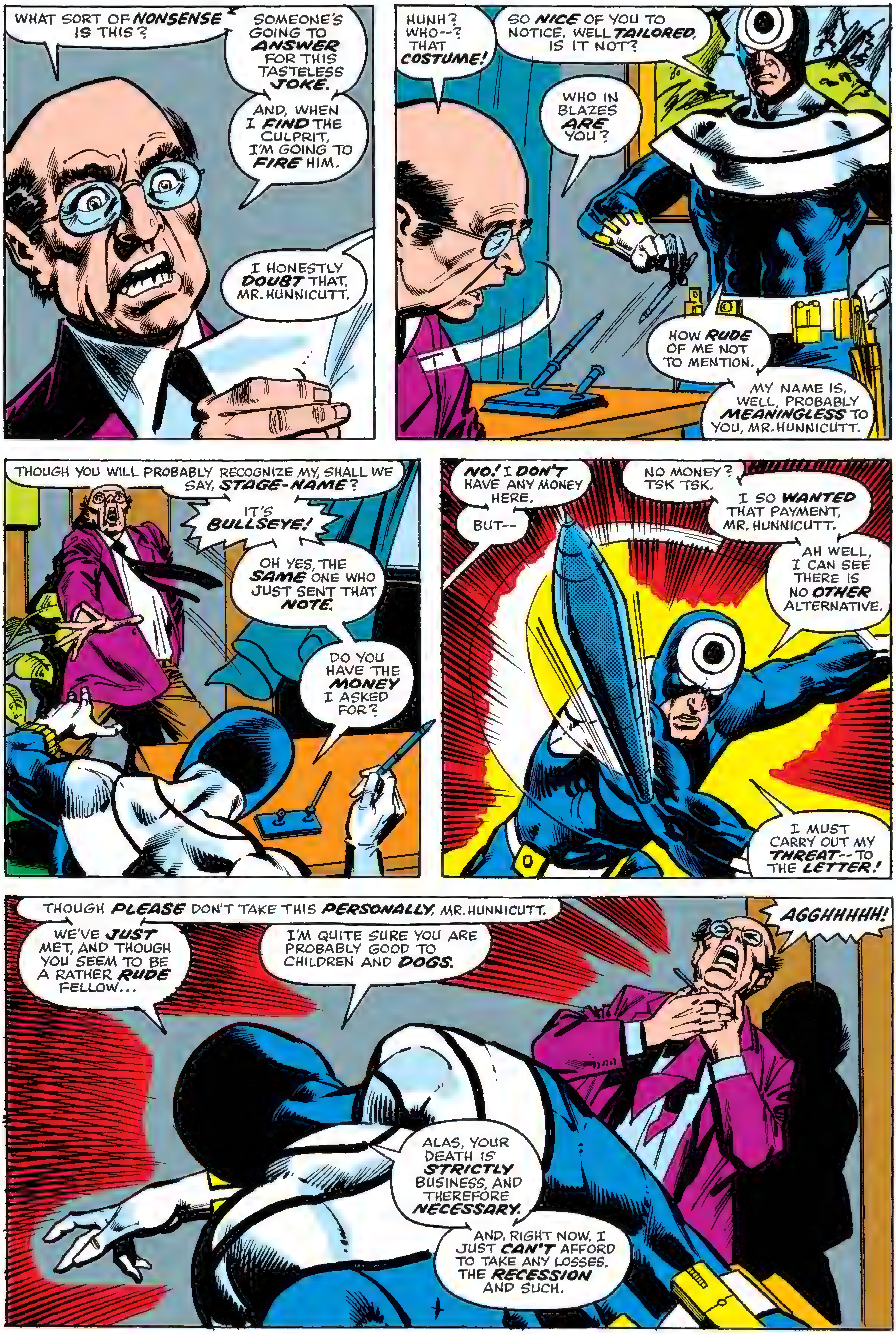

I AIN'T HANGIN' AROUND HERE WAITING TO BE **BEATEN** TO A **PULP**.
SORRY, BOSS, BUT IT'S **EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF!**
UH OH-- ONE OF THE GANG'S **GETTING AWAY** IN THEIR ROCKET-CAR...

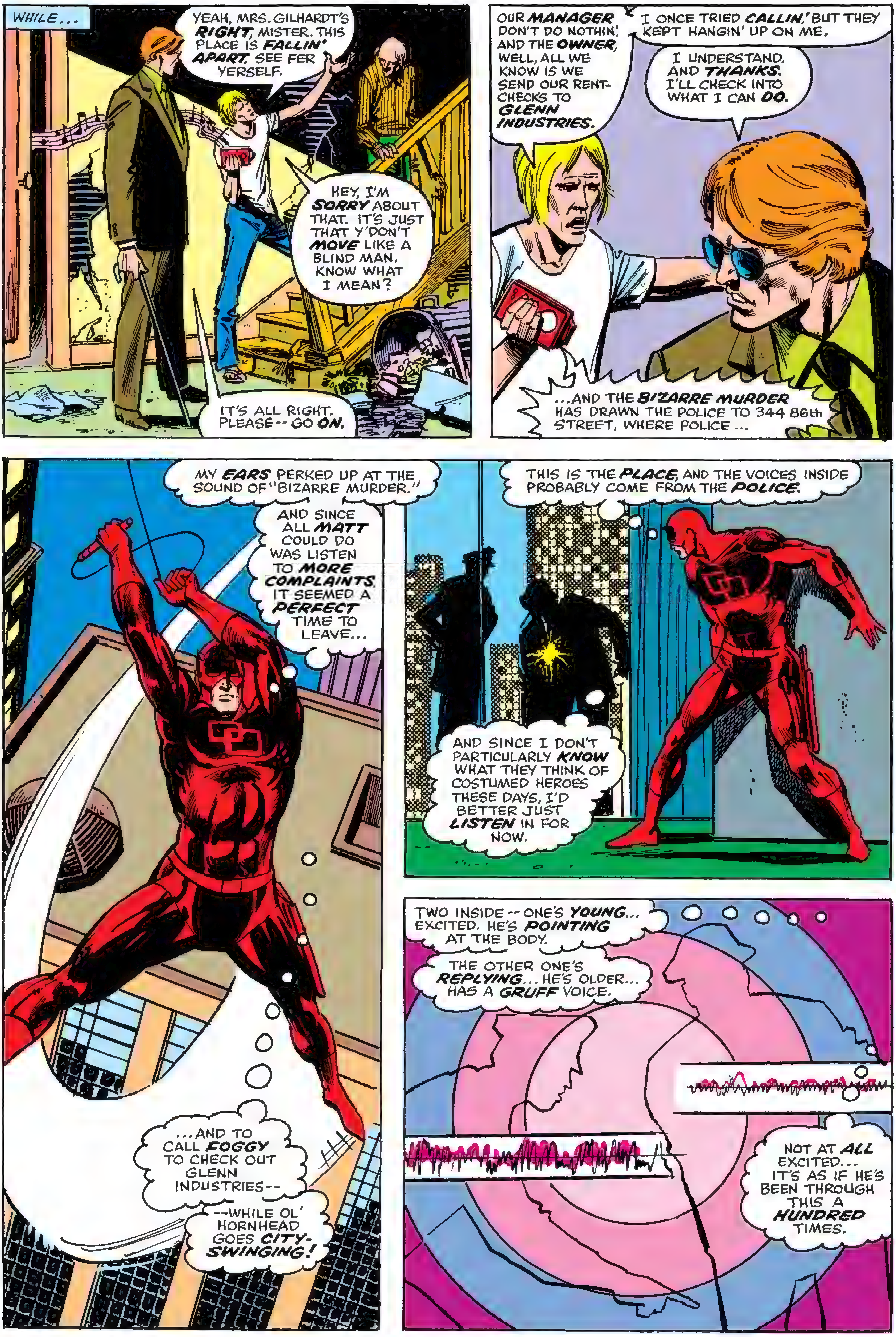

...AND, I JUST **CAN'T ALLOW** SOMETHING LIKE THAT TO **BLEMISH** MY SPOTLESS RECORD, CAN I?
OF COURSE I CAN'T!
MAKE WAY, HOMER--

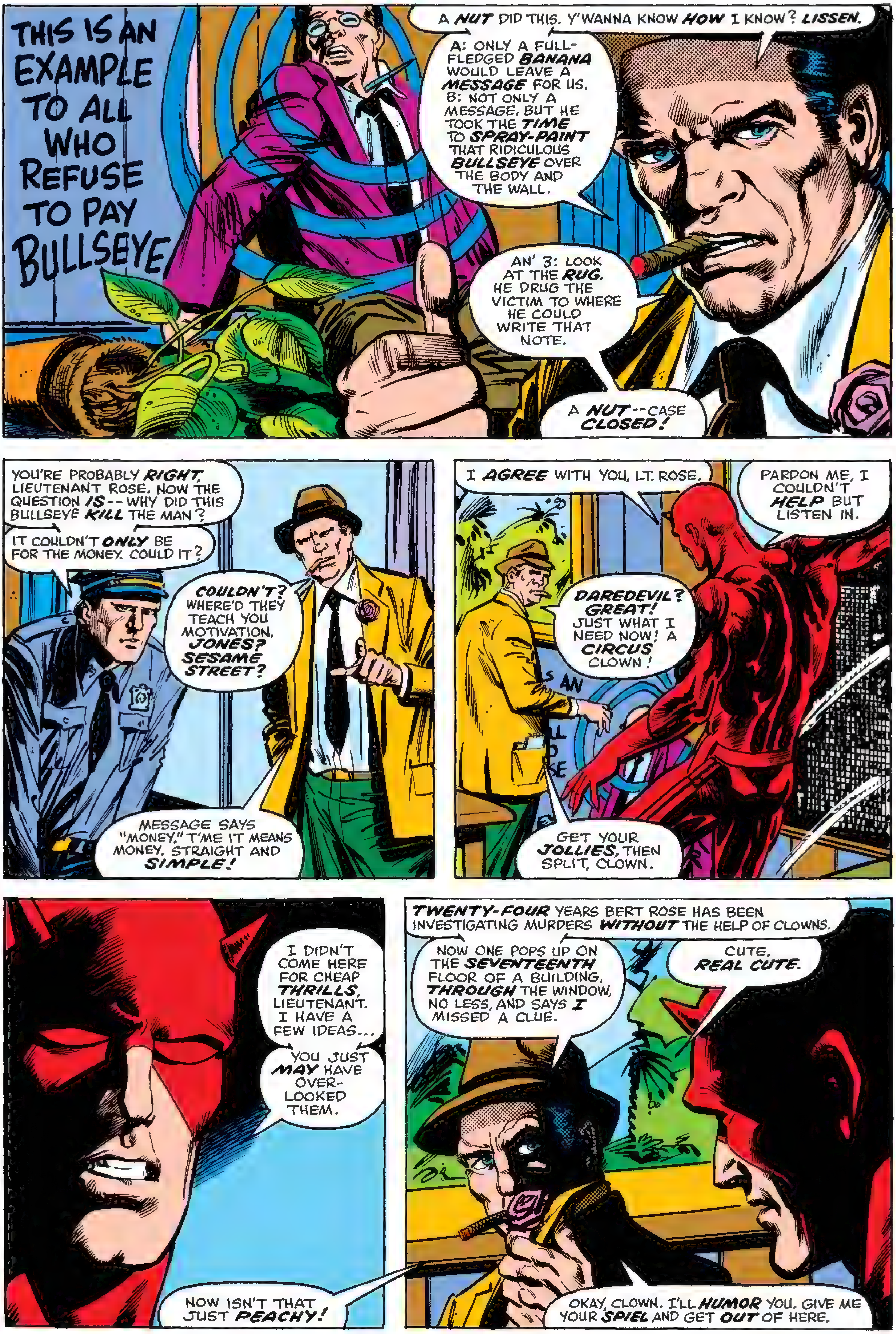

--HERE COMES DAREDEVIL-- THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!
KWAMM!
SONUVAGUN-- I DID IT!
AT LONG LAST-- THE ROCKETEERS ARE DOWN AND OUT--
--WHICH MEANS I CAN GET SOME REST, FOR AT LEAST ONE NIGHT...
...UNTIL THE NEXT JOKER COMES THIS WAY!
WOTTA BUSINESS!
CART 'EM AWAY, OFFICER. I'M DONE WITH THEM.
I CAN SURE SEE THAT, DAREDEVIL.
BY THE WAY, DISTRICT ATTORNEY TOWER ASKED TO SPEAK WITH YOU.
MR. TOWER-- IT'S A PLEASURE. CONGRATULATIONS ON YOUR VICTORY.
THANKS, DAREDEVIL. IT'S GOING TO BE A TOUGH JOB...
...AND I WISHED TO THANK THE MAN WHO'S MAKING IT JUST A TAD EASIER.
THE WAY YOU HANDLED THE ROCKETEER GANG IMPRESSED THIS FLEDGLING D.A.
DAREDEVIL, YOU'RE A GREAT ASSET TO THIS CITY, AND I, FOR ONE, WISH TO TELL YOU THAT IN PERSON.
AND TO THANK YOU FOR EVERYONE INVOLVED IN CITY HALL.
WHAT CAN I SAY, MR. D.A.? THANK YOU.

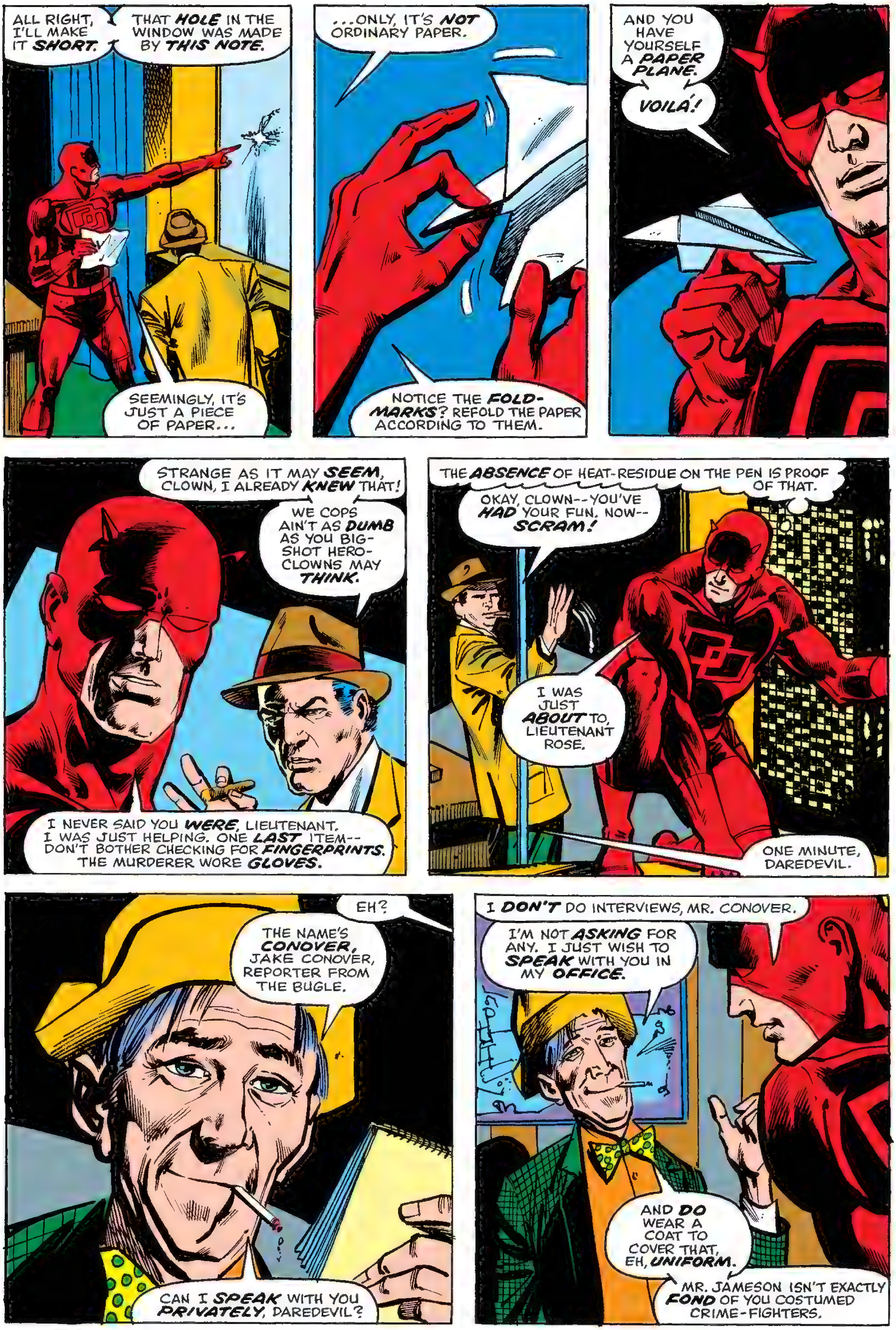

LET'S NOW MOVE AHEAD JUST A FEW HOURS...
YES, I MEAN IT. I DON'T MIND LOSING THE ELECTION. I ACTUALLY RELISH THE IDEA OF FREEDOM FROM THE POLITICAL ARENA FOR AWHILE.
AND, NO, I DON'T PLAN TO CONTEST THE ELECTION-RESULTS BASED ON THOSE, EH, COMMERCIALS.
I BELIEVE THE POLICE AND THE NEW D.A. WILL HANDLE THE INQUIRY.
STOREFRO
LEGAL SERVICES
LEGAL SERVICES
OF COURSE YOU CAN QUOTE ME, ERIC. GOOD DAY.
TAKE A SEAT, WILL YOU, MRS. GILHARDT?
MATT, MRS. GILHARDT--CARE FOR SOME COFFEE AND DOUGHNUTS?
I DON'T KNOW ABOUT YOU, BUT I JUST CAN'T FUNCTION TILL I'VE HAD SOMETHING.
SURE, HEATHER--POUR ON!
YOU'RE A DEAR GIRL. I WILL HAVE SOME, IF YOU DON'T MIND.
ALL THE TENANTS ASKED ME TO REPRESENT THEM IN THIS. THE PROBLEM, MR. MURDOCK, IS THE APARTMENT HOUSE WE LIVE IN.
WE GET NO HEAT; NO HOT WATER; THE PLASTER IS PEELING; AND THE COCKROACHES--
--THEY'RE ALMOST AS BIG AS RATS. AND, I'D HATE TO TELL YOU HOW BIG THE RATS ARE.
IN SHORT, MR. MURDOCK, WE TENANTS NEED A LAWYER TO HELP US FIND AND PROSECUTE THE OWNER--WHOEVER HE IS.
HEATHER, I'M GOING WITH MRS. GILHARDT TO SPEAK WITH THE OTHER TENANTS. I SHOULD BE BACK SHORTLY.
GOOD HUNTING, MATT.
ONE MIGHT CALL IT A COINCIDENCE, BUT LESS THAN TWO CITY-BLOCKS FROM THE BUILDING WHERE MATT IS HEADED, THERE IS A TWO-STORY RUNDOWN BUILDING WHOSE TENANT IS NOT COMPLAINING ABOUT THE SHABBY SHAPE HIS APARTMENT IS IN.
YOU SEE, THIS TENANT WISHES TO ATTRACT NO ATTENTION TO HIMSELF.
AND, PERHAPS, THIS IS THE REASON WHY:
NELSON LOST THE ELECTION. HAVEN'T I DONE WHAT YOU WANTED?
YOU PROMISED TO RELEASE ME ONCE I DID AS YOU COMMANDED.
AND I DID--BY CREATING THOSE COMMERCIALS...

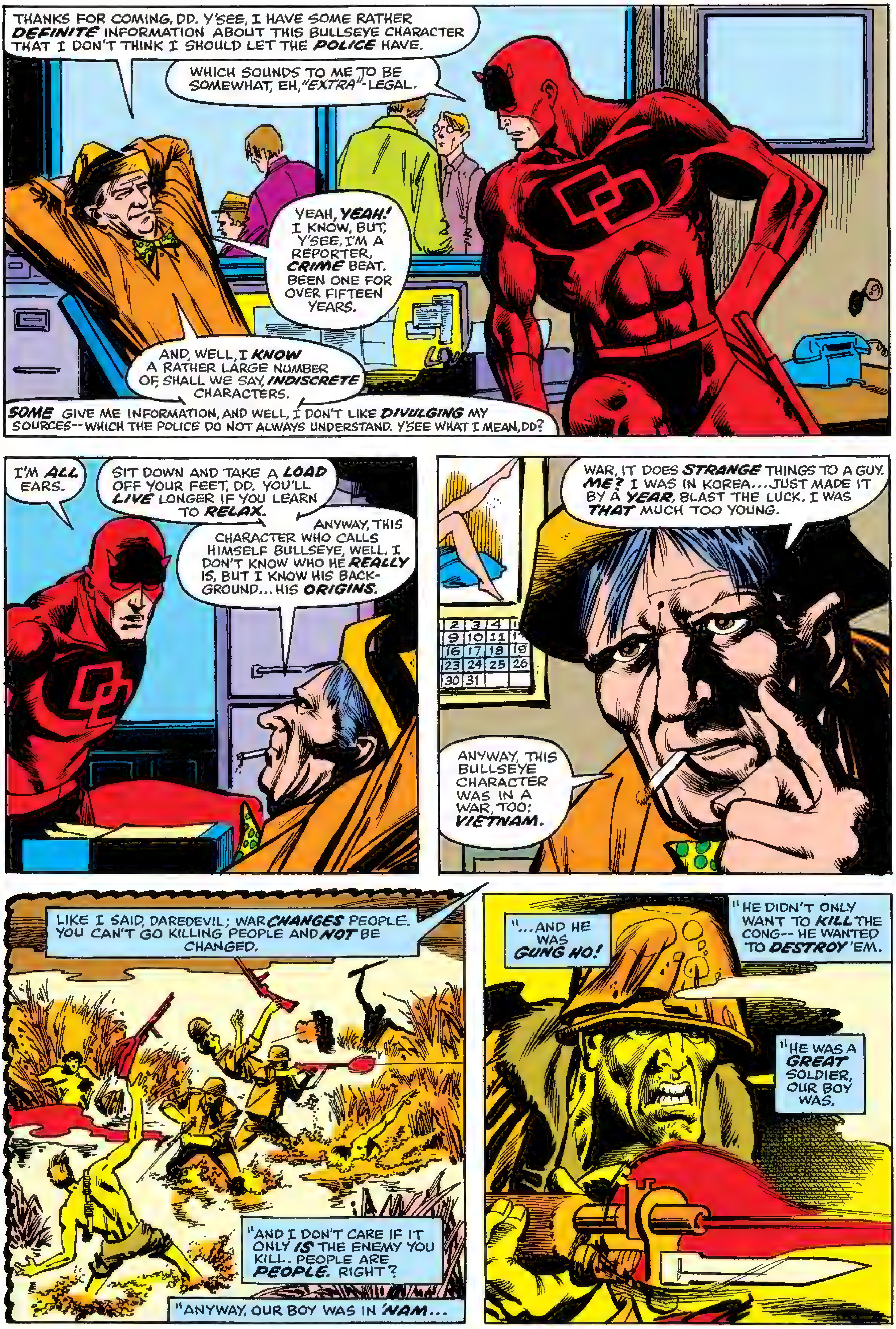

THERE'S NOTHING MORE I CAN DO FOR YOU. YOU NOW KNOW HOW TO OPERATE THE MACHINE.
WHAT ELSE DO YOU WANT FROM ME BEFORE YOU FREE ME?
CLOD! I'LL RELEASE YOU AFTER I'VE FINISHED MY PLANS. NOT A MOMENT SOONER.
BACK TO THE EDITOR!
I WISH TO PREPARE ANOTHER BROADCAST.
WHY DID I EVER SHOW YOU MY DEVICE? WHY?
ENOUGH WHIMPERING DOLT. YOU HAVE A JOB TO DO--
--NOW!
ABOVE THE CITY, FLOATING SILENTLY OVER THE BLARING NOISES FAR BELOW, A PAPER PLANE SOARS FORWARD...
...SOMEHOW GUIDED TOWARDS ONE CERTAIN BLOCK, ONE DEFINITE SKYSCRAPER, ONE PARTICULAR WINDOW--
--AND IT MATTERS NONE THAT SAID WINDOW IS CLOSED!
WHAT?
IT CAN'T BE-- BUT...
IT IS!... A PAPER PLANE!
BUT HOW COULD IT BREAK THROUGH MY WINDOW?
IF THIS IS SOME TRICK...
IT CAN'T BE. NONE OF MY EMPLOYEES WOULD DARE JOKE WITH ME.
THEY'RE ALL TOO FRIGHTENED OF LOSING THEIR JOBS.
EH? WRITING. A MESSAGE FOR ME?
WHAT?!?
PAY ME $100,000 OR I WILL KILL YOU!!
BULLSEYE

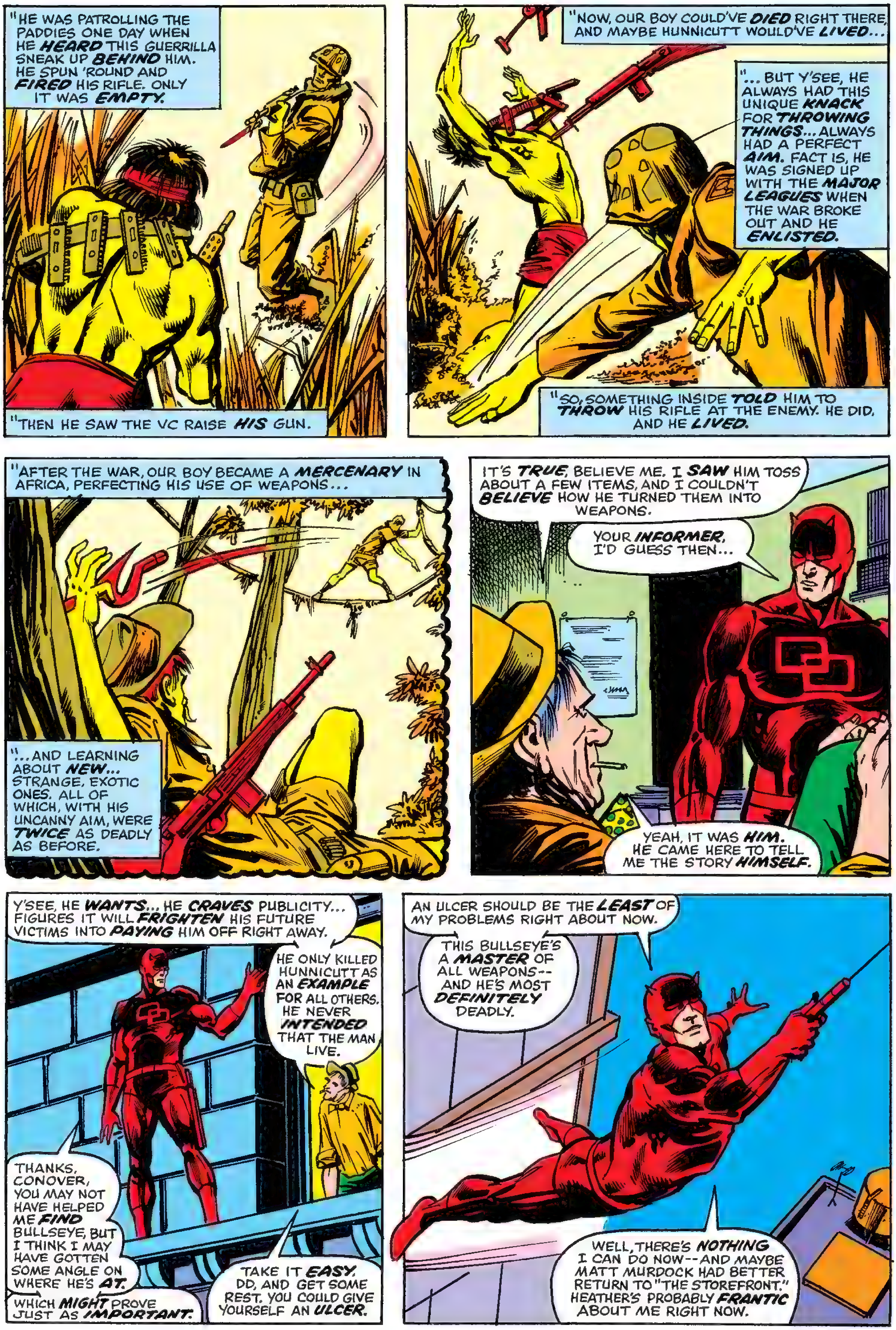

WHAT SORT OF **NONSENSE** IS THIS?
SOMEONE'S GOING TO **ANSWER** FOR THIS TASTELESS **JOKE**.
AND, WHEN I **FIND** THE CULPRIT, I'M GOING TO **FIRE** HIM.
I HONESTLY **DOUBT** THAT, MR. HUNNICUTT.
HUNH? WHO--? THAT **COSTUME!**
SO **NICE** OF YOU TO NOTICE. WELL **TAILORED**, IS IT NOT?
WHO IN BLAZES **ARE** YOU?
HOW **RUDE** OF ME NOT TO MENTION.
MY NAME IS, WELL, PROBABLY **MEANINGLESS** TO YOU, MR. HUNNICUTT.
THOUGH YOU WILL PROBABLY RECOGNIZE MY, SHALL WE SAY, **STAGE-NAME**?
IT'S **BULLSEYE!**
OH YES, THE **SAME** ONE WHO JUST SENT THAT **NOTE**.
DO YOU HAVE THE **MONEY** I ASKED FOR?
NO! I **DON'T** HAVE ANY MONEY HERE.
BUT--
NO MONEY? TSK TSK.
I SO **WANTED** THAT PAYMENT, MR. HUNNICUTT.
AH WELL, I CAN SEE THERE IS NO **OTHER** ALTERNATIVE.
I MUST CARRY OUT MY **THREAT**--TO THE **LETTER!**
THOUGH **PLEASE** DON'T TAKE THIS **PERSONALLY**, MR. HUNNICUTT.
WE'VE **JUST** MET, AND THOUGH YOU SEEM TO BE A RATHER **RUDE** FELLOW...
I'M QUITE SURE YOU ARE PROBABLY GOOD TO CHILDREN AND **DOGS**.
AGGHHHHH!
ALAS, YOUR DEATH IS **STRICTLY** BUSINESS, AND THEREFORE **NECESSARY**.
AND, RIGHT NOW, I JUST **CAN'T** AFFORD TO TAKE ANY LOSSES. THE **RECESSION** AND SUCH.

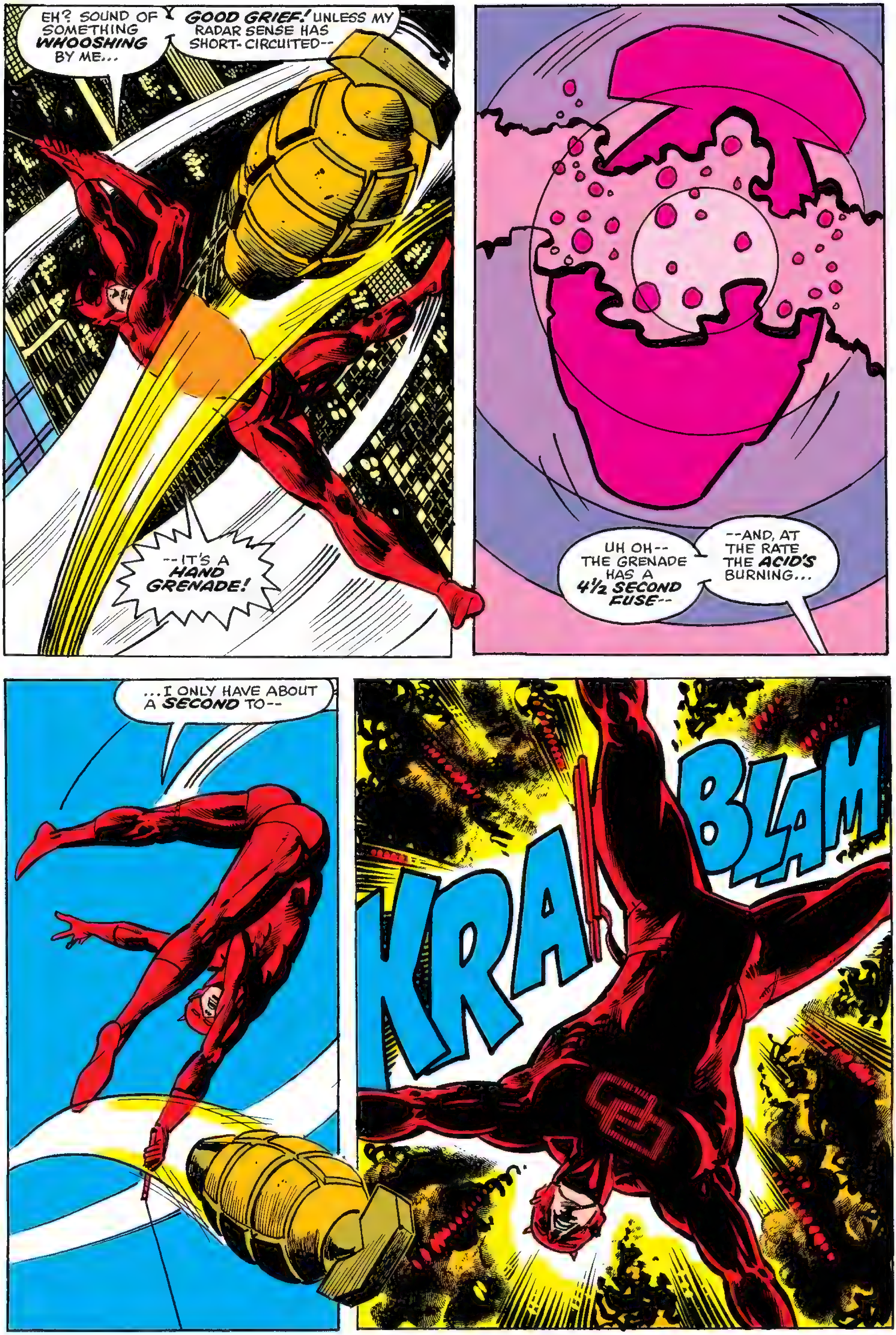

WHILE...
YEAH, MRS. GILHARDT'S RIGHT, MISTER. THIS PLACE IS FALLIN' APART. SEE FER YERSELF.
HEY, I'M SORRY ABOUT THAT. IT'S JUST THAT Y'DON'T MOVE LIKE A BLIND MAN. KNOW WHAT I MEAN?
IT'S ALL RIGHT. PLEASE-- GO ON.
OUR MANAGER DON'T DO NOTHIN', AND THE OWNER, WELL, ALL WE KNOW IS WE SEND OUR RENT-CHECKS TO GLENN INDUSTRIES.
I ONCE TRIED CALLIN,' BUT THEY KEPT HANGIN' UP ON ME.
I UNDERSTAND, AND THANKS. I'LL CHECK INTO WHAT I CAN DO.
...AND THE BIZARRE MURDER HAS DRAWN THE POLICE TO 344 86th STREET, WHERE POLICE...
MY EARS PERKED UP AT THE SOUND OF "BIZARRE MURDER."
AND SINCE ALL MATT COULD DO WAS LISTEN TO MORE COMPLAINTS, IT SEEMED A PERFECT TIME TO LEAVE...
...AND TO CALL FOGGY TO CHECK OUT GLENN INDUSTRIES--
--WHILE OL' HORNHEAD GOES CITY-SWINGING!
THIS IS THE PLACE, AND THE VOICES INSIDE PROBABLY COME FROM THE POLICE.
AND SINCE I DON'T PARTICULARLY KNOW WHAT THEY THINK OF COSTUMED HEROES THESE DAYS, I'D BETTER JUST LISTEN IN FOR NOW.
TWO INSIDE -- ONE'S YOUNG... EXCITED. HE'S POINTING AT THE BODY.
THE OTHER ONE'S REPLYING... HE'S OLDER... HAS A GRUFF VOICE.
NOT AT ALL EXCITED... IT'S AS IF HE'S BEEN THROUGH THIS A HUNDRED TIMES.

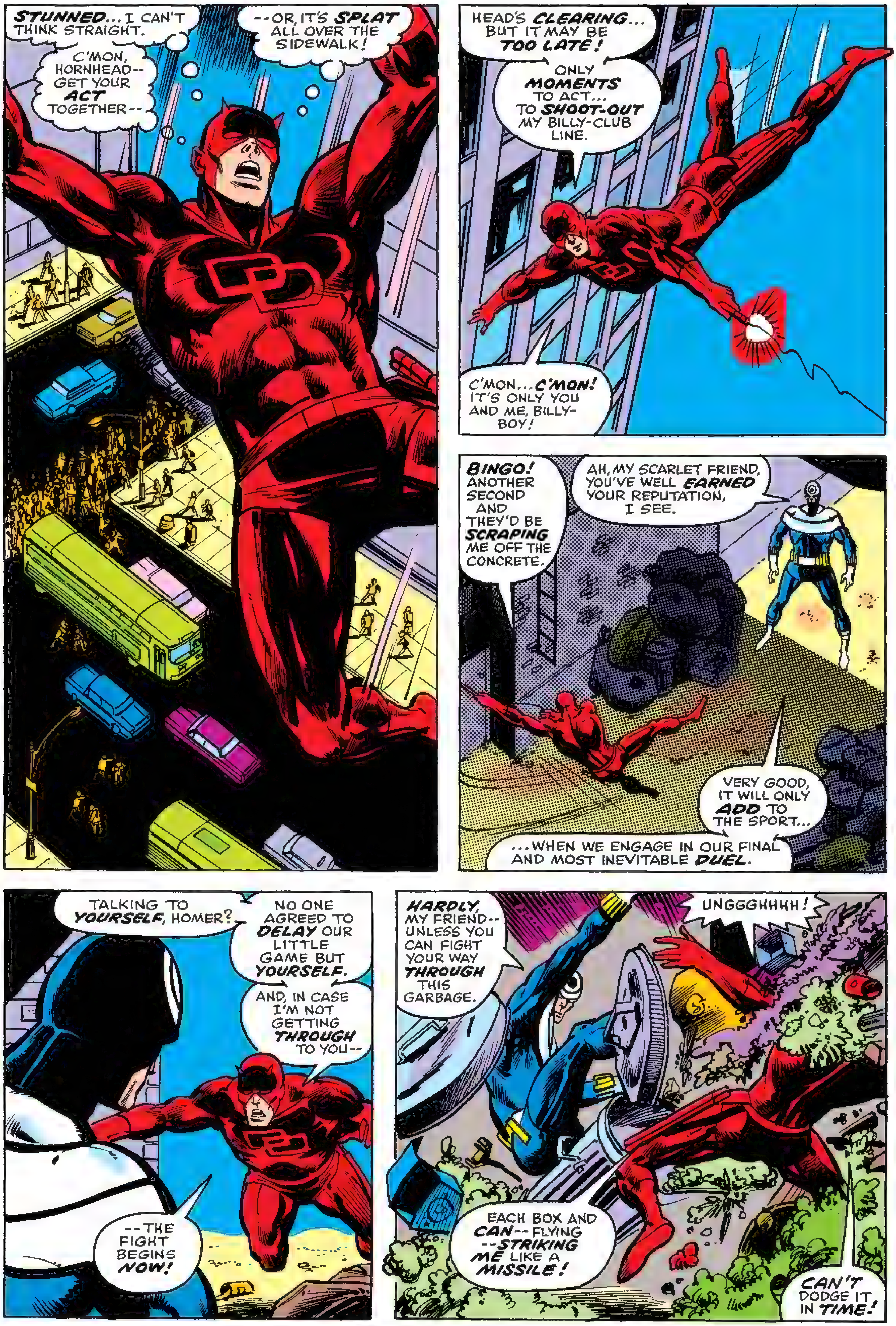

THIS IS AN EXAMPLE TO ALL WHO REFUSE TO PAY BULLSEYE
A NUT DID THIS. Y'WANNA KNOW HOW I KNOW? LISSEN.
A: ONLY A FULL-FLEDGED BANANA WOULD LEAVE A MESSAGE FOR US. B: NOT ONLY A MESSAGE, BUT HE TOOK THE TIME TO SPRAY-PAINT THAT RIDICULOUS BULLSEYE OVER THE BODY AND THE WALL.
AN' 3: LOOK AT THE RUG. HE DRUG THE VICTIM TO WHERE HE COULD WRITE THAT NOTE.
A NUT--CASE CLOSED!
YOU'RE PROBABLY RIGHT, LIEUTENANT ROSE. NOW THE QUESTION IS--WHY DID THIS BULLSEYE KILL THE MAN?
IT COULDN'T ONLY BE FOR THE MONEY. COULD IT?
COULDN'T? WHERE'D THEY TEACH YOU MOTIVATION, JONES? SESAME STREET?
MESSAGE SAYS "MONEY," T'ME IT MEANS MONEY. STRAIGHT AND SIMPLE!
I AGREE WITH YOU, LT. ROSE.
PARDON ME, I COULDN'T HELP BUT LISTEN IN.
DAREDEVIL? GREAT! JUST WHAT I NEED NOW! A CIRCUS CLOWN!
GET YOUR JOLLIES, THEN SPLIT, CLOWN.
I DIDN'T COME HERE FOR CHEAP THRILLS, LIEUTENANT. I HAVE A FEW IDEAS...
YOU JUST MAY HAVE OVER-LOOKED THEM.
NOW ISN'T THAT JUST PEACHY!
TWENTY-FOUR YEARS BERT ROSE HAS BEEN INVESTIGATING MURDERS WITHOUT THE HELP OF CLOWNS.
NOW ONE POPS UP ON THE SEVENTEENTH FLOOR OF A BUILDING, THROUGH THE WINDOW, NO LESS, AND SAYS I MISSED A CLUE.
CUTE. REAL CUTE.
OKAY, CLOWN. I'LL HUMOR YOU. GIVE ME YOUR SPIEL AND GET OUT OF HERE.

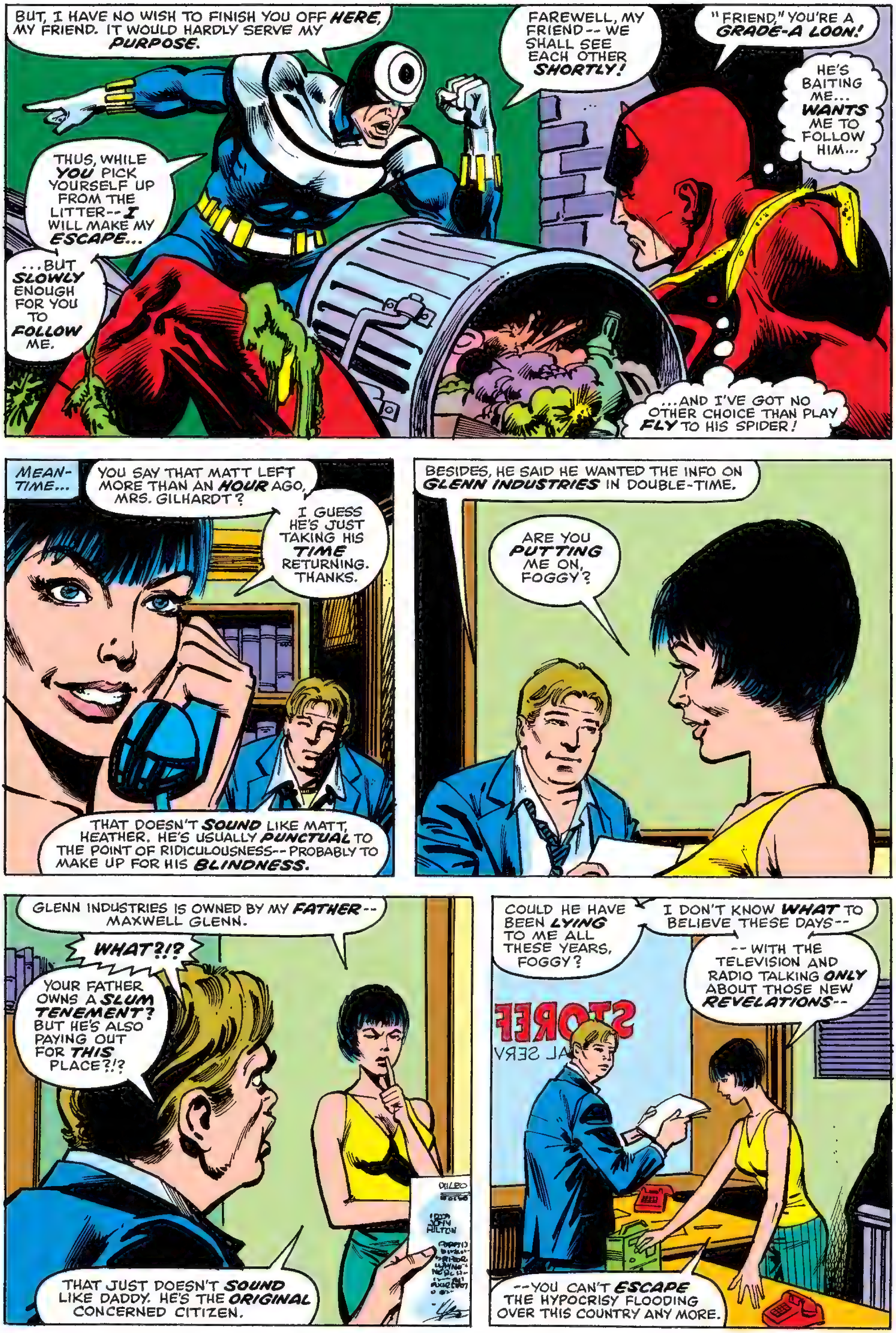

ALL RIGHT, I'LL MAKE IT SHORT.
THAT HOLE IN THE WINDOW WAS MADE BY THIS NOTE.
SEEMINGLY, IT'S JUST A PIECE OF PAPER...
...ONLY, IT'S NOT ORDINARY PAPER.
NOTICE THE FOLD-MARKS? REFOLD THE PAPER ACCORDING TO THEM.
AND YOU HAVE YOURSELF A PAPER PLANE.
VOILÁ!
STRANGE AS IT MAY SEEM, CLOWN, I ALREADY KNEW THAT!
WE COPS AIN'T AS DUMB AS YOU BIG-SHOT HERO-CLOWNS MAY THINK.
I NEVER SAID YOU WERE, LIEUTENANT. I WAS JUST HELPING. ONE LAST ITEM-- DON'T BOTHER CHECKING FOR FINGERPRINTS. THE MURDERER WORE GLOVES.
THE ABSENCE OF HEAT-RESIDUE ON THE PEN IS PROOF OF THAT.
OKAY, CLOWN--YOU'VE HAD YOUR FUN. NOW-- SCRAM!
I WAS JUST ABOUT TO, LIEUTENANT ROSE.
ONE MINUTE, DAREDEVIL.
EH?
THE NAME'S CONOVER, JAKE CONOVER, REPORTER FROM THE BUGLE.
CAN I SPEAK WITH YOU PRIVATELY, DAREDEVIL?
I DON'T DO INTERVIEWS, MR. CONOVER.
I'M NOT ASKING FOR ANY. I JUST WISH TO SPEAK WITH YOU IN MY OFFICE.
AND DO WEAR A COAT TO COVER THAT, EH, UNIFORM.
MR. JAMESON ISN'T EXACTLY FOND OF YOU COSTUMED CRIME-FIGHTERS.

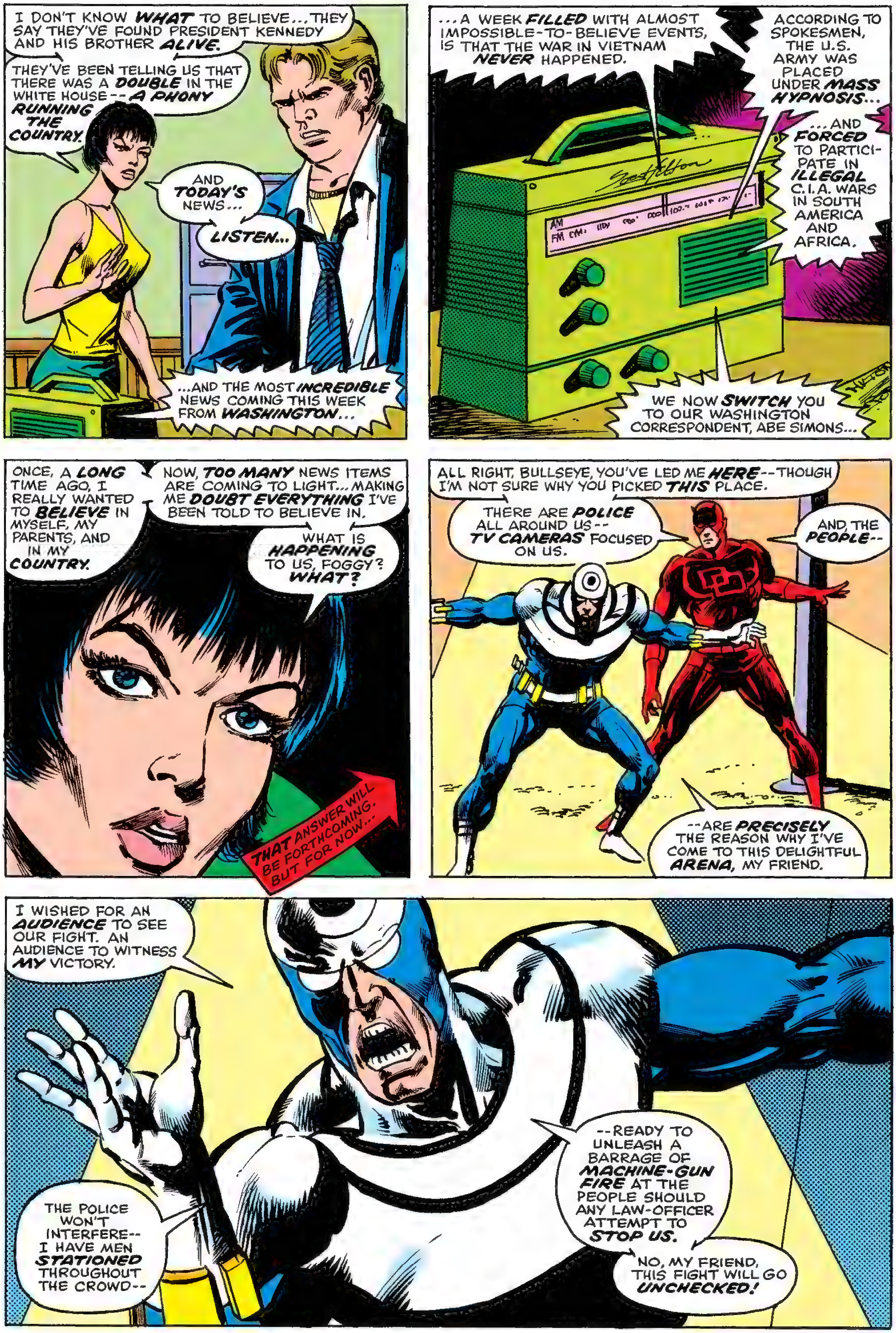

THANKS FOR COMING, DD. Y'SEE, I HAVE SOME RATHER **DEFINITE** INFORMATION ABOUT THIS BULLSEYE CHARACTER THAT I DON'T THINK I SHOULD LET THE **POLICE** HAVE.
WHICH SOUNDS TO ME TO BE SOMEWHAT, EH, "**EXTRA**"-LEGAL.
YEAH, **YEAH!** I KNOW, BUT, Y'SEE, I'M A REPORTER, **CRIME** BEAT. BEEN ONE FOR OVER FIFTEEN YEARS.
AND, WELL, I **KNOW** A RATHER LARGE NUMBER OF, SHALL WE SAY, **INDISCRETE** CHARACTERS.
SOME GIVE ME INFORMATION, AND WELL, I DON'T LIKE **DIVULGING** MY SOURCES-- WHICH THE POLICE DO NOT ALWAYS UNDERSTAND. Y'SEE WHAT I MEAN, DD?
I'M **ALL** EARS.
SIT DOWN AND TAKE A **LOAD** OFF YOUR FEET, DD. YOU'LL **LIVE** LONGER IF YOU LEARN TO **RELAX.**
ANYWAY, THIS CHARACTER WHO CALLS HIMSELF BULLSEYE, WELL, I DON'T KNOW WHO HE **REALLY** IS, BUT I KNOW HIS BACKGROUND... HIS **ORIGINS.**
WAR, IT DOES **STRANGE** THINGS TO A GUY. **ME?** I WAS IN KOREA... JUST MADE IT BY A **YEAR.** BLAST THE LUCK. I WAS **THAT** MUCH TOO YOUNG.
ANYWAY, THIS BULLSEYE CHARACTER WAS IN A WAR, TOO: **VIETNAM.**
LIKE I SAID, DAREDEVIL; WAR **CHANGES** PEOPLE. YOU CAN'T GO KILLING PEOPLE AND **NOT** BE CHANGED.
"AND I DON'T CARE IF IT ONLY **IS** THE ENEMY YOU KILL. PEOPLE ARE **PEOPLE.** RIGHT?
"ANYWAY, OUR BOY WAS IN **'NAM...**
"...AND HE WAS **GUNG HO!**
"HE DIDN'T ONLY WANT TO **KILL** THE CONG-- HE WANTED TO **DESTROY** 'EM.
"HE WAS A **GREAT** SOLDIER, OUR BOY WAS.

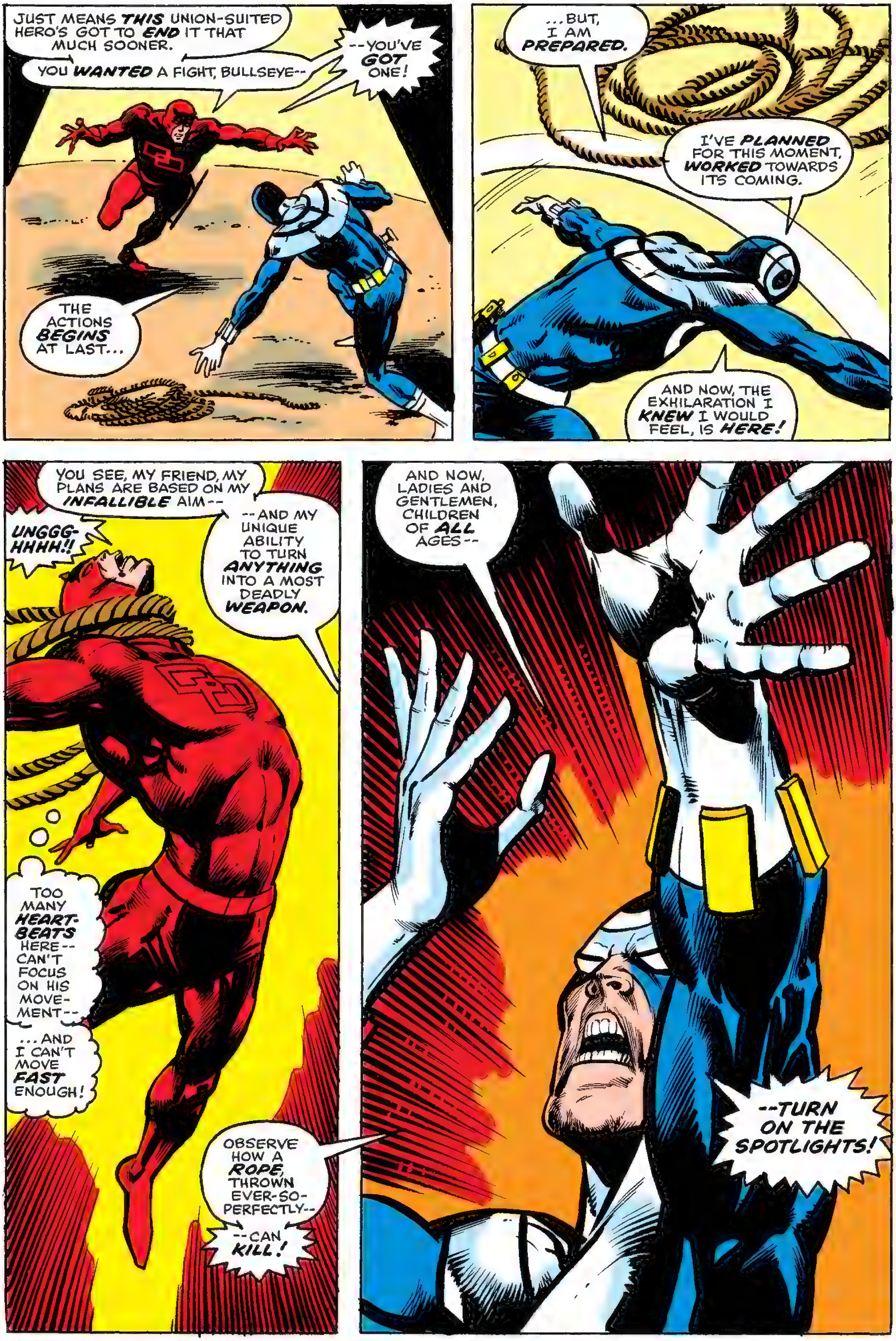

"HE WAS PATROLLING THE PADDIES ONE DAY WHEN HE HEARD THIS GUERRILLA SNEAK UP BEHIND HIM. HE SPUN 'ROUND AND FIRED HIS RIFLE. ONLY IT WAS EMPTY.
"THEN HE SAW THE VC RAISE HIS GUN.
"NOW, OUR BOY COULD'VE DIED RIGHT THERE, AND MAYBE HUNNICUTT WOULD'VE LIVED...
"...BUT Y'SEE, HE ALWAYS HAD THIS UNIQUE KNACK FOR THROWING THINGS... ALWAYS HAD A PERFECT AIM. FACT IS, HE WAS SIGNED UP WITH THE MAJOR LEAGUES WHEN THE WAR BROKE OUT AND HE ENLISTED.
"SO, SOMETHING INSIDE TOLD HIM TO THROW HIS RIFLE AT THE ENEMY. HE DID, AND HE LIVED.
"AFTER THE WAR, OUR BOY BECAME A MERCENARY IN AFRICA, PERFECTING HIS USE OF WEAPONS...
"...AND LEARNING ABOUT NEW... STRANGE, EXOTIC ONES. ALL OF WHICH, WITH HIS UNCANNY AIM, WERE TWICE AS DEADLY AS BEFORE.
IT'S TRUE, BELIEVE ME. I SAW HIM TOSS ABOUT A FEW ITEMS, AND I COULDN'T BELIEVE HOW HE TURNED THEM INTO WEAPONS.
YOUR INFORMER, I'D GUESS THEN...
YEAH, IT WAS HIM. HE CAME HERE TO TELL ME THE STORY HIMSELF.
Y'SEE, HE WANTS... HE CRAVES PUBLICITY... FIGURES IT WILL FRIGHTEN HIS FUTURE VICTIMS INTO PAYING HIM OFF RIGHT AWAY.
HE ONLY KILLED HUNNICUTT AS AN EXAMPLE FOR ALL OTHERS. HE NEVER INTENDED THAT THE MAN LIVE.
THANKS, CONOVER, YOU MAY NOT HAVE HELPED ME FIND BULLSEYE, BUT I THINK I MAY HAVE GOTTEN SOME ANGLE ON WHERE HE'S AT.
WHICH MIGHT PROVE JUST AS IMPORTANT.
TAKE IT EASY, DD, AND GET SOME REST. YOU COULD GIVE YOURSELF AN ULCER.
AN ULCER SHOULD BE THE LEAST OF MY PROBLEMS RIGHT ABOUT NOW.
THIS BULLSEYE'S A MASTER OF ALL WEAPONS-- AND HE'S MOST DEFINITELY DEADLY.
WELL, THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO NOW--AND MAYBE MATT MURDOCK HAD BETTER RETURN TO "THE STOREFRONT." HEATHER'S PROBABLY FRANTIC ABOUT ME RIGHT NOW.

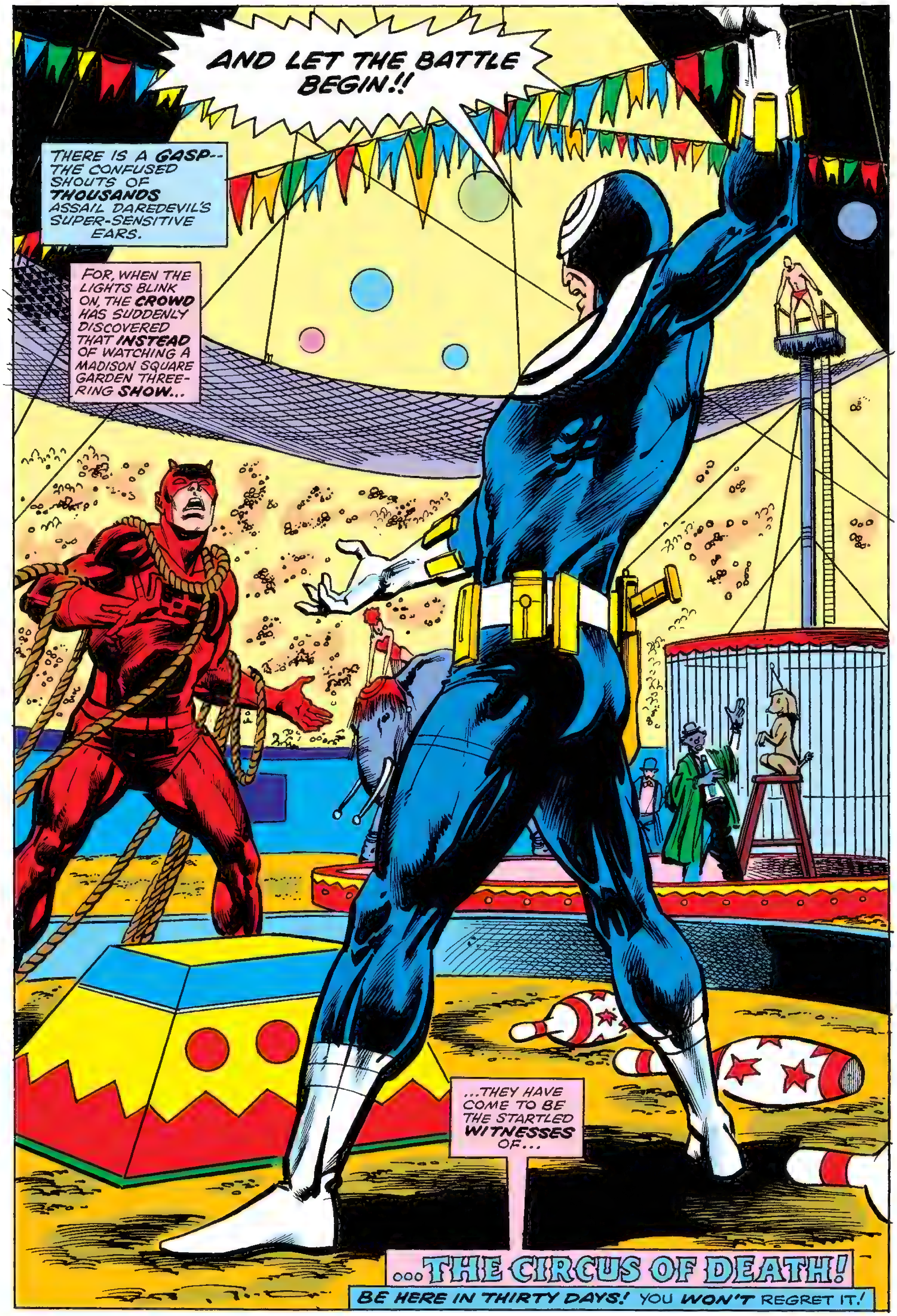

EH? SOUND OF SOMETHING WHOOSHING BY ME...
GOOD GRIEF! UNLESS MY RADAR SENSE HAS SHORT-CIRCUITED--
--IT'S A HAND GRENADE!
UH OH-- THE GRENADE HAS A 4½ SECOND FUSE--
--AND, AT THE RATE THE ACID'S BURNING...
...I ONLY HAVE ABOUT A SECOND TO--
KRA BLAM


STUNNED... I CAN'T THINK STRAIGHT.
C'MON, HORNHEAD-- GET YOUR ACT TOGETHER--
--OR, IT'S SPLAT ALL OVER THE SIDEWALK!
HEAD'S CLEARING... BUT IT MAY BE TOO LATE!
ONLY MOMENTS TO ACT... TO SHOOT-OUT MY BILLY-CLUB LINE.
C'MON... C'MON! IT'S ONLY YOU AND ME, BILLY-BOY!
BINGO! ANOTHER SECOND AND THEY'D BE SCRAPING ME OFF THE CONCRETE.
AH, MY SCARLET FRIEND, YOU'VE WELL EARNED YOUR REPUTATION, I SEE.
VERY GOOD, IT WILL ONLY ADD TO THE SPORT...
...WHEN WE ENGAGE IN OUR FINAL AND MOST INEVITABLE DUEL.
TALKING TO YOURSELF, HOMER?
NO ONE AGREED TO DELAY OUR LITTLE GAME BUT YOURSELF.
AND, IN CASE I'M NOT GETTING THROUGH TO YOU--
--THE FIGHT BEGINS NOW!
HARDLY, MY FRIEND-- UNLESS YOU CAN FIGHT YOUR WAY THROUGH THIS GARBAGE.
UNGGGHHHH!
EACH BOX AND CAN-- FLYING --STRIKING ME LIKE A MISSILE!
CAN'T DODGE IT IN TIME!


BUT, I HAVE NO WISH TO FINISH YOU OFF **HERE**, MY FRIEND. IT WOULD HARDLY SERVE MY **PURPOSE**.
THUS, WHILE **YOU** PICK YOURSELF UP FROM THE LITTER-- **I** WILL MAKE MY **ESCAPE...**
...BUT **SLOWLY** ENOUGH FOR YOU TO **FOLLOW** ME.
FAREWELL, MY FRIEND-- WE SHALL SEE EACH OTHER **SHORTLY!**
"FRIEND," YOU'RE A **GRADE-A LOON!**
HE'S BAITING ME... **WANTS** ME TO FOLLOW HIM...
...AND I'VE GOT NO OTHER CHOICE THAN PLAY **FLY** TO HIS SPIDER!
MEANTIME...
YOU SAY THAT MATT LEFT MORE THAN AN **HOUR** AGO, MRS. GILHARDT?
I GUESS HE'S JUST TAKING HIS **TIME** RETURNING. THANKS.
THAT DOESN'T **SOUND** LIKE MATT, HEATHER. HE'S USUALLY **PUNCTUAL** TO THE POINT OF RIDICULOUSNESS-- PROBABLY TO MAKE UP FOR HIS **BLINDNESS**.
BESIDES, HE SAID HE WANTED THE INFO ON **GLENN INDUSTRIES** IN DOUBLE-TIME.
ARE YOU **PUTTING** ME ON, FOGGY?
GLENN INDUSTRIES IS OWNED BY MY **FATHER**-- MAXWELL GLENN.
WHAT?!?
YOUR FATHER OWNS A **SLUM TENEMENT?** BUT HE'S ALSO PAYING OUT FOR **THIS** PLACE?!?
THAT JUST DOESN'T **SOUND** LIKE DADDY. HE'S THE **ORIGINAL** CONCERNED CITIZEN.
COULD HE HAVE BEEN **LYING** TO ME ALL THESE YEARS, FOGGY?
I DON'T KNOW **WHAT** TO BELIEVE THESE DAYS--
-- WITH THE TELEVISION AND RADIO TALKING **ONLY** ABOUT THOSE NEW **REVELATIONS**--
--YOU CAN'T **ESCAPE** THE HYPOCRISY FLOODING OVER THIS COUNTRY ANY MORE.


I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO BELIEVE... THEY SAY THEY'VE FOUND PRESIDENT KENNEDY AND HIS BROTHER ALIVE.
THEY'VE BEEN TELLING US THAT THERE WAS A DOUBLE IN THE WHITE HOUSE -- A PHONY RUNNING THE COUNTRY.
AND TODAY'S NEWS...
LISTEN...
...AND THE MOST INCREDIBLE NEWS COMING THIS WEEK FROM WASHINGTON...
...A WEEK FILLED WITH ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE-TO-BELIEVE EVENTS, IS THAT THE WAR IN VIETNAM NEVER HAPPENED.
ACCORDING TO SPOKESMEN, THE U.S. ARMY WAS PLACED UNDER MASS HYPNOSIS...
...AND FORCED TO PARTICIPATE IN ILLEGAL C.I.A. WARS IN SOUTH AMERICA AND AFRICA.
WE NOW SWITCH YOU TO OUR WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT, ABE SIMONS...
ONCE, A LONG TIME AGO, I REALLY WANTED TO BELIEVE IN MYSELF, MY PARENTS, AND IN MY COUNTRY.
NOW, TOO MANY NEWS ITEMS ARE COMING TO LIGHT... MAKING ME DOUBT EVERYTHING I'VE BEEN TOLD TO BELIEVE IN.
WHAT IS HAPPENING TO US, FOGGY? WHAT?
THAT ANSWER WILL BE FORTHCOMING. BUT FOR NOW...
ALL RIGHT, BULLSEYE, YOU'VE LED ME HERE -- THOUGH I'M NOT SURE WHY YOU PICKED THIS PLACE.
THERE ARE POLICE ALL AROUND US -- TV CAMERAS FOCUSED ON US.
AND, THE PEOPLE --
-- ARE PRECISELY THE REASON WHY I'VE COME TO THIS DELIGHTFUL ARENA, MY FRIEND.
I WISHED FOR AN AUDIENCE TO SEE OUR FIGHT. AN AUDIENCE TO WITNESS MY VICTORY.
THE POLICE WON'T INTERFERE -- I HAVE MEN STATIONED THROUGHOUT THE CROWD --
-- READY TO UNLEASH A BARRAGE OF MACHINE-GUN FIRE AT THE PEOPLE SHOULD ANY LAW-OFFICER ATTEMPT TO STOP US.
NO, MY FRIEND, THIS FIGHT WILL GO UNCHECKED!


JUST MEANS THIS UNION-SUITED HERO'S GOT TO END IT THAT MUCH SOONER.
YOU WANTED A FIGHT, BULLSEYE--
--YOU'VE GOT ONE!
THE ACTIONS BEGINS AT LAST...
...BUT, I AM PREPARED.
I'VE PLANNED FOR THIS MOMENT, WORKED TOWARDS ITS COMING.
AND NOW, THE EXHILARATION I KNEW I WOULD FEEL, IS HERE!
YOU SEE, MY FRIEND, MY PLANS ARE BASED ON MY INFALLIBLE AIM--
UNGGG-HHHH!!
--AND MY UNIQUE ABILITY TO TURN ANYTHING INTO A MOST DEADLY WEAPON.
TOO MANY HEART-BEATS HERE--CAN'T FOCUS ON HIS MOVE-MENT--
...AND I CAN'T MOVE FAST ENOUGH!
OBSERVE HOW A ROPE, THROWN EVER-SO-PERFECTLY--
--CAN KILL!
AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, CHILDREN OF ALL AGES--
--TURN ON THE SPOTLIGHTS!

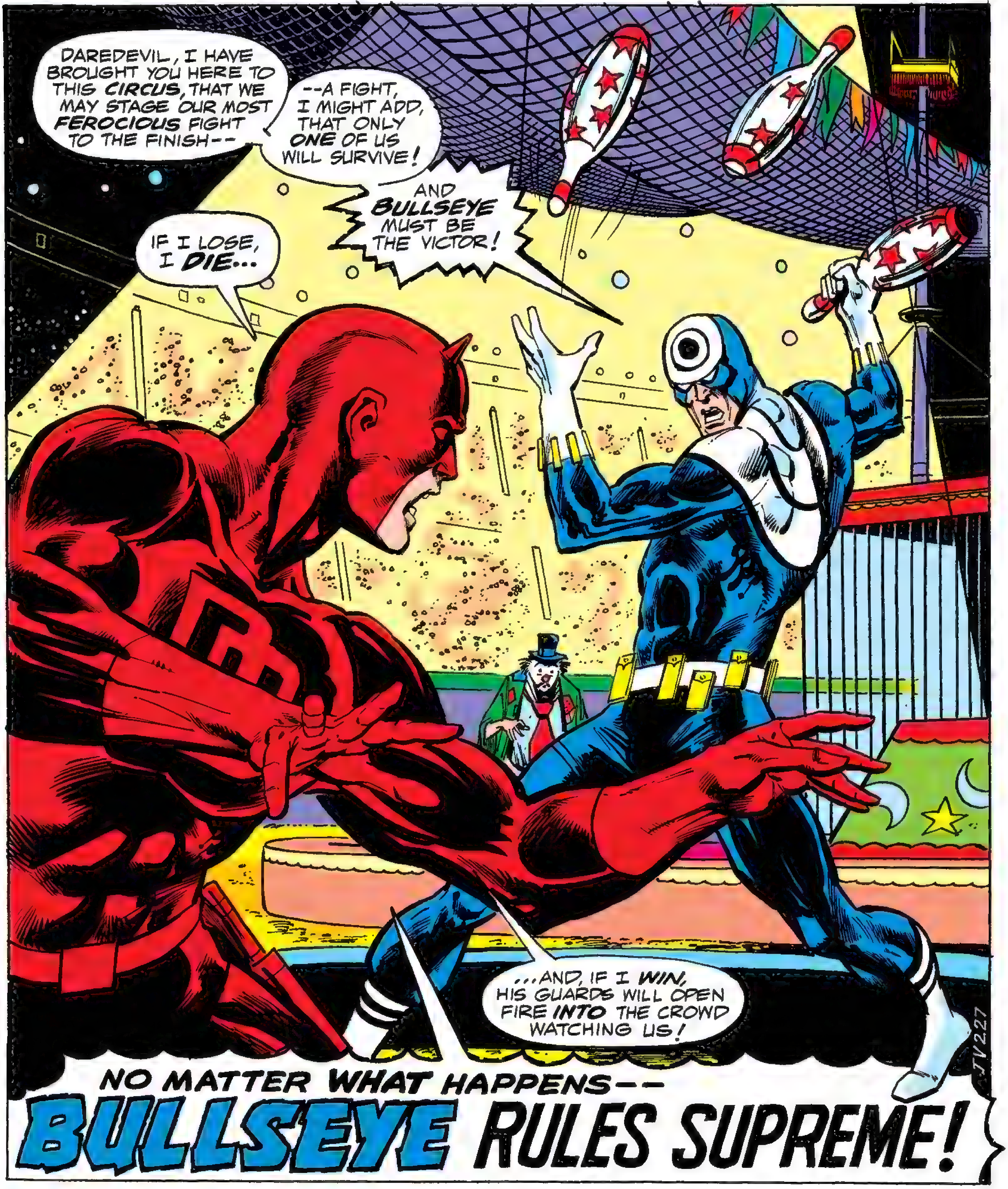

AND LET THE BATTLE BEGIN!!
THERE IS A GASP-- THE CONFUSED SHOUTS OF THOUSANDS ASSAIL DAREDEVIL'S SUPER-SENSITIVE EARS.
FOR, WHEN THE LIGHTS BLINK ON, THE CROWD HAS SUDDENLY DISCOVERED THAT INSTEAD OF WATCHING A MADISON SQUARE GARDEN THREE-RING SHOW...
...THEY HAVE COME TO BE THE STARTLED WITNESSES OF...
...THE CIRCUS OF DEATH!
BE HERE IN THIRTY DAYS! YOU WON'T REGRET IT!

DAREDEVIL
MARVEL COMICS GROUP™
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
25¢
132
APR
02459
DAREDEVIL®
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!
THIS IS IT, HORNHEAD!
ONLY ONE OF US WILL LEAVE THIS CIRCUS ALIVE!
BUCKLER ADKINS
DAREDEVIL and BULLSEYE
BATTLE BENEATH THE BIG*TOP!

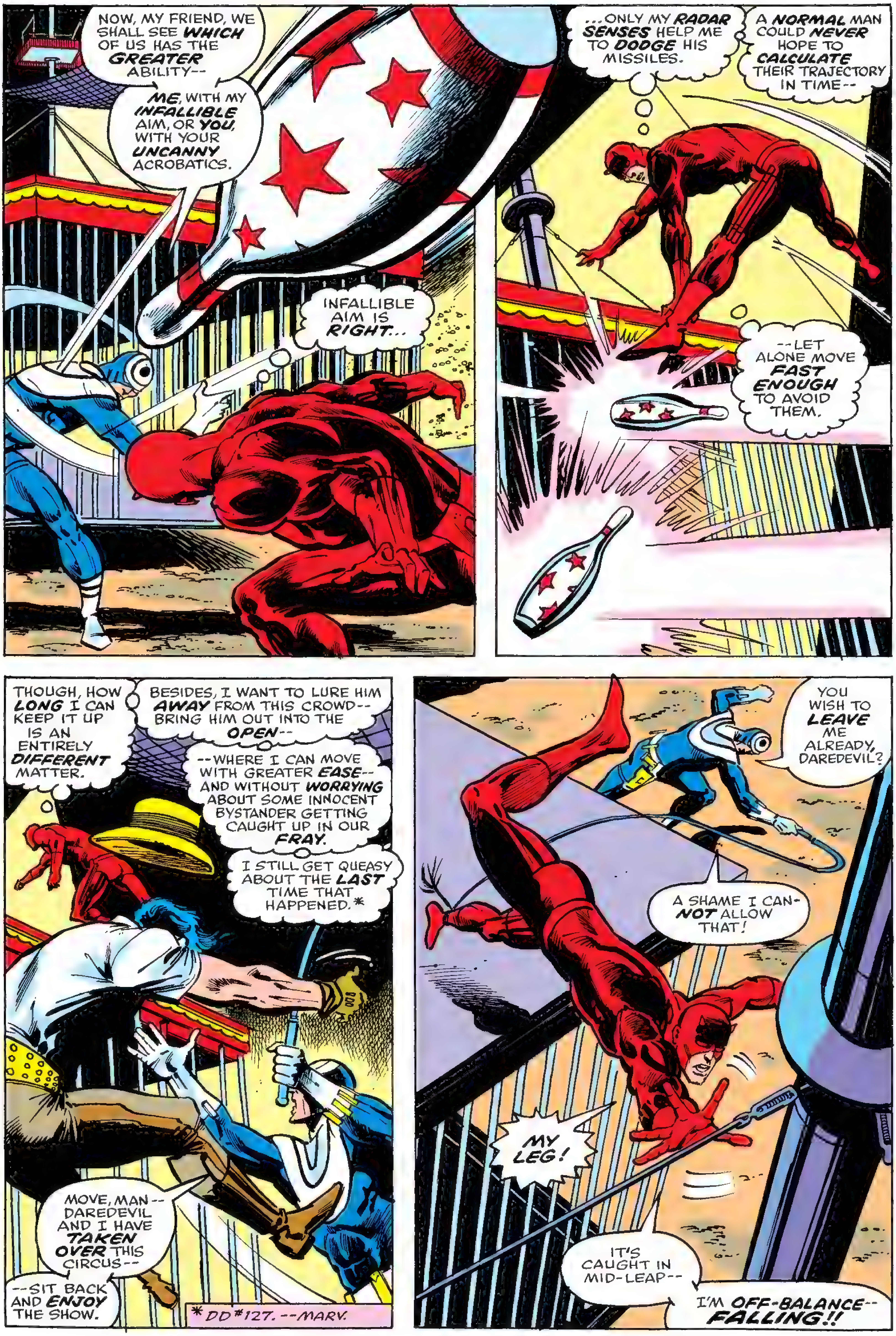
He dwells in eternal night— but the blackness is filled with sounds and scents, tastes and textures other men cannot perceive. For though attorney MATT MURDOCK is *blind,* his other four senses function with *superhuman sharpness*—his uncanny *radar sense* guides him over every obstacle! He stalks the streets by night, a relentless red-garbed foe of evil!

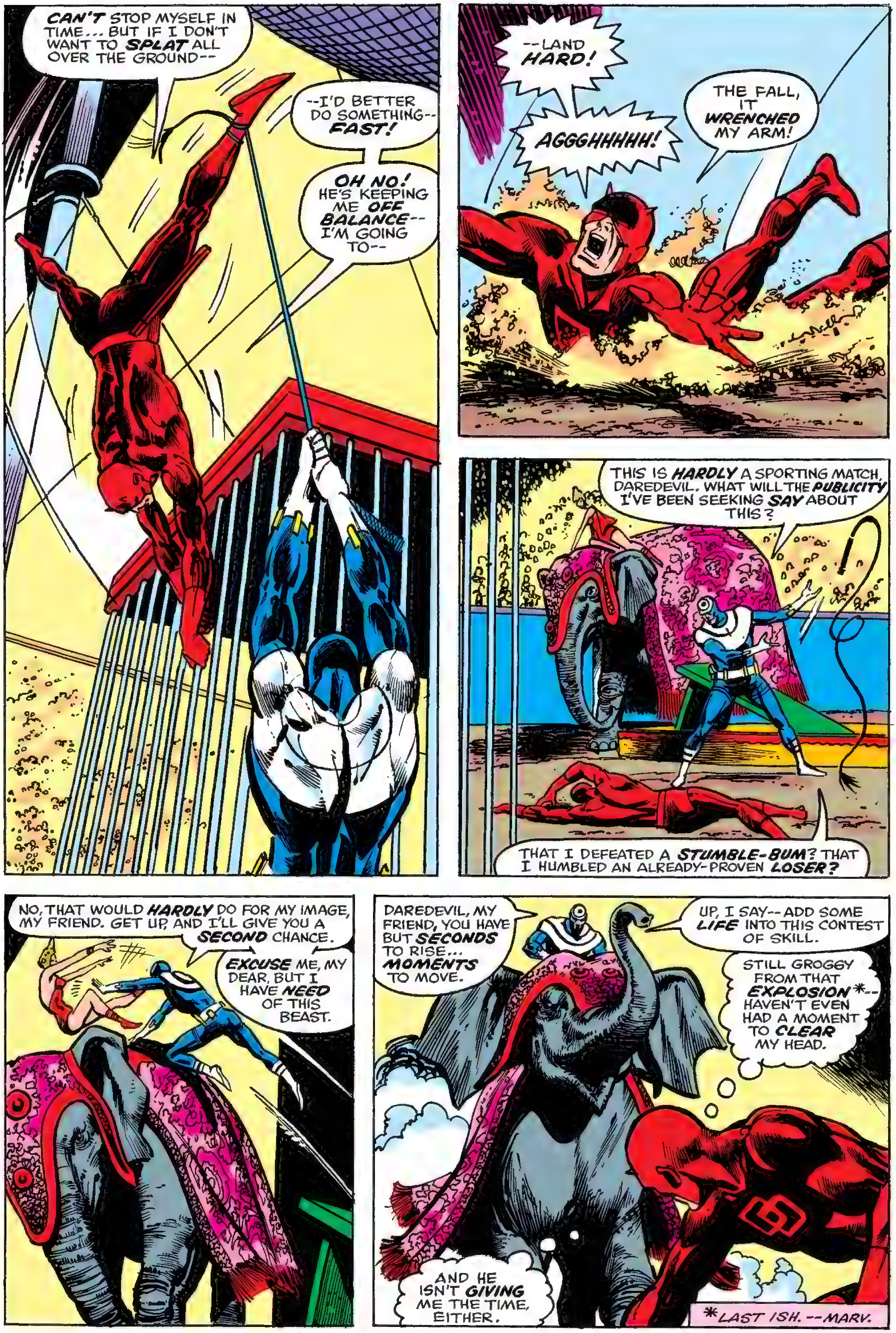
STan Lee PRESENTS: DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!™

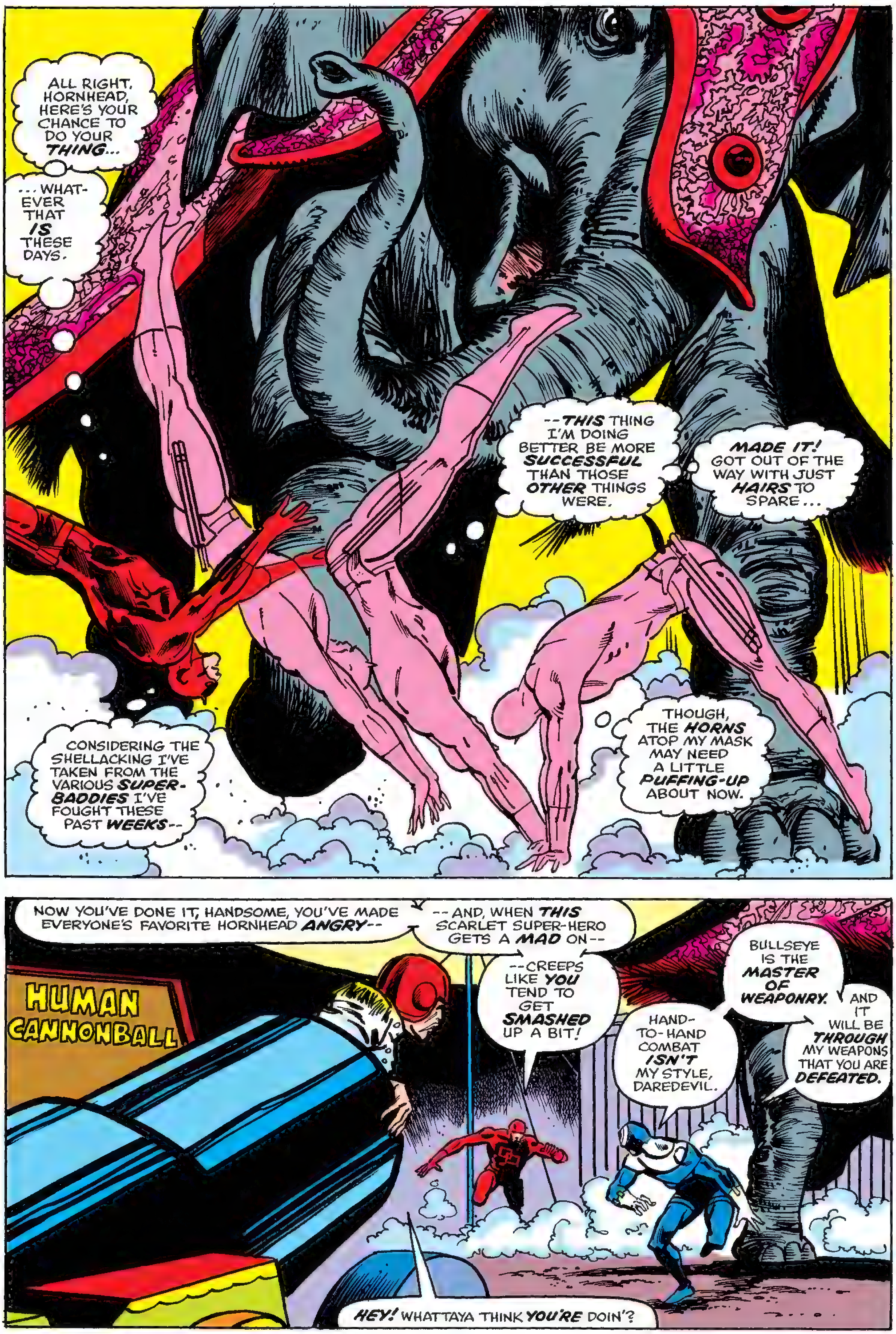
MARV WOLFMAN WRITER / EDITOR | **BOB BROWN & KLAUS JANSON** ARTISTS | **JOE ROSEN** LETTERER | **MICHELE WOLFMAN** COLORIST

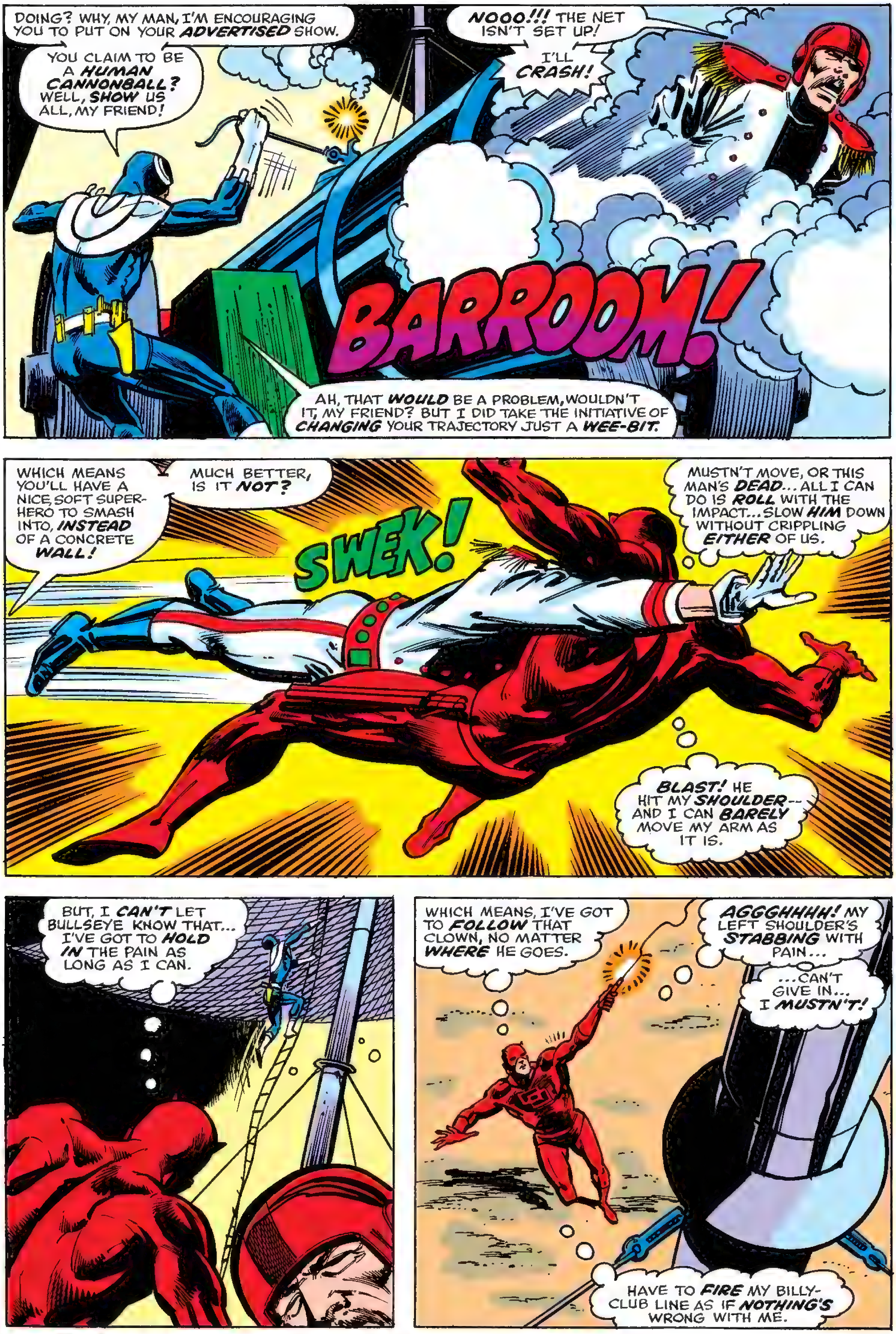

DAREDEVIL, I HAVE BROUGHT YOU HERE TO THIS **CIRCUS**, THAT WE MAY STAGE OUR MOST **FEROCIOUS** FIGHT TO THE FINISH--
--A FIGHT, I MIGHT ADD, THAT ONLY **ONE** OF US WILL SURVIVE!
IF I LOSE, I **DIE**...
AND **BULLSEYE** MUST BE THE VICTOR!
...AND, IF I **WIN**, HIS GUARDS WILL OPEN FIRE **INTO** THE CROWD WATCHING US!
JV 227

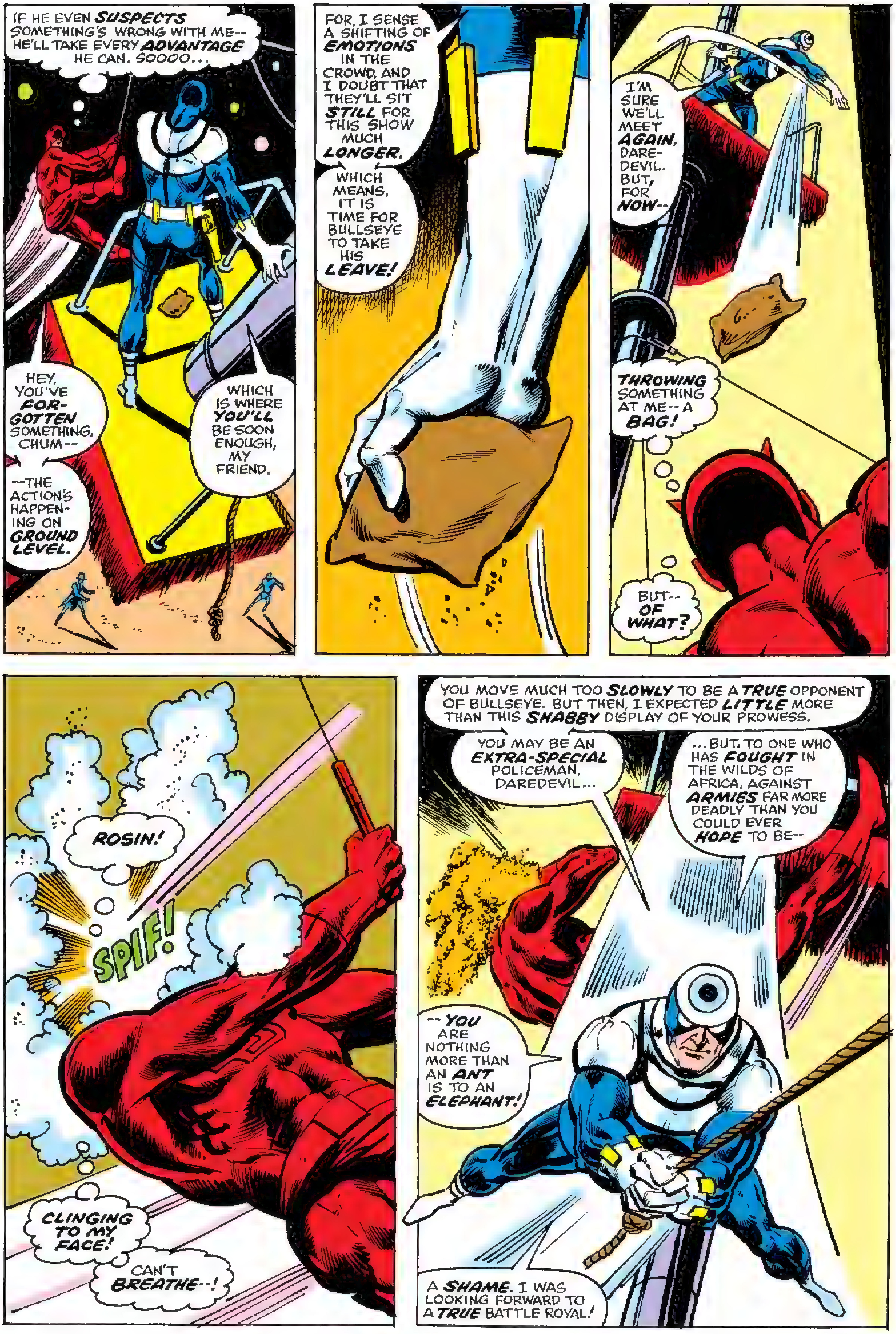
NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS-- BULLSEYE RULES SUPREME!

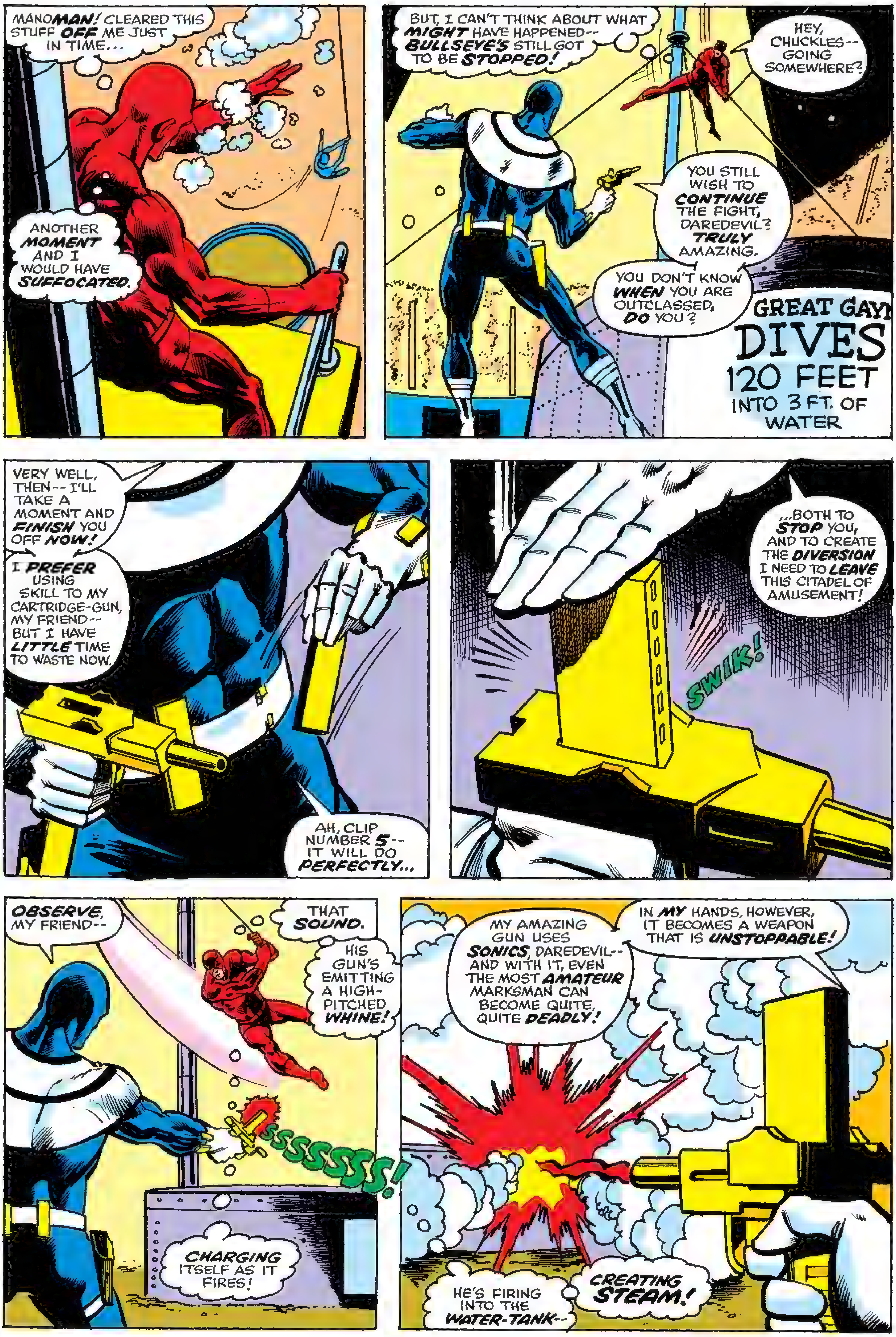

NOW, MY FRIEND, WE SHALL SEE **WHICH** OF US HAS THE **GREATER** ABILITY--
ME, WITH MY **INFALLIBLE** AIM, OR **YOU**, WITH YOUR **UNCANNY** ACROBATICS.
INFALLIBLE AIM IS **RIGHT**...
...ONLY MY **RADAR SENSES** HELP ME TO **DODGE** HIS MISSILES.
A **NORMAL** MAN COULD **NEVER** HOPE TO **CALCULATE** THEIR TRAJECTORY IN TIME--
--LET ALONE MOVE **FAST ENOUGH** TO AVOID THEM.
THOUGH, HOW **LONG** I CAN KEEP IT UP IS AN ENTIRELY **DIFFERENT** MATTER.
BESIDES, I WANT TO LURE HIM **AWAY** FROM THIS CROWD-- BRING HIM OUT INTO THE **OPEN**--
--WHERE I CAN MOVE WITH GREATER **EASE**-- AND WITHOUT **WORRYING** ABOUT SOME INNOCENT BYSTANDER GETTING CAUGHT UP IN OUR **FRAY**.
I STILL GET QUEASY ABOUT THE **LAST** TIME THAT HAPPENED.*
MOVE, MAN-- DAREDEVIL AND I HAVE **TAKEN OVER** THIS CIRCUS--
--SIT BACK AND **ENJOY** THE SHOW.
*DD #127. --MARV.
YOU WISH TO **LEAVE** ME ALREADY, DAREDEVIL?
A SHAME I CAN-**NOT** ALLOW THAT!
MY LEG!
IT'S CAUGHT IN MID-LEAP--
I'M **OFF-BALANCE-- FALLING!!**

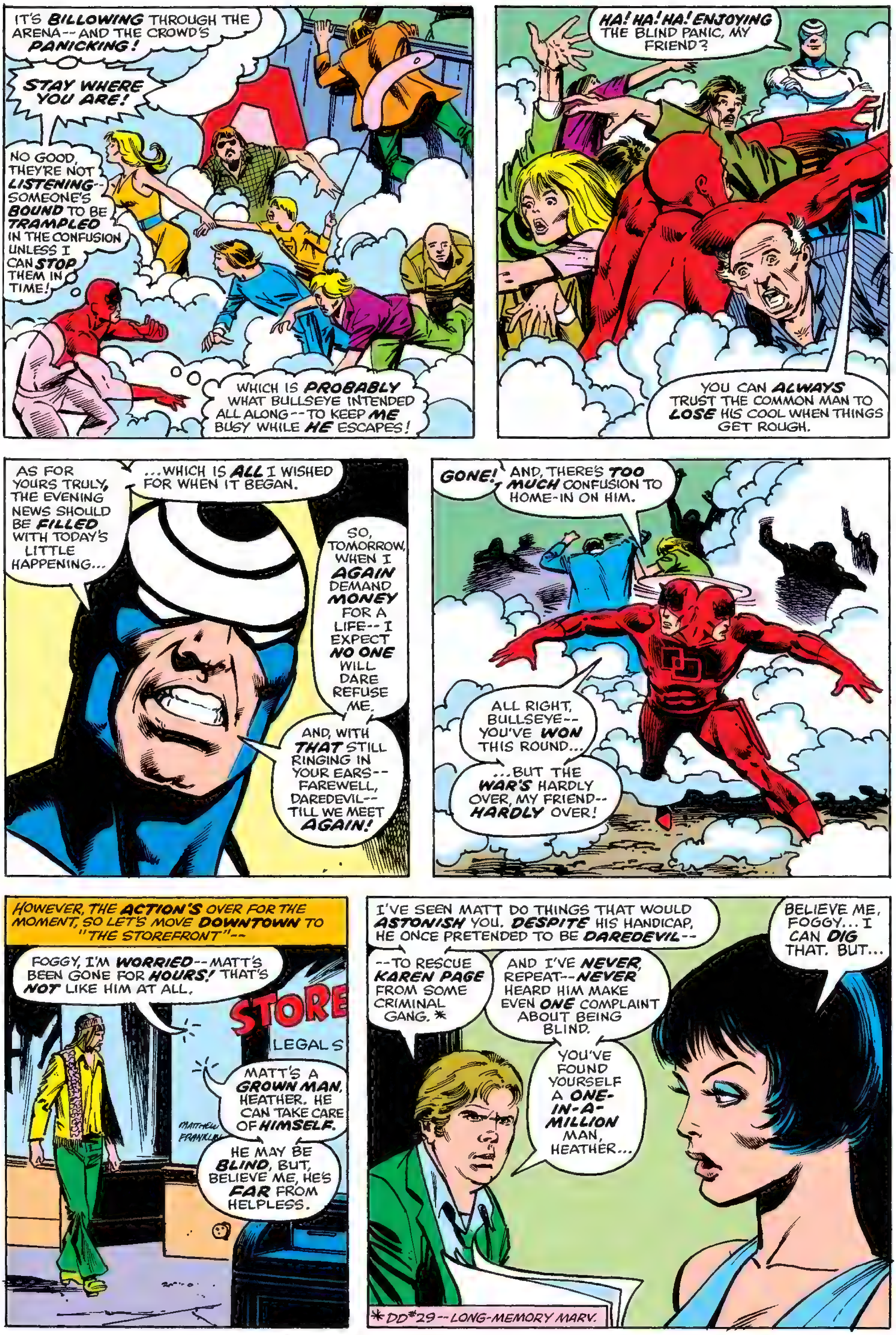

CAN'T STOP MYSELF IN TIME... BUT IF I DON'T WANT TO SPLAT ALL OVER THE GROUND--
--I'D BETTER DO SOMETHING-- FAST!
OH NO! HE'S KEEPING ME OFF BALANCE-- I'M GOING TO--
--LAND HARD!
AGGGHHHHH!
THE FALL, IT WRENCHED MY ARM!
THIS IS HARDLY A SPORTING MATCH, DAREDEVIL. WHAT WILL THE PUBLICITY I'VE BEEN SEEKING SAY ABOUT THIS?
THAT I DEFEATED A STUMBLE-BUM? THAT I HUMBLED AN ALREADY-PROVEN LOSER?
NO, THAT WOULD HARDLY DO FOR MY IMAGE, MY FRIEND. GET UP, AND I'LL GIVE YOU A SECOND CHANCE.
EXCUSE ME, MY DEAR, BUT I HAVE NEED OF THIS BEAST.
DAREDEVIL, MY FRIEND, YOU HAVE BUT SECONDS TO RISE... MOMENTS TO MOVE.
UP, I SAY-- ADD SOME LIFE INTO THIS CONTEST OF SKILL.
STILL GROGGY FROM THAT EXPLOSION*-- HAVEN'T EVEN HAD A MOMENT TO CLEAR MY HEAD.
AND HE ISN'T GIVING ME THE TIME, EITHER.
*LAST ISH. --MARV.

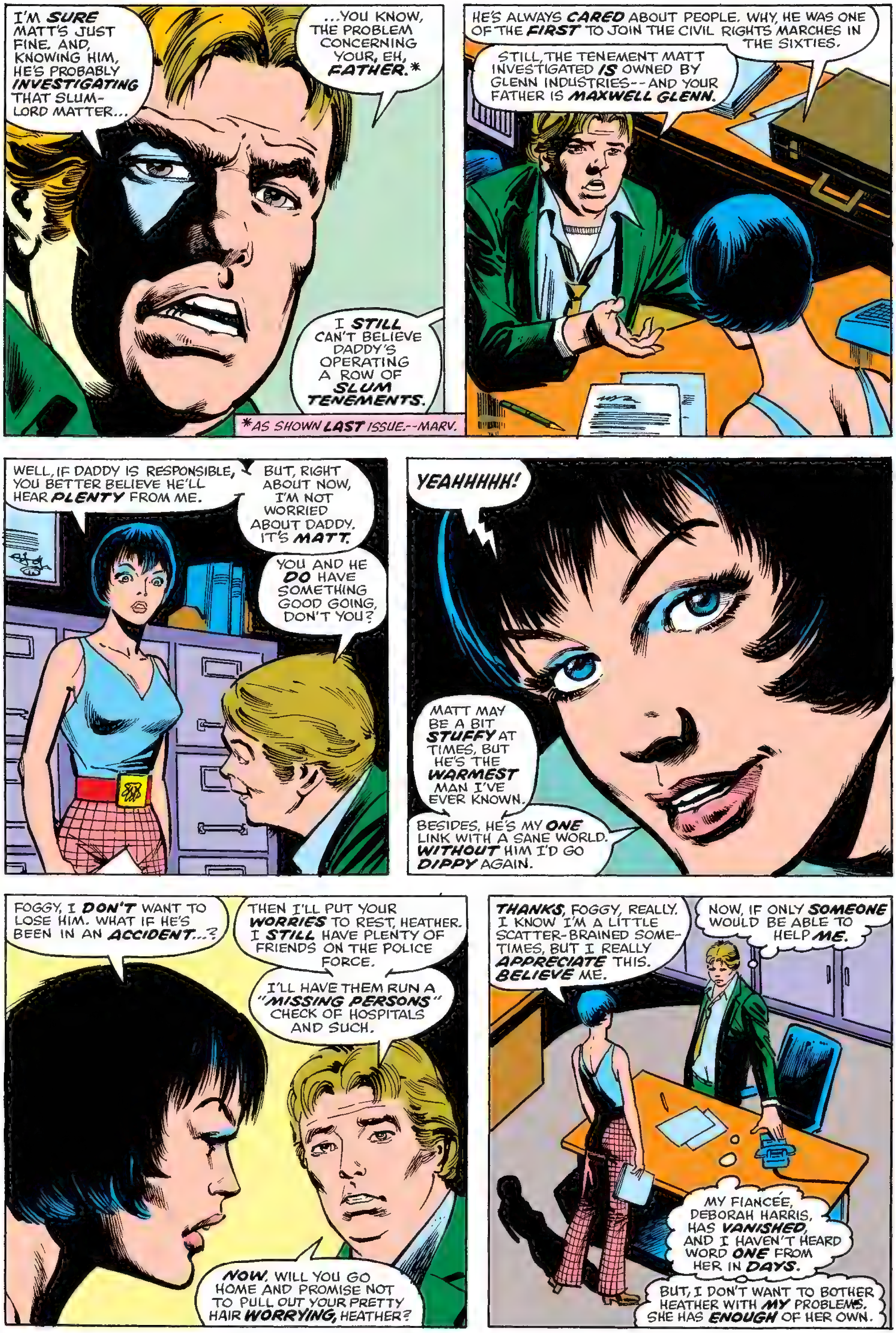

ALL RIGHT, HORNHEAD, HERE'S YOUR CHANCE TO DO YOUR *THING*...
...WHATEVER THAT *IS* THESE DAYS.
--*THIS* THING I'M DOING BETTER BE MORE *SUCCESSFUL* THAN THOSE *OTHER* THINGS WERE.
MADE IT! GOT OUT OF THE WAY WITH JUST *HAIRS* TO SPARE...
CONSIDERING THE SHELLACKING I'VE TAKEN FROM THE VARIOUS *SUPER-BADDIES* I'VE FOUGHT THESE PAST *WEEKS*--
THOUGH, THE *HORNS* ATOP MY MASK MAY NEED A LITTLE *PUFFING-UP* ABOUT NOW.
NOW YOU'VE DONE IT, HANDSOME, YOU'VE MADE EVERYONE'S FAVORITE HORNHEAD *ANGRY*--
--AND, WHEN *THIS* SCARLET SUPER-HERO GETS A *MAD* ON--
--CREEPS LIKE *YOU* TEND TO GET *SMASHED* UP A BIT!
HUMAN CANNONBALL
BULLSEYE IS THE *MASTER OF WEAPONRY.*
AND IT WILL BE *THROUGH* MY WEAPONS THAT YOU ARE *DEFEATED.*
HAND-TO-HAND COMBAT *ISN'T* MY STYLE, DAREDEVIL.
HEY! WHATTAYA THINK *YOU'RE* DOIN'?

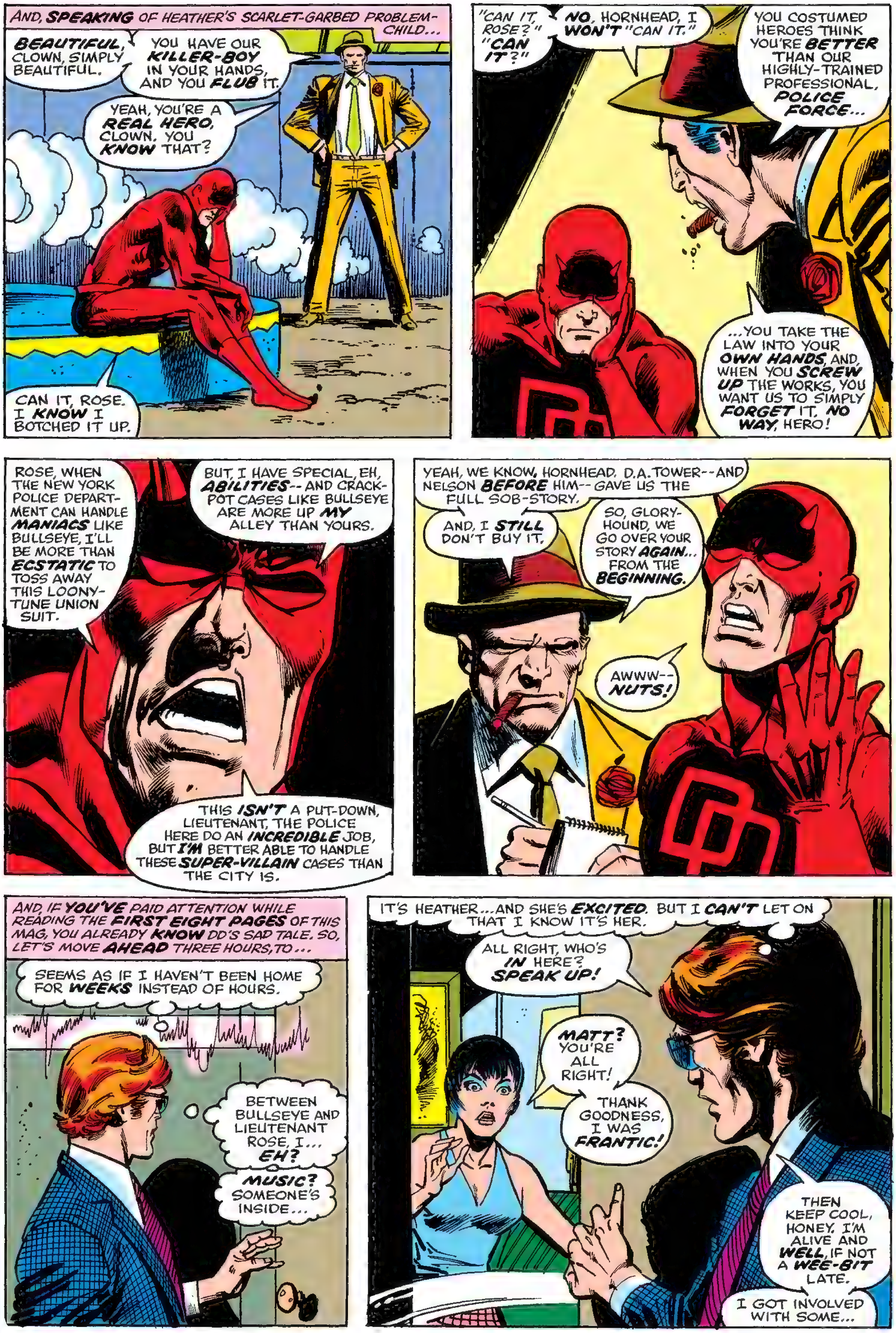

DOING? WHY, MY MAN, I'M ENCOURAGING YOU TO PUT ON YOUR ADVERTISED SHOW.
YOU CLAIM TO BE A HUMAN CANNONBALL? WELL, SHOW US ALL, MY FRIEND!
NOOO!!! THE NET ISN'T SET UP!
I'LL CRASH!
BARROOM!
AH, THAT WOULD BE A PROBLEM, WOULDN'T IT, MY FRIEND? BUT I DID TAKE THE INITIATIVE OF CHANGING YOUR TRAJECTORY JUST A WEE-BIT.
WHICH MEANS YOU'LL HAVE A NICE, SOFT SUPER-HERO TO SMASH INTO, INSTEAD OF A CONCRETE WALL!
MUCH BETTER, IS IT NOT?
SWEK!
MUSTN'T MOVE, OR THIS MAN'S DEAD... ALL I CAN DO IS ROLL WITH THE IMPACT... SLOW HIM DOWN WITHOUT CRIPPLING EITHER OF US.
BLAST! HE HIT MY SHOULDER-- AND I CAN BARELY MOVE MY ARM AS IT IS.
BUT, I CAN'T LET BULLSEYE KNOW THAT... I'VE GOT TO HOLD IN THE PAIN AS LONG AS I CAN.
WHICH MEANS, I'VE GOT TO FOLLOW THAT CLOWN, NO MATTER WHERE HE GOES.
AGGGHHHH! MY LEFT SHOULDER'S STABBING WITH PAIN...
...CAN'T GIVE IN... I MUSTN'T!
HAVE TO FIRE MY BILLY-CLUB LINE AS IF NOTHING'S WRONG WITH ME.

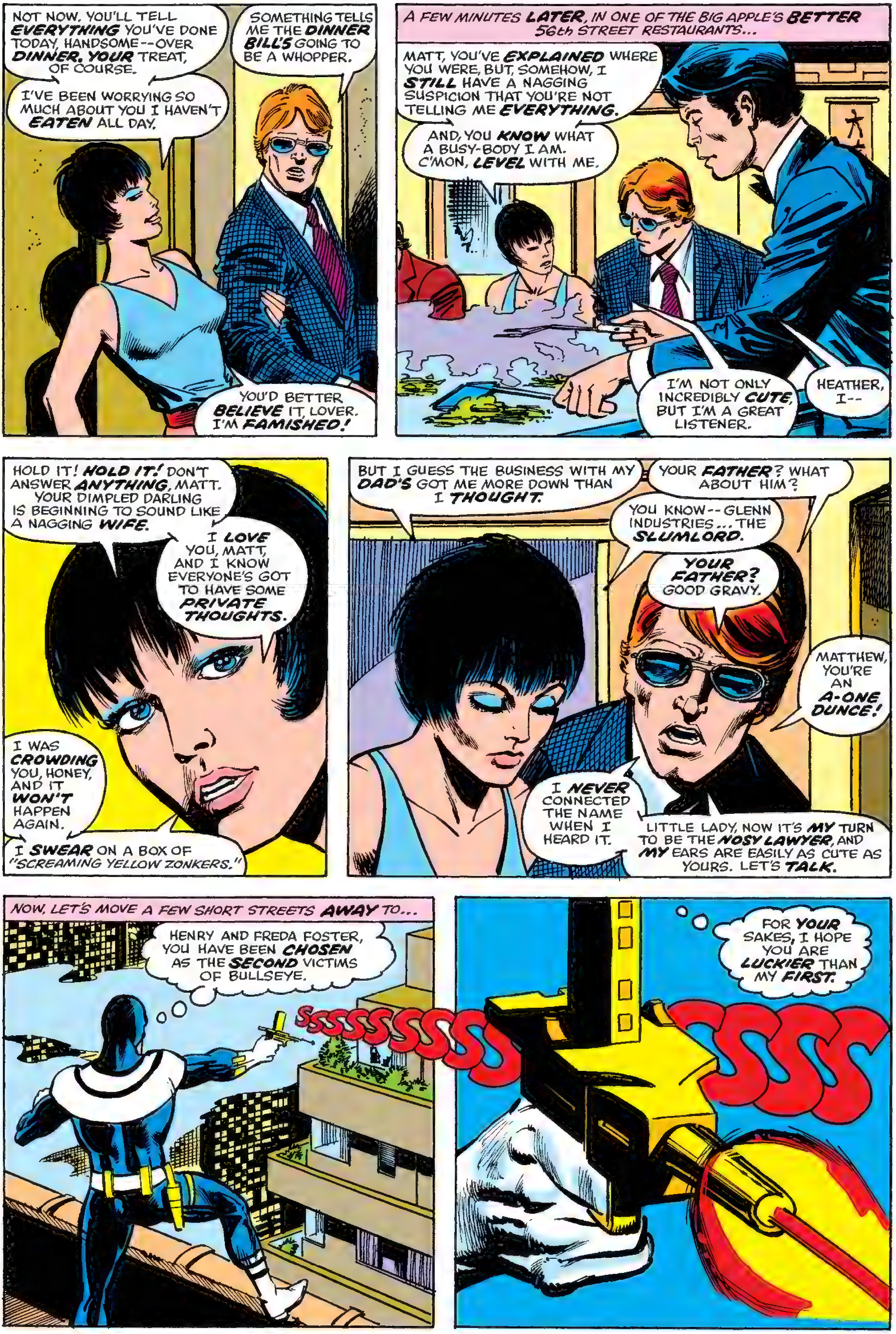

IF HE EVEN SUSPECTS SOMETHING'S WRONG WITH ME-- HE'LL TAKE EVERY ADVANTAGE HE CAN. SOOOO...
HEY, YOU'VE FORGOTTEN SOMETHING, CHUM--
--THE ACTION'S HAPPENING ON GROUND LEVEL.
WHICH IS WHERE YOU'LL BE SOON ENOUGH, MY FRIEND.
FOR, I SENSE A SHIFTING OF EMOTIONS IN THE CROWD, AND I DOUBT THAT THEY'LL SIT STILL FOR THIS SHOW MUCH LONGER.
WHICH MEANS, IT IS TIME FOR BULLSEYE TO TAKE HIS LEAVE!
I'M SURE WE'LL MEET AGAIN, DAREDEVIL. BUT, FOR NOW--
THROWING SOMETHING AT ME-- A BAG!
BUT-- OF WHAT?
ROSIN!
SPIF!
CLINGING TO MY FACE!
CAN'T BREATHE--!
YOU MOVE MUCH TOO SLOWLY TO BE A TRUE OPPONENT OF BULLSEYE. BUT THEN, I EXPECTED LITTLE MORE THAN THIS SHABBY DISPLAY OF YOUR PROWESS.
YOU MAY BE AN EXTRA-SPECIAL POLICEMAN, DAREDEVIL...
...BUT, TO ONE WHO HAS FOUGHT IN THE WILDS OF AFRICA, AGAINST ARMIES FAR MORE DEADLY THAN YOU COULD EVER HOPE TO BE--
--YOU ARE NOTHING MORE THAN AN ANT IS TO AN ELEPHANT!
A SHAME. I WAS LOOKING FORWARD TO A TRUE BATTLE ROYAL!

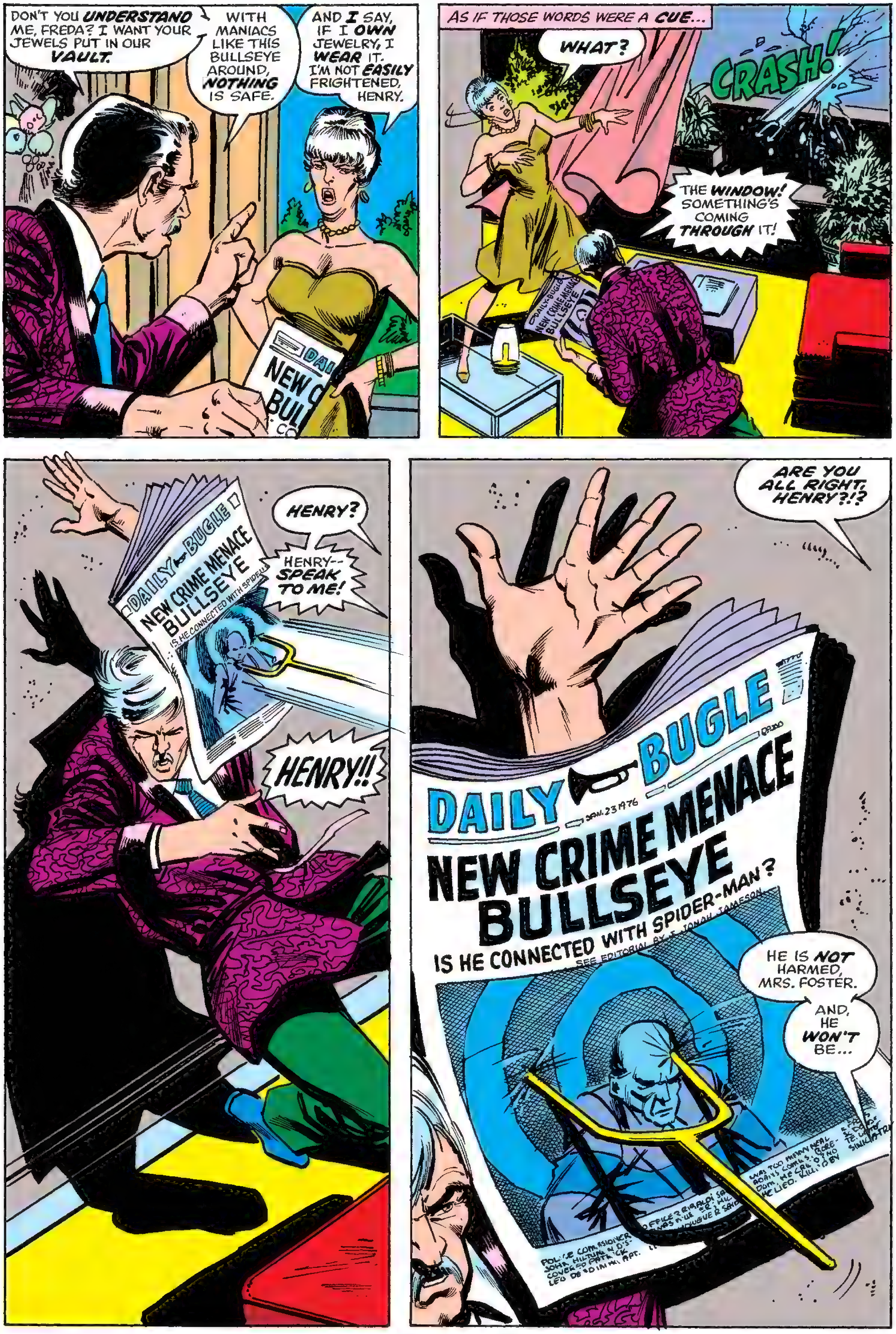

MANOMAN! CLEARED THIS STUFF OFF ME JUST IN TIME...
ANOTHER MOMENT AND I WOULD HAVE SUFFOCATED.
BUT, I CAN'T THINK ABOUT WHAT MIGHT HAVE HAPPENED-- BULLSEYE'S STILL GOT TO BE STOPPED!
HEY, CHUCKLES-- GOING SOMEWHERE?
YOU STILL WISH TO CONTINUE THE FIGHT, DAREDEVIL? TRULY AMAZING.
YOU DON'T KNOW WHEN YOU ARE OUTCLASSED, DO YOU?
GREAT GAY
DIVES
120 FEET
INTO 3 FT. OF
WATER
VERY WELL, THEN-- I'LL TAKE A MOMENT AND FINISH YOU OFF NOW!
I PREFER USING SKILL TO MY CARTRIDGE-GUN, MY FRIEND-- BUT I HAVE LITTLE TIME TO WASTE NOW.
AH, CLIP NUMBER 5-- IT WILL DO PERFECTLY...
...BOTH TO STOP YOU, AND TO CREATE THE DIVERSION I NEED TO LEAVE THIS CITADEL OF AMUSEMENT!
SWIK!
OBSERVE, MY FRIEND--
THAT SOUND.
HIS GUN'S EMITTING A HIGH-PITCHED WHINE!
SSSSSSSS!
CHARGING ITSELF AS IT FIRES!
MY AMAZING GUN USES SONICS, DAREDEVIL-- AND WITH IT, EVEN THE MOST AMATEUR MARKSMAN CAN BECOME QUITE, QUITE DEADLY!
IN MY HANDS, HOWEVER, IT BECOMES A WEAPON THAT IS UNSTOPPABLE!
HE'S FIRING INTO THE WATER-TANK--
CREATING STEAM!

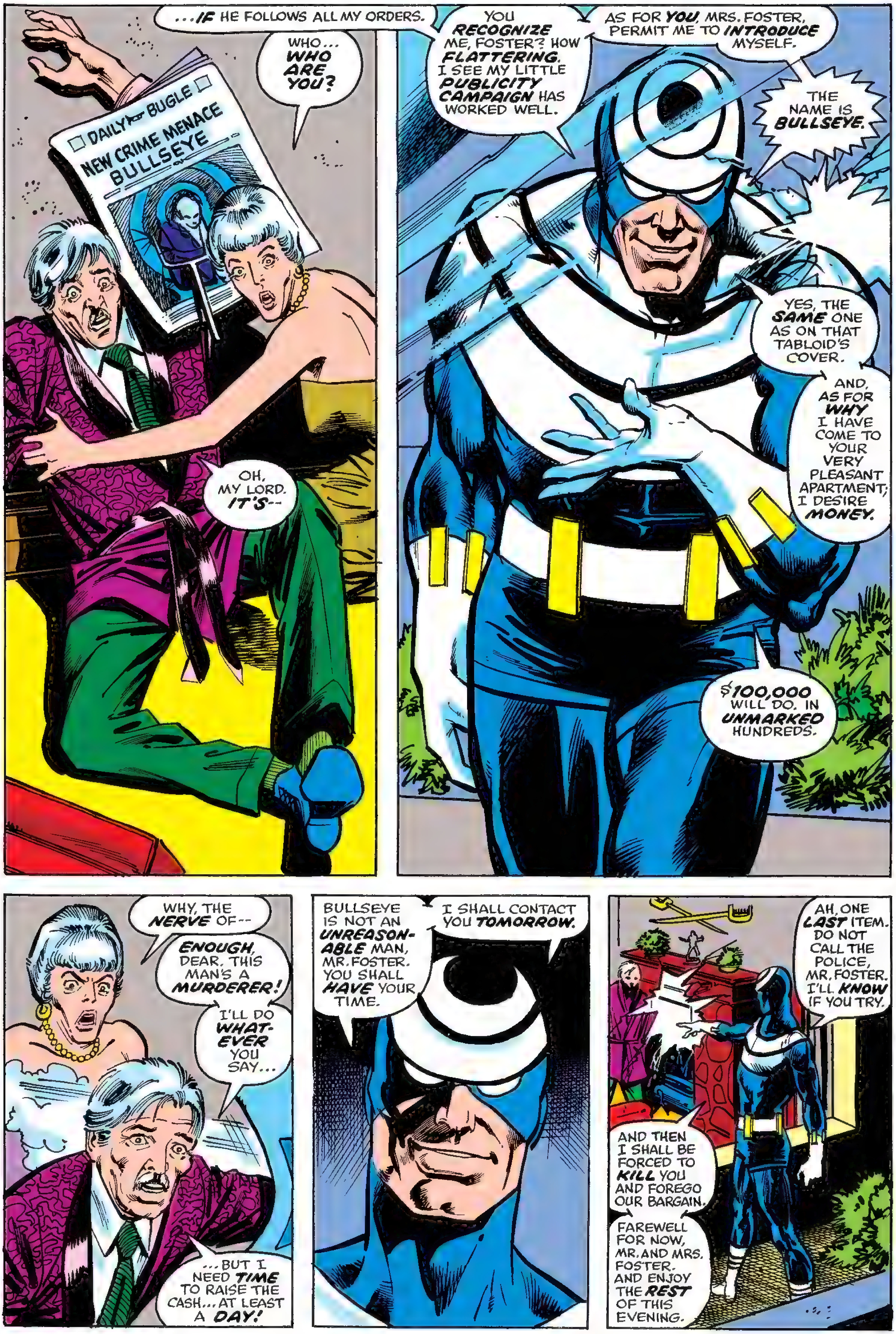

IT'S BILLOWING THROUGH THE ARENA-- AND THE CROWD'S PANICKING!
STAY WHERE YOU ARE!
NO GOOD, THEY'RE NOT LISTENING-- SOMEONE'S BOUND TO BE TRAMPLED IN THE CONFUSION UNLESS I CAN STOP THEM IN TIME!
WHICH IS PROBABLY WHAT BULLSEYE INTENDED ALL ALONG--TO KEEP ME BUSY WHILE HE ESCAPES!
HA! HA! HA! ENJOYING THE BLIND PANIC, MY FRIEND?
YOU CAN ALWAYS TRUST THE COMMON MAN TO LOSE HIS COOL WHEN THINGS GET ROUGH.
AS FOR YOURS TRULY, THE EVENING NEWS SHOULD BE FILLED WITH TODAY'S LITTLE HAPPENING...
...WHICH IS ALL I WISHED FOR WHEN IT BEGAN.
SO, TOMORROW, WHEN I AGAIN DEMAND MONEY FOR A LIFE-- I EXPECT NO ONE WILL DARE REFUSE ME.
AND, WITH THAT STILL RINGING IN YOUR EARS-- FAREWELL, DAREDEVIL-- TILL WE MEET AGAIN!
GONE!
AND, THERE'S TOO MUCH CONFUSION TO HOME-IN ON HIM.
ALL RIGHT, BULLSEYE-- YOU'VE WON THIS ROUND...
...BUT THE WAR'S HARDLY OVER, MY FRIEND-- HARDLY OVER!
HOWEVER, THE ACTION'S OVER FOR THE MOMENT, SO LET'S MOVE DOWNTOWN TO "THE STOREFRONT"--
FOGGY, I'M WORRIED-- MATT'S BEEN GONE FOR HOURS! THAT'S NOT LIKE HIM AT ALL.
STORE
LEGAL S
MATTHEW FRANKLIN
MATT'S A GROWN MAN, HEATHER. HE CAN TAKE CARE OF HIMSELF.
HE MAY BE BLIND, BUT, BELIEVE ME, HE'S FAR FROM HELPLESS.
I'VE SEEN MATT DO THINGS THAT WOULD ASTONISH YOU. DESPITE HIS HANDICAP, HE ONCE PRETENDED TO BE DAREDEVIL--
--TO RESCUE KAREN PAGE FROM SOME CRIMINAL GANG.*
AND I'VE NEVER, REPEAT--NEVER HEARD HIM MAKE EVEN ONE COMPLAINT ABOUT BEING BLIND.
YOU'VE FOUND YOURSELF A ONE-IN-A-MILLION MAN, HEATHER...
BELIEVE ME, FOGGY... I CAN DIG THAT. BUT...
*DD#29--LONG-MEMORY MARV.

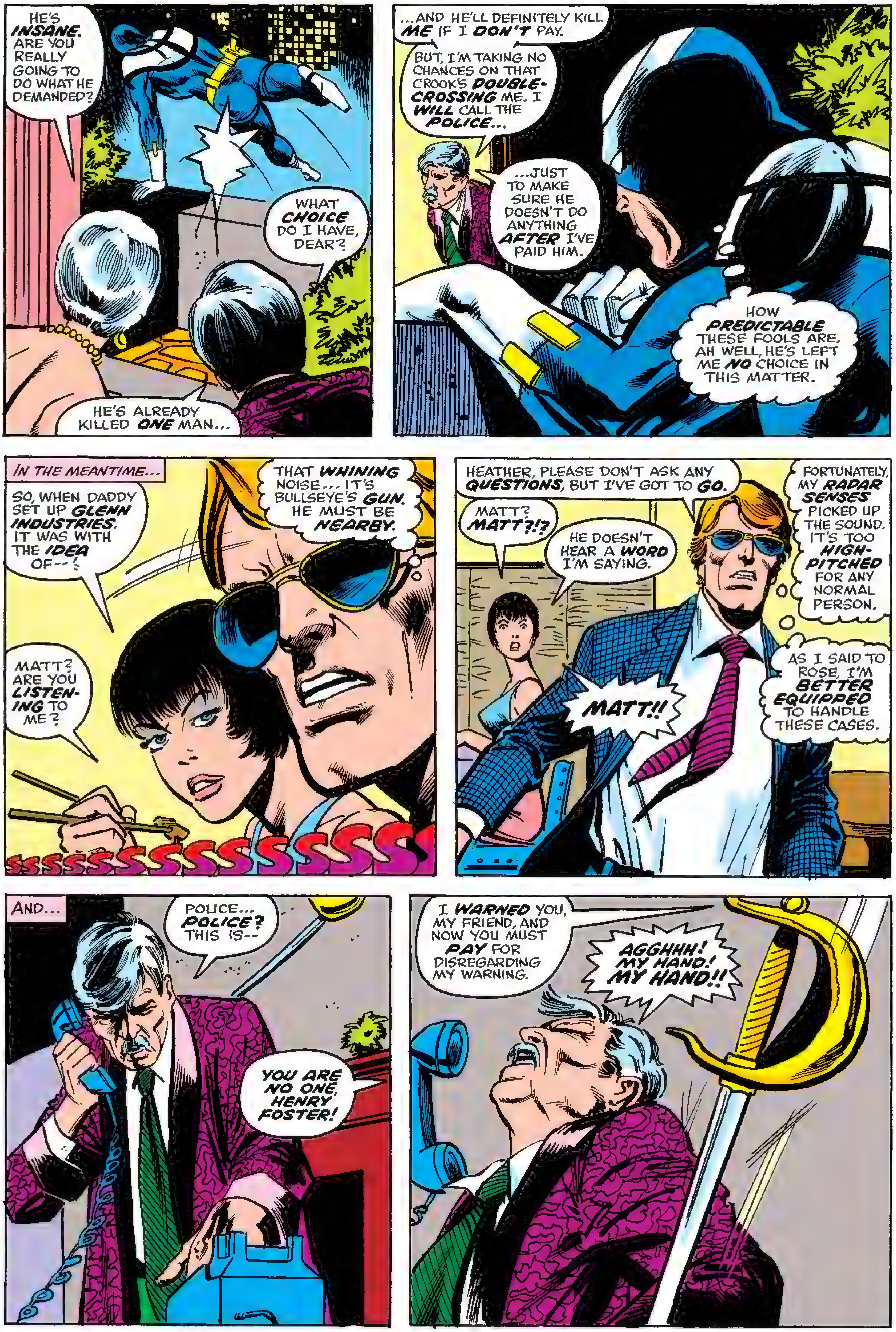

I'M **SURE** MATT'S JUST FINE. AND, KNOWING HIM, HE'S PROBABLY **INVESTIGATING** THAT SLUM-LORD MATTER...
...YOU KNOW, THE PROBLEM CONCERNING YOUR, EH, **FATHER.***
I **STILL** CAN'T BELIEVE DADDY'S OPERATING A ROW OF **SLUM TENEMENTS.**
*AS SHOWN **LAST** ISSUE.--MARV.
HE'S ALWAYS **CARED** ABOUT PEOPLE. WHY, HE WAS ONE OF THE **FIRST** TO JOIN THE CIVIL RIGHTS MARCHES IN THE SIXTIES.
STILL, THE TENEMENT MATT INVESTIGATED **IS** OWNED BY GLENN INDUSTRIES--AND YOUR FATHER IS **MAXWELL GLENN.**
WELL, IF DADDY IS RESPONSIBLE, YOU BETTER BELIEVE HE'LL HEAR **PLENTY** FROM ME.
BUT, RIGHT ABOUT NOW, I'M NOT WORRIED ABOUT DADDY. IT'S **MATT.**
YOU AND HE **DO** HAVE SOMETHING GOOD GOING, DON'T YOU?
YEAHHHHH!
MATT MAY BE A BIT **STUFFY** AT TIMES, BUT HE'S THE **WARMEST** MAN I'VE EVER KNOWN.
BESIDES, HE'S MY **ONE** LINK WITH A SANE WORLD. **WITHOUT** HIM I'D GO **DIPPY** AGAIN.
FOGGY, I **DON'T** WANT TO LOSE HIM. WHAT IF HE'S BEEN IN AN **ACCIDENT...?**
THEN I'LL PUT YOUR **WORRIES** TO REST, HEATHER. I **STILL** HAVE PLENTY OF FRIENDS ON THE POLICE FORCE.
I'LL HAVE THEM RUN A "**MISSING PERSONS**" CHECK OF HOSPITALS AND SUCH.
NOW, WILL YOU GO HOME AND PROMISE NOT TO PULL OUT YOUR PRETTY HAIR **WORRYING,** HEATHER?
THANKS, FOGGY, REALLY. I KNOW I'M A LITTLE SCATTER-BRAINED SOMETIMES, BUT I REALLY **APPRECIATE** THIS. **BELIEVE** ME.
NOW, IF ONLY **SOMEONE** WOULD BE ABLE TO HELP **ME.**
MY FIANCÉE, DEBORAH HARRIS, HAS **VANISHED,** AND I HAVEN'T HEARD WORD **ONE** FROM HER IN **DAYS.**
BUT, I DON'T WANT TO BOTHER HEATHER WITH **MY** PROBLEMS. SHE HAS **ENOUGH** OF HER OWN.

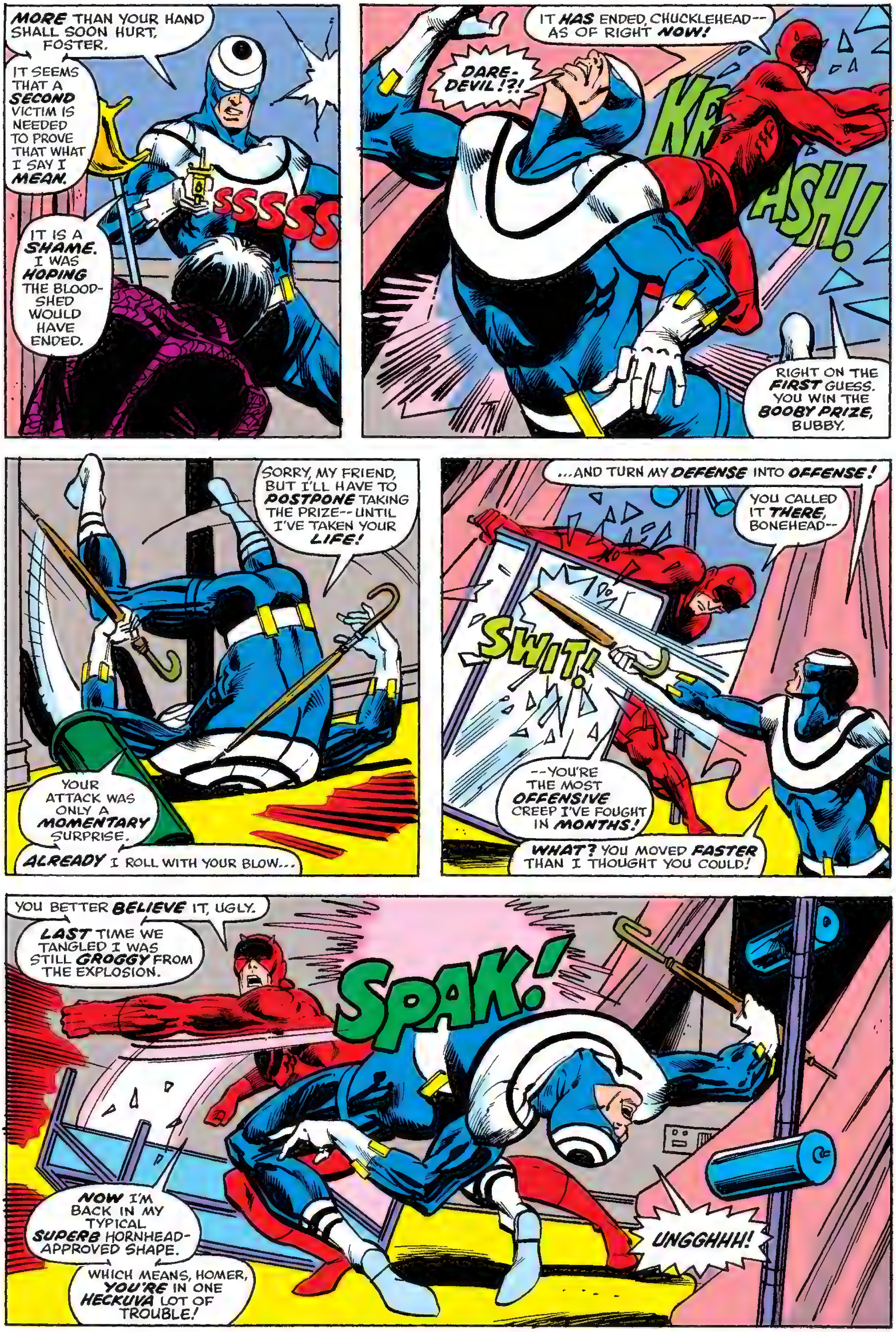

AND, SPEAKING OF HEATHER'S SCARLET-GARBED PROBLEM-CHILD...
BEAUTIFUL, CLOWN, SIMPLY BEAUTIFUL.
YOU HAVE OUR KILLER-BOY IN YOUR HANDS, AND YOU FLUB IT.
YEAH, YOU'RE A REAL HERO, CLOWN. YOU KNOW THAT?
CAN IT, ROSE. I KNOW I BOTCHED IT UP.
"CAN IT, ROSE?" "CAN IT?"
NO, HORNHEAD, I WON'T "CAN IT."
YOU COSTUMED HEROES THINK YOU'RE BETTER THAN OUR HIGHLY-TRAINED PROFESSIONAL, POLICE FORCE...
...YOU TAKE THE LAW INTO YOUR OWN HANDS, AND, WHEN YOU SCREW UP THE WORKS, YOU WANT US TO SIMPLY FORGET IT. NO WAY, HERO!
ROSE, WHEN THE NEW YORK POLICE DEPARTMENT CAN HANDLE MANIACS LIKE BULLSEYE, I'LL BE MORE THAN ECSTATIC TO TOSS AWAY THIS LOONY-TUNE UNION SUIT.
BUT, I HAVE SPECIAL, EH, ABILITIES-- AND CRACK-POT CASES LIKE BULLSEYE ARE MORE UP MY ALLEY THAN YOURS.
THIS ISN'T A PUT-DOWN, LIEUTENANT, THE POLICE HERE DO AN INCREDIBLE JOB, BUT I'M BETTER ABLE TO HANDLE THESE SUPER-VILLAIN CASES THAN THE CITY IS.
YEAH, WE KNOW, HORNHEAD. D.A. TOWER--AND NELSON BEFORE HIM-- GAVE US THE FULL SOB-STORY.
AND, I STILL DON'T BUY IT.
SO, GLORY-HOUND, WE GO OVER YOUR STORY AGAIN... FROM THE BEGINNING.
AWWW-- NUTS!
AND, IF YOU'VE PAID ATTENTION WHILE READING THE FIRST EIGHT PAGES OF THIS MAG, YOU ALREADY KNOW DD'S SAD TALE. SO, LET'S MOVE AHEAD THREE HOURS, TO...
SEEMS AS IF I HAVEN'T BEEN HOME FOR WEEKS INSTEAD OF HOURS.
BETWEEN BULLSEYE AND LIEUTENANT ROSE, I... EH?
MUSIC? SOMEONE'S INSIDE...
IT'S HEATHER... AND SHE'S EXCITED. BUT I CAN'T LET ON THAT I KNOW IT'S HER.
ALL RIGHT, WHO'S IN HERE? SPEAK UP!
MATT? YOU'RE ALL RIGHT!
THANK GOODNESS, I WAS FRANTIC!
THEN KEEP COOL, HONEY, I'M ALIVE AND WELL, IF NOT A WEE-BIT LATE.
I GOT INVOLVED WITH SOME...

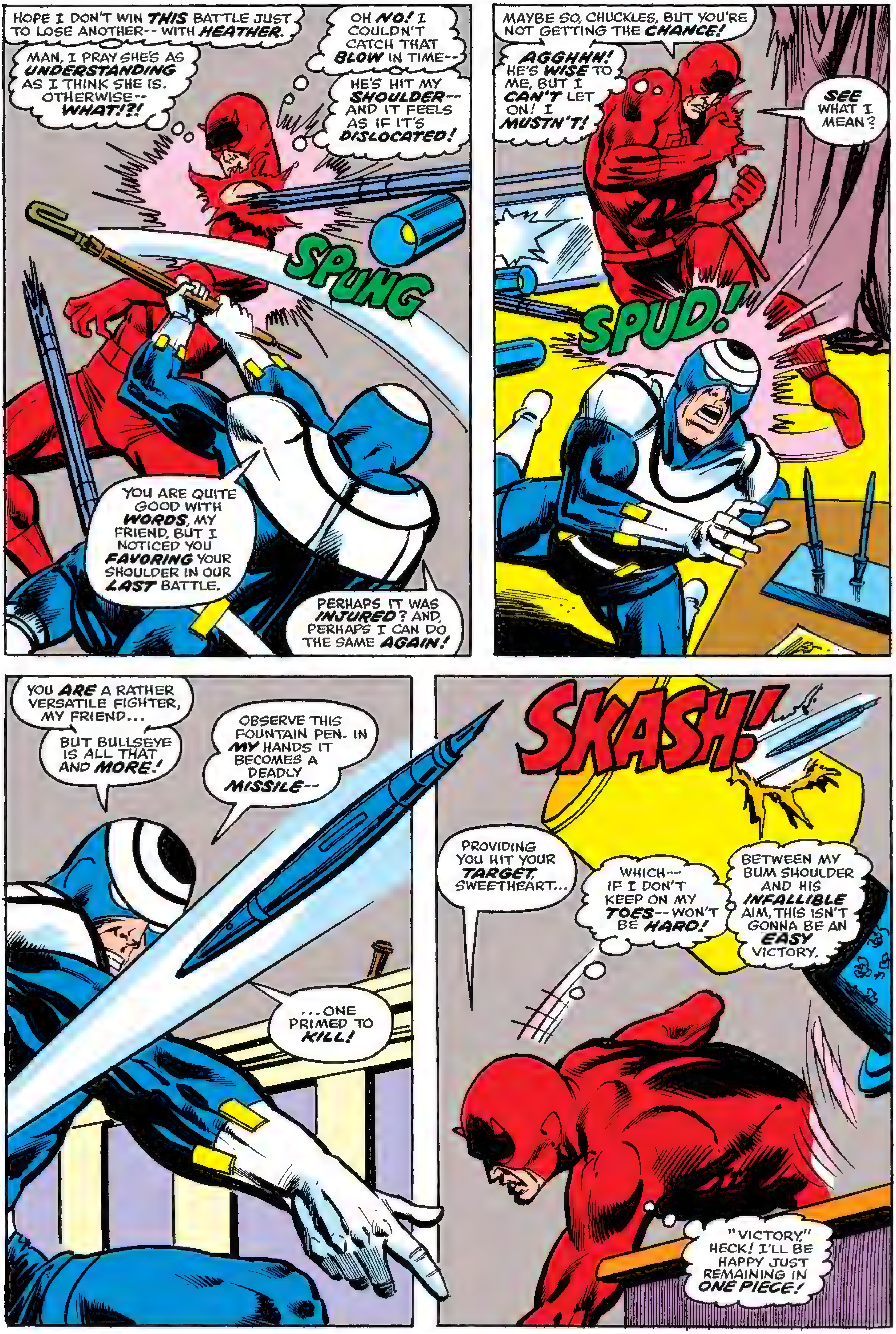

NOT NOW. YOU'LL TELL **EVERYTHING** YOU'VE DONE TODAY, HANDSOME--OVER **DINNER. YOUR** TREAT, OF COURSE.
SOMETHING TELLS ME THE **DINNER BILL'S** GOING TO BE A WHOPPER.
I'VE BEEN WORRYING SO MUCH ABOUT YOU I HAVEN'T **EATEN** ALL DAY.
YOU'D BETTER **BELIEVE** IT, LOVER. I'M **FAMISHED!**
A FEW MINUTES **LATER**, IN ONE OF THE BIG APPLE'S **BETTER** 56th STREET RESTAURANTS...
MATT, YOU'VE **EXPLAINED** WHERE YOU WERE, BUT, SOMEHOW, I **STILL** HAVE A NAGGING SUSPICION THAT YOU'RE NOT TELLING ME **EVERYTHING.**
AND, YOU **KNOW** WHAT A BUSY-BODY I AM. C'MON, **LEVEL** WITH ME.
I'M NOT ONLY INCREDIBLY **CUTE**, BUT I'M A GREAT LISTENER.
HEATHER, I--
HOLD IT! **HOLD IT!** DON'T ANSWER **ANYTHING**, MATT. YOUR DIMPLED DARLING IS BEGINNING TO SOUND LIKE A NAGGING **WIFE.**
I **LOVE** YOU, MATT, AND I KNOW EVERYONE'S GOT TO HAVE SOME **PRIVATE THOUGHTS.**
I WAS **CROWDING** YOU, HONEY, AND IT **WON'T** HAPPEN AGAIN.
I **SWEAR** ON A BOX OF "SCREAMING YELLOW ZONKERS."
BUT I GUESS THE BUSINESS WITH MY **DAD'S** GOT ME MORE DOWN THAN I **THOUGHT.**
YOUR **FATHER**? WHAT ABOUT HIM?
YOU KNOW--GLENN INDUSTRIES... THE **SLUMLORD.**
YOUR FATHER? GOOD GRAVY.
MATTHEW, YOU'RE AN **A-ONE DUNCE!**
I **NEVER** CONNECTED THE NAME WHEN I HEARD IT.
LITTLE LADY, NOW IT'S **MY** TURN TO BE THE **NOSY LAWYER**, AND **MY** EARS ARE EASILY AS CUTE AS YOURS. LET'S **TALK.**
NOW, LET'S MOVE A FEW SHORT STREETS **AWAY** TO...
HENRY AND FREDA FOSTER, YOU HAVE BEEN **CHOSEN** AS THE **SECOND** VICTIMS OF BULLSEYE.
SSSSSSSSSS
FOR **YOUR** SAKES, I HOPE YOU ARE **LUCKIER** THAN MY **FIRST.**
SSSS

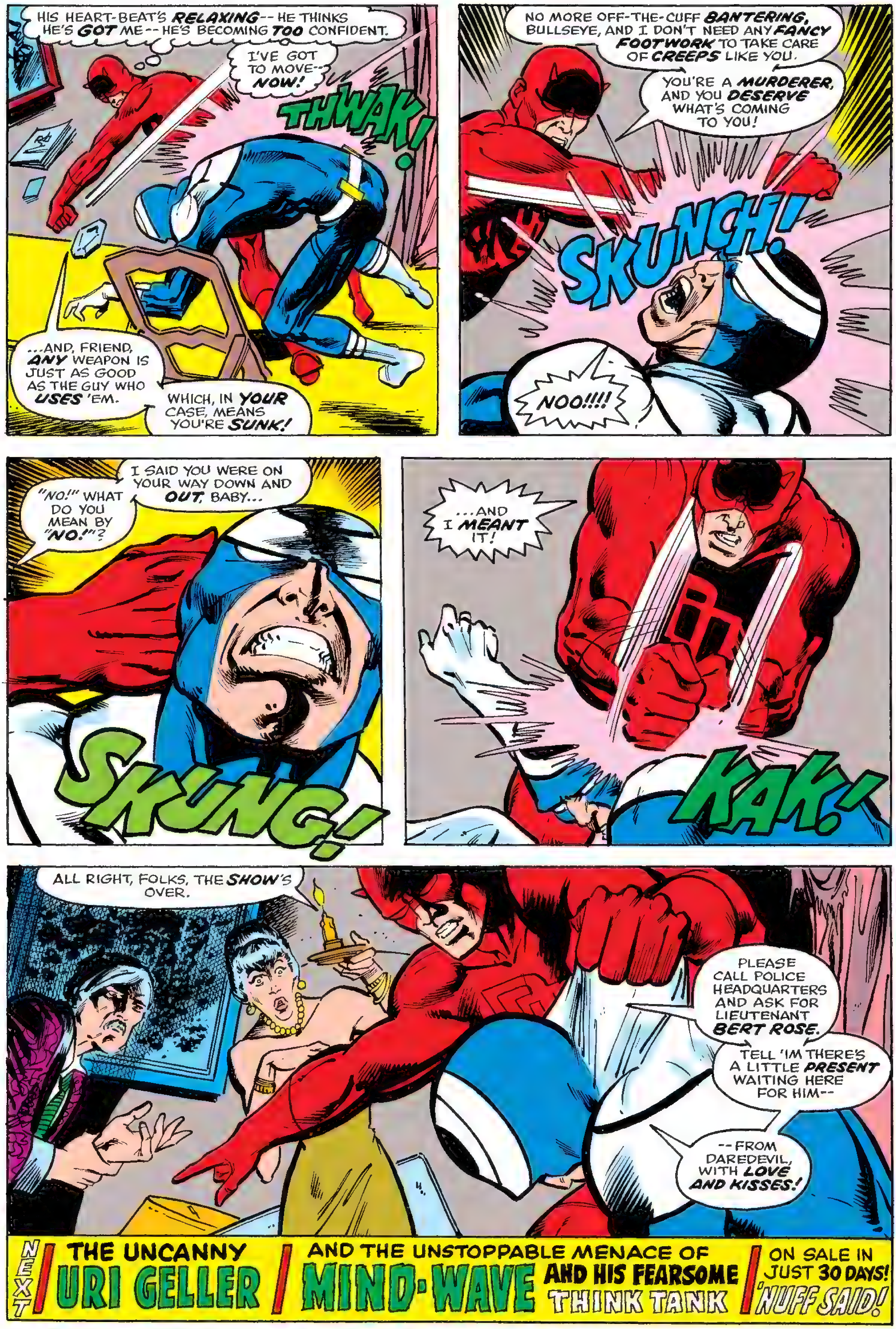

DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND ME, FREDA? I WANT YOUR JEWELS PUT IN OUR VAULT.
WITH MANIACS LIKE THIS BULLSEYE AROUND, NOTHING IS SAFE.
AND I SAY, IF I OWN JEWELRY, I WEAR IT. I'M NOT EASILY FRIGHTENED, HENRY.
AS IF THOSE WORDS WERE A CUE...
WHAT?
CRASH!
THE WINDOW! SOMETHING'S COMING THROUGH IT!
DAILY BUGLE
NEW CRIME MENACE BULLSEYE
HENRY?
HENRY-- SPEAK TO ME!
HENRY!!
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, HENRY?!?
DAILY BUGLE
JAN. 23 1976
NEW CRIME MENACE BULLSEYE
IS HE CONNECTED WITH SPIDER-MAN?
SEE EDITORIAL BY J. JONAH JAMESON
HE IS NOT HARMED, MRS. FOSTER.
AND, HE WON'T BE...

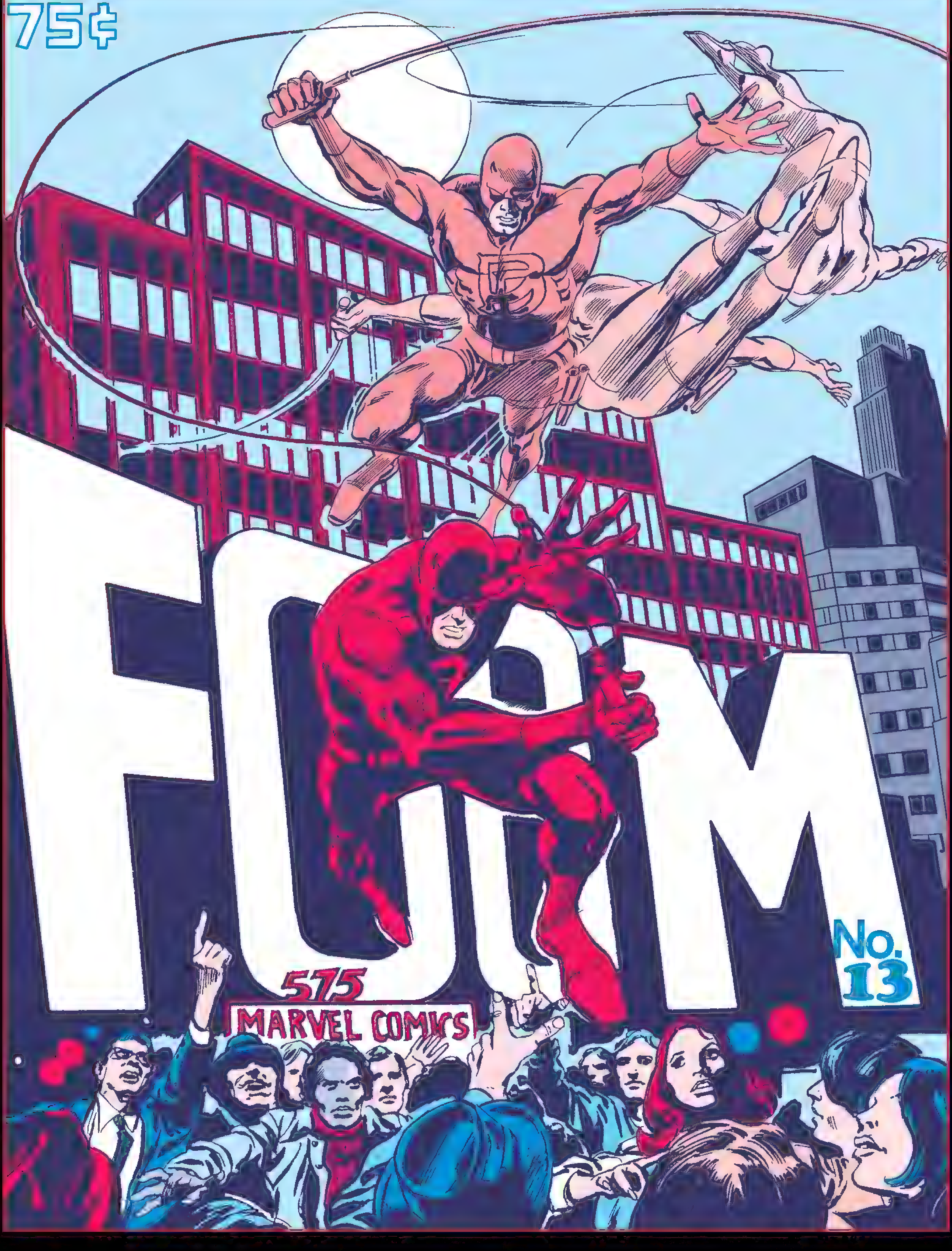

...IF HE FOLLOWS ALL MY ORDERS.
WHO... WHO ARE YOU?
DAILY BUGLE
NEW CRIME MENACE BULLSEYE
OH, MY LORD. IT'S--
YOU RECOGNIZE ME, FOSTER? HOW FLATTERING. I SEE MY LITTLE PUBLICITY CAMPAIGN HAS WORKED WELL.
AS FOR YOU, MRS. FOSTER, PERMIT ME TO INTRODUCE MYSELF.
THE NAME IS BULLSEYE.
YES, THE SAME ONE AS ON THAT TABLOID'S COVER.
AND, AS FOR WHY I HAVE COME TO YOUR VERY PLEASANT APARTMENT; I DESIRE MONEY.
$100,000 WILL DO. IN UNMARKED HUNDREDS.
WHY, THE NERVE OF--
ENOUGH, DEAR. THIS MAN'S A MURDERER!
I'LL DO WHATEVER YOU SAY...
...BUT I NEED TIME TO RAISE THE CASH... AT LEAST A DAY!
BULLSEYE IS NOT AN UNREASONABLE MAN, MR. FOSTER. YOU SHALL HAVE YOUR TIME.
I SHALL CONTACT YOU TOMORROW.
AH, ONE LAST ITEM. DO NOT CALL THE POLICE, MR. FOSTER. I'LL KNOW IF YOU TRY.
AND THEN I SHALL BE FORCED TO KILL YOU AND FOREGO OUR BARGAIN.
FAREWELL FOR NOW, MR. AND MRS. FOSTER. AND ENJOY THE REST OF THIS EVENING.


HE'S INSANE. ARE YOU REALLY GOING TO DO WHAT HE DEMANDED?
WHAT CHOICE DO I HAVE, DEAR?
HE'S ALREADY KILLED ONE MAN...
...AND HE'LL DEFINITELY KILL ME IF I DON'T PAY.
BUT, I'M TAKING NO CHANCES ON THAT CROOK'S DOUBLE-CROSSING ME. I WILL CALL THE POLICE...
...JUST TO MAKE SURE HE DOESN'T DO ANYTHING AFTER I'VE PAID HIM.
HOW PREDICTABLE THESE FOOLS ARE. AH WELL, HE'S LEFT ME NO CHOICE IN THIS MATTER.
IN THE MEANTIME...
SO, WHEN DADDY SET UP GLENN INDUSTRIES, IT WAS WITH THE IDEA OF--?
THAT WHINING NOISE... IT'S BULLSEYE'S GUN. HE MUST BE NEARBY.
MATT? ARE YOU LISTENING TO ME?
SSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS
HEATHER, PLEASE DON'T ASK ANY QUESTIONS, BUT I'VE GOT TO GO.
MATT? MATT?!?
HE DOESN'T HEAR A WORD I'M SAYING.
FORTUNATELY, MY RADAR SENSES PICKED UP THE SOUND. IT'S TOO HIGH-PITCHED FOR ANY NORMAL PERSON.
AS I SAID TO ROSE, I'M BETTER EQUIPPED TO HANDLE THESE CASES.
MATT!!
AND...
POLICE... POLICE? THIS IS--
YOU ARE NO ONE, HENRY FOSTER!
I WARNED YOU, MY FRIEND, AND NOW YOU MUST PAY FOR DISREGARDING MY WARNING.
AGGHHH! MY HAND! MY HAND!!


MORE THAN YOUR HAND SHALL SOON HURT, FOSTER.
IT SEEMS THAT A SECOND VICTIM IS NEEDED TO PROVE THAT WHAT I SAY I MEAN.
SSSSS
IT IS A SHAME. I WAS HOPING THE BLOODSHED WOULD HAVE ENDED.
IT HAS ENDED, CHUCKLEHEAD-- AS OF RIGHT NOW!
DARE-DEVIL!?!
KRASH!
RIGHT ON THE FIRST GUESS. YOU WIN THE BOOBY PRIZE, BUBBY.
SORRY, MY FRIEND, BUT I'LL HAVE TO POSTPONE TAKING THE PRIZE--UNTIL I'VE TAKEN YOUR LIFE!
YOUR ATTACK WAS ONLY A MOMENTARY SURPRISE.
ALREADY I ROLL WITH YOUR BLOW...
...AND TURN MY DEFENSE INTO OFFENSE!
YOU CALLED IT THERE, BONEHEAD--
SWIT!
--YOU'RE THE MOST OFFENSIVE CREEP I'VE FOUGHT IN MONTHS!
WHAT? YOU MOVED FASTER THAN I THOUGHT YOU COULD!
YOU BETTER BELIEVE IT, UGLY.
LAST TIME WE TANGLED I WAS STILL GROGGY FROM THE EXPLOSION.
SPAK!
NOW I'M BACK IN MY TYPICAL SUPERB HORNHEAD-APPROVED SHAPE.
WHICH MEANS, HOMER, YOU'RE IN ONE HECKUVA LOT OF TROUBLE!
UNGGHHH!


HOPE I DON'T WIN THIS BATTLE JUST TO LOSE ANOTHER-- WITH HEATHER.
MAN, I PRAY SHE'S AS UNDERSTANDING AS I THINK SHE IS. OTHERWISE-- WHAT!?!
OH NO! I COULDN'T CATCH THAT BLOW IN TIME--
HE'S HIT MY SHOULDER-- AND IT FEELS AS IF IT'S DISLOCATED!
SPUNG
YOU ARE QUITE GOOD WITH WORDS, MY FRIEND, BUT I NOTICED YOU FAVORING YOUR SHOULDER IN OUR LAST BATTLE.
PERHAPS IT WAS INJURED? AND, PERHAPS I CAN DO THE SAME AGAIN!
MAYBE SO, CHUCKLES, BUT YOU'RE NOT GETTING THE CHANCE!
AGGHHH! HE'S WISE TO ME, BUT I CAN'T LET ON! I MUSTN'T!
SEE WHAT I MEAN?
SPUD!
YOU ARE A RATHER VERSATILE FIGHTER, MY FRIEND...
BUT BULLSEYE IS ALL THAT AND MORE!
OBSERVE THIS FOUNTAIN PEN. IN MY HANDS IT BECOMES A DEADLY MISSILE--
...ONE PRIMED TO KILL!
SKASH!
PROVIDING YOU HIT YOUR TARGET, SWEETHEART...
WHICH-- IF I DON'T KEEP ON MY TOES-- WON'T BE HARD!
BETWEEN MY BUM SHOULDER AND HIS INFALLIBLE AIM, THIS ISN'T GONNA BE AN EASY VICTORY.
"VICTORY," HECK! I'LL BE HAPPY JUST REMAINING IN ONE PIECE!

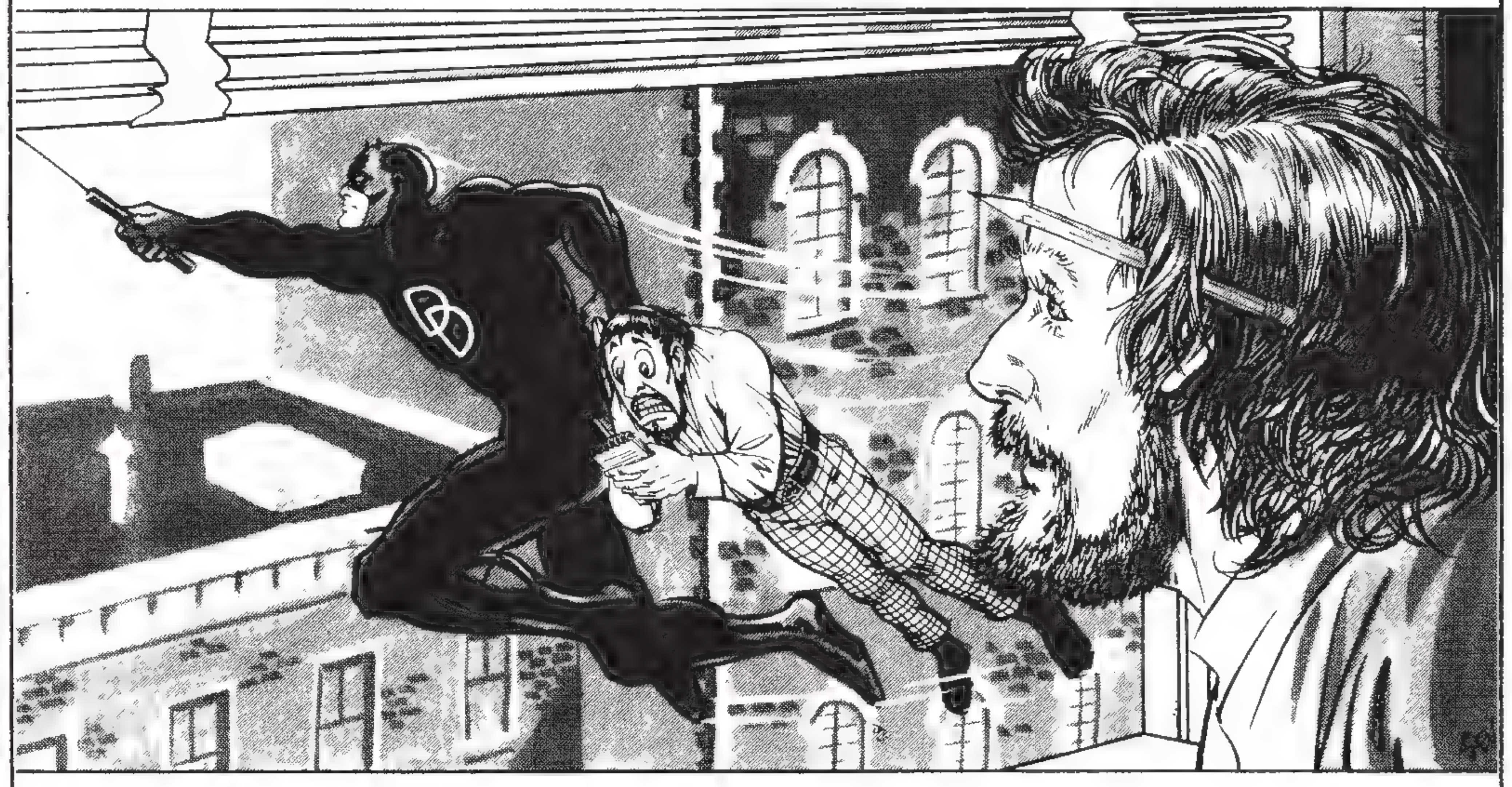

HIS HEART-BEAT'S RELAXING-- HE THINKS HE'S GOT ME-- HE'S BECOMING TOO CONFIDENT.
I'VE GOT TO MOVE-- NOW!
THWAK!
...AND, FRIEND, ANY WEAPON IS JUST AS GOOD AS THE GUY WHO USES 'EM.
WHICH, IN YOUR CASE, MEANS YOU'RE SUNK!
NO MORE OFF-THE-CUFF BANTERING, BULLSEYE, AND I DON'T NEED ANY FANCY FOOTWORK TO TAKE CARE OF CREEPS LIKE YOU.
YOU'RE A MURDERER, AND YOU DESERVE WHAT'S COMING TO YOU!
SKUNCH!
NOO!!!!
"NO!" WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY "NO!"?
I SAID YOU WERE ON YOUR WAY DOWN AND OUT, BABY...
SKUNG!
...AND I MEANT IT!
KAK!
ALL RIGHT, FOLKS, THE SHOW'S OVER.
PLEASE CALL POLICE HEADQUARTERS AND ASK FOR LIEUTENANT BERT ROSE.
TELL 'IM THERE'S A LITTLE PRESENT WAITING HERE FOR HIM--
--FROM DAREDEVIL, WITH LOVE AND KISSES!
NEXT
THE UNCANNY URI GELLER
AND THE UNSTOPPABLE MENACE OF MIND-WAVE AND HIS FEARSOME THINK TANK
ON SALE IN JUST 30 DAYS! 'NUFF SAID!


75¢
F.O.O.M.
No. 13
575
MARVEL COMICS

F.O.O.M. #13 (MARCH 1976) EXPLORED THE HISTORY OF AND CREATORS BEHIND MARVEL'S MAN WITHOUT FEAR

DAREDEVIL

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!



(but first, a word from our sponsors...)

Welcome, dear friends and gentlepersons, to the Friday-the-Thirteenth issue of *F.O.O.M.*

Why the Friday-the-Thirteenth issue, you ask, having noticed, as well you might—being of sound mind and body and, of course, having an up-to-date calendar nearby—that there ain't a Friday-the-Thirteenth to be seen for months on end around the time this gentle bundle of literary joy lands—*plop!*—in your collective mailboxes? Reasonable question, deserving a reasonable answer. Which is that this slightly madcap editorial is being somewhat hastily scrivened amid the bitter winds and drifting snows of February, with an angry, anguished Production Manager (one *Lenny Grow* by name) breathing down ye editor's neck and—you guessed it!—Friday-the-Thirteenth staring him in the face. Along with dreams of what it must be like to put out a magazine that gets itself to the printers at anywhere near its due date.

But I digress. Back to the main event...

The Thirteenth Issue of *F.O.O.M.*—spotlighting, as seems only fitting for this most ominous of numbers, with a book going to the printer so near that most ominous of dates, *DAREDEVIL*, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

Like I said, *Daredevil* means something special to me. In many ways, he's my favorite Marvel hero (not counting the *X-Men* or *Iron Fist*, of course). He's a man who could be you or me, a man crippled by fate who's managed to totally surmount his injury. A blind man coping and conquering the world he's forced to live in. Sure, his radar-senses give him an edge over the rest of us, but the athletic prowess, the strength, the acrobatic skill...all of that is possible for a normal person—if you don't believe me, just watch this year's summer Olympics. Daredevil is an Olympic gymnast carried to the N*th*—the highest—degree. Not as spectacular as a *Thor*, perhaps, nor as spooky/flamboyant as a *Spider-Man*, but infinitely more human.

Daredevil, *F.O.O.M. #13*—or most of it, anyway—is yours.

To begin with, after a spectacular cover by DD artists supreme, *Gene Colan* and *Tom Palmer*: "In the Eyes of a Beholder" by *Ms. Naomi Basner*, a critical overview of *Daredevil's* life and times, from those long-ago—and very far away—days of issue #1 up thru the present of *Marv Wolfman*.

Following "Beholder" the discerning reader will find "The Girls in Daredevil's Life" by the same, extraordinarily prolific Ms. Basner (who was originally scheduled to scriven only one of the two main articles, but who pitched in and came to ye editor's rescue when the other writer couldn't complete the assignment and the Dreaded Deadline Doom reared its hoary head—again, and in public this time, Naomi, thanks a bunch). The subject here should be obvious, a brief, incisive look at the three women in DD's—and Matt Murdock's—life: *Karen Page, Natasha Alianovna Romanoff* aka the *Black Widow*, and *Heather Glenn*. How he affected their lives, how they affected his, why the relationships worked, why they fell apart.

There's a page of art from the students of *John Buscema's Comic Art School*, showcasing talents who may one day be appearing in these pages as pro's. And a checklist of all *Daredevil's* books, from DD#1 thru DD#134, listing number, date, title, writer, artist, inker, and number of pages—just to let you know what your collection's missing. And, finally, a pair of interviews: with the Smilin' One, *Stan Lee*, himself—to find out where Daredevil's been; and with *Marvelous Marv Wolfman*—to find out where the heck the book is going.

And, just to prove that variety is indeed the spice of *F.O.O.M.*, we've got an article on Marvel's British Book Department, telling you everything you ever wanted to know about the Marvel books published in Perfidious Albion—better known as Great Britain—written by a newcomer to the Marvel scene, *Martin Sands*.

We end our somewhat rambling prologue by noting that, as usual, we've left the Department of Infoomation 'til last. An oversight, I assure you—*Scott Edelman* is 'way too big to risk getting him angry at you, much less at me. But, anyway, it's there, and it's chock full of interesting little tid-bits, not to mention all the information you'll ever need on the upcoming quarter-year's titles, culled (if you'll excuse the...pun?) (*Ouch*, Scott, I didn't mean it; honest!) from the writer's mouths themselves (the writers being unavailable for comment at press time.)

* * *

STAN LEE/Publisher
GERRY CONWAY/Editor-in-Chief
CHRIS CLAREMONT/Editor
ARCHIE GOODWIN
ROY THOMAS
MARV WOLFMAN/Contributing Editors
BARBARA ALTMAN/Darling of Design
LENNY GROW/Prince of Production
NAOMI BASNER
JOHN BUSCEMA
GENE COLAN
BOB DOWNS
SCOTT EDELMAN
BOB HALL
ED HANNIGAN
LARRY MAHLSTEDT
MIKE J. McCANN
AL MILGROM
NANCY MURPHY
CHARLES NANCO
TOM PALMER
MARIE SEVERIN
JOHN VERPOORTEN
JOHN WARNER
JOSH ZISSMAN/
Friends Of Ol' Marvel

* * *

Enough silliness already; this is supposed to be a serious magazine!

Who said?

What we—rather, I—aim to do in *F.O.O.M.* in the issues to come is give you a magazine that's fun to read, but one that doesn't insult your intelligence, either. You're reading this mag—or so we've been told—because you like and enjoy Marvel, because you're *interested* in us and in what we publish, because you want to learn more about us, about the books you buy each month. Well, that's what we aim to give you; and then some.

In addition to the cover features—which, in upcoming issues, will spotlight *Conan and assorted barbarians* (namely, *Red Sonja* and *Kull*); *Thor;* Kung Fu heroes (*Shang-Chi, Iron Fist, the Sons of the Tiger, the White Tiger*); and, with any luck at all, the Bullpen itself—we're planning continuing features such as: the villains list (an A-to-Z run-thru of the most villainous evil-doers in Marvel's not-so-nice-guy pantheon, a letter an issue); a new features profile, filling you in on new titles and new characters, with behind-the-scenes info on their creation. There'll be the Fan Art Gallery, of course, but there will be a Back Page Gallery as well, showcasing the back-of-the-page scribblings (warm-up sketches done on the backs of the regular art pages) of such Marvel luminaries as *John Buscema* and *Dave Cockrum*. We also plan a continuation of the Bullpen Bio page, filling you in on people who are just as essential to Marvel as our writers and artists, but who remain unsung and unappreciated outside the industry.

To be blunt, we plan to make *F.O.O.M.* the most exciting and interesting thing to come down the pike in a long time. We have a lot of ideas, a lot of things we'll try just for the heck of it, a lot of things we'll be wanting your opinion on. So write us; the more letters, the better; we'll be glad to hear from you.

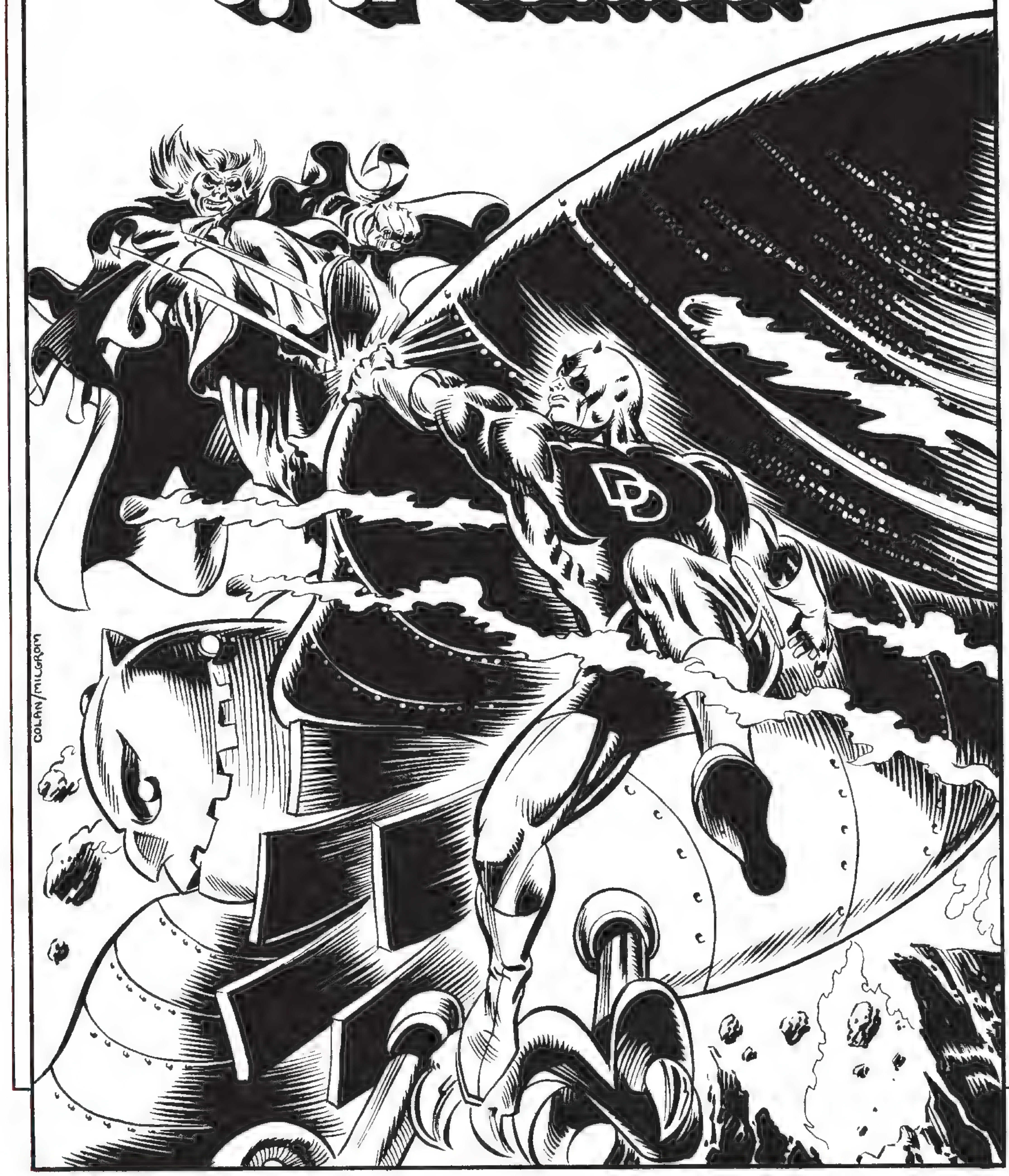
But whatever you do, dear friends and gentlepersons, don't miss *F.O.O.M.;* because if you do, you'll be missing something special. And no way would we want that to happen to a Friend of Ol' Marvel.

See ya in the funny papers, gang; don't be late!

chris claremont

Color separations by Mad Genius Associates.

Through The Eyes Of A Beholder



"People make heroes . . . . We're born from a gut-level need to help—and a need for help . . . ."
—Daredevil (issue #100)

"If you ask me, they're probably all a bunch of practicing neurotics!"
—Foggy Nelson (DAREDEVIL #19)

---

by Naomi Basner &
Chris Claremont

What makes a superhero? Special abilities. Hard work. Fate. But there has to be another ingredient. Attitude. State of mind. Something inside that wants to go out and save the world—that needs to be the only one who can stop the menace. Take it away, and maybe all that'll be left is "just another clown in longjohns."

Which brings us to the year 1950, and a prizefighter named Battling Murdock, urging his eight-year-old son, Matthew to study, so that he would amount to something when grown. Striving to please his father, Matt earned straight A's in school, but avoided athletics. This made him the target of taunts from the neighborhood kids, who dubbed him "Daredevil", and caused him to begin working out in secret, keeping in excellent physical shape while continuing to do well academically. Meanwhile, Battling Murdock—past his prime and having trouble getting fights—signed with a crooked manager known as the Fixer, in order to earn enough money to send Matt to college.

1957: enter Fate. Matt Murdock, returning home from the library, spotted a blind man about to be hit by a speeding truck. A less conscientious person might have done nothing, but Matt raced to push the man out of the way, a cylinder of radioactive material the truck was carrying striking him in the face. He was blinded, but soon discovered that the radioactivity had heightened his other senses. His hearing was sharp enough to detect a person's heartbeat, serving as a means of identification as well as a built-in lie detector. He could read by running his fingers over a printed page. His "radar sense" warned him of obstacles and allowed him to perceive the outlines of solid objects. With these new abilities added to his acrobatic skills, Matt had all the makings of a super-hero, but instead, he chose to keep his hypersenses to himself.

Until . . . 1964: Battling Murdock was ordered to throw a fight. Matt and his college roomate, Foggy Nelson, were in the audience, and Murdock kayoed his opponent out of the desire to make his son proud of him. The Fixer had him shot for the unscheduled victory, just weeks before Matt's graduation from law school and the establishment of the firm of Nelson and Murdock. Matt felt unable to concentrate on his work until his father's death was avenged, but hesitated to break his promise never to resort to force.

His solution was to create another identity to do the crime-fighting, so he could use his powers without going back on his word. This dissociation of self didn't really change the fact that Matt was getting into brawls, but it made him feel better about doing so. He chose the name "Daredevil" in a flash of irony, and designed himself a costume, complete with a "billy-club" weapon formed from his cane. Then he cleaned up the Fixer and company, in record time.

Daredevil's career was now officially begun. No vows made, a minimum of hesitation. The murder of Battling Murdock was only the catalyst which set into motion events that had their origins in Matt's adolescence. Once he had completed his first case, DD went on to battle car thieves and supervillains alike, without a moment's doubt as to whether or not to continue. It seemed only logical that he should, and the role became increasingly important to him, frequently interfering with his law practice. He could now be the active, heroic figure that blind, studious Matt Murdock was never allowed to be—and he enjoyed every minute of it!

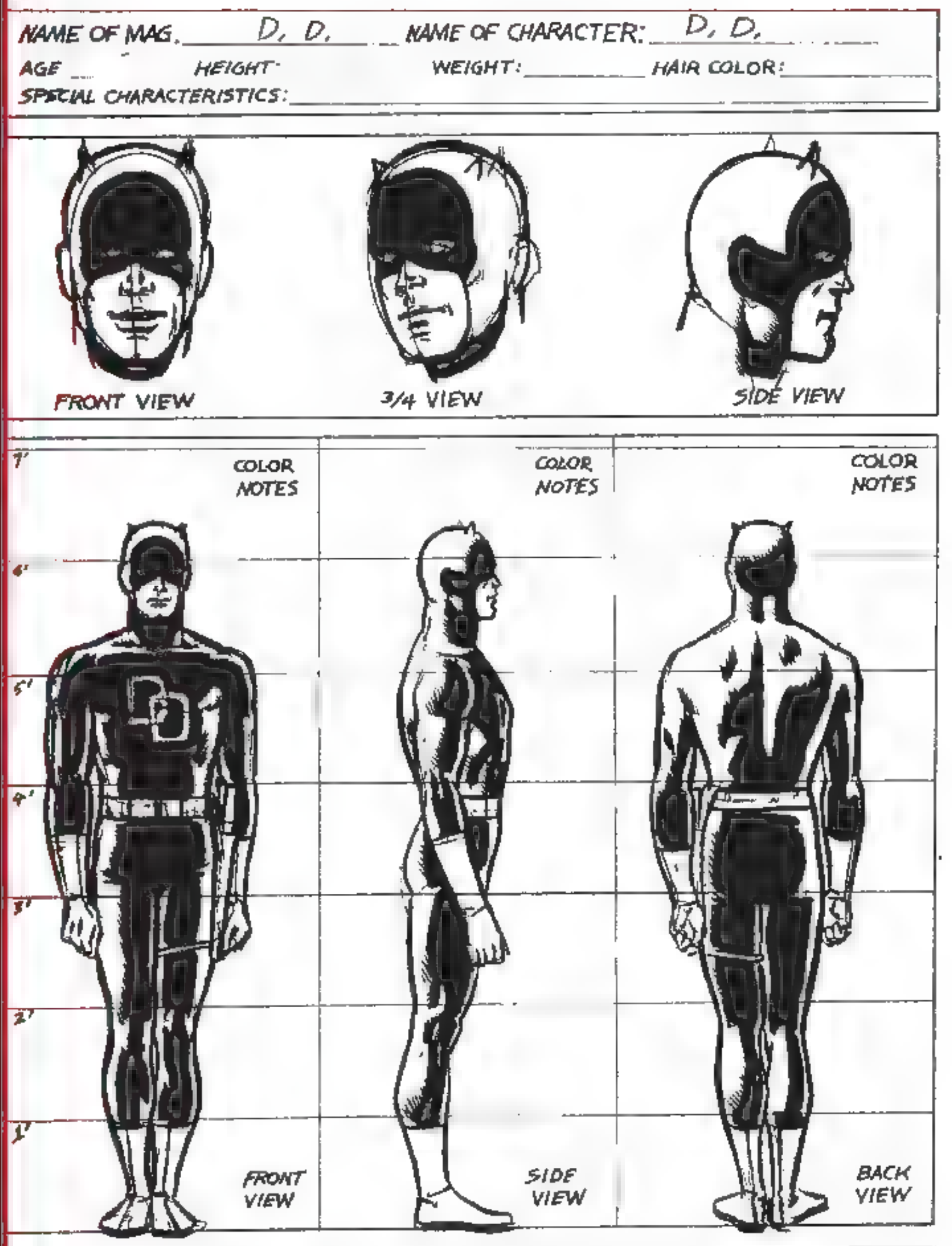
Although sensitive to pity for his supposed handicap, Matt from the beginning reconciled himself to the prospect of being blind *and* Daredevil, rather than regaining his eyesight and losing his other powers. He did have the opportunity to see again on several separate occasions, but circumstances and free will prevented a permanent cure. On the first occasion, the only doctor capable of restoring his sight was killed while stopping an artificially-produced radioactive cobalt cloud from engulfing the earth, saving Matt the trouble of finding an excuse for not going through with the operation. Months later, he was able to see for a short time, while trapped inside the body of Doctor Doom. Of course, he was glad to trick Doom into giving back his body, even at the cost of his "borrowed" sight.

Actually, despite the conflicts it caused with Foggy Nelson and Karen Page, Matt liked being Daredevil more than anything else. He often felt stifled in his civilian identity, needing the action and excitement of swinging through the rooftops, and the glory of striking a more dynamic blow for Justice than he could as a mere lawyer. And so it went, until the necessity of protecting his secret identity began one of the most significant periods of Daredevil's career.

Having teamed with Daredevil several times, as well as battling him under extenuating circumstances, Spider-Man had come to the correct conclusion that DD was Matt Murdock, and sent him a letter to that effect. However, while DD was in Europe on a mission, the letter was opened by Karen and Foggy, who confronted Matt with their new-found knowledge when he returned. Matt countered by making up a twin brother named Mike, a sighted swinger who just happened to be Daredevil. When Foggy demanded to meet this twin, DD dressed up and appeared in the offices of Nelson and Murdock as brother "Mike." He was instantly accepted as the real thing, on the grounds that his eccentric personality was too alien to Matt's to be an act. (Neither Karen or Foggy ever thought of asking Mike to take off his sunglasses, which would've blown the whole thing wide open. Some people are just naturally trusting . . .)

Karen's and Foggy's implicit belief that Daredevil was Mike rather that Matt didn't really make DD's secret identity any more secret, but he apparently thought that "Mike" would be easier to get rid of in an emergency. Besides, being Mike Murdock allowed Hornhead to have the most fun he'd ever had as a civilian. Mike was able to hang around and make jokes until DD was needed, mooching off Foggy and (presumably) Matt. In effect, Matt *was* supporting his "twin", since he was the one who got the law work done, and Mike only showed up when the Man Without Fear felt like taking a rest.

Confusing, no? But that's the danger of juggling three different identities: you can never be sure who's who! Matt/Mike/Daredevil wasn't (weren't?) absolutely certain, either. It



artist Wally Wood's original character sketch for Daredevil, circa 1964.

began to seem as though there were at least two, and possibly three, separate personalites sharing the same body.

After a while, the extra identity of Mike Murdock became more trouble than it was worth, and DD started looking for a chance to end the masquerade. This came while he was rescuing Foggy from the Exterminator's T (for time)-Ray. He shorted out the machine's controls, causing it to explode, and left a shred of his uniform to make it look as though Mike had been killed in the explosion. He momentarily entertained the thought of letting Daredevil stay "dead," but went back into action at the drop of a supervillain, concluding that he could never give up being a hero—no matter what the cost.

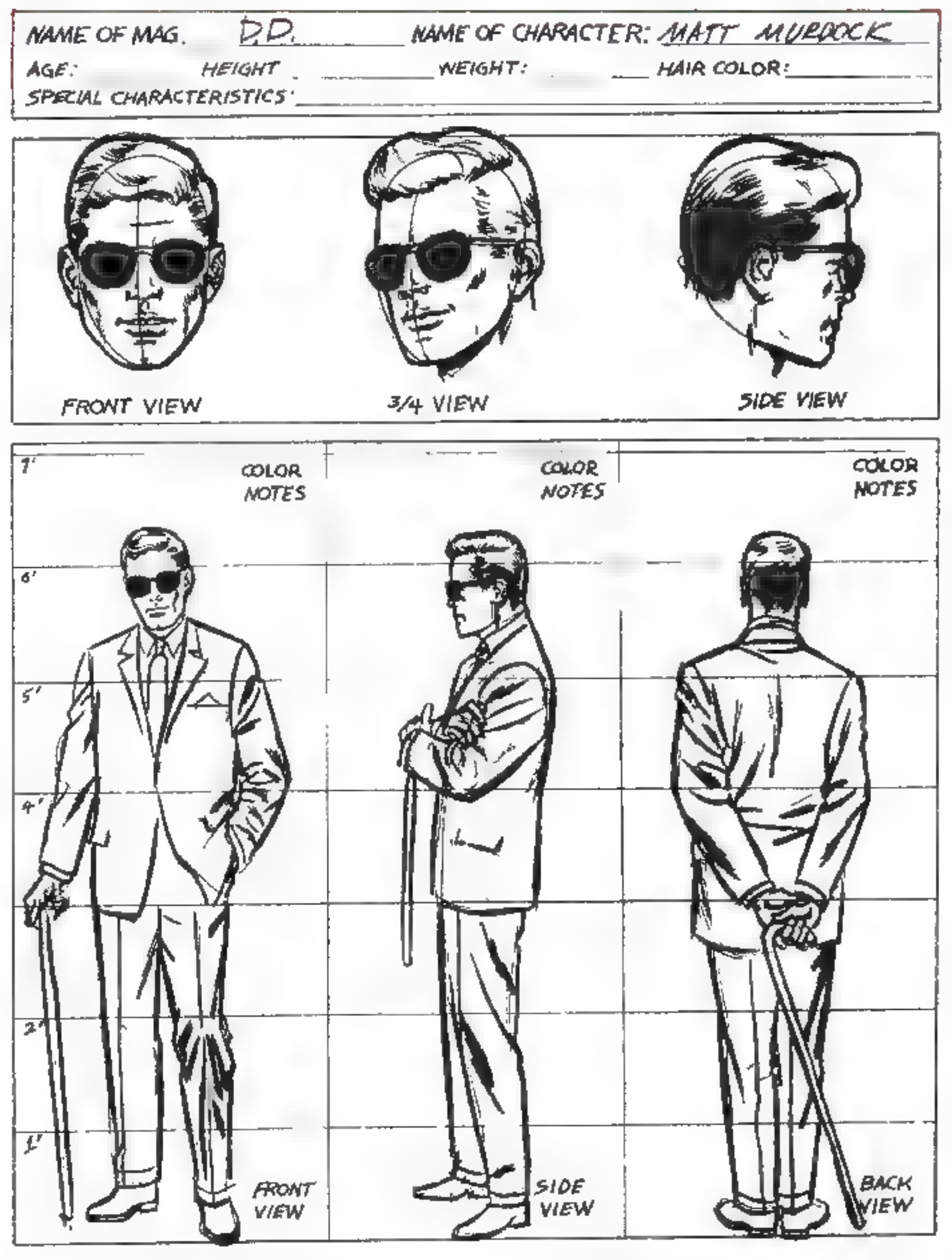
And the cost turned out to be quite high. Daredevil's comings and goings caused Matt's behavior to be erratic at best—and extremely annoying upon occasion—which did little to improve his social life. He bemoaned this situation between battles, but his conscience wouldn't allow him to hand up his longjohns.

Not for lack of trying, though. He was in the process of doing just that, when a killer robot sent by an assassin named Starr Saxon forced him to postpone his retirement indefinitely, first so he could fight for his life, and then because Saxon had stumbled onto his secret identity. This sequence of events combined with a violent reaction to an injection to bring about a temporary delirium, during which Matt was positive that Daredevil was conspiring with Saxon against him.

Matt's head soon cleared from his illness, and he retrieved his uniform to go after Starr Saxon, aided by the Black Panther—who had also inadvertently learned his secret. Matt had to let Saxon go, however, when Saxon threatened to expose his secret identity. After a great deal of thought about how this predicament could be gotten out of, DD concluded that it was blind, helpless Matt Murdock who was responsible for all his troubles. He planned to make it seem as though Matt had been killed in a plane crash—thus, in a way, substantiating his alter ego's earlier fears. The plan worked, Matt's "death" foiling Saxon's blackmail scheme and freeing Daredevil to bring him to justice.

However, these weren't the only changes ol' Hornhead was going thru around this time. He had a new writer, Rascally Roy Thomas—who took over the Starr Saxon plotline after Stan Lee had begun it in issue #50. After four years and fifty issues, Stan was bowing out to concentrate on Marvel's mainline books—*Spider-Man, Thor,* the *Fantastic Four,* the new *Silver Surfer* giant-size bi-monthly—leaving the scripting of the not-so-mainline books to the second generation of Marvel Madmen, people like Roy, Gary & Mike Friedrich; and later on, Gerry Conway, Steve Englehart, Steve Gerber, Marv Wolfman and Len Wein. But more on them later.

So here was Daredevil, his alter ego—both of them, finally—dead, free to start a new life anywhere and anyway he wanted, free to do—again, finally—what he'd always wanted to do deep in his heart of hearts: be a super-hero. Without any secret identity hassles to plague him. Of course, he'd forgotten the effect Matt Murdock's death might have on the woman both Matt and DD loved, Karen Page; she took it hard, to put it mildly. And by time he *did* realize what he had done to her, possibly to both of them, there was nothing he could do about it without blowing his precious, newly-won anonimity all over again. It seemed that the more he tried to iron out the problems in his life, the worse everything got.



Artist Wally Wood's original character sketch for Daredevil, circa 1964.

Roy was on the book for a little under two years, issues #51 thru 71, but in those years, he set Daredevil up against one of his most macabre foes; and had our hero make a decision that was to change his life—and the life of Karen Page, the woman he had loved all these lonesome years—forever. Both of these events were bound up in the same story line.

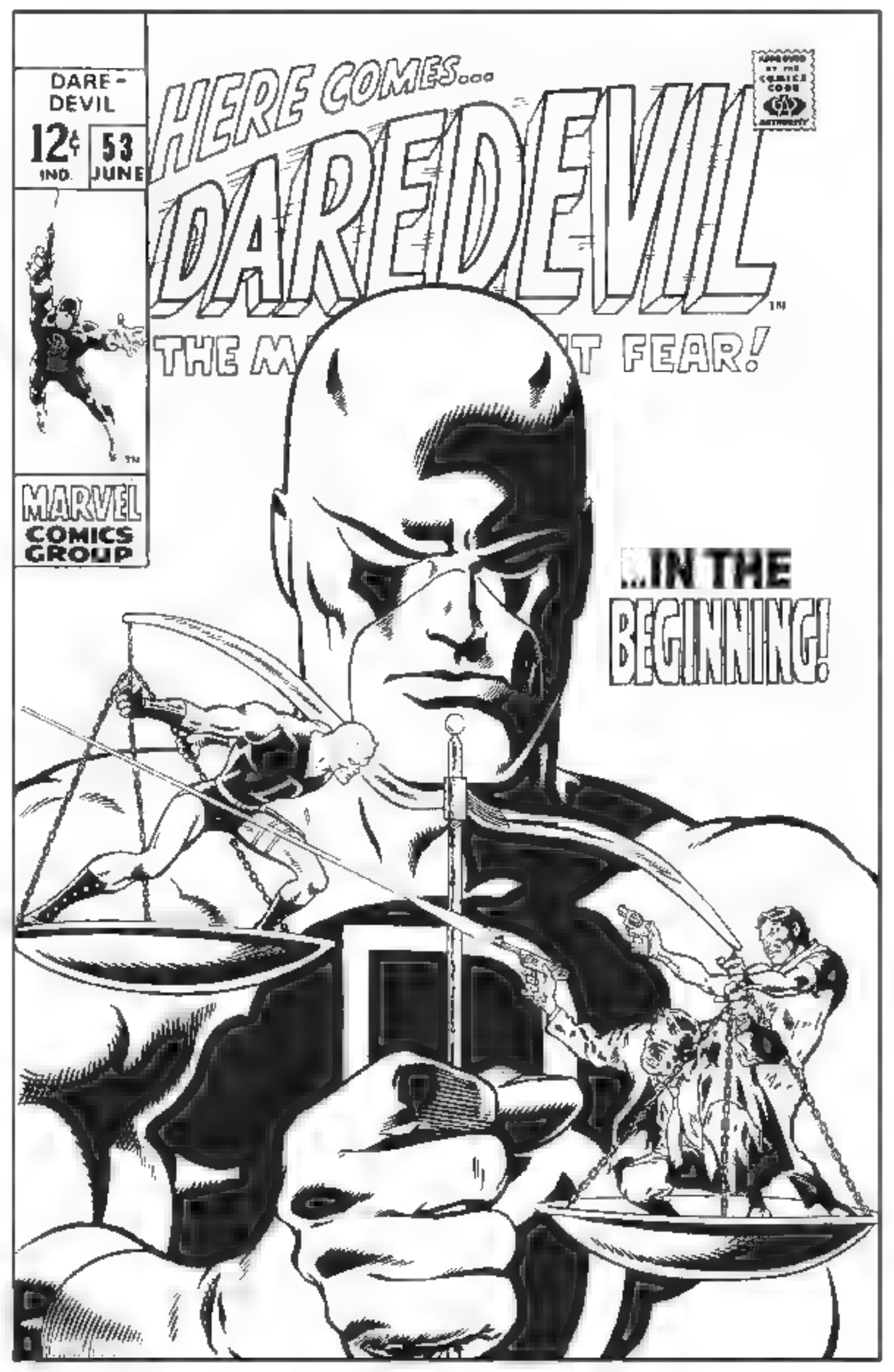
The villain was *Death's-Head,* a spectral sort of chap all bound up in white linen bandages, clad in the proverbial cape and topping off the whole megilla with an ancient Aztec burial mask—not the sort of chap you'd especially want to meet on a deserted Vermont road in the hours after sunset. In fact, he was a demon creature out of Karen Page's oldest childhood nightmares, a horrific figure that always tried to ride her down, chasing her thru the landscape of her dreams on his skeletal horse, laughing like a madman and calling for her death.

Upon returning home, to recover somewhat from Matt Murdock's death, Karen discovered that the dream had acquired an all-too-horrible reality.

Daredevil had followed her north, and, almost immediately, he got himself involved in the mystery. Which was resolved—after appropriate death-traps and harrowing, hair-raising escapes from same—when the villain was revealed as Dr. Paxton Page, Karen's father, the nuclear physicist who had developed the Cobalt Bomb and who'd been branded a traitor when he'd refused to divulge the secrets of this most terrible of weapons. His work had driven him mad and, in the end, it killed him.

That was the minor revelation of the story-line. The beaut occurred at Paxton Page's funeral, when DD told Karen to take off his mask, thereby revealing his secret identity to the woman he loved. Karen promptly fainted (but more on this—in far more detail—in the accompanying article, *The Women in Daredevil's Life).* The two of them returned to New York, where DD planned to announce his retirement, together with their engagement. Daredevil would be no more.

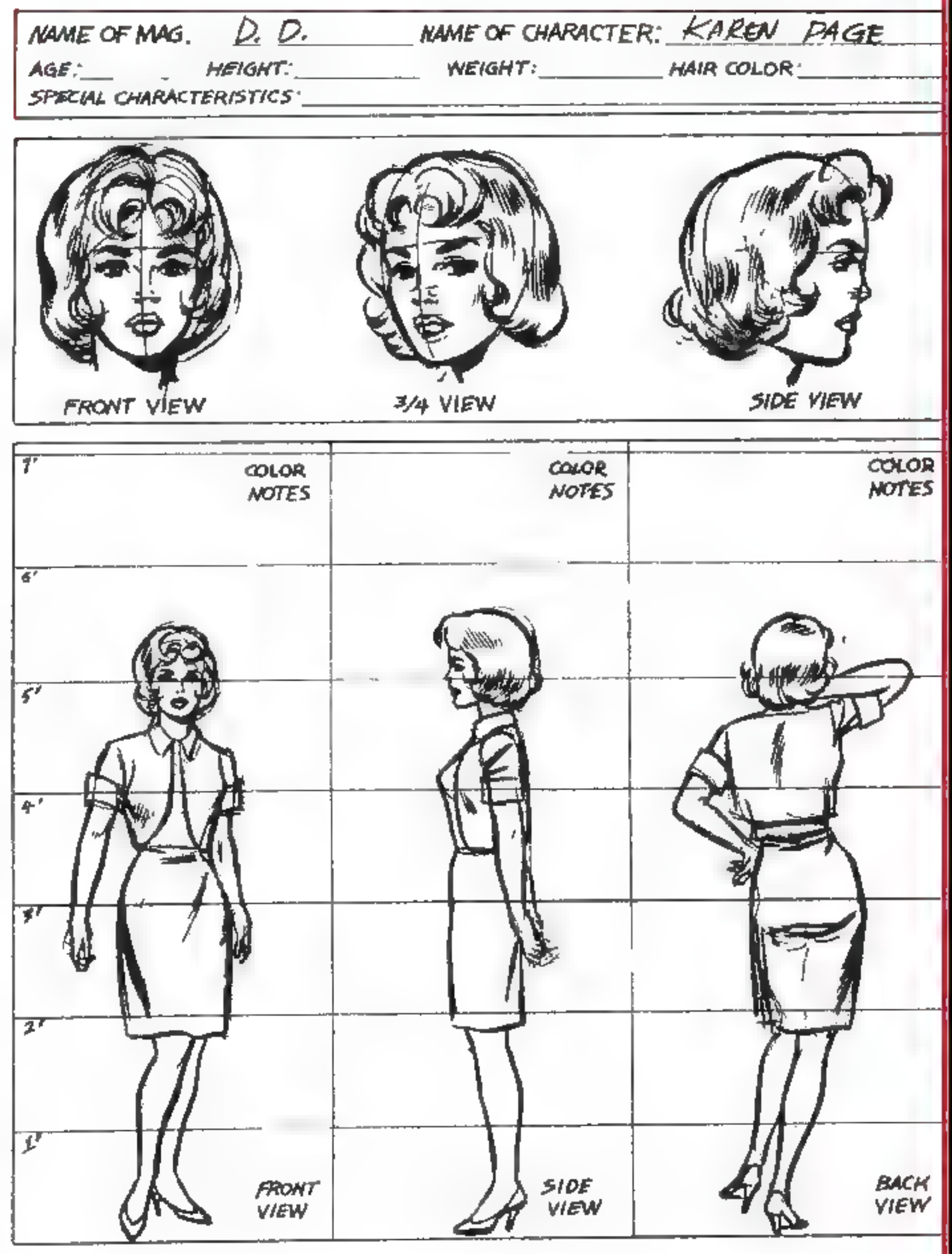
Only it didn't work out that way. The initial decision was scrubbed by the intervention of a costumed stunt-cyclist named, appropriately enough, the *Stunt-Master.* And from there on, things went from worse to catastrophic. Karen wanted no part of Daredevil's life—she wanted *Matt*—and Matt couldn't give up the super-heroic life he led. Eventually, Karen decided that she'd had enough and she left New York for the Coast, to begin a new career as an actress.



Skip a few years now (as much for lack of space as any other reason), years during which DD fought such luminaries as *Brother Brimstone* (versions A & B), *Stilt-man,* a mob called *Phoenix,* some black revolutionaries, the *Tribune* (a bow to the anti-war sentiment and conspiracy trials of the very early '70's, with the villain an ultra-right wing super-patriot out to zap all those who didn't believe in his version of patriotism.) All thru this somewhat exciting period in DD's life, Karen's career on the big screen was moving steadily onward and upward; she still thought of our hero a lot, despite the discrete, but sincere, attentions of her agent. And Daredevil still thought of her. Hope springs eternal, especially in comic books.

Issue #72; January, 1971: enter another new villain—*Tagak, the Leopard Lord* (a sort of inter-dimensional cop)—but more importantly, enter a new writer: *Merry Gerry Conway,* who took care of DD's life for the next twenty-five issues or so. Under Gerry's watchful eye, Hornhead got involved with *Scorpio* (a cross-over with *Iron Man,* resolving some plot threads from *Nick Fury, Agent of SHIELD*), dealt with a Manhattan Island suddenly gone blind and helpless (the people, not the island—*sheesh!);* he went down to Latin America to help out one of those democratic Latin regimes that seem to exist only in comic books—a side note here: about this time *Daredevil* (the book), still being pencilled by DD artist supreme, Gene Colan, acquired the talents of a man who is probably the finest Colan-inker going, not to mention one of the finest inkers in the business today; namely, Tom Palmer. End of side note. There was a one issue bout between DD and Spider-Man, with some kibbitzing—and some accompanying fisticuffs as well—from Namor, the Sub-Mariner, more of a set-up story than anything else, the plot being wrapped up in that month's issue of *Sub-Mariner;* however, the story did serve to get Karen Page (now a *very* promising Hollywood hopeful) back to the Big Apple.

And then there was *Mr. Kline.* An epic plot line if there ever was one (surpassed in complexity—not to mention longevity—only by the Dormammu/Evil Eye melange in *Defenders/Avengers* and the Kang/Celestial Madonna plotline in the *Avengers).* Only seven issues of Daredevil when you sit down and count 'em, but in those seven issues, DD fought the *Man-Bull* twice, the *Owl* twice, the *Scorpion,* the *Black Widow, Mr. Hyde,* and, finally, Mr. Kline—or the *Assassin,* as he was known by then—himself. Foggy Nelson's career as Manhattan's fighting DA was damn near shot down the tubes, Foggy the man nearly broken by what Kline had forced him—thru blackmail—to do. And Daredevil met the Black Widow.



Had his life saved by her, in fact. He returned the compliment—as Matt Murdock—when she was put on trial (by Foggy, on Kline's orders) for the supposed murder of the Scorpion's body disappeared, and the (again at Kline's command) when the Scorpion's body disappeared and the Widow was set free (not to worry, though, the case wouldn't have stood up in court; the man the Widow was supposed to have murdered was, you see, an android, and killing androids is not yet a criminal offense).

Daredevil and the Widow. Her own book had failed around this time, but she was too good a character—it was felt—to consign her to limbo. And where better to put her than *Daredevil.* It seemed like the perfect match. They tackled the Gladiator together—sort of—in a 747 at 30,000 feet. But then Matt Murdock ran into Karen back in

New York and that romance seemed to be getting on the ball again; until the Ox butted in and Karen found herself forced to choose between her career and this man she'd thought she loved. It turned out to be no contest. She chose her career; and Matt and Karen said good-bye.

Enter the Widow.

Enter San Francisco. Matt and Natasha (the Widow's true name, *Natasha Alianovna Romanoff,* moved west, took up residence—on separate floors—in a hillside mansion; and started crime-fighting in this city by the bay. First opponent, *Electro.* First hassle: SFPD Commissioner Robert "Ironguts" O'Hara (remember the name). First friend: SFPD Tac Force Lieutenant Paul Carson.

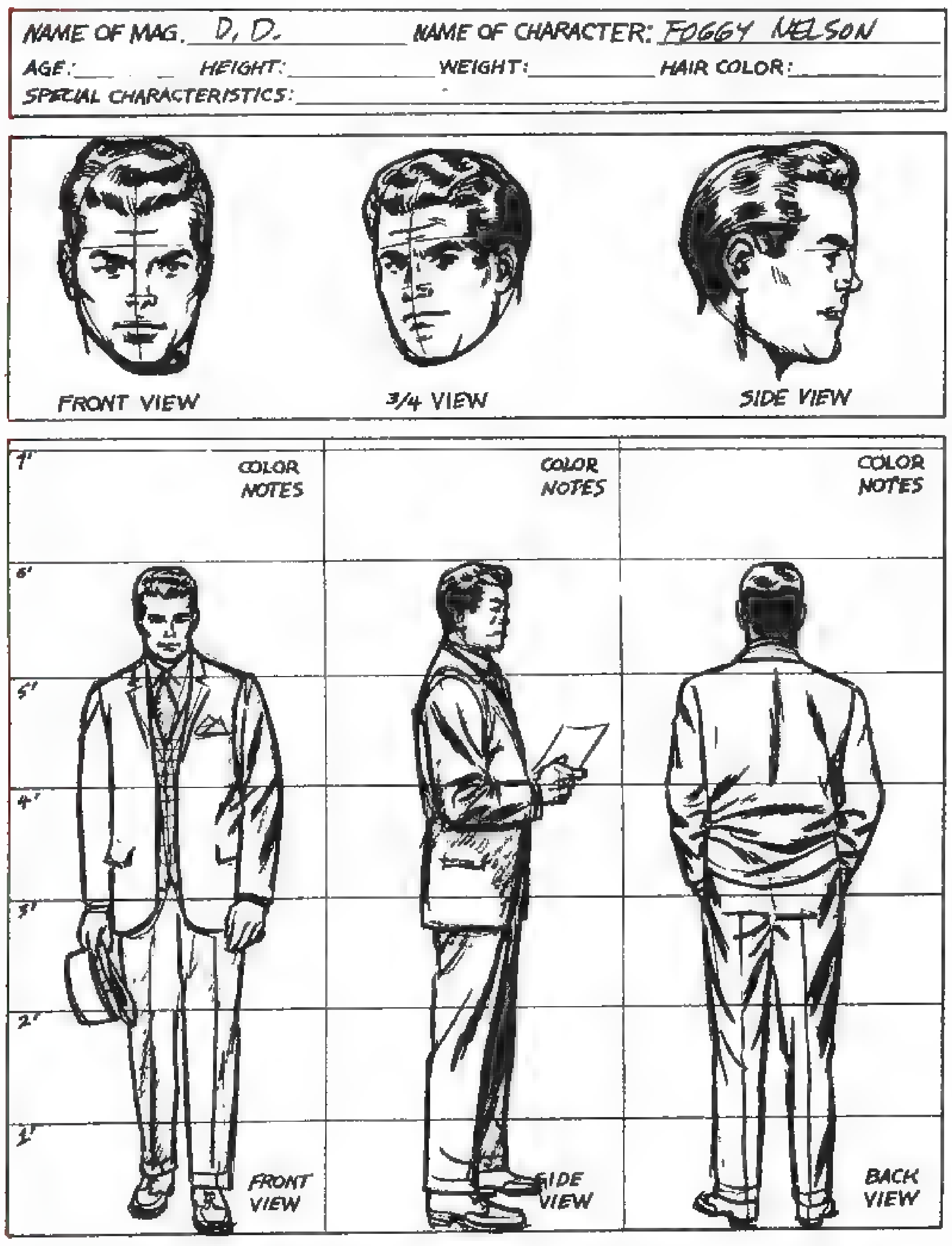
Over the next few issues, we met a man out of 'Tasha's past, one Danny French; learned something of her earlier life—as a child in Russia and, later, as a Soviet spy; there was Jason Sloan, Matt's new law partner; the return of Mr. Fear—who turned out to be Larry Cranston, one of Sloan's partners. There was the mystery of Project 4, and there was Damon Dran, who wanted that secret very badly, and who used it to become the Indestructible Man. Of course he *was* destructible—but it took Danny French's life to do it.

Which brings us to the fourth of Hornhead's scriveners, *Steve Gerber,* who picked up the book with the *Dark Messiah* plotline and moved it right along thru *Angar the Screamer* (with a one issue interlude plotted by Mr. Conway and written by yours truly—ye foomic editor), *Ramrod, Kraven the Hunter, Madame MacEvil* (now renamed *Moondragon,* priestess of Titan; one of the good people now), and, finally, *Terrax*—the horrific alter-ego of Kerwin Broderick, one of San Francisco's most respected lawyers.

Hornhead had also regained his sight for part of an issue, but that had proved to be too much of a disadvantage in combat—he learned that *seeing* what he was doing did indeed make one heckuva lot of difference. He couldn't see and remain Daredevil, so he gave up his sight. There was a brief romantic triangle revolving around DD, the Widow and Moondragon, but the Titan priestess left for the Avengers and things kind of settled back to normal.

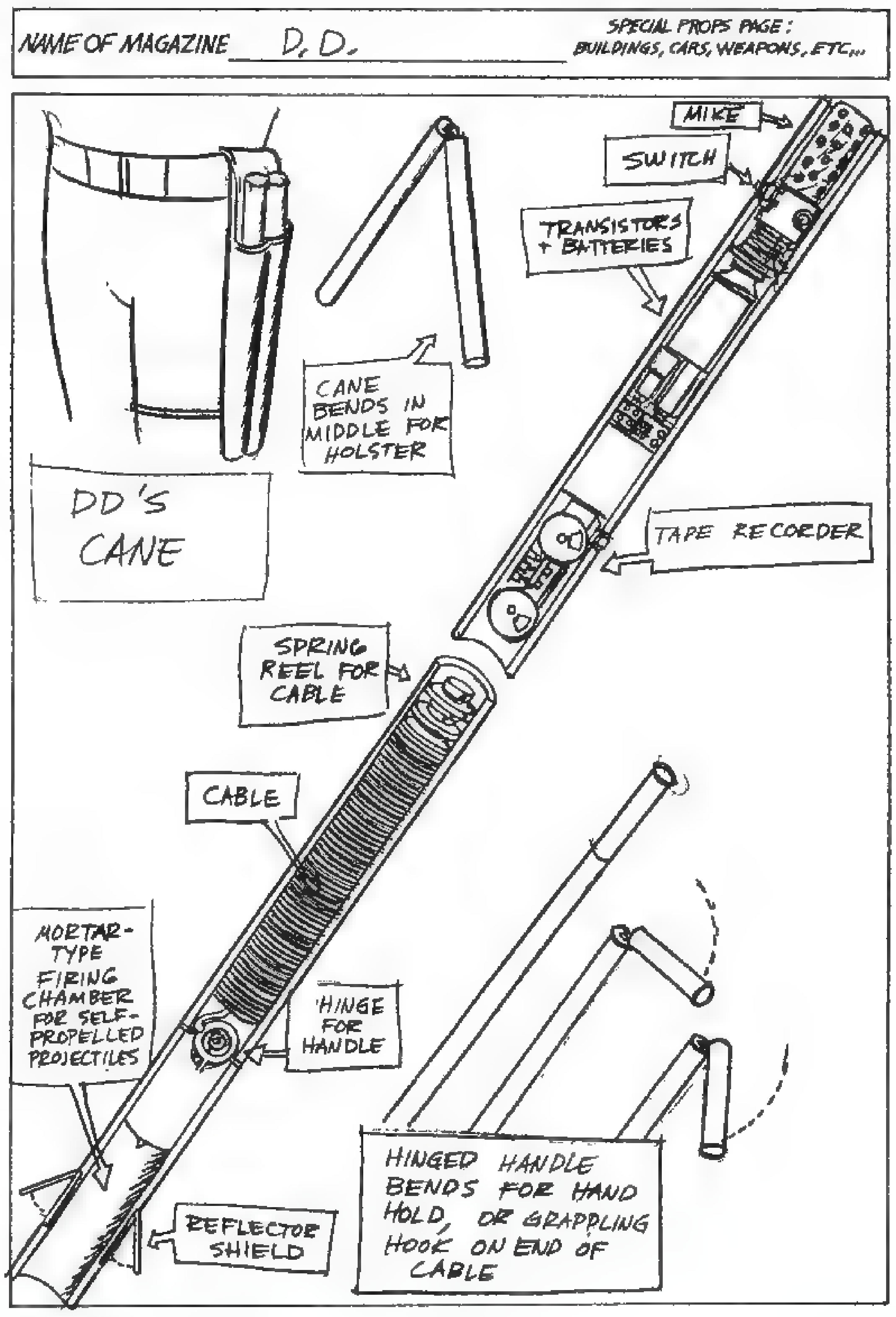
With the climax of the Terrex plot, though, DD acquired the artist who—with some exceptions—has pencilled the book from then 'till now, twenty-five-plus issues over two years: *Bob Brown.* And almost immediately, things started jumping. There was Nekra, High Priestess of Death and her brother (in spirit) the *Mandrill.* Shanna the She-Devil wheeled in—from her own now-defunct book and stuck around thru the climax of Mandrill's mad plan to take over the United States by force of arms (though why the military didn't try to stop him when he walked into the White House is a mystery that has never been resolved). By the way, Shanna—born Shanna o'Hara (we told you to remember that name)—turned out to be Old Ironguts' niece.

Exit the Widow. From the title of the book a while back, only a few issues after she'd made it onto the logo. From the book itself in issue #113. Oh, sure, she reappeared from time to time (but so did Karen Page, remember?) and the two of them tried to recapture what they'd once had, but it didn't work. The relationship was dead. Eventually, both of them saw that and each went



NAME OF MAG. D. D. NAME OF CHARACTER: FOGGY NELSON

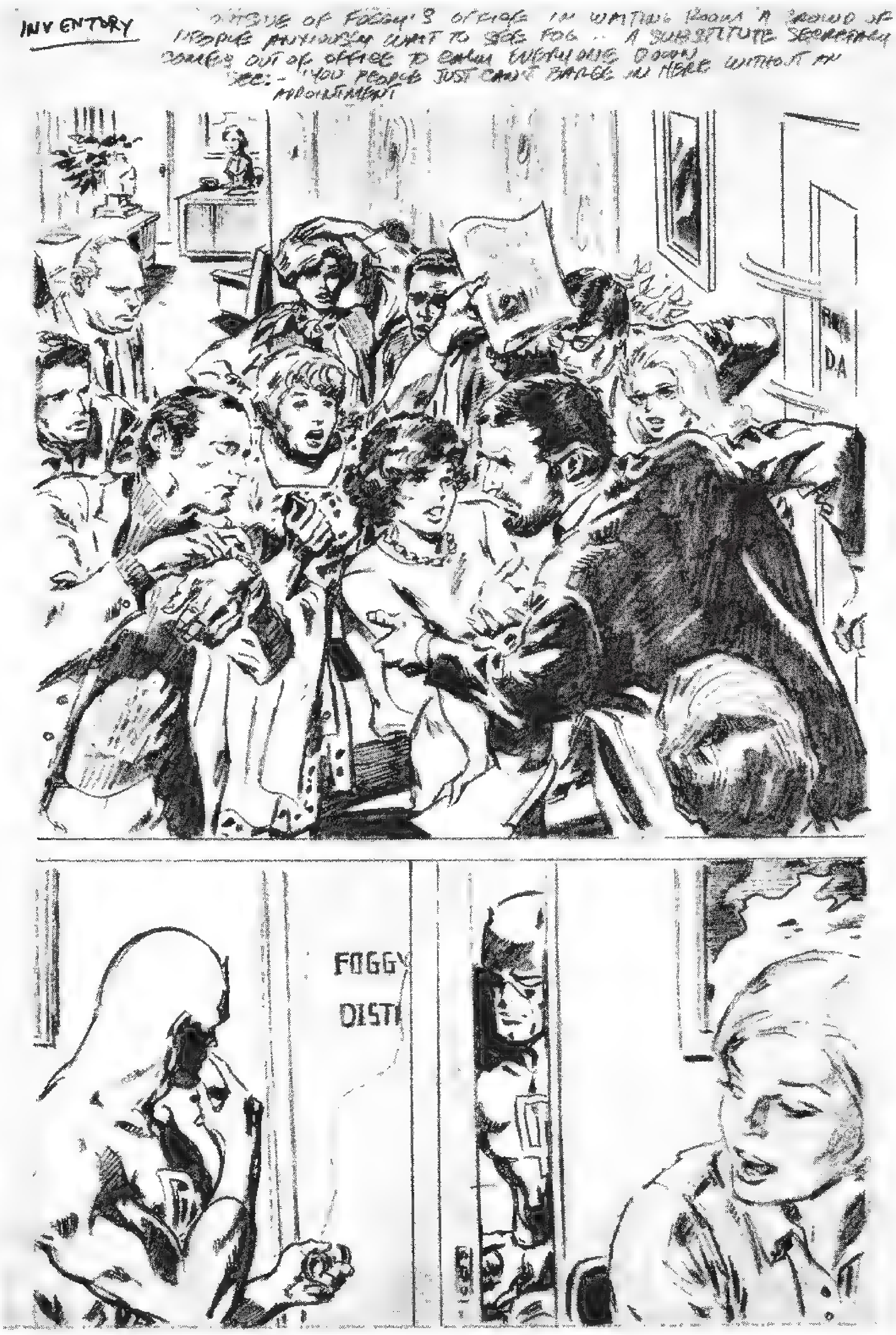
AGE:
HEIGHT:
WEIGHT:
HAIR COLOR:
SPECIAL CHARACTERISTICS:
FRONT VIEW
3/4 VIEW
SIDE VIEW
COLOR NOTES
COLOR NOTES
COLOR NOTES
7'
6'
5'
4'
3'
2'
1'
FRONT VIEW
SIDE VIEW
BACK VIEW



NAME OF MAGAZINE D. D.

SPECIAL PROPS PAGE: BUILDINGS, CARS, WEAPONS, ETC...
MIKE
SWITCH
TRANSISTORS + BATTERIES
CANE BENDS IN MIDDLE FOR HOLSTER
DD'S CANE
TAPE RECORDER
SPRING REEL FOR CABLE
CABLE
MORTAR-TYPE FIRING CHAMBER FOR SELF-PROPELLED PROJECTILES
HINGE FOR HANDLE
HINGED HANDLE BENDS FOR HAND HOLD, OR GRAPPLING HOOK ON END OF CABLE
REFLECTOR SHIELD

Above: the original character sketch of Foggy Nelson; and, right: Wally Wood's original design schematic of DD's famous billy-club.


INVENTORY
OUTSIDE OF FOGGY'S OFFICE IN WAITING ROOM A CROWD OF PEOPLE ANXIOUSLY WAIT TO SEE FOG -- A SUBSTITUTE SECRETARY COMES OUT OF OFFICE TO CALM EVERYONE DOWN
SEC: - "YOU PEOPLE JUST CAN'T BARGE IN HERE WITHOUT AN APPOINTMENT"
DA
FOGGY
DISTI

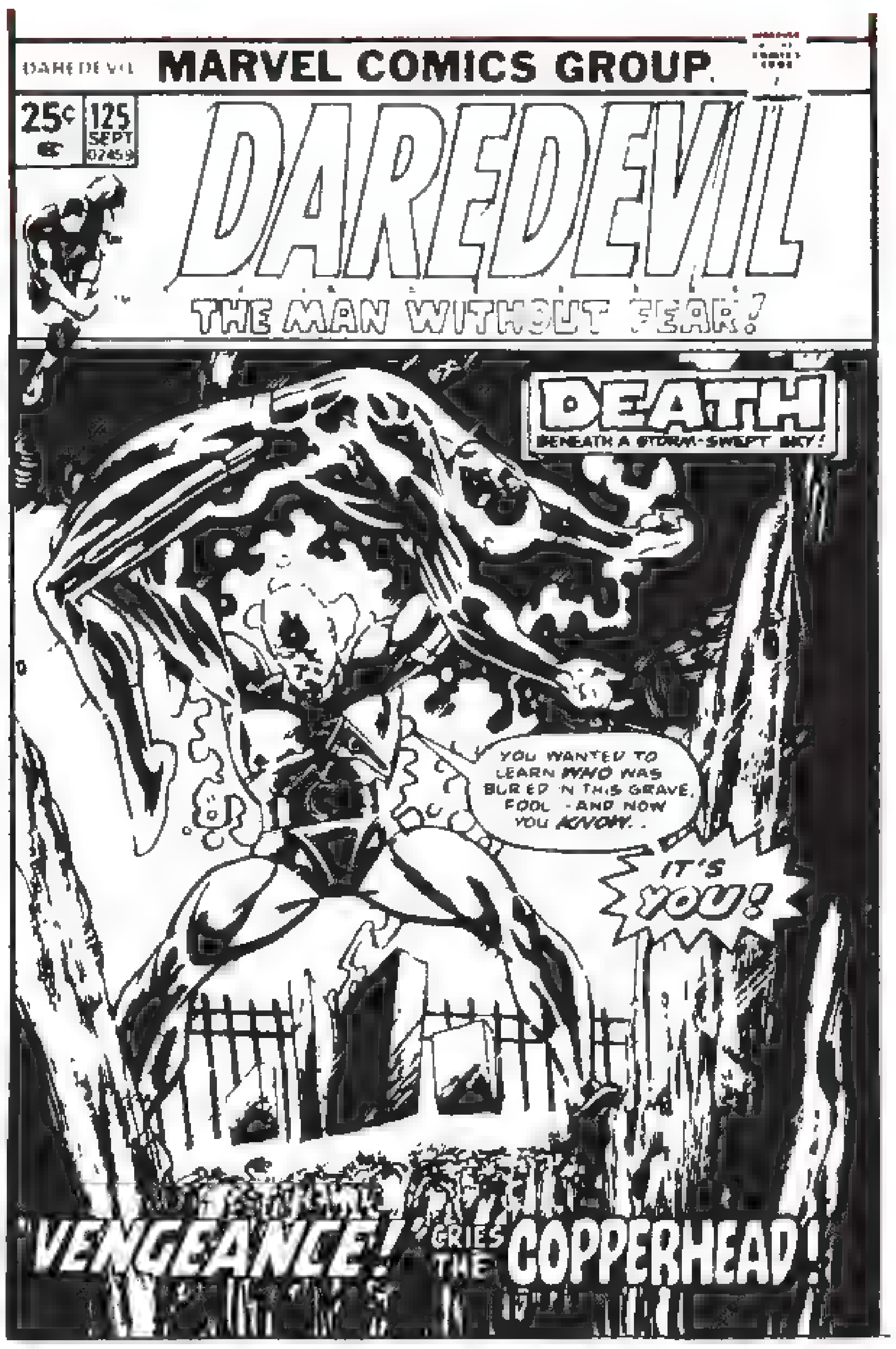
Presenting, a never before page seen pencilled by Gene Colan for a never completed Daredevil. Check out the border notes. FOOM-ers—anyone care to figure out what's going on?

their separate ways in a parting that hurt—in this writer/editor's opinion—both more than the parting of Matt and Karen.

Tony Isabella became Hornhead's fifth writer; though he only had the book for five issues, long enough to craft a monumental—dare we say it?—epic: Daredevil and the Widow, and SHIELD, versus the horrendous hordes of HYDRA. Foggy Nelson found himself offered the civilian directorship of SHIELD, and then found himself kidnapped because of it (he later turned the job down). And there was a climactic battle that left Shea Stadium somewhat enthusiastically destroyed. But the forces of evil had been defeated; the forces of good, victorious.

Marv Wolfman took over with the next issue (124), with a half-book assist from *Len Wein*. And, for the last time, the Widow drove out of Matt's life.

A lot of nice villains followed in some fair stories: *Copperhead*, the return of the new—and improved —*Torpedo*, the return of *Death-Stalker*, *Man-Bull;* a voodoo story; and a blackmailer-cum-murderer called *Bullseye*. In upcoming issues, the return of the *Jester*.

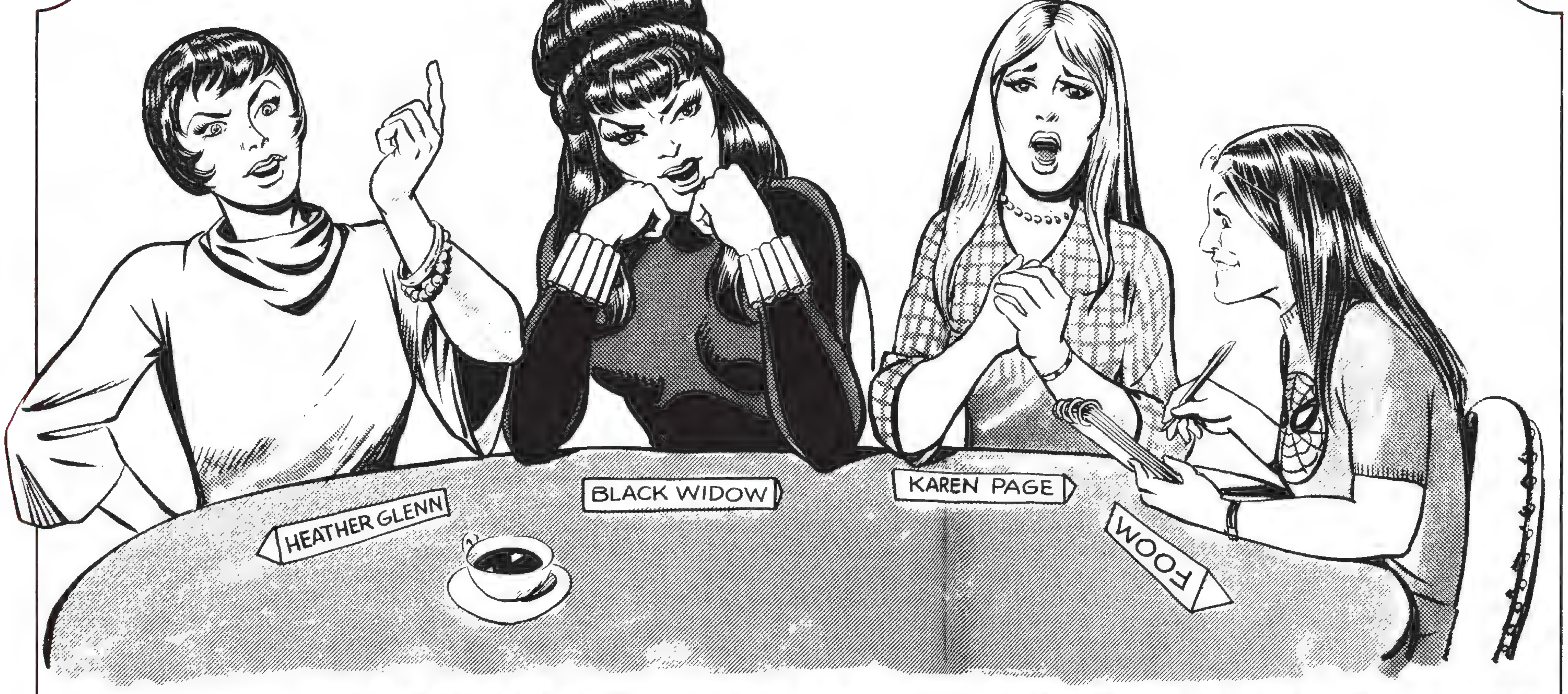

DAREDEVIL
MARVEL COMICS GROUP.
25¢
125
SEPT
02459
DAREDEVIL
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!
DEATH
BENEATH A STORM-SWEPT SKY!
YOU WANTED TO LEARN WHO WAS BURIED IN THIS GRAVE, FOOL - AND NOW YOU KNOW..
IT'S YOU!
"VENGEANCE!" CRIES THE COPPERHEAD!

There's a new lady in Matt's life, too, a bouncy young thing named *Heather Glenn;* and a new job for ex-DA (defeated in a recent election) Foggy Nelson, running a Storefront Legal Services outfit with Matt. (Yup, it's Murdock & Nelson, the old firm back in action once again.) There was even a guest appearance by Israeli psychic, *Uri Geller*, when he and Hornhead faced down a villain called *Mind-Wave* (and his awesome Think Tank). And Geller really does bend keys in his bare hands; Marv saw him.

It's funny, though, despite all the hassles, it looks like DD—and Matt Murdock—are both finally beginning to get their respective lives in gear. Of course, something will muck things up—something always does—but as we've said before, hope springs eternal. Maybe DD has a chance for some good things to happen to him; we can only wish him luck.

And that's about the way it stands. a few half-hearted attempts to give up Daredevil. Bouts of self-chastisement for acting like a glory-seeking, hyperthyroid, over-aged kid. But always climbing into his scarlet union suit when he was needed. Accepting the responsibility his powers forced on him. Accepting the necessity of *both* his identities. He's a super-hero, take it as you will.

He's the Man without Fear.



THE WOMEN IN DAREDEVIL'S LIFE

(...AND WHY THEY HANG AROUND AS LONG AS THEY DO)

by Naomi Basner

Few would deny Attorney Matthew Murdock is possessed of many virtues, among them good looks, intellect, and charm. As for Daredevil, the Man Without Fear is widely admired as a superhero. Wouldn't it follow then, that the man who is both Matt Murdock *and* Daredevil should succeed in all his personal relationships— particularly romance?

Unfortunately no—but he's working on it, as he has been for years. The problem is, that there is a bit more to Daredevil than the aforementioned virtues, which has prevented him thus far from finding a permanent happy ending to his life.

Karen Page: secretary in the law offices of Nelson and Murdock, and for a long time the only woman in Matt's life. They were attracted to each other from the time they met, although neither openly admitted it. Karen spent the first few months of their acquaintance hoping Matt would get his eyesight back, and/or ask her to marry him. Matt, wrapped up in being Daredevil and overly conscious of his blindness, appeared aloof while inwardly wishing he could tell Karen how he felt about her. His oversensitivity prevented him from doing so, however— at first for fear of having her pity him, and then because his law partner, Foggy Nelson, confided his intention of marrying her himself.

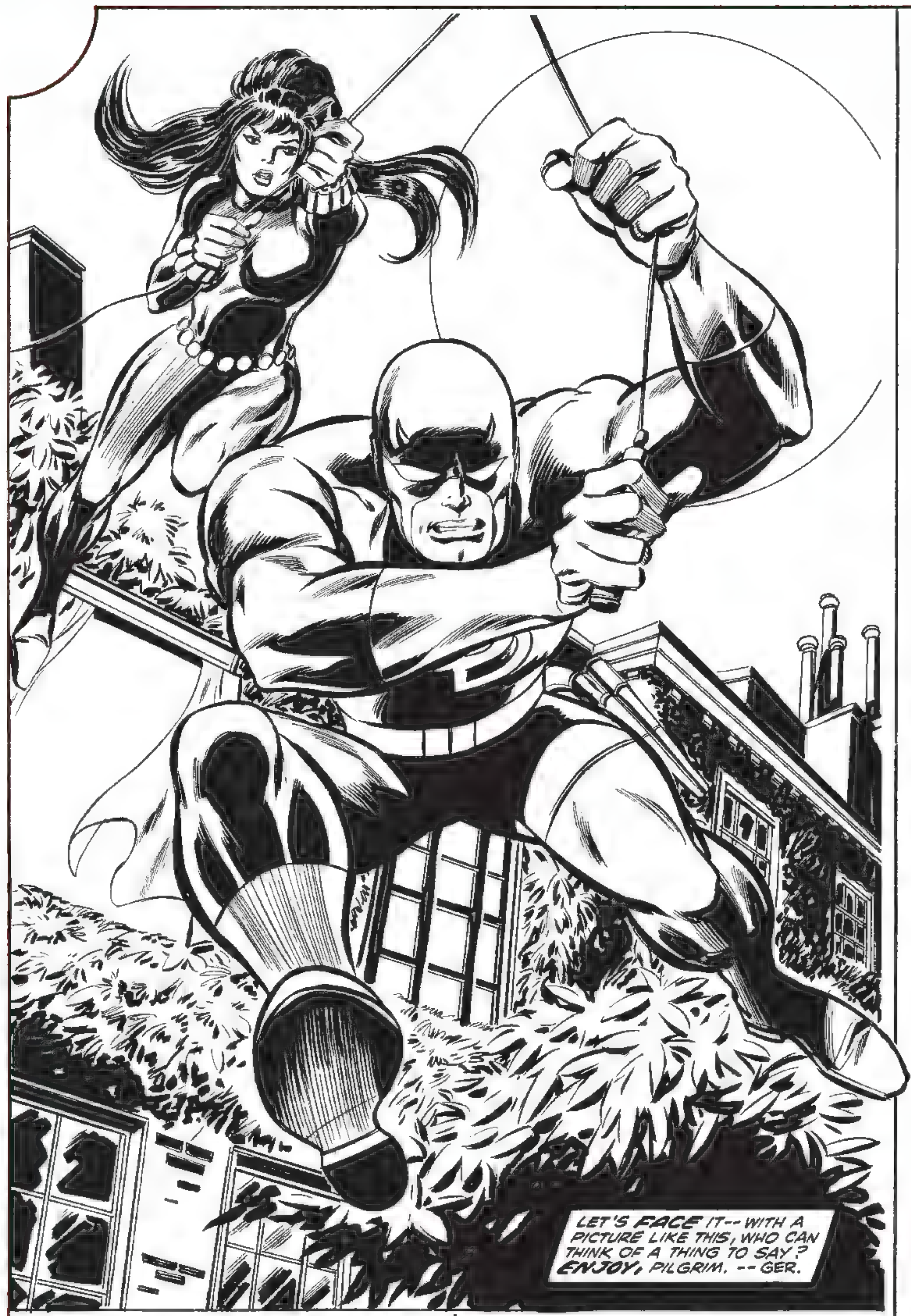
Foggy's proposals were fruitless, of course, but they still had an indirect influence upon both Matt and Daredevil. Realizing that it was Matt who Karen loved, Foggy responded with a guilty jealousy which led to a temporary breakup of Nelson and Murdock, and then went so far as to impersonate Daredevil in order to impress her. Matt, meanwhile, added Foggy's competition to his list of reasons for concealing his own feelings.

Karen Page helped bring about a crucial event in Daredevil's career, by opening a letter that blind Matt presumably couldn't read. In it, Spider-Man stated that he had discovered Matt was Daredevil. Karen had been close to discovering the secret herself, subconsciously noticing DD's similarity to Matt when he rescued her from the Owl, and later growing suspicious of Matt's "coincidental" disappearance just before DD showed up. Spider-Man's letter served to confirm her suspicions.

Confronted by Karen and Foggy, Matt thought quickly and invented a twin brother, one Mike Murdock, who was in reality Daredevil. Clad in clothes conservative Matt would be mortified to be caught in, and sporting the personality of a carefree clown— in short, the complete opposite of his "brother"—"Mike" quickly convinced them of his authenticity. The triple-threat hero soon found that he enjoyed this charade, as well as the fringe benefits thereof. As Mike Murdock, he was able to relax more, not having to pretend to be helpless and shy; he spent more time with Karen than he had as Matt, enabling him to keep Foggy from being alone with her. The boost to his self-confidence even had him ready to propose to her at last, but an untimely interruption by Daredevil-seeking kidnappers convinced him that their marriage would put her life in constant danger, and so he denied his feelings once more.

Foggy Nelson's removal as a romantic rival was eventually effected in the person of Deborah Harris, who responded more favorably to his attentions than had Ms. Page. This encouraged Matt to grab the first opportunity to kill off his other two identities, hoping he could then return to a civilian life. It goes without saying that a job for Daredevil turned up almost immediately, and Mike's red-longjohned "replacement" leapt into action.

Saddled again with the burden of being a hero, Matt was anything but conciliatory when Karen announced she was quitting her job in order to forget him. She tried social work for a while, but soon returned to find herself unknowningly in competition with Daredevil again. A psychopathic hired assassin named Starr Saxon had discovered that DD was really Matt Murdock, and was using this knowledge for blackmail purposes. After subsequent soul-searching, Fearless decided that killing Matt was the best way to thwart Saxon, unthinking of the impact his death would be sure to have on Karen. Nevertheless, the scheme was put


LET'S FACE IT-- WITH A PICTURE LIKE THIS, WHO CAN THINK OF A THING TO SAY? ENJOY, PILGRIM. --GER.

into motion, Starr Saxon was defeated, and the conquering hero got set to invent a new secret i.d. and claim the damsel fair.

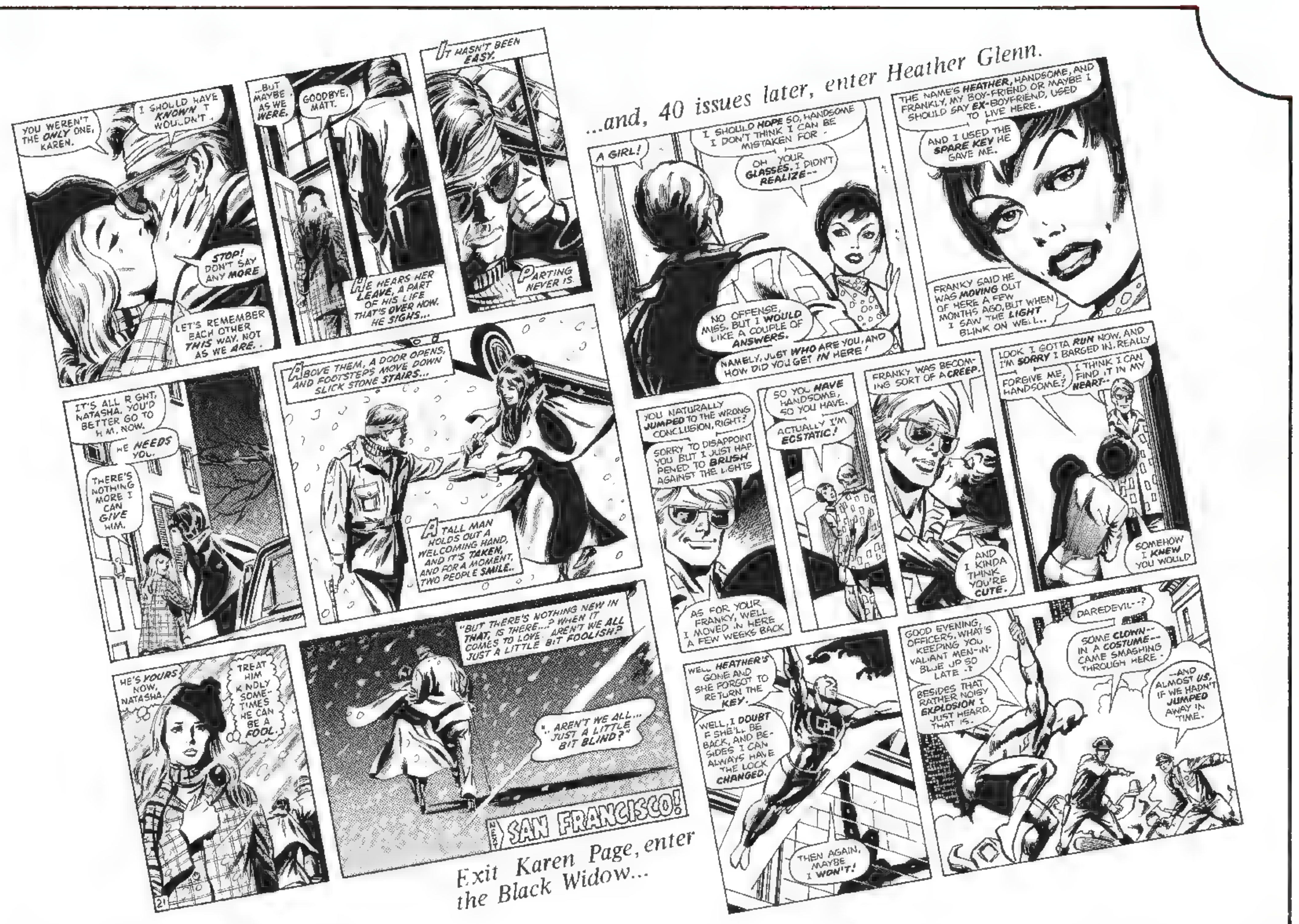
It didn't quite work out that way. Karen had gone home to Vermont; Daredevil followed, naturally getting involved in a mystery or sorts, which resulted in the death of poor Karen's father. Matt thoughtfully chose to reveal his identity immediately thereafter, declaring his love once she'd recovered from fainting. Karen consented to marry him if he'd give up being Daredevil, but— you guessed it— the attack of the StuntMaster, during DD's farewell speech, convinced him that he just couldn't retire.

That was basically the end, even though both Matt and Karen clung— longer than was healthy for either of them— to the hope that something could be worked out. Karen continually expressed her displeasure at having to share her man with the entire city's criminal element, before departing the "Big Apple" for L.A. to become an actress when this tactic failed. Matt followed, cajoled, chastized, and finally delivered an ultimatum; her career . . . or him. (Note that more-than subtle hint of Matthew's chauvinism, friends. It's destined to get him into trouble later!) they went their separate ways, circumstances turning a temporary separation into a permanent one, despite one last attempt to regain what they had long ago lost. Karen Page walked quietly out of Daredevil's life, and is at present acquainted— but *not* involved— with the Ghost Rider in Hollywood.

As the sage has said, life goes on, and the *Black Widow* was the next to literally leap into Daredevil's. She rescued him from a trap set by the Owl, then teamed with him to battle the Scorpion— whose death caused her to be prosecuted by D.A. Nelson for murder. Matt Murdock defended her, getting the case dismissed, and winning first her friendship, then her love. He told her he was Daredevil, and they (along with her chauffeur, Ivan) took up residence in the Widow's rented mansion in San Francisco.

Thus was formed a partnership which, on the surface, should have been ideal. No occupational conflicts; no excess worrying over the dangers of superdoing; powers that neatly complimented each other. Ideal. Only . . . remember that hint of chauvinism? You got it. DD exhibited enough protectiveness to irritate a woman who was and is *more* than capable of taking care of herself— and Madame Natasha voiced her irritation in no uncertain terms. These assertions of individuality took Matt somewhat aback, but since things tended to return to "normal" after each outburst, he did little to raise his own consciousness. Try as he might to accept the Widow's independence, Daredevil couldn't help feeling threatened by it. Maybe it was the fact that he tried, though, that made her forfeit membership in the Avengers and return to him, after a short period of soul-searching.

This, coupled with the strong relationship between them, kept Daredevil and the Black Widow together, despite ideological differences— not only as concerned feminism, but morality as well. DD was appalled to find the Widow had no qualms about taking decisive action in a kill-or-be-killed situation; she was scornful of his civil libertarian views on dealing with criminals. Heated arguments stemmed


YOU WEREN'T THE ONLY ONE, KAREN.
I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN IT WOULDN'T...
STOP! DON'T SAY ANY MORE
LET'S REMEMBER EACH OTHER THIS WAY. NOT AS WE ARE...
...BUT MAYBE AS WE WERE.
GOODBYE, MATT.
HE HEARS HER LEAVE, A PART OF HIS LIFE THAT'S OVER NOW. HE SIGHS...
IT HASN'T BEEN EASY.
PARTING NEVER IS.
IT'S ALL RIGHT, NATASHA. YOU'D BETTER GO TO HIM, NOW.
HE NEEDS YOU.
THERE'S NOTHING MORE I CAN GIVE HIM.
ABOVE THEM, A DOOR OPENS, AND FOOTSTEPS MOVE DOWN SLICK STONE STAIRS...
A TALL MAN HOLDS OUT A WELCOMING HAND, AND IT'S TAKEN, AND FOR A MOMENT, TWO PEOPLE SMILE..
HE'S YOURS NOW, NATASHA.
TREAT HIM KINDLY SOMETIMES HE CAN BE A FOOL.
"BUT THERE'S NOTHING NEW IN THAT, IS THERE...? WHEN IT COMES TO LOVE, AREN'T WE ALL JUST A LITTLE BIT FOOLISH?
"... AREN'T WE ALL... JUST A LITTLE BIT BLIND?"
NEXT: SAN FRANCISCO!
21
A GIRL!
I SHOULD HOPE SO, HANDSOME. I DON'T THINK I CAN BE MISTAKEN FOR --
OH YOUR GLASSES. I DIDN'T REALIZE--
NO OFFENSE, MISS. BUT I WOULD LIKE A COUPLE OF ANSWERS.
NAMELY, JUST WHO ARE YOU, AND HOW DID YOU GET IN HERE!
THE NAME'S HEATHER, HANDSOME, AND FRANKLY, MY BOY-FRIEND OR MAYBE I SHOULD SAY EX-BOYFRIEND, USED TO LIVE HERE.
AND I USED THE SPARE KEY HE GAVE ME.
FRANKY SAID HE WAS MOVING OUT OF HERE A FEW MONTHS AGO, BUT WHEN I SAW THE LIGHT BLINK ON WELL..
YOU NATURALLY JUMPED TO THE WRONG CONCLUSION, RIGHT?
SORRY TO DISAPPOINT YOU BUT I JUST HAPPENED TO BRUSH AGAINST THE LIGHTS
AS FOR YOUR FRANKY, WELL I MOVED IN HERE A FEW WEEKS BACK
SO YOU HAVE HANDSOME, SO YOU HAVE.
ACTUALLY I'M ECSTATIC!
FRANKY WAS BECOMING SORT OF A CREEP.
AND I KINDA THINK YOU'RE CUTE.
LOOK, I GOTTA RUN NOW, AND I'M SORRY I BARGED IN. REALLY
FORGIVE ME, HANDSOME?
I THINK I CAN FIND IT IN MY HEART..
SOMEHOW I KNEW YOU WOULD
WELL, HEATHER'S GONE AND SHE FORGOT TO RETURN THE KEY.
WELL, I DOUBT IF SHE'LL BE BACK, AND BESIDES I CAN ALWAYS HAVE THE LOCK CHANGED.
THEN AGAIN, MAYBE I WON'T!
GOOD EVENING, OFFICERS. WHAT'S KEEPING YOU VALIANT MEN-IN-BLUE UP SO LATE--?
BESIDES THAT RATHER NOISY EXPLOSION I JUST HEARD, THAT IS.
DAREDEVIL--?
SOME CLOWN-- IN A COSTUME-- CAME SMASHING THROUGH HERE--
--AND ALMOST US, IF WE HADN'T JUMPED AWAY IN TIME.

...and, 40 issues later, enter Heather Glenn.

Exit Karen Page, enter the Black Widow...

from these differences, helped along by the arrival on the scene of *Moon Dragon*. The priestess of Titan had sparked, well, *ambiguous* emotions in the Man Without Fear, and even though nothing came of it, her brief presence made its mark upon Natasha's temper.

There followed what was essentially the climax of the Daredevil/Black Widow team. Matt hurried to the New York bedside of a critically-injured Foggy Nelson; Natasha refused to accompany him. Both were involved in the mystery of Black Spectre— but separately, for the most part. Then: more separation, attempts to make things work, tension, doubt, pain. And finally: the end.

Daredevil's partner— especially Daredevil's *female* partner— could never be more than a sidekick, despite— or perhaps because of— their feeling for each other. No censure; that's the way he is. The Black Widow could never quietly submit to sidekick status— under any circumstances. That's the way *she* is. So Natasha Romanoff said goodbye to Matthew Murdock, to seek her own identity as the *de facto* leader of the Champions.

The difficulty in Matt's relationships with women seems to lie in the conflict between the needs of each of his two identities, Murdock the lawyer, and Daredevil the superhero. Karen Page would have been satisfied with being just his wife, but couldn't deal with his being Daredevil; the Black Widow could share his life as a superhero, but wouldn't give in to a traditional feminine role. He has yet to find someone who can accept both Matt Murdock *and* Daredevil, though he may be closer to doing so now than he's ever been.

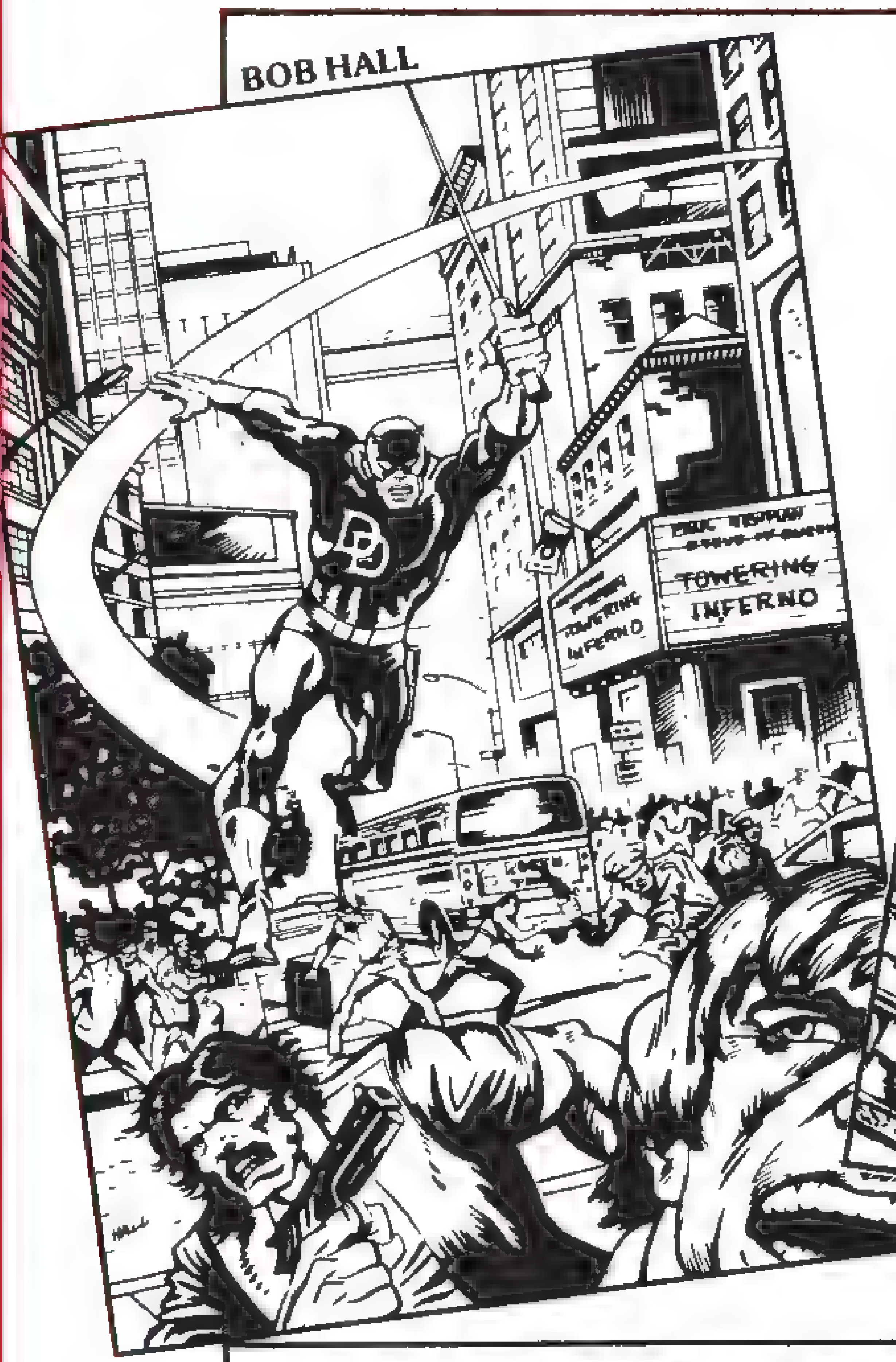
The possible solution to Daredevil's romantic problems entered his life with a spare key to his apartment. *Heather Glenn* walked into said apartment thinking to find her ex-boyfriend, and was delighted to find Matt instead. She kept the key, and he decided not to have the lock changed. This led to another surprise visit, during which Matthew found himself on the receiving end of an uncompleted pass. He must have enjoyed the attempt, since Heather proceeded to hang around, she and Matt developing a nice, casual-but-cozy relationship. Just where this relationship is going is anyone's guess, but it looks like there's a fairly good chance of success this time.

Heather is kooky enough to act as a balancing factor for strait-laced Matt, and *vice versa*. Having been literally at the point of death from a rare disease, then the recipient of a one-chance-in-a-million cure, she acquired an easy-going outlook on life, as well as a pretty complete understanding of herself. Thus she is a whole, independent person, but not in a manner which would be threatening to Matt; and her idealism easily matches his. But, could she deal with his alter ego? Maybe. His runnings-off to change into costume have been met with more confusion than annoyance on Heather's part; a discovery of his Daredevil identity would probably be accepted as "something that has to be done." Only time will tell, though— and time has always been a commodity that the women in Daredevil's life have always had a great deal of, for better or for worse.

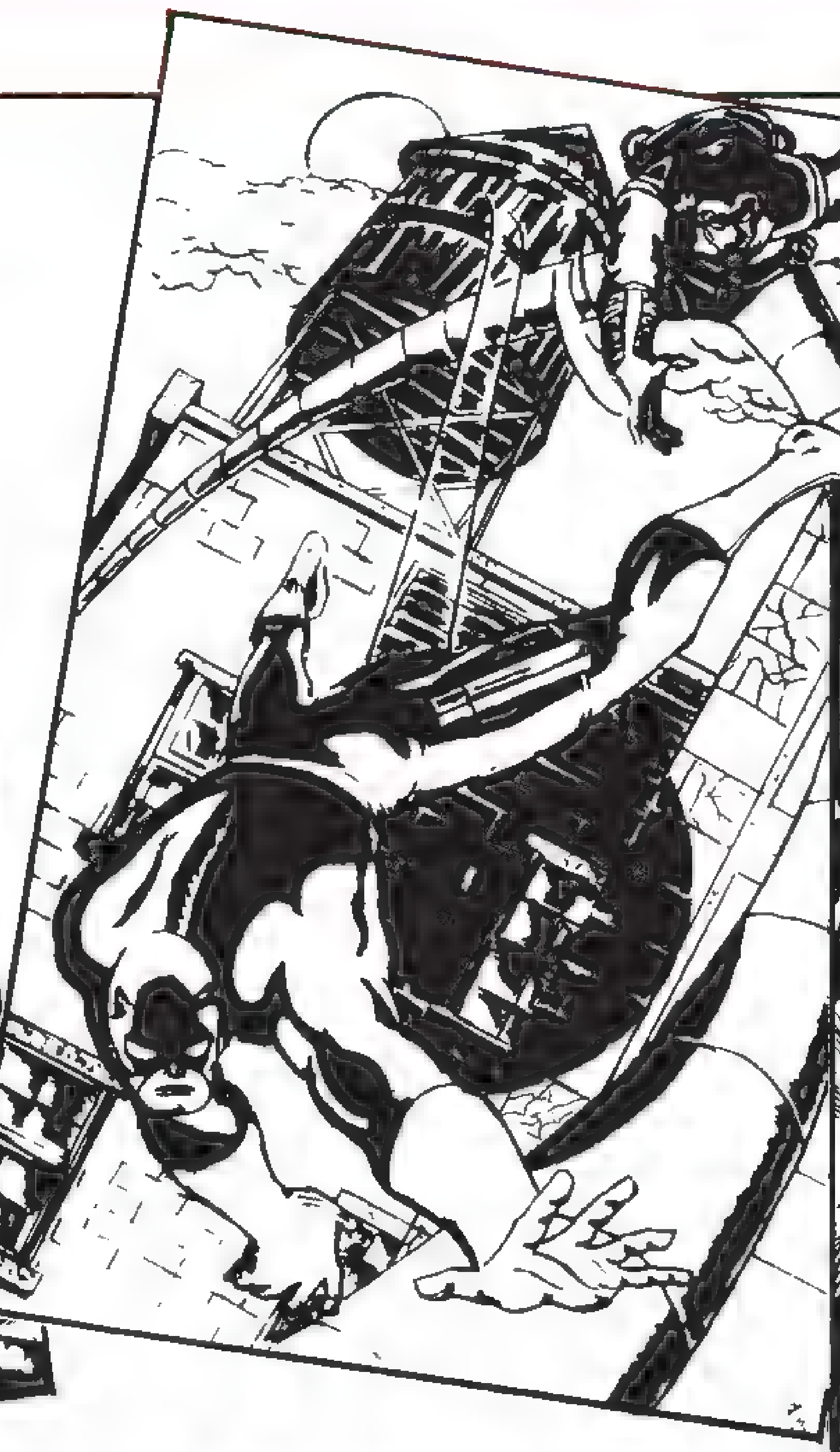
BUSCEMA'S BULLPEN:

F.O.O.M. proudly presents examples of the best work of the best students of John Buscema's School of Comic Book Artists. Enjoy, pilgrim!

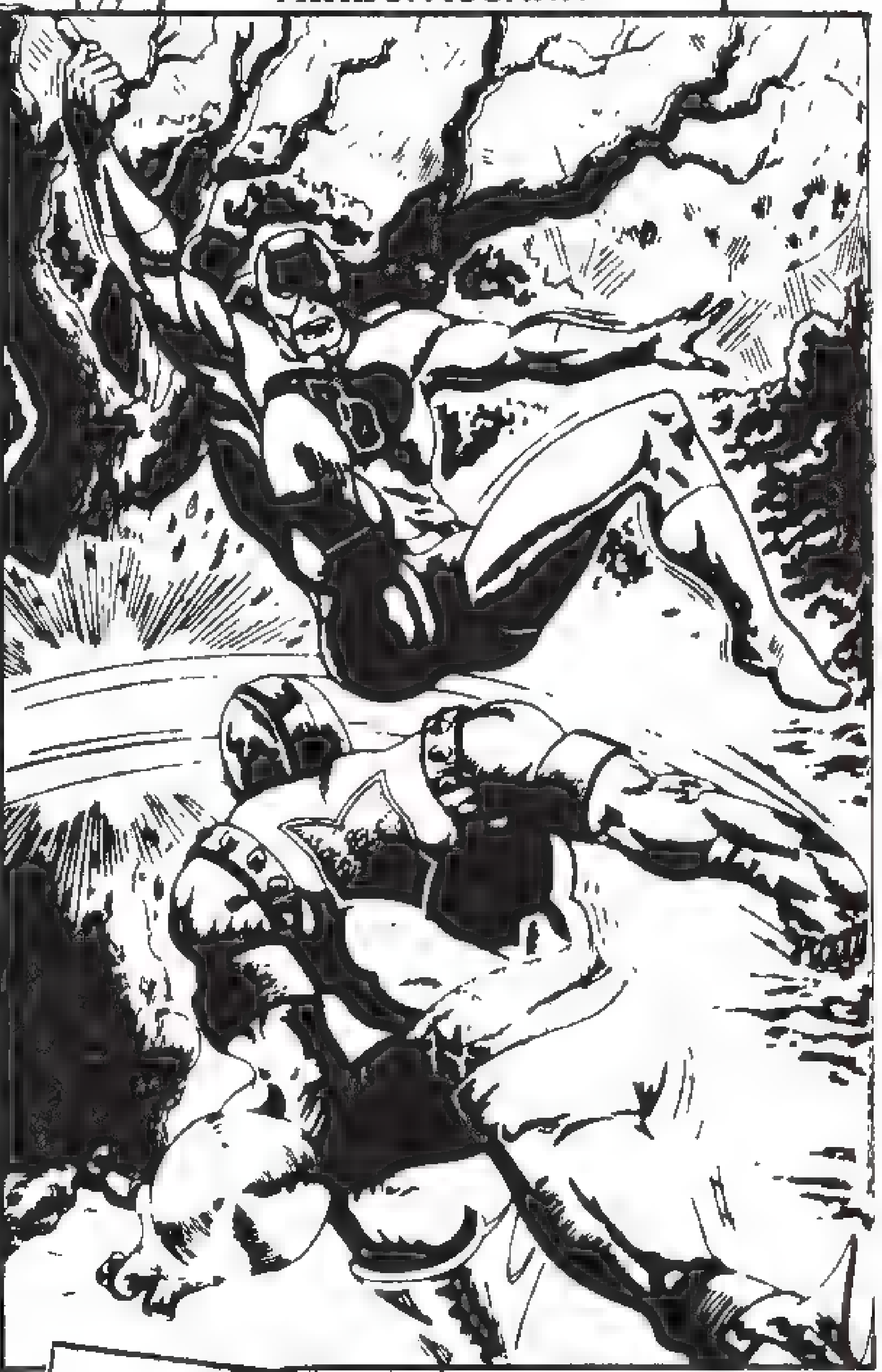
BOB HALL


TOWERING INFERNO
TOWERING INFERNO

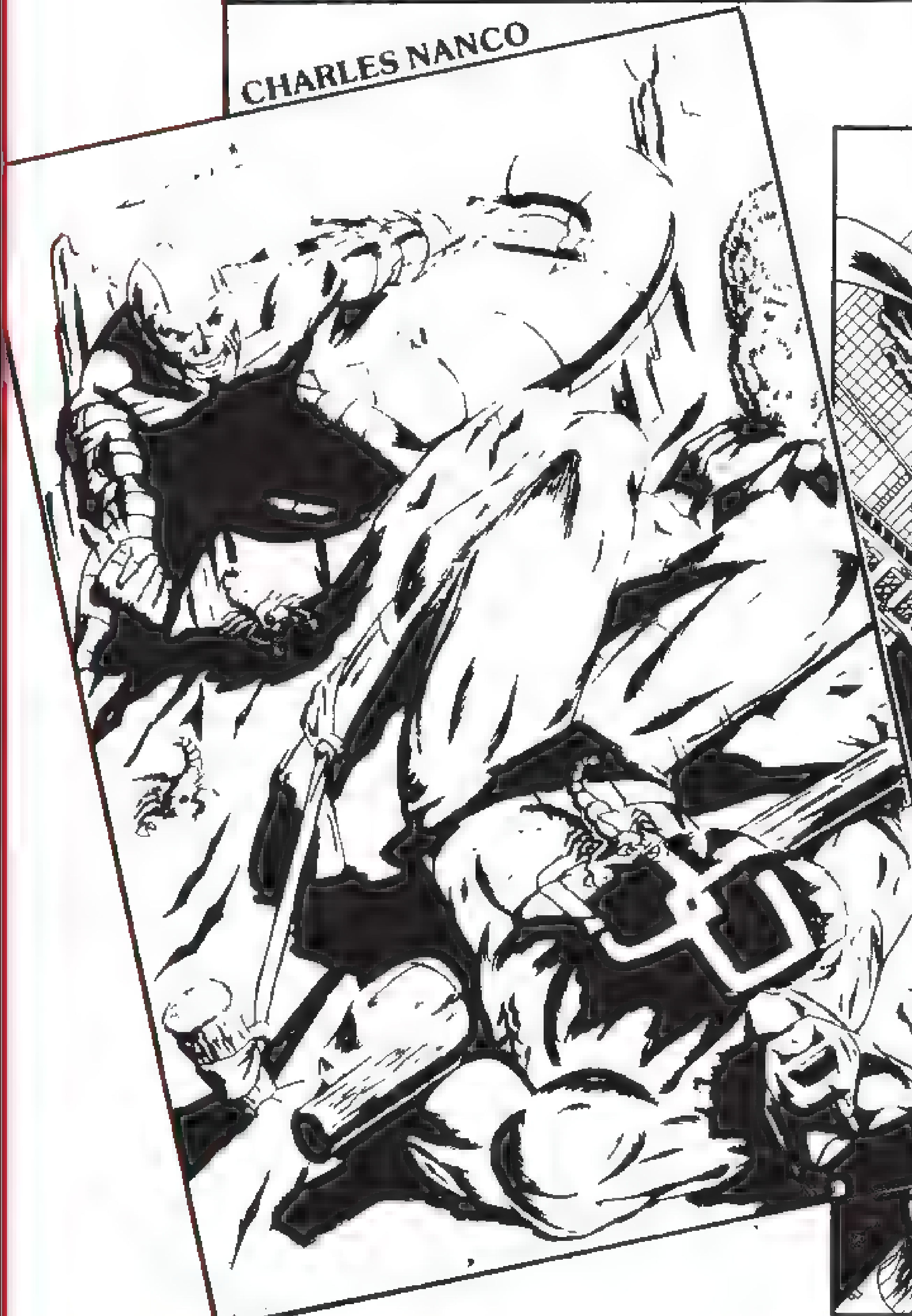
JOSH ZISSMAN



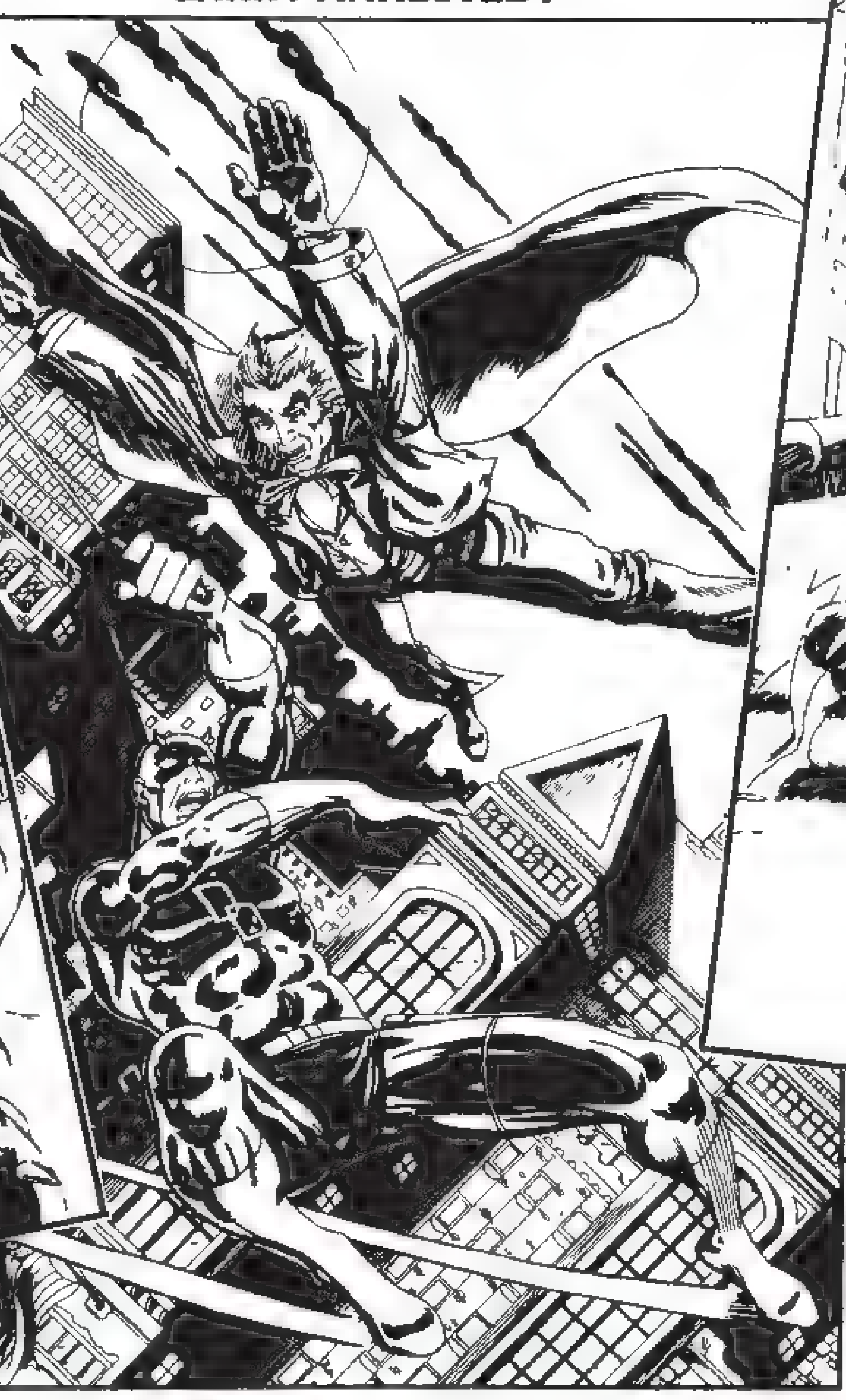
MIKE J. McCANN



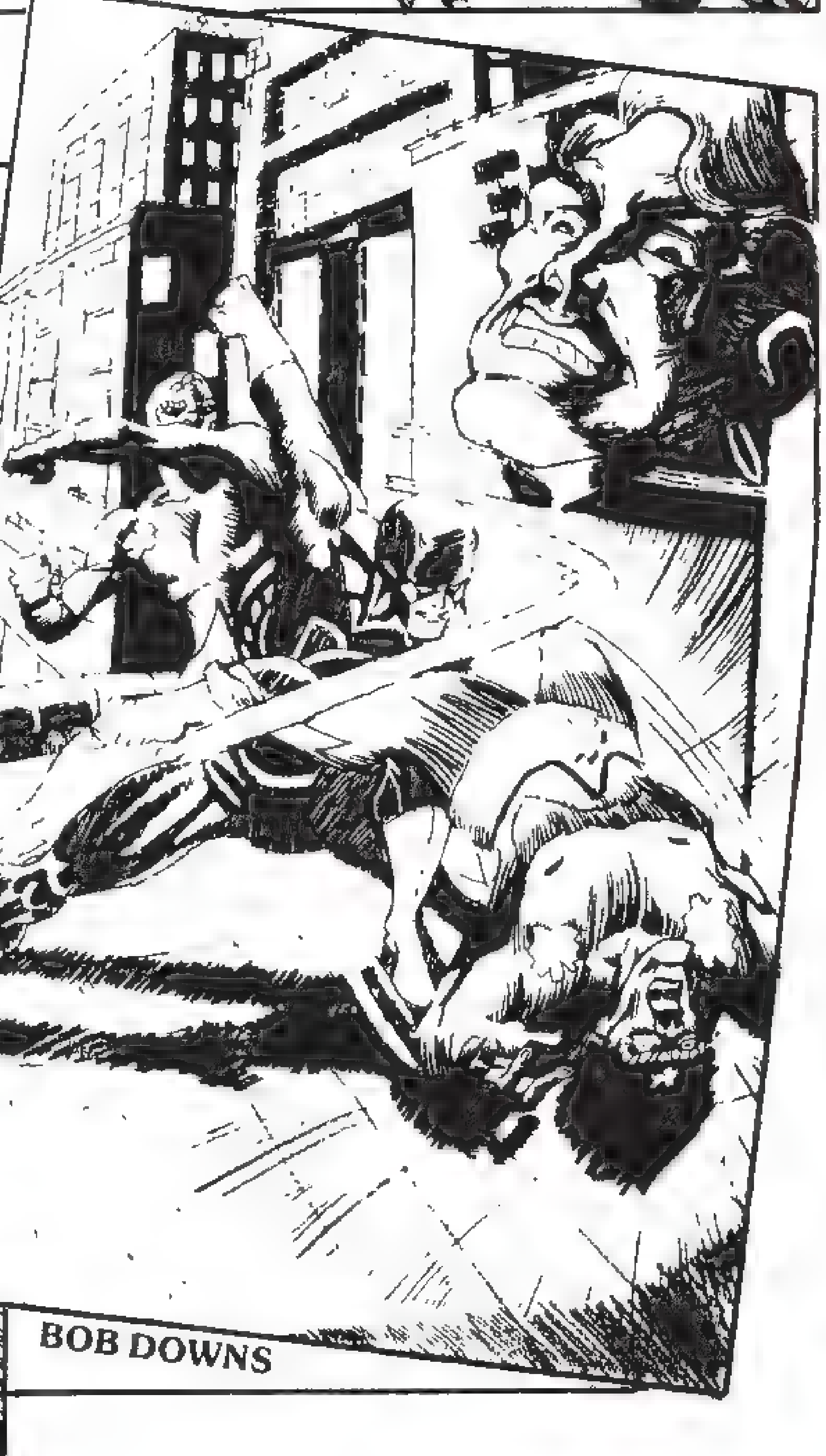
CHARLES NANCO

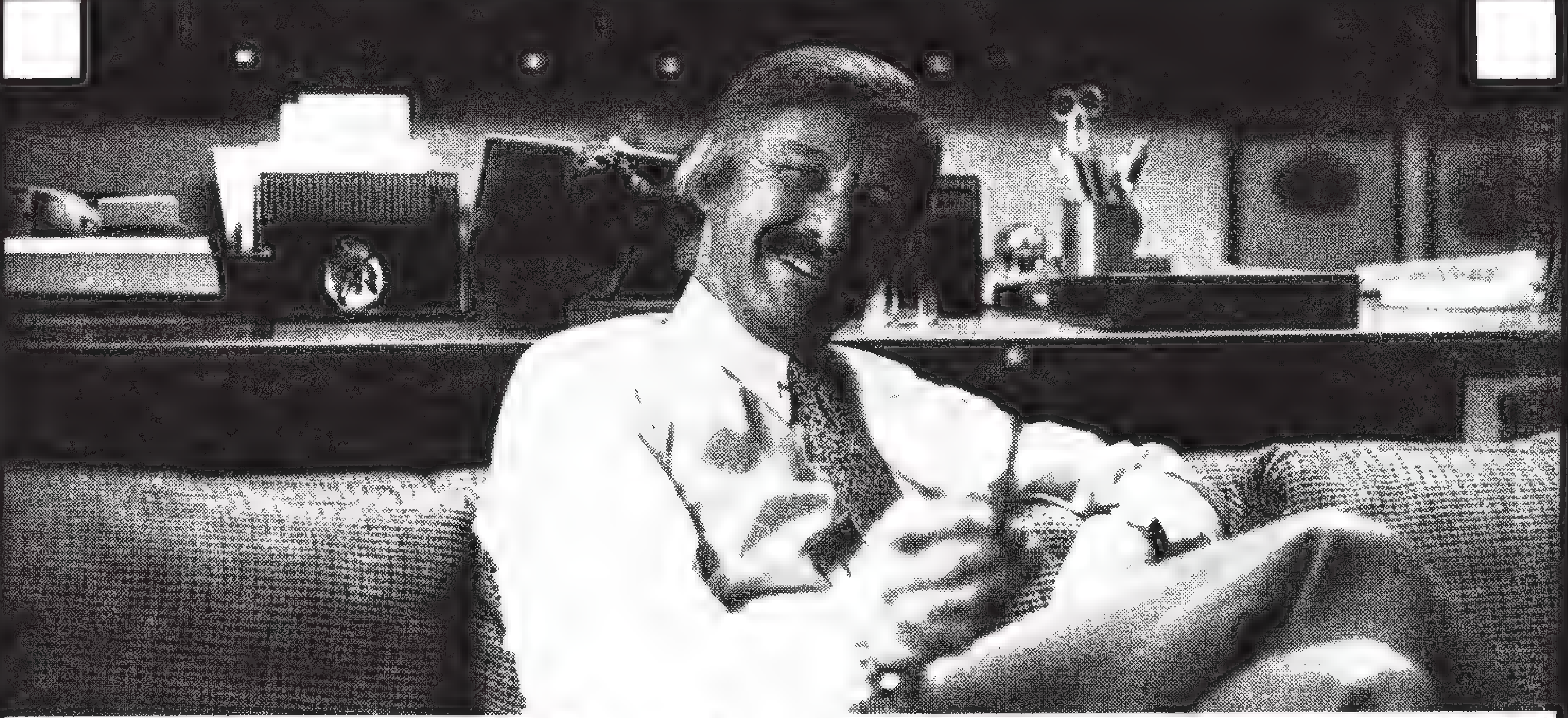


LARRY MAHLSTEDT



BOB DOWNS





A TALK WITH THE MEN BEHIND THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR...

SOME OF THEM, ANYWAY...

by Chris Claremont

F.O.O.M: To start off with, how was DAREDEVIL created?

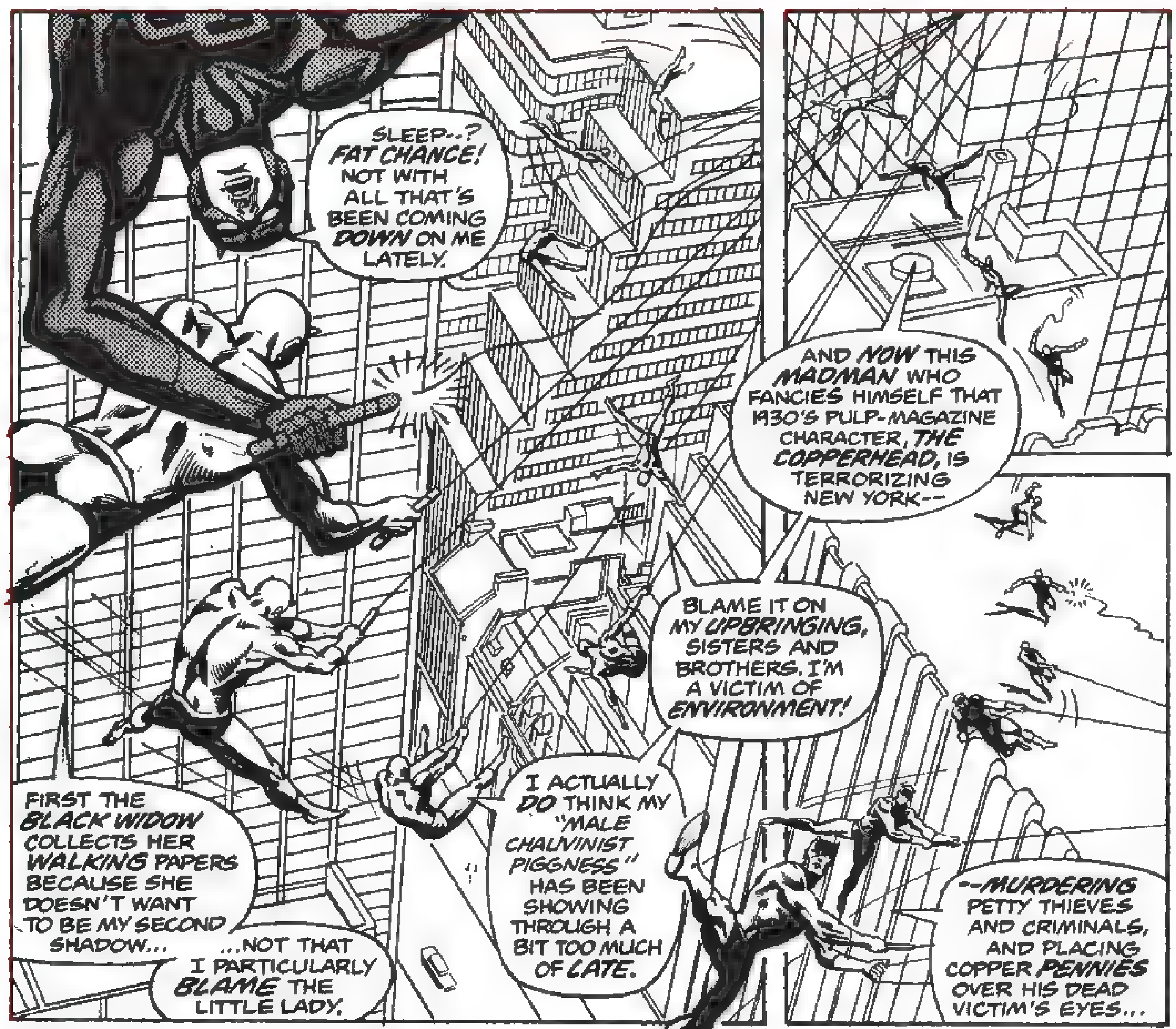
STAN: We had done a number of super-heroes before DAREDEVIL and, as you know, they were all flawed. And I was trying to think . . . well, readers seem to like characters that are flawed; what is the ultimate flaw you can give somebody? And . . . well, anybody who can make a super-hero out of a blind fellow is going somewhere. And then I remembered that there had been some movies about a blind detective—*Edward Arnold* played the role; he was a heavy-set guy and he had a white dog and a cane. And it was fascinating, this guy who was blind and yet a detective at the same time. Of course, in those days, there wasn't the action—or the violence—that such movies have today; it was more cerebral. But still I figured: okay, it's been done before to a degree. Also, I was looking for a script for *Bill Everett*, who had been with us for years but who didn't have a steady feature at that time; he was just doing some inking. I thought he'd be great for something like this.

Okay, we had already decided on the fact that our hero had to be blind, so I thought to myself: what would be a good alter-ego, a good, normal life for *daredevil?* It seemed to me that a blind man could make a good lawyer—somehow, his eyesight wouldn't be that important if he were bright and spoke well and so forth. And we didn't have any heroes who *were* lawyers, so that seemed like a good combo.

As far as the name *Daredevil*, I'm sorry to say that it wasn't an original idea; there had been a character called *Daredevil* published a million years ago by *Lev Gleason Publications.* Basically, that *Daredevil* was just acrobatic. He had a funny costume, one half one color, one half another, done vertically.

I liked the name I thought that it would be a great name for a fellow who's blind; nobody would ever suspect that he was blind and so forth. It was a good name and it was now in public domain—it had been so many years since it had been published and that company was no longer in business.

Now, I have a bad memory and it may have worked a little differently than I said, because while I mention the original *Daredevil*, what may have happened was that I may have gotten the name first. Anyway, I think I always liked the name *Daredevil* and when I found out that it was available, I wanted to use it. But since I don't like to copy (and I don't like to feel that Marvel copies anything—even though *Daredevil* was a name that was up for grabs) I guess I felt a little bit reticent


SLEEP--? FAT CHANCE! NOT WITH ALL THAT'S BEEN COMING DOWN ON ME LATELY.
AND NOW THIS MADMAN WHO FANCIES HIMSELF THAT 1930'S PULP-MAGAZINE CHARACTER, THE COPPERHEAD, IS TERRORIZING NEW YORK--
BLAME IT ON MY UPBRINGING, SISTERS AND BROTHERS. I'M A VICTIM OF ENVIRONMENT!
FIRST THE BLACK WIDOW COLLECTS HER WALKING PAPERS BECAUSE SHE DOESN'T WANT TO BE MY SECOND SHADOW...
...NOT THAT I PARTICULARLY BLAME THE LITTLE LADY.
I ACTUALLY DO THINK MY "MALE CHAUVINIST PIGGNESS" HAS BEEN SHOWING THROUGH A BIT TOO MUCH OF LATE.
--MURDERING PETTY THIEVES AND CRIMINALS, AND PLACING COPPER PENNIES OVER HIS DEAD VICTIM'S EYES...
...JUST AS THE FICTIONAL COPPERHEAD DID.
PROBLEMS ARE LIKE BANANAS, HORNHEAD--
--THEY COME IN BUNCHES!

because it had been used before. So that may be another reason why I decided to make *DD* blind. I wanted to make him as totally different from the original *Daredevil* character as possible. We made *DD's* costume different, made his origin different. In other words, the name was the same but beyond that we wanted him to be 180 degrees away; and I think that had a lot to do with why he was blind and why we made him a lawyer and why we made him very serious. The original *Daredevil*, as I remember, had a lot of humor in it. He went around with three characters like the *Three Stooges*. They were very short—I don't know if they were kids, or if they were short adults, but they were called the *Little Wise Guys*; sometimes they were all together in one book and it was called, DAREDEVIL AND THE LITTLE WISE GUYS. Sometimes Daredevil was by himself.

Well, I loved the origin of *our Daredevil* strip. *DD* had a father who was a fighter (*Battling Murdock*), not much of a fighter; but the father very heroically sacrificed himself at the end for his integrity and his son. I liked the way the kid developed his powers—the usual radioactive thing—he lost his eyesight at the same time. And I liked the way Bill Everett treated the strip, because—especially in that first issue—we took great pains to show how *DD's* radar sense worked. As I remember it, there were panels that Bill drew with little dotted lines showing how *DD* could envision things and so forth. It was something I always wished we were able to do more of as the strip went on; I sometimes worry that we don't play up the fact that he's blind enough. Sometimes, in reading the story, you can forget he's blind; he's just running around and talking, acting like a sighted person. And, to me, one of the most interesting things about *DD* was when he used to have these thought balloons: 'I could tell by the sound of his footsteps that he must weigh three hundred pounds.'

F.O.O.M: Thinking about what you said concerning Matt's being blind—and remembering the early issues—there were a lot of conflicts built around Matt's having an opportunity to regain his eyesight and rejecting them, saying: 'I'd rather be blind and *Daredevil*, than sighted and a normal man.' Matt always seemed to have a need to prove himself as *Daredevil:* 'I have to be better, I have to be the best.'

STAN: That's funny, Chris, because I never thought of it that way. But I guess when you write a story, you always sort of *are* the person you're writing about at that particular moment, whether it's a hero or a villain. The only way you can write it accurately is if you think: 'what would I say and how would I feel if this were me at that moment?' And I guess I must have felt—and maybe I still *do* feel—if I were in Matt's shoes—so maybe *I* have a need to prove things—if I were in a situation where the blindness really was no handicap—I mean, the guy certainly functions as well or better than you or I (as well or better than, as well or better as. . .oh well) and he does have a super-power in the sense that all his other senses are so much more finely tuned than ours, I don't think that I would want to just be able to see if I felt there was a chance of losing this thing that gave me that edge, you see? Especially since *DD* seems to be able to do everything *but* see. He sees without seeing and he seems to know what everything is.

I guess it's always up to arguement—maybe that's stupid, maybe a person in real life would much rather have his eyesight, I don't know. But I think, given that situation, that *I* would not say quickly: 'Give me back my sight!'

F.O.O.M: What attracts *you* to the character?

MARV: He is—as far as I can tell—Marvel's only crime-fighter. All the other characters have other shticks that they do: *Spider-Man* isn't so much a crime-fighter; he fights super villains. Half-the-time I'm not even quite sure why, or what the super villain has done. For instance, there's this very good three-part story running now with *Dr. Octopus* and *Hammerhead*, but so far as I can tell, no one's committed any crime. It's just that because they're super-villains, that's a good enough reason to stage the issues. *Thor* fights the Asgardian characters and everything else. The *FF* fight space monsters or creatures or earth-shaking menaces. Most of our super-heroes tend *not* to actually fight crime. They fight other things connected with it.

So, *Daredevil* being, in a sense, Marvel's only crime-fighter, you can do slightly different-type story-lines; in fact you almost have to, because you can't be as outrageous as, say, the *FF*, or as 100% action-oriented as *Spidey*, even with all the character development and such. So that's, I think, one prime interest.

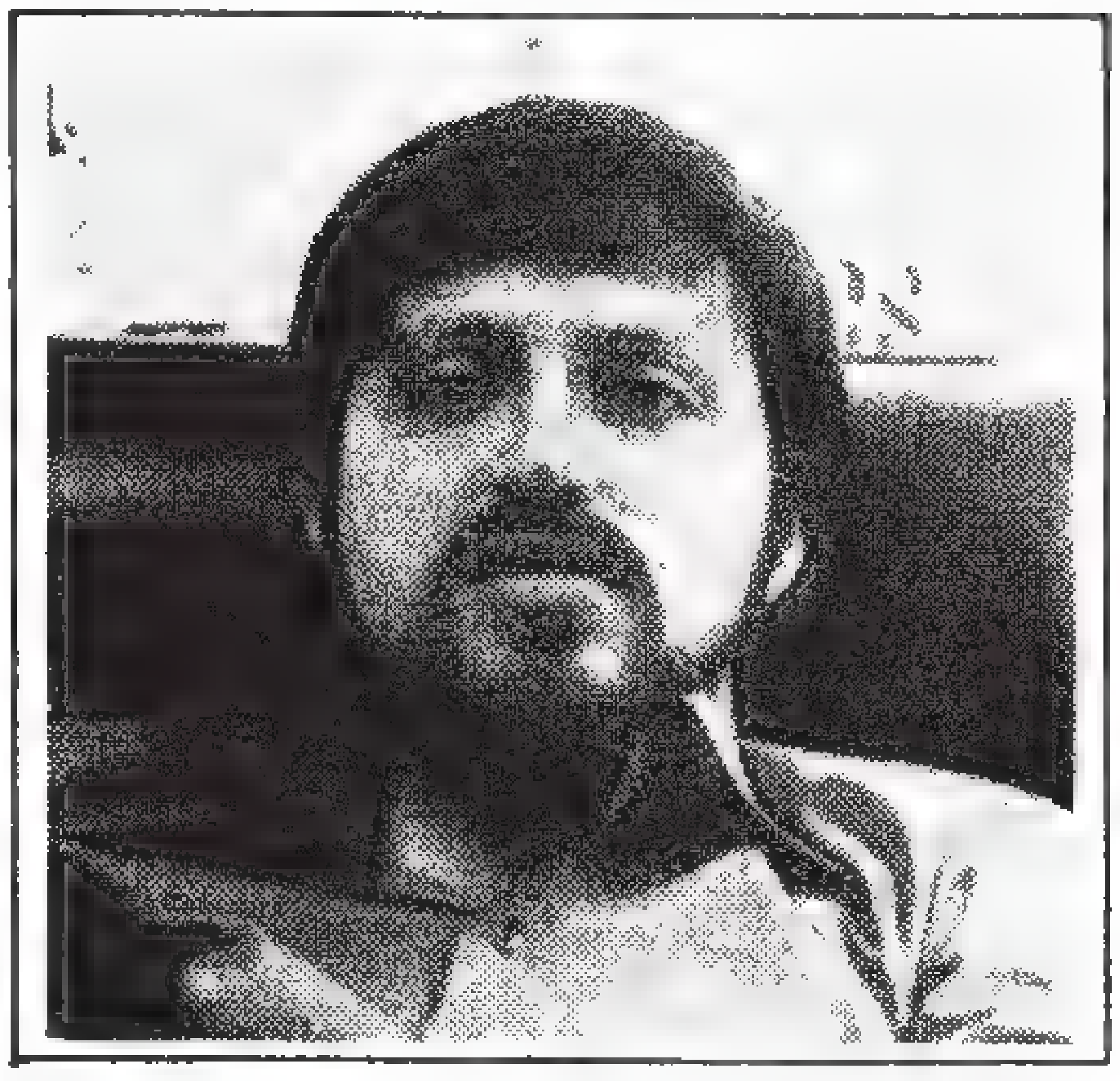
Secondly, *Matt Murdock* is one of the few, I think, intelligent adults in the Marvel universe who actually has to work for a living. When you think about it, *Peter Parker* is only a part-time worker because he's basically a student...*Tony Stark* is a multi-millionaire. Most of our characters don't have to work to support themselves. Matt, on the other hand, would be in serious trouble if he weren't being paid for the legal work he does. So, Matt is of interest. *Foggy Nelson* as a secondary supporting character is fine. And, of course, the ability to come up with a secondary cast for the book—which it hasn't had for many years—is of interest to me, because I like supporting casts in my stories.

F.O.O.M: Moving on to something a little different, the book has never really been that strong a seller, never a top book. Do you have any explanation for that? And do you think it ever will be?

MARV: I think that when it was first considered—I have never spoken to Stan on this, so I don't know how accurately I'm going to be saying this—I get the impression that Stan and Bill Everett were trying to come up with another *Spider-Man* success; and, unfortunately—for one reason or another—it didn't work.

I think part of the reason is that there is not a good supporting cast; there never was. Foggy and Matt, for example: their relationship changed every few issues; you'd have Matt disliking Foggy for awhile, you'd have each one jealous of the other; Foggy in one issue would be saying something to the effect of—'He has the world at his fingertips if only he'd take it.'—and in the next issue be talking about how callous Matt was. One issue Matt *would* be callous, the next issue he wouldn't. So my impression would be more like there wasn't a consistency of character; it was more like writing whatever was convenient to the story.

I think where it failed, in many cases, was pretty dull villains. The best villain among the whole crew was the *Gladiator* and he was not one of your top villains; he'd be a second-rate villain in any other book, yet he was *Daredevil's* best. Stan kept having to bring in villains from other books—either from SPIDER-MAN or from the FF; certainly *Cobra* and *Hyde* popped up half-a-dozen times under Stan. And when you tried a different type of villain, as I think Steve Gerber did—with space and cosmic stuff—it just didn't work.



You see, *Daredevil* was a very peculiar type of character in that nothing he did seemed to fit into any one *genre*. I'm experimenting now with different types of villains; I do bring back some old ones, such as the *Man-Bull*—and now, the Jester, of course—but then again, I'm also bringing in new characters like the Torpedo or *Bulls-Eye*—who didn't quite work out in the first story-line, but I'm going to bring him back when I can fix him up a little bit—all the while trying to find the type of villain that seems to work best with *Daredevil*. Right now, I'm not even sure what that is; it's going to take several more issues before I find out for sure.

The only thing I *do* know—and that makes me feel very good—is that, despite the fact that I haven't been pleased with every issue of DAREDEVIL, the sales have indicated very definitely that it's going up. One issue—the second issue with the Torpedo—was the best-selling book of that month as far as percentages go. So, whether or not *I* like what I'm doing, the readers feel that the book is picking up. And I think the concentration on straight villains is part of the reason.

F.O.O.M: Carrying on a bit from that, where do you envision the strip going over the next few months or years? Is there any particular direction you want to take it in?

MARV: Yes. I'm working in a sense with *Jason Chapnick*, a lawyer in Florida who happened to have been blind the first twenty years of his life and then, thru an operation, regained his sight. And he has a very strong interest in *Daredevil*. He's been supplying me with some information, legal stuff for Matt to play with, a better explanation for the Storefront—which legally can't exist. Things like that.

I hope to be able to give some stronger things on Matt's personal life. I think, again—getting back to the previous question—that one reason the book never did as well as some others is that the individual supporting characters were never played up, and that includes Matt. So I'm going to see what I can do with Matt, get him into some interesting situations—the thing with Heather's father is slowly starting to grow, so we'll be getting into Heather's life a little bit more. The same thing with Foggy. Adding Lt. Rose; the reporter, Conover, who I'll be bringing back on a regular basis fairly soon.

Basically, I'm going to try to give the book a large supporting cast, as SPIDER-MAN has, as I think any popular book has. That's one thing. The other thing with *Daredevil* is getting back a little more to the fact that he is a daredevil! That means constantly putting him in a position that no normal person would want to go thru, be it walking on a tightrope across New York City, or anything else you can think of. *Captain America* would be useless in this situation but *Daredevil* could pull it off because he's *Daredevil*.

F.O.O.M: Thank you both very much.

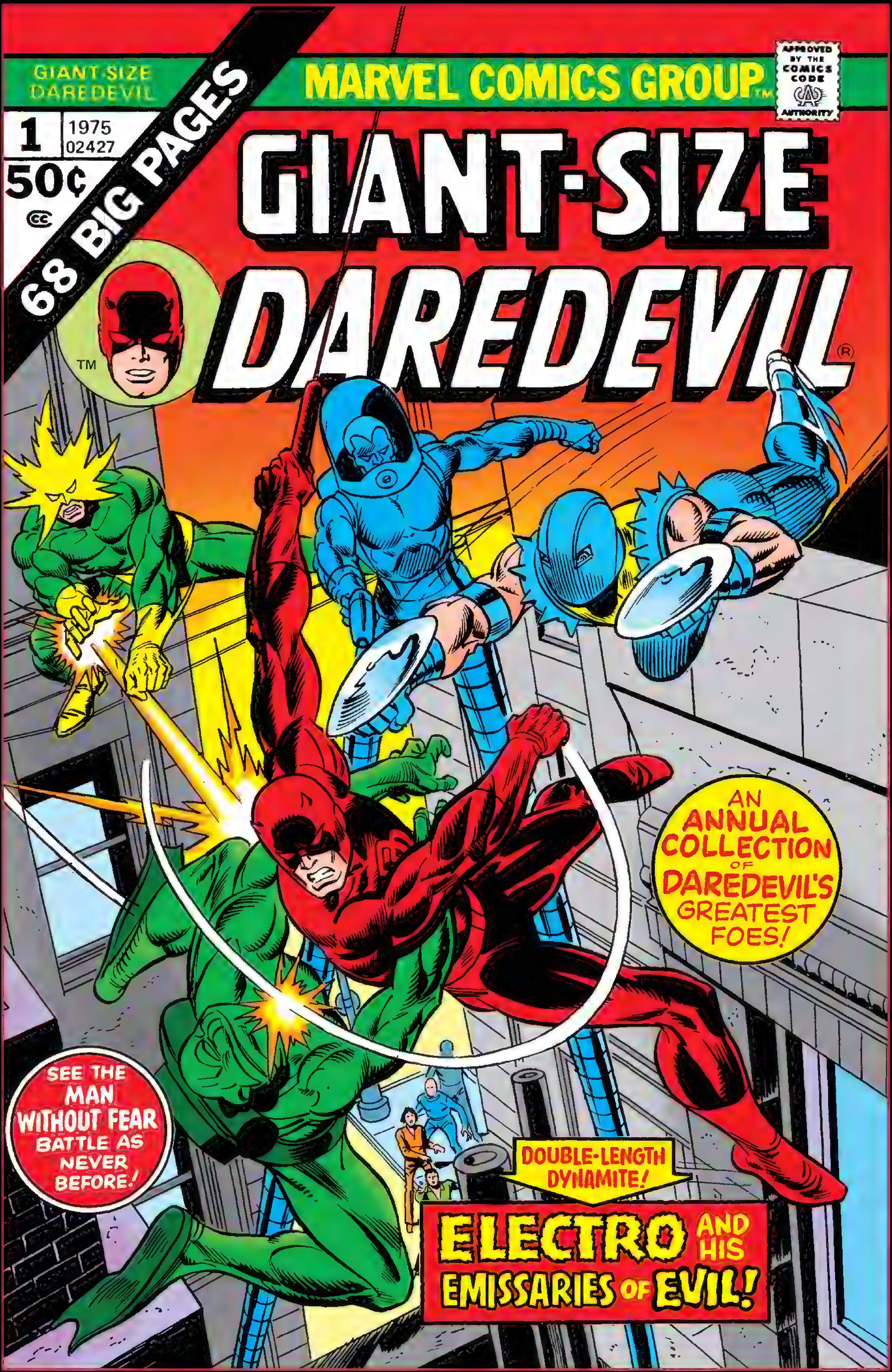
DAREDEVIL CHECKLIST

Compiled by Scott Edelman

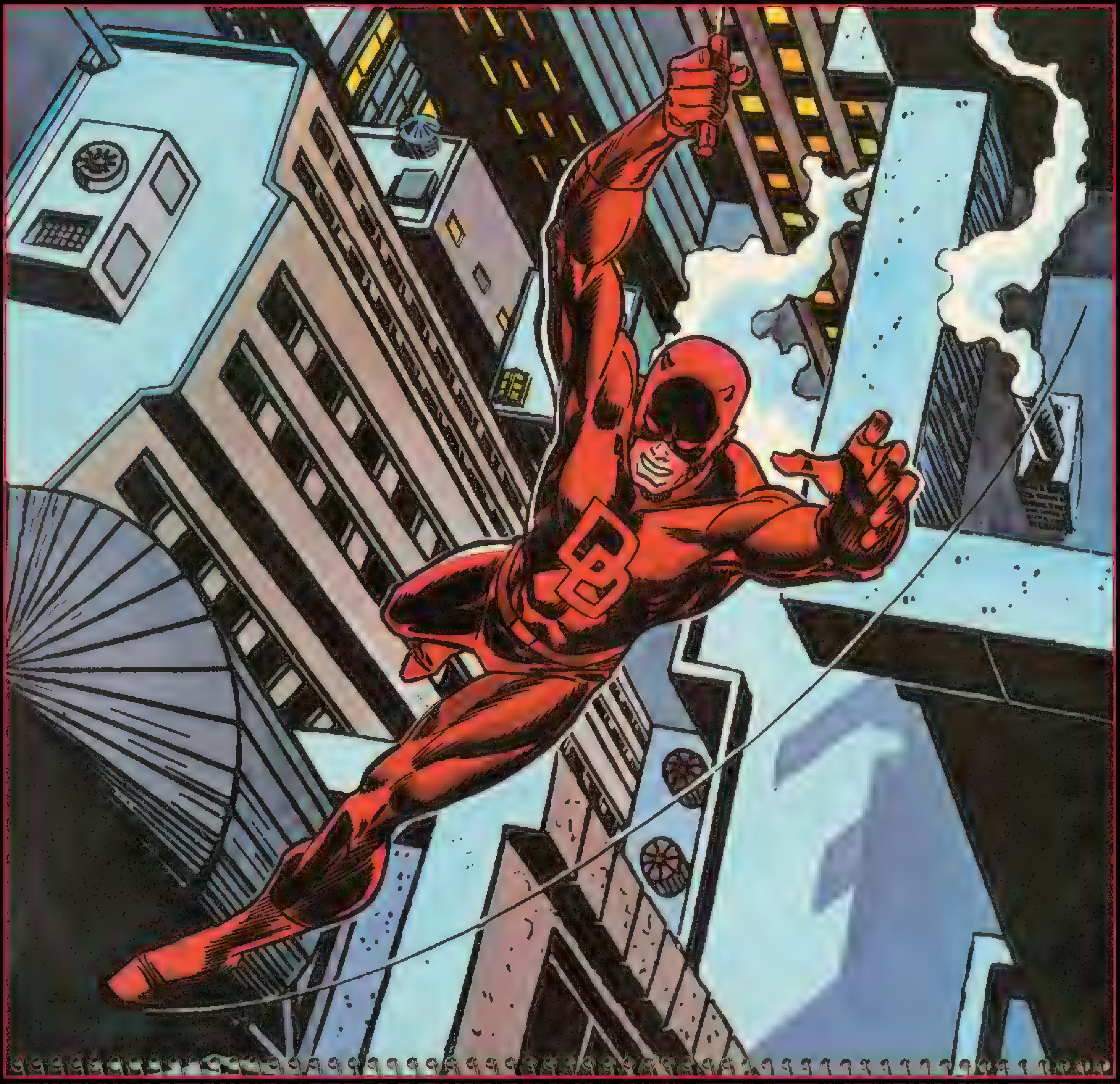
NUMBER	DATE	TITLE	WRITER	PENCILLER	INKER	PP
1	4/64	*The Origin Of Daredevil*	Stan Lee	Bill Everett	Bill Everett	23
2	6/64	*The Evil Menace Of Electro*	Stan Lee	Joe Orlando	Vince Colletta	22
3	8/64	*The Owl, Omnibus Overlord Of Crime*	Stan Lee	Joe Orlando	Vince Colletta	22
4	10/64	*Killgrave, The Unbelievable Purple Man*	Stan Lee	Joe Orlando	Vince Colletta	22
5	12/64	*The Mysterious Masked Matador*	Stan Lee	Wally Wood	Wally Wood	20
6	2/65	*Trapped By The Fellowship Of Fear*	Stan Lee	Wally Wood	Wally Wood	20
7	4/65	*In Mortal Combat With Sub-Mariner*	Stan Lee	Wally Wood	Wally Wood	20
8	6/65	*The Stilt-man Cometh*	Stan Lee	Wally Wood	Wally Wood	20
9	8/65	*That He May See*	Stan Lee	Wally Wood	Bob Powell	20
10	10/65	*While The City Sleeps*	Stan Lee	Wally Wood/Bob Powell	Bob Powell	20
11	12/65	*A Time To Unmask*	Stan Lee	Bob Powell	Wally Wood	20
12	1/66	*Sightless In A Savage Land*	Stan Lee	Jack Kirby/John Romita	John Romita	20
13	2/66	*The Secret Of Ka-zar's Origin*	Stan Lee	Jack Kirby/John Romita	John Romita	20
14	3/66	*If This Be Justice*	Stan Lee	John Romita	Frank Giacoia	20
15	4/66	*And Men Shall Call Him Ox*	Stan Lee	John Romita	Frank Giacoia	20
16	5/66	*Enter Spider-man*	Stan Lee	John Romita	Frank Giacoia	20
17	6/66	*None Are So Blind*	Stan Lee	John Romita	Frank Giacoia	20
18	7/66	*There Shall Come A Gladiator*	Stan Lee/Denny O'Neil	John Romita	Frank Giacoia	20
19	8/66	*Alone Against The Underworld*	Stan Lee	John Romita	Frank Giacoia	20
20	9/66	*The Verdict Is: Death*	Stan Lee	Gene Colan	Frank Giacoia	20
21	10/66	*The Trap Is Sprung*	Stan Lee	Gene Colan	Frank Giacoia/Dick Ayers	20
22	11/66	*The Tri-man Lives*	Stan Lee	Gene Colan	Frank Giacoia/Dick Ayers	20
23	12/66	*DD Goes Wild*	Stan Lee	Gene Colan	Frank Giacoia	20
24	1/67	*The Mystery Of The Midnight Stalker*	Stan Lee	Gene Colan	Frank Giacoia	20
25	2/67	*Enter: The Leap-Frog*	Stan Lee	Gene Colan	Frank Giacoia	20
26	3/67	*Stilt-man Strikes Again*	Stan Lee	Gene Colan	Gene Colan	20
27	4/67	*Mike Murdock Must Die*	Stan Lee	Gene Colan	Frank Giacoia	20
28	5/67	*Thou Shalt Not Covet Thy Neighbor's Planet*	Stan Lee	Gene Colan	Dick Ayers	20
29	6/67	*Unmasked*	Stan Lee	Gene Colan	John Tartaglione	20
30	7/67	*If There Should Be A Thunder God*	Stan Lee	Gene Colan	John Tartaglione	20
31	8/67	*Blind Man's Bluff*	Stan Lee	Gene Colan	John Tartaglione	20
32	9/67	*To Fight The Impossible Fight*	Stan Lee	Gene Colan	John Tartaglione	20
33	10/67	*Behold The Beetle*	Stan Lee	Gene Colan	John Tartaglione	20
34	11/67	*To Squash A Beetle*	Stan Lee	Gene Colan	John Tartaglione	20
35	12/67	*Daredevil Dies First*	Stan Lee	Gene Colan	George Klein	20
36	1/68	*The Name Of The Game Is Mayhem*	Stan Lee	Gene Colan	Frank Giacoia	20
37	2/68	*Don't Look Now, But It's Doctor Doom*	Stan Lee	Gene Colan	John Tartaglione	20
38	3/68	*The Living Prison*	Stan Lee	Gene Colan	Frank Giacoia	20
39	4/68	*The Exterminator And The Unholy Three*	Stan Lee	Gene Colan	George Tuska	20
40	5/68	*The Fallen Hero*	Stan Lee	Gene Colan	John Tartaglione	20
41	6/68	*The Death Of Mike Murdock*	Stan Lee	Gene Colan	John Tartaglione	20
42	7/68	*Nobody Laughs At The Jester*	Stan Lee	Gene Colan	Dan Adkins	20
43	8/68	*In Combat With Captain America*	Stan Lee	Gene Colan	Vince Colletta	20
44	9/68	*I, Murderer*	Stan Lee	Gene Colan	Vince Colletta	20
45	10/68	*The Dismal Dregs Of Defeat*	Stan Lee	Gene Colan	Vince Colletta	20
46	11/68	*The Final Jest*	Stan Lee	Gene Colan	George Klein	20
47	12/68	*Brother, Take My Hand*	Stan Lee	Gene Colan	George Klein	20
48	1/69	*Farewell To Foggy*	Stan Lee	Gene Colan	George Klein	20
49	2/69	*Daredevil Drops Out*	Stan Lee	Gene Colan	George Klein	20
50	3/69	*If In Battle I Fall*	Stan Lee	Barry Smith	Johnny Craig	20
51	4/69	*Run, Murdock, Run*	Roy Thomas	Barry Smith	George Klein	20
52	5/69	*The Night Of The Panther*	Roy Thomas	Barry Smith	Johnny Craig	20
53	6/69	*As It Was In The Beginning*	Stan Lee/Roy Thomas	Gene Colan	George Klein	20
54	7/69	*Call Him Fear*	Roy Thomas	Gene Colan	George Klein	20
55	8/69	*Cry Coward*	Roy Thomas	Gene Colan	Syd Shores	20
56	9/69	*And Death Came Riding*	Roy Thomas	Gene Colan	Syd Shores	20
57	10/69	*In the Midst Of Life*	Roy Thomas	Gene Colan	Syd Shores	20
58	11/69	*Spin-out On Fifth Avenue*	Roy Thomas	Gene Colan	Syd Shores	20
59	12/69	*The Torpedo Will Get You If You Don't Watch Out*	Roy Thomas	Gene Colan	Syd Shores	20
60	1/70	*Showdown At Sea*	Roy Thomas	Gene Colan	Syd Shores	20
61	2/70	*Trapped By The Trio Of Doom*	Roy Thomas	Gene Colan	Syd Shores	20
62	3/70	*Quoth The Nighthawk, "Nevermore"*	Roy Thomas	Gene Colan	Syd Shores	20
63	4/70	*The Girl Or The Gladiator*	Roy Thomas	Gene Colan	Syd Shores	19
64	5/70	*Suddenly. . .The Stunt-Master*	Roy Thomas	Gene Colan	Syd Shores	19
65	6/70	*The Killing Of Brother Brimstone*	Roy Thomas	Gene Colan	Syd Shores	19
66	7/70	*And One Cried Murder*	Roy Thomas	Gene Colan	Syd Shores	19
67	8/70	*Stilt-man Stalks The Soundstage*	Gary Friedrich/Roy Thomas	Gene Colan	Syd Shores	19
68	9/70	*Phoenix And The Fighter*	Roy Thomas	Gene Colan	Syd Shores	19
69	10/70	*A Life On The Line*	Roy Thomas	Gene Colan	Syd Shores	19
70	11/70	*The Tribune*	Gary Friedrich	Gene Colan	Syd Shores	19
71	12/70	*If An Eye Offend Thee*	Roy Thomas	Gene Colan	Syd Shores	19
72	1/71	*Lo, The Lord Of The Leopards*	Gerry Conway	Gene Colan	Syd Shores	19
73	2/71	*Behold The Brotherhood*	Allyn Brodsky/Gerry Conway	Gene Colan	Syd Shores	19
74	3/71	*In The Country Of The Blind*	Gerry Conway	Gene Colan	Syd Shores	19
75	4/71	*Now Rides The Ghost Of El Condor*	Gerry Conway	Gene Colan	Syd Shores	19
76	5/71	*The Deathmarch Of El Condor*	Gerry Conway	Gene Colan	Tom Palmer	19
77	6/71	*And So Enters The Amazing Spider-Man*	Gerry Conway	Gene Colan	Tom Palmer	19
78	7/71	*The Horns Of The Bull*	Gerry Conway	Gene Colan	Tom Palmer	19
79	8/71	*"Murder" Cries The Man-Bull*	Gary Friedrich/Gerry Conway	Gene Colan	Tom Palmer	19
80	9/71	*In The Eyes Of The Owl*	Gerry Conway	Gene Colan	Tom Palmer	19
81	11/71	*And Death Is A Woman Called Widow*	Gerry Conway	Gene Colan	Jack Abel	19
82	12/71	*Now Send The Scorpion*	Gerry Conway	Gene Colan	Jack Abel	21
83	1/72	*The Widow Accused*	Gerry Conway	Barry Smith/Allan Weiss	Bill Everett	21
84	2/72	*Night Of The Assassin*	Gerry Conway	Gene Colan	Syd Shores	21
85	3/72	*Night Flight*	Gerry Conway	Gene Colan	Syd Shores	21
86	4/72	*Once Upon A Time–The Ox*	Gerry Conway	Gene Colan	Tom Palmer	21
87	5/72	*From Stage Left, Enter: Electro*	Gerry Conway	Gene Colan	Tom Palmer	21
88	6/72	*Call Him Killgrave*	Gerry Conway	Gene Colan	Tom Palmer	21
89	7/72	*Crisis*	Gerry Conway	Gene Colan	Tom Palmer	20
90	8/72	*The Sinister Secret Of The Protector*	Gerry Conway	Gene Colan	Tom Palmer	21
91	9/72	*Fear Is The Key*	Gerry Conway	Gene Colan	Tom Palmer	20
92	10/72	*On The Eve Of The Talon*	Gerry Conway	Gene Colan	Tom Palmer	20
93	11/72	*A Power Corrupt*	Gerry Conway	Gene Colan	Tom Palmer	20
94	12/72	*He Can Crush The World*	Gerry Conway	Gene Colan	Tom Palmer	20
95	1/73	*Bullfight On The Bay*	Gerry Conway	Gene Colan	Tom Palmer	20
96	2/73	*The Widow Will Make You Pay*	Gerry Conway	Gene Colan	Ernie Chua	21
97	3/73	*He Who Saves*	Steve Gerber/Gerry Conway	Gene Colan	Ernie Chua	20
98	4/73	*Let There Be Death*	Steve Gerber/Gerry Conway	Gene Colan	Ernie Chua	20
99	5/73	*The Mark Of Hawkeye*	Steve Gerber	Sam Kweskin	Syd Shores	20
100	6/73	*Mind Storm*	Steve Gerber	Gene Colan	John Tartaglione	20
101	7/73	*Vengeance In The Sky With Diamonds*	Steve Gerber	Rich Buckler	Frank Giacoia	20
102	8/73	*Stilt-man Stalks The City*	Chris Claremont/Gerry Conway	Syd Shores	Frank Giacoia	20
103	9/73	*Then Came Ramrod*	Steve Gerber	Don Heck	Sal Trapani	19
104	10/73	*Prey Of The Hunter*	Steve Gerber	Don Heck	Sal Trapani	19
105	11/73	*Menace From The Moons Of Saturn*	Steve Gerber	Don Heck/Jim Starlin	Don Perlin	19
106	12/73	*Life Be Not Proud*	Steve Gerber	Don Heck	Sal Trapani	19
107	1/74	*Blind Man's Bluff*	Steve Gerber	Bob Brown	Sal Buscema	19
108	3/74	*Cry Beetle*	Steve Gerber	Bob Brown	Paul Gulacy	19
109	5/74	*Dying For Dollar$*	Steve Gerber	Bob Brown	Don Heck	19
110	6/74	*Birthright*	Steve Gerber	Gene Colan	Frank Chiaramonte	18
111	7/74	*Sword Of The Samurai*	Steve Gerber	Bob Brown	Jim Mooney	18
112	8/74	*Death Of A Nation*	Steve Gerber	Gene Colan	Frank Giacoia	18
113	9/74	*When Strikes The Gladiator*	Steve Gerber	Bob Brown	Vince Colletta	18
114	10/74	*A Quiet Night In The Swamp*	Steve Gerber	Bob Brown	Vince Colletta	17
115	11/74	*Death Stalks The City*	Steve Gerber	Bob Brown	Vince Colletta	17
116	12/74	*Two Flew Over The Owl's Nest*	Steve Gerber	Gene Colan	Vince Colletta	17
117	1/75	*Mindtap*	Chris Claremont/Steve Gerber	Bob Brown	Vince Colletta	17
118	2/75	*Circus Spelled Sideways Is Death*	Gerry Conway	Don Heck	Vince Colletta	19
119	3/75	*They're Tearing Down Fogwell's Gym*	Tony Isabella	Bob Brown	Don Heck	17
120	4/75	*And a HYDRA New Year*	Tony Isabella	Bob Brown	Vince Colletta	18
121	5/75	*Foggy Nelson, Agent of SHIELD*	Tony Isabella	Bob Brown	Vince Colletta	18
122	6/75	*Hydra-and-Seek*	Tony Isabella	Bob Brown	Vince Colletta	18
123	7/75	*Holocaust In The Halls Of Hydra*	Tony Isabella	Bob Brown	Vince Colletta	18
124	8/75	*In The Coils Of The Copperhead*	Len Wein/Marv Wolfman	Gene Colan	Klaus Janson	18
125	9/75	*Vengeance Is The Copperhead*	Marv Wolfman	Bob Brown	Klaus Janson	18
126	10/75	*Flight Of The Torpedo*	Marv Wolfman	Bob Brown	Klaus Janson	18
127	11/75	*You Killed That Man, Torpedo–And Now You're Going To Pay*	Marv Wolfman	Bob Brown	Klaus Janson	18
128	12/75	*Death Stalks The Stairway To The Stars*	Marv Wolfman	Bob Brown	Klaus Janson	18
129	1/76	*Man-Bull In A China-Town*	Marv Wolfman	Bob Brown	Klaus Janson	18
130	2/76	*Look Out DD–Here Comes The Death-Man*	Marv Wolfman	Bob Brown	Klaus Janson	18
131	3/76	*Watch Out For Bullseye–He Never Misses*	Marv Wolfman	Bob Brown	Klaus Janson	17
132	4/76	*Bullseye Rules Supreme*	Marv Wolfman	Bob Brown	Klaus Janson	17
133	5/76	*Introducing Mind-Wave And His Fearsome Think Tank*	Marv Wolfman	Bob Brown	Jim Mooney	17
134	6/76	*There's Trouble In New York. . .That's Trouble With A Capital "T" Which Rhymes With "D" And That Stands For Daredevil*	Marv Wolfman	Bob Brown	Jim Mooney	17
ANNUAL						
1	9/67	*Electro And The Emissaries Of Evil*	Stan Lee	Gene Colan	John Tartaglione	39

COURTESY HERITAGEAUCTIONS.COM

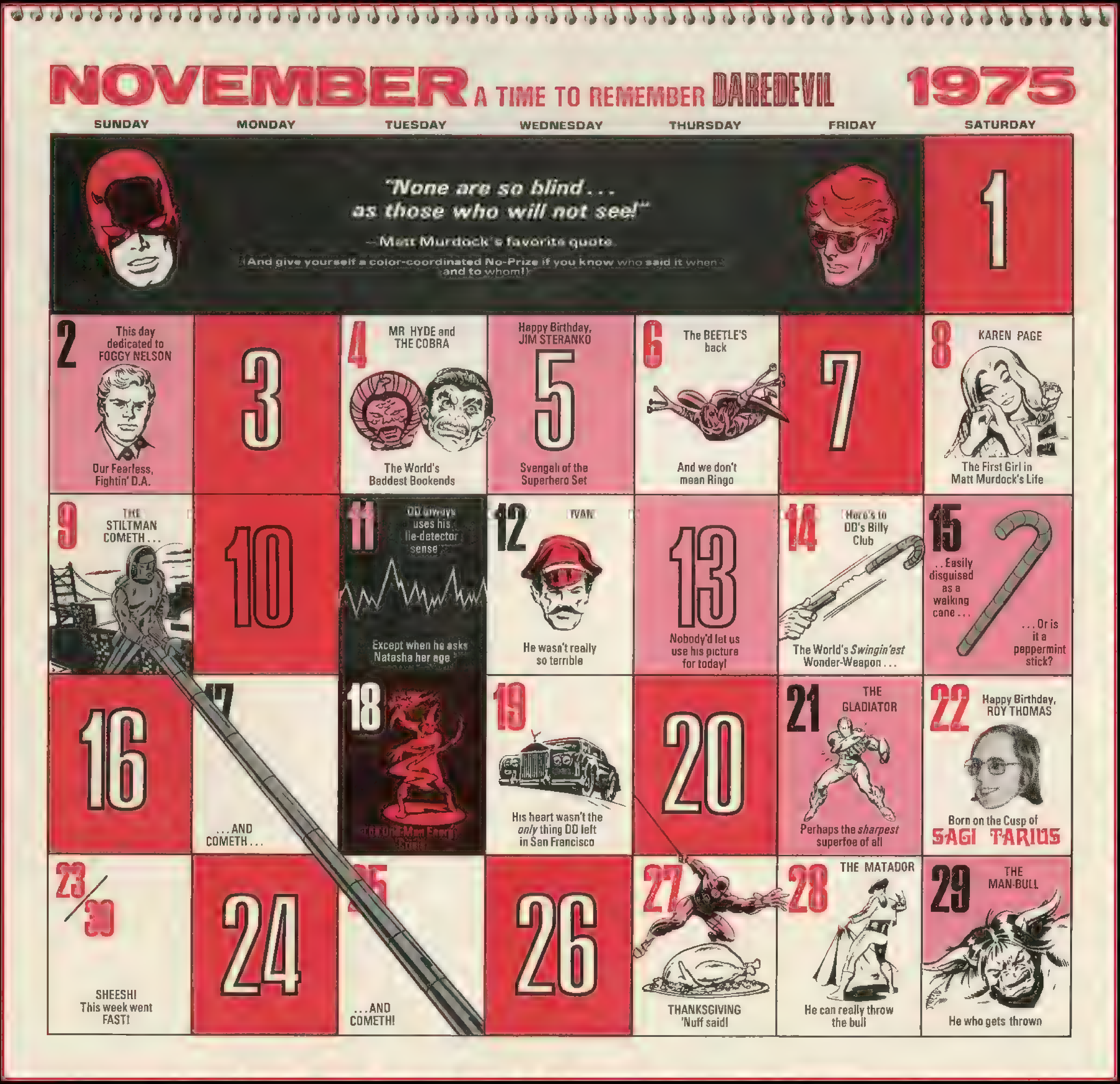
***GIANT-SIZE DAREDEVIL* #1, COVER LAYOUT SKETCH, BY GIL KANE**


GIANT-SIZE DAREDEVIL
MARVEL COMICS GROUP
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
1
1975
02427
50¢
68 BIG PAGES
GIANT-SIZE
DAREDEVIL
AN ANNUAL COLLECTION OF DAREDEVIL'S GREATEST FOES!
SEE THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR BATTLE AS NEVER BEFORE!
DOUBLE-LENGTH DYNAMITE!
ELECTRO AND HIS EMISSARIES OF EVIL!

GIANT-SIZE DAREDEVIL #1 (1975) COVER, BY GIL KANE & FRANK GIACOIA
REPRINTING *DAREDEVIL ANNUAL* #1



MIGHTY MARVEL CALENDAR FOR 1975, NOVEMBER ART, BY GIL KANE & FRANK GIACOIA



NOVEMBER A TIME TO REMEMBER DAREDEVIL 1975

"None are so blind . . . as those who will not see!"

—Matt Murdock's favorite quote.

(And give yourself a color-coordinated No-Prize if you know who said it when—and to whom!)

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
						1
2 This day dedicated to FOGGY NELSON Our Fearless, Fightin' D.A.	3	4 MR HYDE and THE COBRA The World's Baddest Bookends	Happy Birthday, JIM STERANKO 5 Svengali of the Superhero Set	6 The BEETLE'S back And we don't mean Ringo	7	8 KAREN PAGE The First Girl in Matt Murdock's Life
9 THE STILTMAN COMETH . . .	10	11 DD always uses his lie-detector sense Except when he asks Natasha her age	12 IVAN He wasn't really so terrible	13 Nobody'd let us use his picture for today!	14 Here's to DD's Billy Club The World's *Swingin'est* Wonder-Weapon . . .	15 . . Easily disguised as a walking cane . . . . . . Or is it a peppermint stick?
16	17 . . . AND COMETH . . .	18 The One-Man Energy Crisis	19 His heart wasn't the *only* thing DD left in San Francisco	20	21 THE GLADIATOR Perhaps the *sharpest* superfoe of all	22 Happy Birthday, ROY THOMAS Born on the Cusp of SAGI TARIUS
23/30 SHEESH! This week went FAST!	24	25 . . . AND COMETH!	26	27 THANKSGIVING 'Nuff said!	28 THE MATADOR He can really throw the bull	29 THE MAN-BULL He who gets thrown

MIGHTY MARVEL CALENDAR FOR 1975, NOVEMBER PAGE, BY ROY THOMAS

LET'S LEVEL WITH
DAREDEVIL

SEND YOUR LETTERS TO
THE MARVEL COMICS GROUP
SIXTH FLOOR
575 MADISON AV.
NEW YORK 10022
N. Y

THE HYDRA FILE

A special report compiled by Tony Isabella

HYDRA

Once called—justifiably so, I think—the deadliest threat to democracy and world peace Earth has ever known. That threat lies not only in Hydra's considerable power, but in its uncanny ability to come back from crushing defeat—again and again—and, each time, come back stronger than ever. It's inherent in their oath:

"Hail Hydra! Immortal Hydra! We shall never be destroyed! Cut off a limb, and two more shall take its place! We serve none but the master as the world shall soon serve us!"

In researching Hydra's origins and organization, prior to my chronicling Daredevil's encounter with them, it occurred to me that no one had ever attempted a history of this many-limbed menace. I can guess why. If our relatively benign government can toss a reporter behind bars for defending the freedom of the press, to what greater lengths would Hydra dedicated to world domination go, in order to protect their secrets from public consumption?

Still, we of the mass media have a responsibility to keep our readership informed. I accept this responsibility, and offer herein a capsule version of Hydra's history. It will be concluded in DAREDEVIL #131. If I'm not concluded first.

****

Contrary to popular belief, Baron Strucker did not create Hydra. When the good Baron was forced to flee Germany to escape the wrath of Adolf Hitler (SGT. FURY #29), he sneaked aboard a freighter bound for Japan. His intention was to lay the foundation for a victorious return to his homeland.

The Japanese underworld was the powerful tool Strucker planned to use towards that end. With Japan concentrating its efforts outward—this was World War II, after all—the criminal element in that land was able to grow in numbers and strength. His choice of the Japanese underworld was far more apt than Strucker realized at first. For the crime lords there were themselves forming a secret society—the goal of which was to someday conquer the world.

Though he was not leader of Hydra at this time, Baron Strucker mastermined its initial rise to power. He plundered the military stores of all the world's major powers to build Hydra's fearsome arsenal. He recruited a staff of the world's most brilliant and most evil scientists— —the perfect men to assist him in ruling all mankind. (These scientists eventually metamorphised into that branch of Hydra called A.I.M. Advanced Idea Mechanics and, later, split from Hydra.)

So carefully did Strucker plan and carry out his raids on the world's armaments that no government suspected Hydra's existence— —until the affair of the Phantom Submarine (CAPTAIN SAVAGE AND HIS LEATHERNECK RAIDERS #2-4). Prior to that, the sole report of Baron Strucker's handiwork was a Japanese Army document telling of a "weird cult" operating in Burma, robbing the supply trains of both the Allied and Axis forces.

Once Hydra's arsenal was at maximum strength, there remained but one step for the second-in-command Baron Strucker. With the death of the Japanese leader of Hydra, Strucker became the Supreme Hydra. In the months that followed, construction started on Hydra Island the invincible fortress from which the Baron planned to rule the world. One year later, the island was ready for occupation and Hydra entered a new phase of operations.

Baron Strucker had recruited his forces from every corner of the globe. Now he began to set up "branch offices" throughout the world. Within a short time, Hydra was ready to strike in a dozen nations, including the United States and Germany. Still, while Hydra extended its tentacles across the Earth, its homebase had to be protected. That was its downfall.

The so-called Phantom Submarine was a Hydra ship assigned to protect Hydra Island. Any ship that came too close to the oceanic fortress was destroyed. Not, however, before many of them reported the sub's presence to their commanders. Crack commando squads, both American (led by Captain Simon Savage) and Japanese, were dispatched to the island. They succeeded in destroying the base, but only by joining forces against their common foe.

Baron Strucker escaped the destruction of Hydra Island, only to watch helplessly as World War II took a heavy toll on the various Hydra bases he had scattered around the world. Soon, all but the German and fledgling American Hydra branches were destroyed in the combat that decimated three continents. The Baron made an uneasy peace with Hitler and returned to the Nazi fold, leaving the two surviving Hydra outposts to fend for themselves.

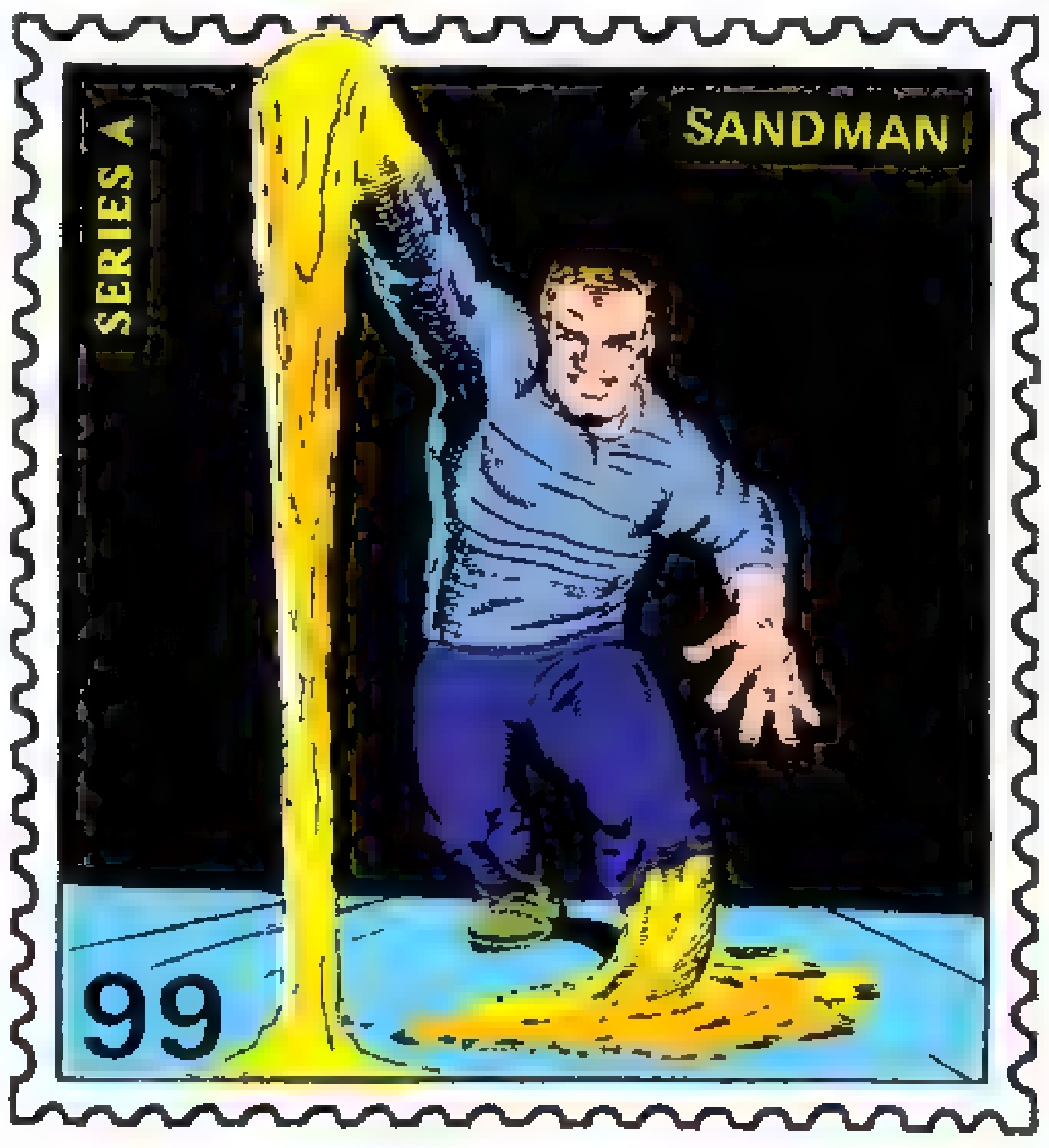
The Red Skull secretly seized control of the German organization, doubtless planning to use them at some future date, possibly against Hitler himself. This branch of Hydra remained dormant until the early 1970s. By that time, it had made its way to Nevad where it was destroyed in a battle with Captain America, the Falcon, and SHIELD (as shown in CAPTAIN AMERICA #144-148). It should be noted, however, that the German Hydra agents never rejoined the main Hydra organization. They remained a separate group and never regrouped after this defeat.

The American branch of Hydra remained underground for twenty years after the fall of Hydra Island. Under the leadership of a brilliant, deceptively nondescript man named Arnold Brown, it meticulously built its power, improved its weapons, and recruited an army of the deadliest criminals in the world. The new Hydra stood ready to challenge a world again.

And then came...SHIELD

****

Next: Hydra— —from 1965 to today.



THIS IS IT! YOUR

MARVEL VALUE STAMP

FOR THIS ISSUE!
CLIP 'EM AND
COLLECT 'EM!

DAREDEVIL #120, "THE HYDRA FILE" HISTORY OF HYDRA, BY TONY ISABELLA

LET'S LEVEL WITH DAREDEVIL
SEND YOUR LETTERS TO THE MARVEL COMICS GROUP SIXTH FLOOR 575 MADISON AV. NEW YORK 10022 N Y

THE HYDRA FILE

—Concluding the special report compiled by Tony Isabella—

SHIELD was created to battle Hydra. By early 1965, Hydra and this new organization were engaged in a full-scale, if undercover, shooting war. The first leader of SHIELD (whose identity must remain unknown for reasons of national security) fell in a completely unexpected Hydra raid on SHIELD's Washington headquarters. His successor was picked with his dying breath; a hard-bitten colonel, C.I.A., with a background in both commando tactics and espionage. In a matter of weeks, the first SHIELD Heli-Carrier was built as a precaution against future tragedies and Nicholas Fury was sworn in as Director of SHIELD.

Fury's successful defeat of the Hydra empire built by Arthur Brown was chronicled in STRANGE TALES #135-141. Hydra was quite a long way from being eradicated, however. While its forces regrouped, Hydra kept SHIELD busy with several of its sub-divisions and a few independent agents. These included: the Fixer (STRANGE TALES #144-145), A.I.M., or Advanced Idea Mechanics, the previously-mentioned scientists' branch of the original Hydra (STRANGE TALES #146-149 and TALES OF SUSPENSE #78-84); and the Secret Empire (TALES TO ASTONISH #81-85). All this—merely to cover the rebirth of Hydra proper.

When Hydra's existence became known to the world at large, it also became known to Baron Strucker, the man who—to a certain degree—laid the foundation for the organization. He'd been staying in South America to escape punishment for the many crimes he'd perpetrated during World War II. The Baron left his hideaway to contact the remnants of the Brown organization. Hydra almost unanimously voted to restore Strucker to his former position as Supreme Hydra. With typical Nazi flair, Baron Strucker soon unleashed on the world two of the most destructive weapons ever imagined; the Overkill Horn (capable of setting off any nuclear weapon) and the even more fearsome Death-Spore. The Baron made the mistake of rebuilding Hydra Island, however, and, by gathering the majority of Hydra in that one location, made it that much easier for Nick Fury to destroy the bulk of the organization in one fell swoop. All this is reported in STRANGE TALES #150-158.

Hydra was fragmented by this devastating defeat. Both A.I.M. and the Secret Empire severed their connections with the organization. The former is still active, under the leadership of Modok. The latter, working its way into the political arena, was recently exposed by Captain America (CAPTAIN AMERICA #175). Several years earlier, Cap had also fought and destroyed a Hydra splinter group under the leadership of the self-styled Madame Hydra (CAPTAIN AMERICA #110-113). who, in turn, recently re-emerged as the mad leader of the Serpent Squad and perished in a shoot-out with the authorities (CAPTAIN AMERICA #182).

Hydra proper, operating under the command of a variety of uninspired Supreme Hydras, attempted several missions during the extremely late 1960s and the early 1970s. These include: Dr. Kraus' plan to psychologically destroy Nick Fury (see NICK FURY, AGENT OF SHIELD #12-14); an actual assassination attempt on the life of the SHIELD director (NICK FURY, AGENT OF SHIELD #15); a ludicrous plan to brainwash the Hulk into serving Hydra (HULK #132); and the creation of a horde of deadly plague-rats (HULK #152).

Coincidentally enough, the appearance of the Red Skull-dominated Hydra organization (CAPTAIN AMERICA #144-148), which, as I had stated earlier, has no connection with the actual Hydra, spurred a notion in the minds of the Hydra hierarchy. Though they were duped by the Red Skull, the Kingpin and (his son) the Schemer ran the fradulent Hydra with both deadly efficiency and surprising imagination. The Hydra hierarchy determined that they would find another such criminal mastermind to be their new Supreme Hydra. Hydra had turned full circle. Created by the Japanese underworld during the war-torn 1940s, it was now scouring the American underworld in order to find dynamic new leadership. They were successful.

The identity of the new Supreme Hydra remains unknown. In a short time, he has begun to rebuild Hydra's ranks (GIANT-SIZE CREATURES #1), reorganize its divisions, and recruit powerful division chiefs. The current roster of these chiefs is as follows:

Administration—The Fox (past unknown)
Air Action—Blackwing (see DAREDEVIL #118)
Assassins—Man-Killer (see MARVEL TEAM-UP #8)
Commandos—El Jaguar (see DAREDEVIL #120)
Engineering—Jackhammer (past unknown)
Heavy Weapons—The Dreadnought
Naval Action—Commander Kraken
  (see SUB-MARINER #27, CAT #3)
Reconnaissance—Mentallo
  (see STRANGE TALES #141-143)
Science—The Fixer (see STRANGE TALES #141-143)
Supply—chief's identity as yet unknown

* * *

This completes my file on Hydra. I have endeavored to give a total picture of Hydra's history and the very real threat it poses to mankind. The researching has been tough. Hydra records are almost universally treated to destruct unless otherwise sprayed with a special, secret chemical solution every twenty-four hours. Very few captured Hydra agents will talk of the organization. The handful who did talk have all vanished or died under mysterious circumstances. SHIELD is the only force that stands between Hydra and an unsuspecting world. In the words of Jasper Sitwell then:

"Don't yield, back SHIELD!"

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION
ACT OF AUGUST 12, 1970: SECTION 3685,
TITLE 39, UNITED STATES CODE

1 Title of Publication DAREDEVIL
2 DATE OF FILING September 13, 1974.
3 Frequency of issue Monthly.
4 Location of Known Office of Publication. 575 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022.

5. Location of the Headquarters or General Business Offices of the Publishers Marvel Comics Group, 575 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022

6. Names and addresses of the publisher, editor, and managing editor are Publisher Stan Lee—Marvel Comics Group, 575 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022, Editor Len Wein—Marvel Comics Group 575 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022, Managing Editor John Verpoorten—Marvel Comics Group, 575 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022.

7 Owner (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual must be given.) Cadence Industries Corp., 21 Henderson Drive, West Caldwell, New Jersey

8. Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities (If there are none, so state) None.

9. For optional completion by publishers mailing at the regular rates (Section 132.12, Postal Service Manual) 39 U.S.C. 3626 provides in pertinent part "No person who would have been entitled to mail matter under former section 4359 of this title shall mail such matter at the rates provided under this subsection unless he files annually with the Postal Service a written request for permission to mail matter at such rates." In accordance with the provisions of this statute, I hereby request permission to mail the publication named in Item 1 at the reduced postage rates presently authorized by 39 U.S.C. 3626

(signed) Ivan Snyder V.P. Operations Publishing Division

10 For completion by nonprofit organizations authorized to mail at special rates (Section 132.122, Postal Manual.) The purpose, function, and nonprofit status of this organization and the exempt status for Federal income tax purposes (Check one.) ☐ Have not changed during preceding 12 months ☐ Have changed during preceding 12 months (If changed, publisher must submit explanation of change with this statement.)

11 EXTENT AND NATURE OF CIRCULATION.

A Total No Copies Printed (net press run) Average no. copies each issue during preceding 12 months 311,000, single issue nearest to filing date 331,275

B. Paid Circulation. 1) Sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors and counter sales. Average no. copies each issue during preceding 12 months 161,098; single issue nearest to filing date 171,600 est 2) Mail subscriptions. Average no. copies each issue during preceding 12 months, 812, single issue nearest to filing date 875

C Total paid circulation. Average no. copies each issue during preceding 12 months. 161,910, single issue nearest to filing date 172,475 est

D. Free distribution by mail, carrier or other means. 1) Samples complimentary, and other free copies --; single issue nearest to filing date . 2) Copies distributed to news agents, but not sold Average no. copies each issue during preceding 12 months 147,258, single issue nearest to filing date 156,849 est

E. Total distribution (sum of C and D). Average no. copies each issue during preceding 12 months 309,168, single issue nearest to filing date 329,324

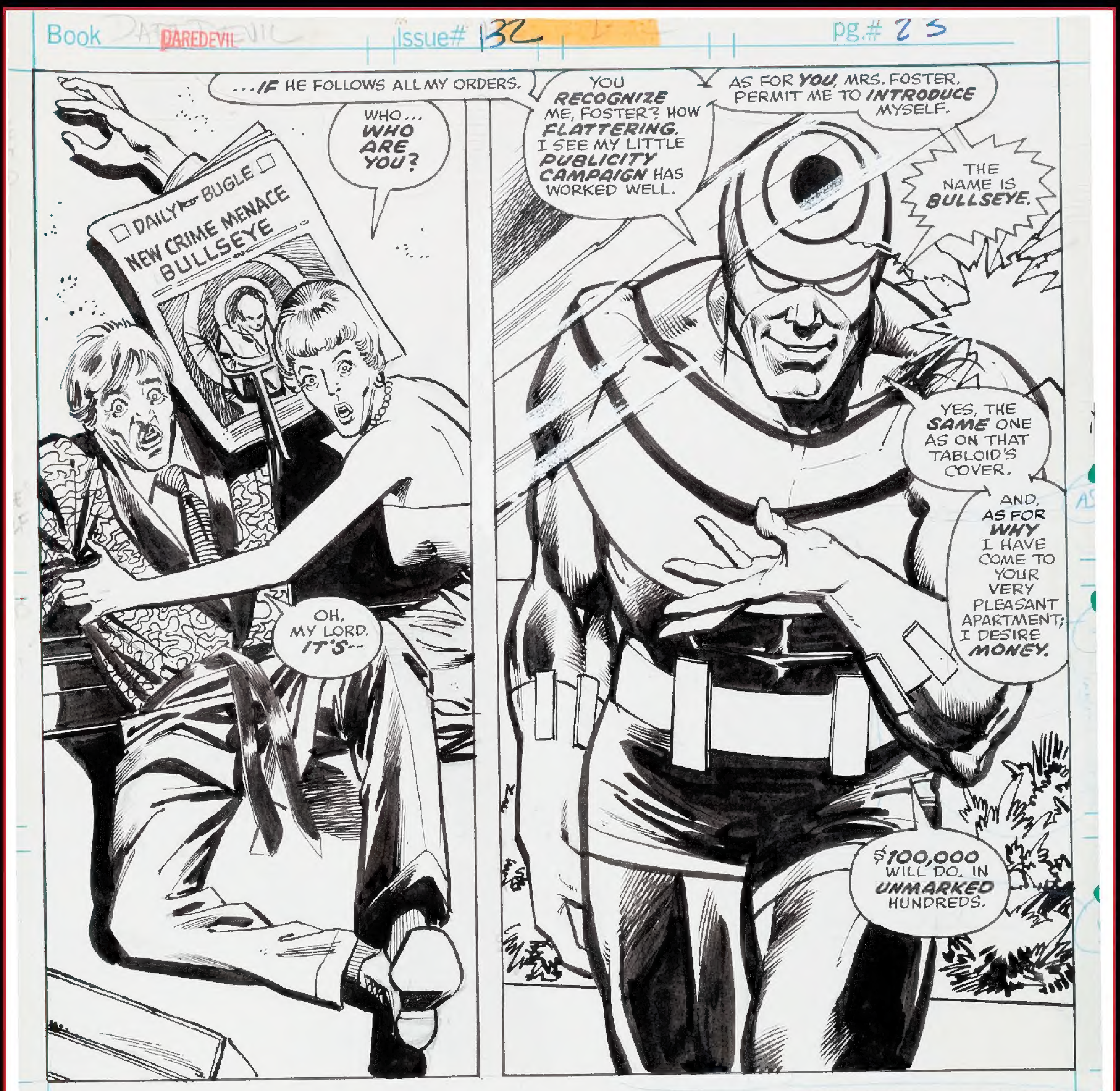
F. Office use, left-over, unaccounted, spoiled after printing. Average no copies each issue during preceding 12 months 1,832 single issue nearest to filing date 1,951

G Total (sum of E & F—should equal net press run shown in A). Average no. copies each issue during preceding 12 months 311,000, single issue nearest to filing date: 331,275

I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.

(signed) Ivan Snyder V.P. Operations Publishing Division

DAREDEVIL #121, "THE HYDRA FILE" HISTORY OF HYDRA, BY TONY ISABELLA


Book DAREDEVIL Issue# 132 pg.# 23
...IF HE FOLLOWS ALL MY ORDERS.
WHO... WHO ARE YOU?
DAILY BUGLE
NEW CRIME MENACE BULLSEYE
YOU RECOGNIZE ME, FOSTER? HOW FLATTERING. I SEE MY LITTLE PUBLICITY CAMPAIGN HAS WORKED WELL.
AS FOR YOU, MRS. FOSTER, PERMIT ME TO INTRODUCE MYSELF.
THE NAME IS BULLSEYE.
OH, MY LORD, IT'S--
YES, THE SAME ONE AS ON THAT TABLOID'S COVER.
AND, AS FOR WHY I HAVE COME TO YOUR VERY PLEASANT APARTMENT; I DESIRE MONEY.
$100,000 WILL DO. IN UNMARKED HUNDREDS.
WHY, THE NERVE OF--
ENOUGH, DEAR. THIS MAN'S A MURDERER!
I'LL DO WHATEVER YOU SAY...
...BUT I NEED TIME TO RAISE THE CASH... AT LEAST A DAY!
BULLSEYE IS NOT AN UNREASONABLE MAN, MR. FOSTER. YOU SHALL HAVE YOUR TIME.
I SHALL CONTACT YOU TOMORROW.
AH, ONE LAST ITEM. DO NOT CALL THE POLICE, MR. FOSTER. I'LL KNOW IF YOU TRY.
AND THEN I SHALL BE FORCED TO KILL YOU AND FOREGO OUR BARGAIN.
FAREWELL FOR NOW, MR. AND MRS. FOSTER. AND ENJOY THE REST OF THIS EVENING.
HIGHLIGHT ON RIGHT SIDE
23
CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE
WORDS ON WALL

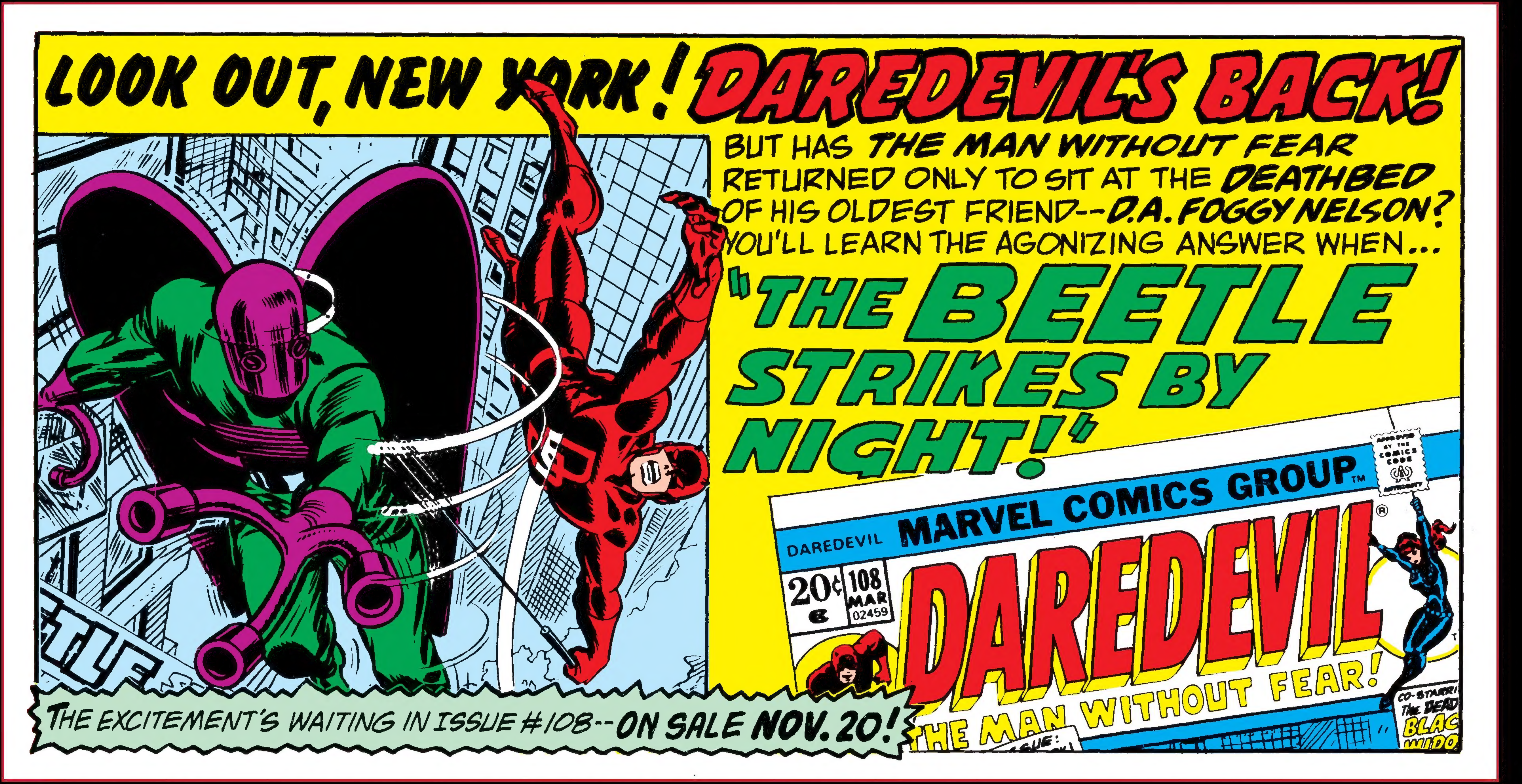
COURTESY HERITAGEAUCTIONS.COM

***DAREDEVIL* #132, PAGE 13 ORIGINAL ART, BY BOB BROWN & KLAUS JANSON**

Book DAREDEVIL
Issue# 132
pg.# 27
MORE THAN YOUR HAND SHALL SOON HURT, FOSTER.
IT SEEMS THAT A SECOND VICTIM IS NEEDED TO PROVE THAT WHAT I SAY I MEAN.
SSSSSS
IT IS A SHAME. I WAS HOPING THE BLOOD-SHED WOULD HAVE ENDED.
IT HAS ENDED, CHUCKLEHEAD-- AS OF RIGHT NOW!
DARE-DEVIL!?!
KRASH!
RIGHT ON THE FIRST GUESS. YOU WIN THE BOOBY PRIZE, BUBBY.
SORRY, MY FRIEND, BUT I'LL HAVE TO POSTPONE TAKING THE PRIZE--UNTIL I'VE TAKEN YOUR LIFE!
YOUR ATTACK WAS ONLY A MOMENTARY SURPRISE.
ALREADY I ROLL WITH YOUR BLOW...
...AND TURN MY DEFENSE INTO OFFENSE!
YOU CALLED IT THERE, BONEHEAD--
SWIT!
--YOU'RE THE MOST OFFENSIVE CREEP I'VE FOUGHT IN MONTHS!
WHAT? YOU MOVED FASTER THAN I THOUGHT YOU COULD!
YOU BETTER BELIEVE IT, UGLY.
LAST TIME WE TANGLED I WAS STILL GROGGY FROM THE EXPLOSION.
SPAK!
NOW I'M BACK IN MY TYPICAL SUPERB HORNHEAD-APPROVED SHAPE.
WHICH MEANS, HOMER, YOU'RE IN ONE HECKUVA LOT OF TROUBLE!
UNGGHHH!
27
CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE
SUPERB HORNHEAD-approved
TROUBLE

COURTESY HERITAGEAUCTIONS.COM

DAREDEVIL #132, PAGE 15 ORIGINAL ART, BY BOB BROWN & KLAUS JANSON


LOOK OUT, NEW YORK! DAREDEVIL'S BACK!
BUT HAS THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR RETURNED ONLY TO SIT AT THE DEATHBED OF HIS OLDEST FRIEND--D.A. FOGGY NELSON? YOU'LL LEARN THE AGONIZING ANSWER WHEN...
"THE BEETLE STRIKES BY NIGHT!"
MARVEL COMICS GROUP
DAREDEVIL
20¢
108 MAR
02459
DAREDEVIL
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
THE EXCITEMENT'S WAITING IN ISSUE #108--ON SALE NOV. 20!

DAREDEVIL #108 HOUSE AD, FROM MARCH 1974 TITLES

WATCH OUT, DAREDEVIL!
BULLSEYE IS COMING!

In this Epic Collection, Daredevil, the Black Widow and Shanna the She-Devil must join together to uncover the secret leaders of Black Spectre, an organization bent on bringing the United States to its knees. It's a massive saga that will pull in heroes from across the Marvel Universe, culminating in a battle on the White House lawn! Classic villains like the Gladiator and the Owl also abound, and new enemies emerge when Death-Stalker hatches a plan that brings the Man-Thing into the fray. Then Daredevil and S.H.I.E.L.D. confront a renewed Hydra. And finally, the Man Without Fear's life changes forever when Bullseye, the madman with perfect aim and no mercy, makes his debut.

DAREDEVIL #108-132 AND MARVEL TWO-IN-ONE #3

VOLUME
6
1974-1976

The Epic Collections feature the best characters and stories from Marvel's vast history. Volumes are not published in chronological order — so start your collection today with this edition!